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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

AN

Illustrated American Monthly

Volume XXXV: October, 1911, to March, 1912

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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd.
952 Dorchester Avenue

64832 Ref

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TO THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Volume XXXV: October, 1911, to March, 1912

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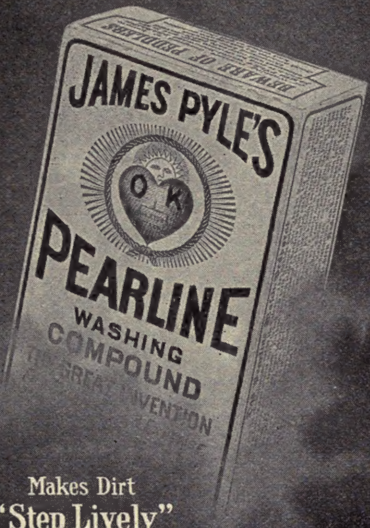
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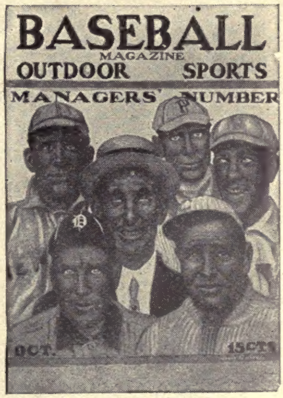
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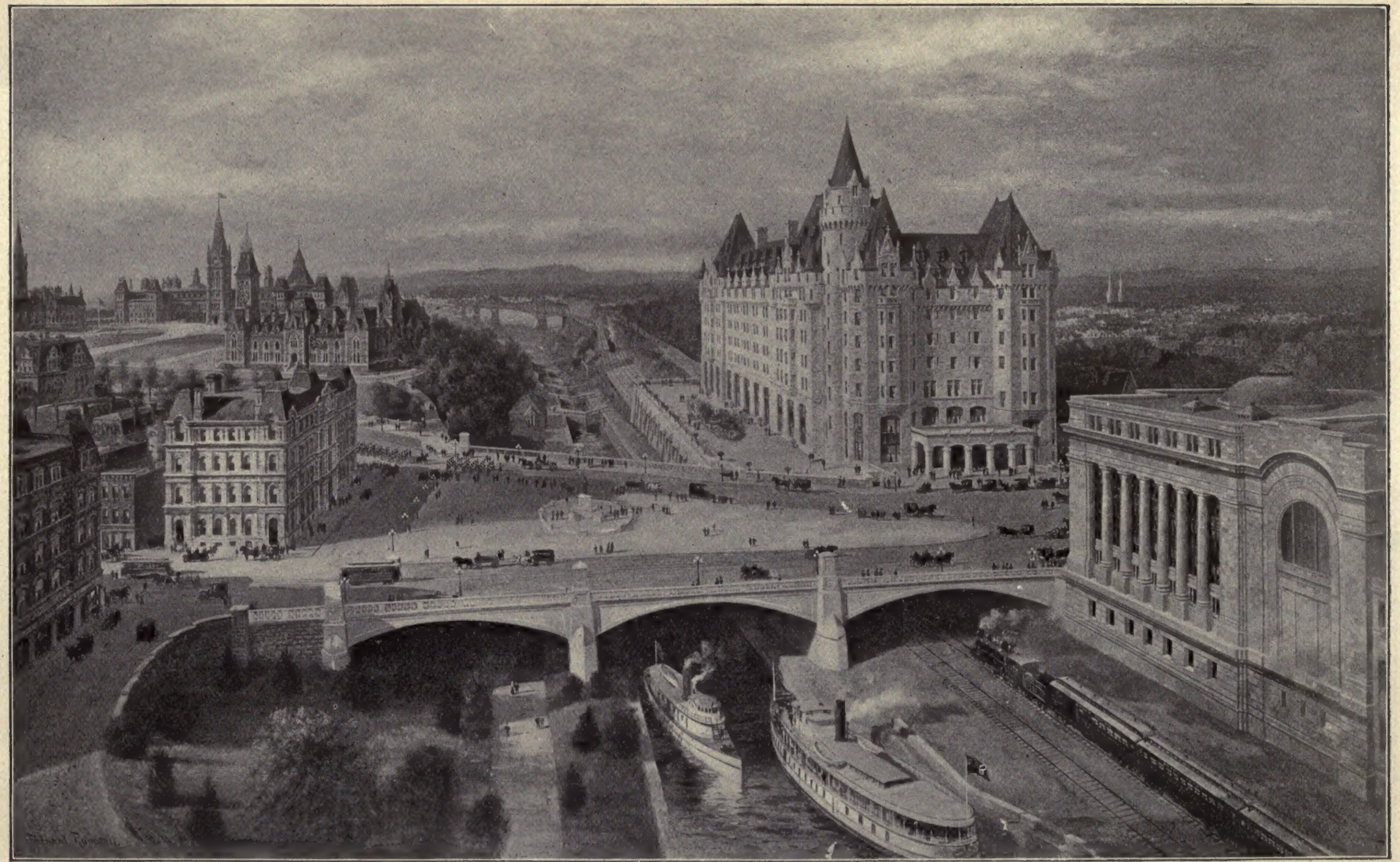

NEW GRAND TRUNK HOTEL AND TERMINAL AT OTTAWA
Showing the public buildings at the capital of the Dominion of Canada. The Grand Trunk is extending its line to Providence, Rhode Island, to make it an American winter port of the transcontinental Grand Trunk railway system

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1911

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

SUMMER activities incident to the extra session are succeeded by autumn apathy at Washington. A solitude hovers over the Capitol and the executive mansion, while the President is making his tour through twenty-four states to meet and talk to the people. A presidential constituency is not limited to section, state or district lines, and the custom of making a presidential tour of the country is following the old methods in vogue for a century past in congressional districts.

The recent executive vetoes were assailed by the opposing political leaders, who insisted that the power of Congress was being usurped. In the replies made in the itineraries of the presidential tour it was pointed out that the President was elected by and represented all the people, and that to this constituency he was responsible, irrespective of congressional mandate.

Speaker Clark and Congressman Underwood, the Democratic leaders of the House, feel that the extra session has scored strongly for their party, and intend to hold every inch of ground until the opening of the presidential struggle of 1912. Considerable powder has already exploded in the investigations, and the Taft leaders feel that it is well to have all this occur early, before the November election home stretch is reached next year, giving time for matters to simmer and settle. President Taft's opponents insist that these eruptions are only an overture of what is to follow. Americans must have their politics, with all its exhilarations and acrimonies, no matter if there is an industrial sag betimes. The lines of the English national hymn "Confound their politicks" is an expression heard now and then by those looking for a revival of trade-activities, but the robins sing, the leaves turn, and the government at Washington goes steadily on. Atwood's transcontinental aeroplane trip indicates how presidential tours may be expedited in the future. Aerial presidential flights may be considered no more momentous in future years than the presidential swing around the circle on Pullman cars in these piping political times.

* * *

THE opening of Congress is a noteworthy event from a national standpoint, but it remained for a correspondent of a Parisian newspaper to call attention to the fact that the most interesting thing he had observed in six months' residence in America was the opening of the American schools. He had traveled extensively throughout the country, and declared that the school building is the real social center of rural life.

The American school plant is valued at more than one billion dollars, and as used for school purposes alone utilizes but thirty-nine per cent of the time which could be given to the needs of the community. This represents a total loss of school plants to the country of more than thirty million dollars every year. An active movement is now taking place to turn school property during the summer months into children's playgrounds and places of amusement and to make them the center of recreation, of political and social life, the same as in country places, where they serve many purposes, oftentimes even for church services. Evening schools, free lectures, indoor sports, folk dances, civic and educational meetings and gymnastic exercises are among the things mentioned for which school plants should be utilized.

THE LATE THOMAS H. CARTER
Ex-Senator of Montana, who died in Washington on September 17. His was an eventful career. He was the first Montana Representative and at one time was at the head of the Republican organization. He served as United States Senator for twelve years

It is proposed by some to have the schoolhouses opened every day of the week, Sundays included, so that the community may get the greatest possible benefit from them. In one Southern city $35,000 in private subscriptions was raised to supplement the work of the school board in erecting a school building which will have not only the class-room arrangement, but also a public laundry, a cooking department, a gymnasium, an assembly hall adapted for use as a lecture hall or as a dance hall or for other social purposes.

If this movement grows, scholars will no longer find after vacation a musty-smelling, deserted building, but rather one which has been in use every day in the year by those who love to give the public every possible advantage of the buildings provided for public purposes.

Who can forget that first day of school? How strangely familiar was the summons of the old bell as it rang for the morning session! There was a great rustle of books in those first opening hours, and sometimes much speculation as to the character and policy of the new teacher.

The little folks, on their return to school, have many of the same problems to confront as do the legislators returning to Congress, and their little joys and sorrows are just as important as those of the nation's solons as they return to take up their work at Washington.

* * *

THE White House was opened by the first lady of the land in October. Washington is never more beautiful than in this glorious autumn month when the Mall is brilliant with the bright colors of the foliage of Rock Creek Park and the fall. Lights beam forth cheerily from the White House windows. The reading lamp on the President's desk is red, and the fire burns brightly in the executive fireplace.

On his return from his extended trip through the West, the President will once more stand before his radiantly glowing grate and settle down for an active and busy winter.

Plans are already being made for a

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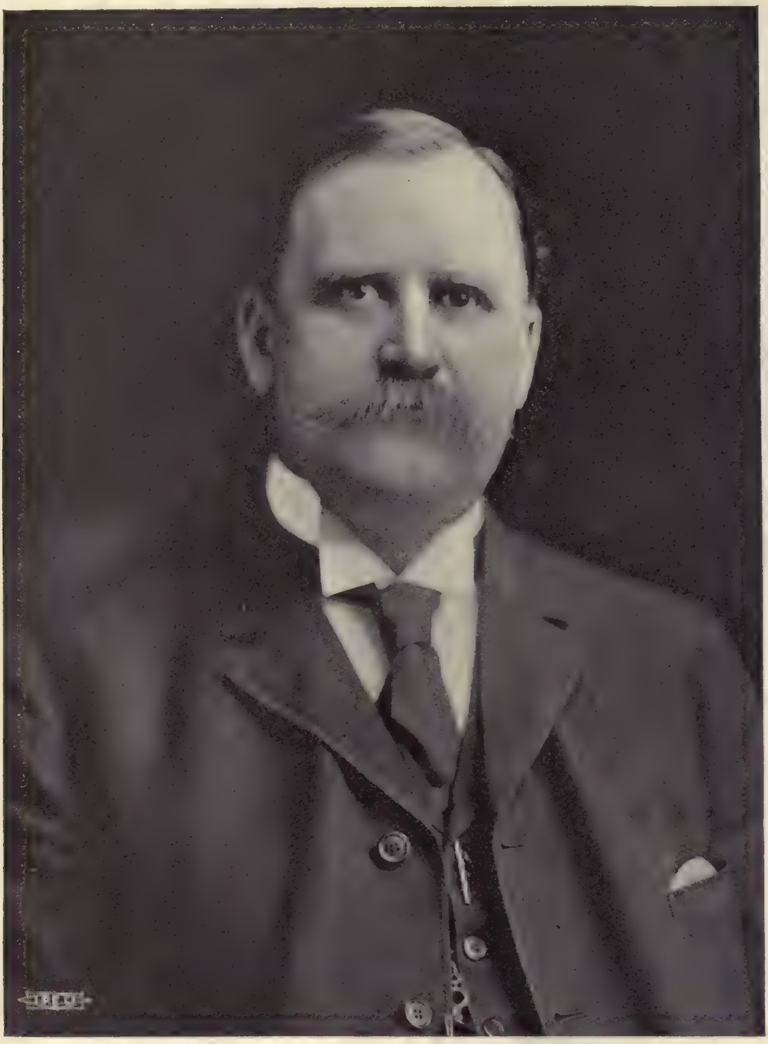
V. Knowles Bishop

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

lively social season in Washington, and the White House will be the center of notable official functions. Society customs have changed much during the past ten years. No longer does the Senator or Congressman feel that he must wear a silk hat and frock coat to the White House. Even gloves have been put under the ban, and foreigners insist that American men are becoming careless in their attire, although on the other hand they say that the American woman is every year more *chic* in her dress. "The time is at hand," declared the speaker, "when Parisians will have to look well to their laurels as residents of the city of well-dressed women."



GOVERNOR EUGENE N. FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS
Whose address before the Governors' conference on the Workingmen's Compensation bill created widespread comment

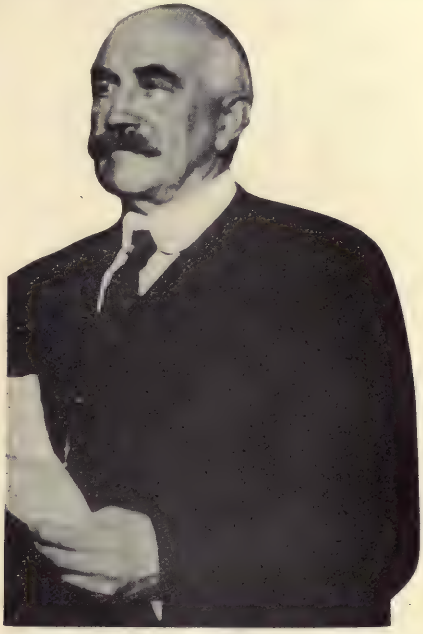
Miss Helen Taft will be a prominent figure among the younger set at the Capital, but despite all the demands of society, the daughter of the President much prefers to spend the evenings with her father in the companionable way which has always been characteristic of the Taft family.

* * *

THE conference of the governors of some twenty-five of the United States at Spring Lake, New Jersey, was a most important gathering. The success of such sessions held outside of Washington has been more conducive to substantial progress than when convened in the maelstrom of official life at the Capital. The conferences have already shown a marked effect in establishing more uniformity in state laws. The drinking cup provision effective in one state, and presented by the railroad porters as soon as state lines are passed, furnishes one example of the inconvenience and difference in many state laws. And yet in all this movement toward uniformity in law, the integrity and sovereign rights of the state are being more jealously guarded than ever.

HON. CHASE SALMON OSBORN
Governor of Michigan, who was a prominent speaker at the Governors' council

The frequent change in the personnel of governors, as many states hold elections every year, must interfere somewhat with the work of the governors' conference as outlined at the initial meeting in Washington; the general spirit is the same, however, and the enthusiasm of the governors and the influence of these conferences upon state as well as national legislation will be marked in future legislation, for the reason that governors are in touch with the popular sentiment of their respective states. There were red-hot discussions, but the sessions closed with enthusiastic preparations for the meeting next year. September will hereafter be known as governors' month in the annals of proposed legislation.



GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON OF OHIO
Whose address at the Governors' conference on federal and state rights has resulted in the appointment of a committee of five to investigate matters

* * *

A WAVE of economy is recorded by the Department of Commerce and Labor, which discloses that Americans have this year cut their bill for imported champagne in two, and their importation of diamonds aggregates seven million dollars less than in the previous year.

In this class of expenditure only works of art have shown an increase during the past year, indicating that even if he sacrifices on his champagne, Uncle Sam must gratify his increasing love for literature and art.

Export statistics show a decided falling off in the quantity of illuminating oil sent abroad—as against $57,400,000 for last year, only $51,000,000 worth is recorded this year. Copper exports have been steadily on the increase, but the general trend of statistics at the department shows an inclination toward general economy throughout the Union, in the face of a gain of more than $145,000,000 in the exports for the eleven months ending May 31, 1911.

GOVERNOR A. O. EBERHART OF MINNESOTA
Who delighted the delegates at the Council of Governors by his sparkling oratory

* * *

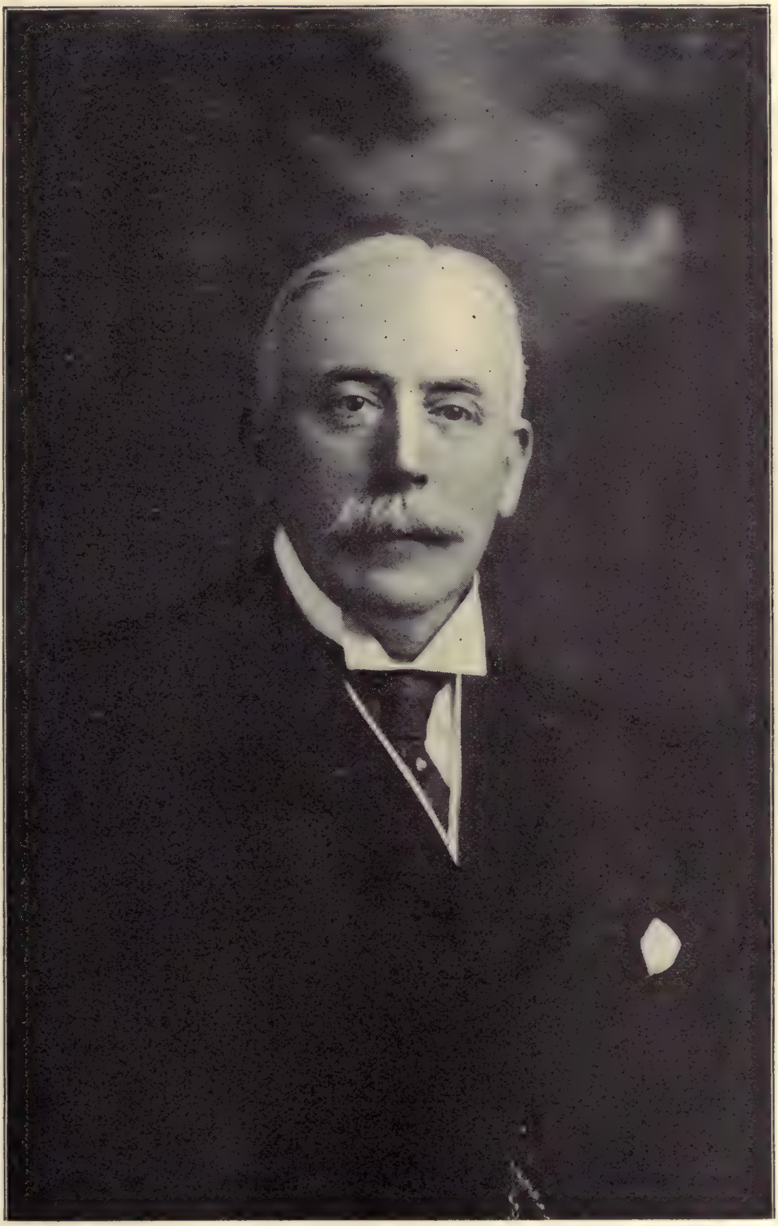
THE movement for world peace finds a gratifying sentiment in favor of commercial peace. At the International Metallurgical Congress, held in Brussels, Mr. J. A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, made an address which has been the subject of widespread editorial comment, both here and abroad. After having paid courteous tribute to the Belgian delegates for their hospitality, Mr. Farrell emphasized how important was the discussion of scientific and economic questions and the exchange of ideas looking toward international comity and peace in trade.

The educational value of such gatherings which consider matters pertaining to industrial operations, Mr. Farrell pointed out, was conducive to universal welfare. "As soon," he insisted, "as we become convinced that there is no elemental antagonism of interests, but that, on the contrary, interests are reciprocal," relations will work out for the benefit of both producer and consumer, and thus a long step is taken toward ideal trade conditions.

The speaker quoted President Taft's address on the settlement of international disputes, and pointed out that in response to public opinion, governments of all countries are advocating plans for international peace and arbitration which were long ago regarded as visionary. He indicated how and what momentous changes had occurred in the steel industry, and held that upon the stability of trade depended the movement for general conciliation. Mr. Farrell continued: "Industrial peace and co-operation are just and profitable both to the consumer and producer alike, and the world at large would gain more from the exercise of a constructive policy that protects trade and develops commerce than from militant trade rivalry in the world's markets. Such a policy is, of course, diametrically opposed to the erroneous notion which has been suggested in some quarters, that it is proposed to control prices or hamper commerce.

"This Brussels conference may be regarded as the inauguration of a new era in industrial history, and if it is recognized that war between nations is obsolete and moribund, then it must be recognized that destructive competition in trade channels is like war, and dislocates the economic processes of production, distribution and exchange the world over."

The export steel commerce of the world is now fourteen millions of tons, of which the United States is doing about one seventh, or two million tons. Out of a total production of 30,000,000 tons of pig



JAMES A. FARRELL
President of the United States Steel Corporation, whose stand on "trade peace" has had universal endorsement

iron, her rate of shipments to export markets is now at about the rate of two million tons.

Mr. Farrell's address, with his reputation for personal knowledge of conditions in international affairs and export trade, did much to bring about the friendly feeling among all the great steel-producing nations through their representatives. One could not read the proceedings of this congress without realizing that its object was far from what many had popularly believed. For it is an axiom that no single section or country can make progress unless the business of the country is likewise affected.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Who retires from political life as a result of the Conservative victory in Canada

Mr. Farrell is an ardent advocate of the proposition that "if a clearer conception of the relationship of the wage-earner and the investor were brought about, if intelligent management appreciated that profits must be subrogated to justice and humane treatment and co-operation with one's competitors, if pension funds were provided for the superannuated and systematic endeavor directed to the prevention of accidents, elimination of Sunday work, profit-sharing, sanitary surroundings, hospitals and like reforms instituted —all these would be the manifestations of a humane and efficient policy which must sooner or later predominate in the industrial world."

* * *

ONE of the most exciting and important political campaigns known in the Dominion of Canada closed in September. It was a titanic struggle when Premier Laurier threw down the gauntlet as the issue of sustaining the Reciprocity Pact and entered into the campaign with all the alacrity that has characterized his public career. Speeches were made in every province from Halifax to Vancouver. Every word of the army of speakers was carefully weighed pro and con. When I attended one of the Laurier meetings in Canada, I could not help but realize how much more the Canadian people knew about reciprocity than those of the United States. Reciprocity was discussed morning, noon and night, in the homes, on the trains, in the corner grocery—everywhere the details of the trade pact were agitated. Each voter was able to tell how the measure would affect the interests of his locality, while in the United States the whole matter was settled by Congress, and only one in thousands knew the actual terms named in the pact. You will observe the word "pact" is emphasized, because a treaty could not be made with the United States except by the consent and concurrence of two-thirds of the Senate, whereas the "pact" made by the President only required a majority.

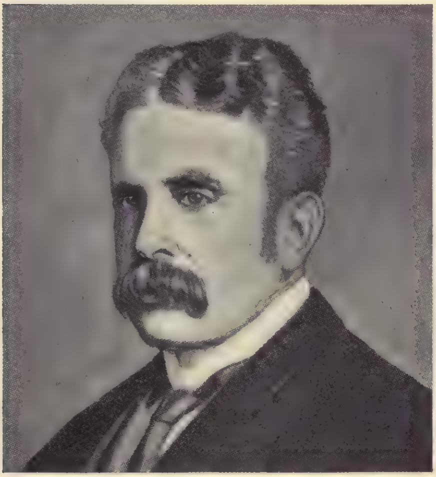
A Canadian friend chided me with the remark that Canada was, after all, the real democratic country of the continent, for when great questions come up, the people and the people alone decide them conclusively, "while in your country," he concluded, "these matters are mere political footballs of politicians."

The Opposition was led by the Hon. Robert L. Borden, and there was evidently some shifting of party ties. The old-time "Grits" or Liberals, as they were called, were leaving the ranks to join the Conservatives, derisively called the Tories, and vice versa. Many families were on opposite sides of the question, directorates of banks were divided, party ties were severed. Incidents came to my attention revealing heated arguments between brothers, who felt that the welfare of every home depended upon the decision on Reciprocity.

The letter of Rudyard Kipling opposing Reciprocity was somewhat of a surprise to his American friends, although it was received with joy by the Conservatives. The great bogey in Canada was annexation, and the fear that a nation of nine millions should be unable to cope with a nation of ninety millions in a reciprocal trade was emphasized in every discussion. It was insisted that the representatives of the United States government shrewdly knew what they were doing when the pact was drawn up, while the Canadians did not. The election battle waged fierce. Meetings were held every night for weeks previous, and even women and children were vigorously discussing Reciprocity in schools and homes. Not since the days of Sir John A. MacDonald has the Dominion of Canada been so wrought up.

* * *

DURING the recess Senator James E. Martine of New Jersey has been renewing his fame as the "farmer orator." While many deemed the launching of his political career a good joke, he is now able to go among the New Jersey farmers with the dignity of United States Senator and tell them things with official unction.



HON. R. L. BORDEN
Next premier of Canada

SENATOR JAMES E. MARTINE
The "farmer orator" who never held public office until he donned the senatorial toga

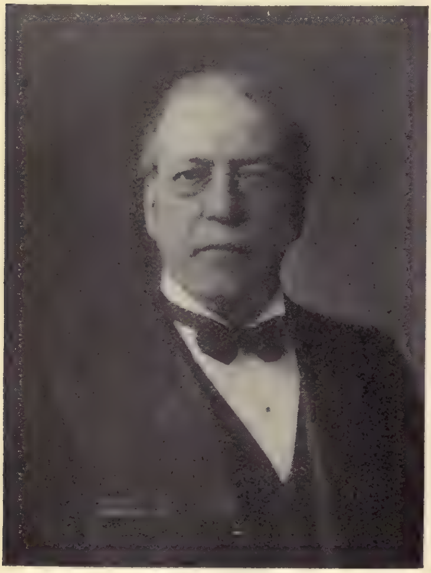
The sterling candor of Senator Martine has been his great political asset. He never held public office until he was chosen United States Senator, and although some of his mannerisms may suggest eccentricity, the road to success sometimes points that way. At his home in Cedarbrook, New Jersey, near Plainfield, there is a reflection of the genial hospitality of the old-time Southerner of plantation days.

Senator Martine has a keen sense of humor, and is often explosive in his comments and remarks. He is a popular figure at all the church affairs and social functions in his neighborhood, which would not seem complete without having "Farmer Jim" as chief speaker and the leading attraction. The junior New Jersey senator insists that his three hobbies are politics, farming and oratory. When in politics he suffered defeat year after year, he remained undaunted. He is a farmer by inheritance, and he knows how to run a farm. His house is one of the oldest and most historic in New Jersey, and is furnished in old Colonial style, but his oratory is the special pride of his admirers.

Although a Democrat of the old school, Senator Martine is ready to make alliance with a cause in which he is earnestly interested, whether or not it conforms to partisan requirements.

* * *

A MILLION-DOLLAR office building is to be erected in Washington by the American Federation of Labor, whose executive council has made preliminary arrangements for a modern office structure which will cost a round million. This is looked upon as a most significant comment on the condition of the American laboring man, and is a most effective tribute to the activity and labors of President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, who has for some years made his headquarters at Washington. No representative of any cause at Washington has been more keen in watching labor legislation than Mr. Gompers, and he has most effectively led the laboring men of the country to follow the policy of "watching legislation" that was long ago inaugurated, but no longer monopolized by corporation interests in the capital city.



SAMUEL GOMPERS
President of the American Federation of Labor

An interesting comparison has been made of the savings laid up by workingmen per capita, with that of the other nations, and when this is revealed there is small wonder that the American Federation of Labor is able to contract for a million-dollar edifice, although organized labor represents only a small proportion of the wage earners of the country.

* * *

IN the new House of Representatives there will be nearly four hundred distinct types of manhood, and yet each of these is known to the *habitues* by some distinguishing physical feature or personal peculiarity. Congressman Longworth is pointed out by the sparseness of his hair atop, Ollie James of Kentucky is known as the "biggest man in the House," while Congressman S. W. Smith of Michigan has the distinction of being the smallest. The contrast between many of the legislators is marked, and physical traits are often the initial factors leading to distinction. Long before a session opens, it would seem as if the various Congressmen were studying their parts, as it were, for the play that begins in December at the Capitol promises to be an important factor in the oncoming campaigns.

General Bingham, the "father of the House," whose career began during the Civil War, when he was promoted from the bars of lieutenant to the stars of a general, is not required to give much thought to active participation in the debates, but as the oldest member of the House his advice is always eagerly sought. Representative Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, brother of the stalwart governor of that state, has made a reputation as a keen and polished satirist. The busiest man in the House is said to be James R. Mann of Illinois, while the Beau Brummel is Representative James E. Burke of Pittsburgh, who has long been looked upon as "the glass of fashion and the mold of form." The inimitable "Jimmie" launched his career as a court stenographer and began the practice of law in Michigan. Later he drifted over into Pennsylvania and his active personality soon won a warm place in the hearts of his constituents, who admire the way in which he does his work and dresses for the part.

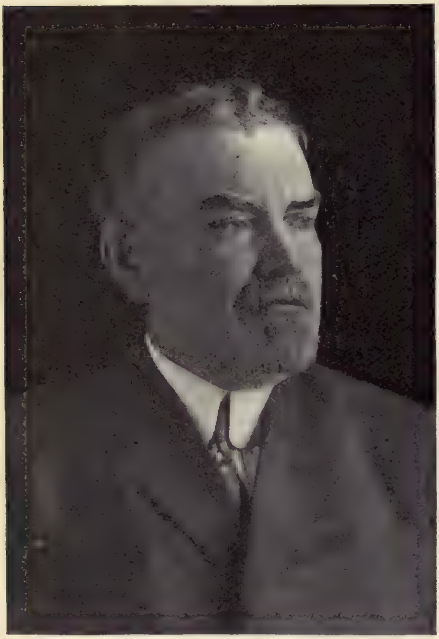
THERE is an old saying that "if you want to know a man well travel with him a week." A week's coasting cruise with Congressman Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana heightens one's respect, esteem and admiration for one of the most delightful personages in the House of Representatives. When on an inspection tour as a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House of Representatives, not a detail escapes him and yet he has none of the brusqueness of the investigator, but asks intelligent questions with a deferential and genuinely sympathetic interest. He makes people feel that he is their debtor for the information they give him.

MRS. JOSEPH E. RANSDELL, WIFE OF CONGRESSMAN RANSDELL OF LOUISIANA

A tall man in the prime of life, with clear blue eyes and full beard, his chivalrous and gallant manners suggest all the gentle courtesy of an old-time Southern gentleman. The infectious laugh, the genuine loyalty to his northern alma mater, and the never failing devotion to his native state and Dixie land—small wonder that "Joe" Ransdell is beloved in Louisiana.

Congressman Ransdell was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, October 7, 1858, and after having left the private schools of his native town he entered Union Law College, Schenectady, New York, whence he graduated in 1882. Twenty-five years later his alma mater conferred upon him the title of LL.D., an honor that he wears with modesty.

In 1883 he was admitted to the bar and practiced until elected to Congress in 1899. Since then he has given up law and devoted himself entirely to Congressional duties and occasional supervision of his large cotton plantation. How interesting it was to hear him tell that his first lesson as a young barrister was that the "Law was a jealous mistress who brooked no rival."



HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN
The new United State Senator from New York

In his busy years at Washington he has had opportunity to appreciate the truth of the apothegm, especially as applied to a member of Congress who expected "to do things."

In 1885 Mr. Ransdell married Miss Olive Irene Powell of Lake Providence, Louisiana, the gracious lady who has been his inspiration and guiding star ever since that happy moment when the fragrance of orange blossoms and magnolia were supreme. He has no hesitancy in saying that the greatest victory of his life was when he won his wife.

Mr. Ransdell was appointed a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee two years after he entered Congress and has since been one of the most ardent supporters of all legislation in reference to waterways. He became the official head of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress when it was reorganized on his initiative six and a half years ago, and still holds this position by six unanimous re-elections. He has been a conspicuous national figure in the great movement to make of the nation's waterways efficient freight carriers and an effective force in rate regulations.

Mr. Ransdell has not confined himself to waterway legislation but is indefatigable in his efforts to benefit his state and country. His successful efforts to promote diversified agriculture, especially of hogs and corn, as the best means of fighting the cotton boll weevil, to eradicate Texas cattle fever, and to induce immigration and capital to the South by his famous *"On to Dixie"* and other speeches, have attracted widespread attention.

* * *

BLESSED is he with a summer home—but the new Congressman never before realized how few were blessed.

During the long and arduous days of the extra session it was natural that the comfortable cottage nestling on the river bank should be a constantly recurring vision. It is not to be wondered at that, during discussions of the city's heat, the allurements of the cottage should not pass unmentioned. And, having expatiated thus on its attractions, it was but a matter of course that the colloquies often ended, "Drop off and see us if you're out my way."

It was late afternoon when the Congressman's train pulled in from the Capital city. Extra session days were over, the dog-days season past and gone, the children would soon be back to school—six weeks of rest and blissful solitude in the lovely cottage of his heart awaited the legislator.

The lady of the household greeted him with a wan smile.

"Sick?" he gasped.

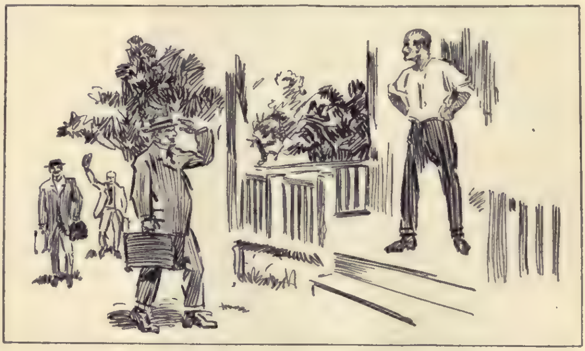
"N—no," she said, and then, in an awful whisper, "it's the company. I was afraid—with you away—that I'd be lonesome, so I invited some of the neighbors to come down from the city.

"The Joneses were here a week, Mrs. Smith and the Brown girls all the month, and the Greens just went yesterday. Mary's left and Hilda can't cook—"

"Well, well," exclaimed the Congressman, "just forget it now, dear. They're all gone and I'm home and we'll have a quiet, old-fashioned time of it. We'll eat in the kitchen and enjoy ourselves in peace and quiet.

"And now," as he mounted the stairs, "I'm going to get off this beastly collar and frock coat."

Half an hour later the Congressman, in neglige, strolled out on the veranda. Down the path he saw a figure—two, three figures. The first bore a suit-case. "Hello, old man," it called, "thought I'd drop out to see you and this great old place you told me about when we were sweating about appropriations and reciprocity."



" Down the path he saw a figure—two, three figures "

The Congressman's eyes were fastened on other approaching figures. He saw suitcases and traveling bags. "Peace!" he murmured, "Peace!" His generously scattered invitations were coming home to roost.

* * *

FORTY-FIVE million dollars annually are lost, says the Department of Agriculture, because of "improper and antiquated methods of handling eggs." The amount is startling, but many of our country readers can testify, by figuring on the basis of personal loss, that it is not an exaggerated estimate.

The Department of Agriculture has been looking into the problem of egg transportation for more than a year past, and says with certainty that "a large part of it can be prevented." Experts have been working in Kansas to learn the proper methods of handling eggs, and the results of their investigation have been published in a bulletin issued by the Department, which may be had by addressing a request to the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington.

* * *

THE first woman to be connected with the Senate Committee on Appropriations which controls bills involving an annual expenditure of upwards of one billion dollars every year, Mrs. Leona M. Wells of Wyoming, is the highest-paid woman on Uncle Sam's payroll.

Her appointment as assistant clerk of the Senate Committee on Appropriations was earned by her participation in the politics of her home state, Wyoming, and by her efficiency in similar positions with the Senate Committee on Claims and on Military Affairs. She is an ardent, though not a militant, suffragette, has voted and been an election inspector at every general election in Wyoming since she has admitted to twenty-one summers. She votes the "straight" Republican ticket, for she is a regular of the most standpat type.

Although the first woman to be appointed to clerkships of Senate committees, Mrs. Wells has found her sex a handicap in only one particular. Men who have handled the details of the army appropriation bills in the committee, as Mrs. Wells has done for several years, sat alongside the committee chairman on the Senate floor during their consideration by the Senate. But Mrs. Wells has been shut out from that seat of honor to herself and of utility to the chairman, barred by the unwritten rule of the Upper House of Congress that says that women shall not be permitted on the floor of the Senate when it is in session.

Even with that privilege denied her, however, she has not let it interfere with her efficiency as assistant clerk of the Military Affairs Committee or with her usefulness to the chairman of the committee as one familiar with every detail of the measure. When those bills were being pushed through the Senate, she has stationed herself just outside the door at the main entrance to the Senate Chamber, followed every move that was made on the Senate floor and has been able to despatch page boys with suggestions to the chairman at opportune times. In this way she accomplished as much as anyone, even though handicapped by being a woman.

MRS. LEONA M. WELLS
The highest salaried woman on Uncle Sam's payroll

IN summing up events in Washington coincident with the extra session one finds an interesting chain of events that do not appear in the Congressional Record. Investigations that have burned up a great deal of powder, which might have stood for the red fire and blue lights of the coming presidential year, can hardly be used. The people have now become so satiated with exposures and investigations that they are apt to use the classic phrase in Romeo and Juliet, "A plague upon both your houses," when it comes to expressing their political preferences.

The most remarkable investigation of the summer was that of the steel trust inquiry. In the great room on the second floor of the house office building a green carpet had been spread upon the floor, and even before its wrinkles had been smoothed the investigation began. Around a long table placed upon the rostrum the Congressional Committee sat and listened to testimony. The witnesses were grouped around a small table just below Chairman Stanley, and some remarkable stories were told of the development of the great Steel Corporation.

Mr. George W. Perkins of New York, with earnest gesture and emphatic manner, laid bare with refreshing candor the plans and methods by which the great steel trust was formed. By his side, towering a head above him, sat his two stalwart sons, just from school, guarding well the scrap books and other documents that their father had brought with him with which to refresh his memory and testify before the committee.

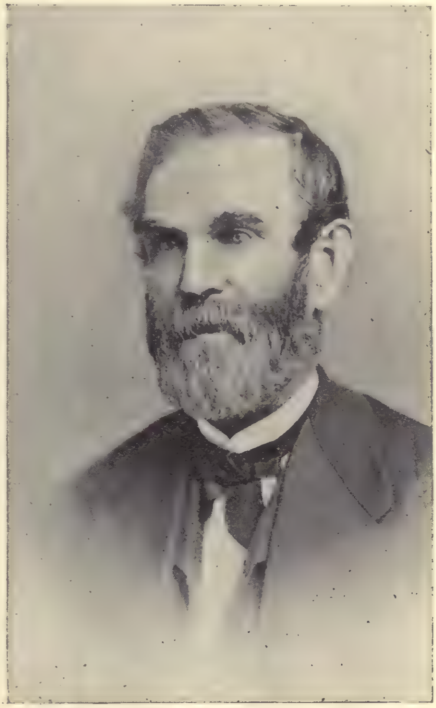
On the table of the investigators was a large book containing the minutes of the Executive Committee and Board of Directors of the Steel Corporation. The book was heavily padlocked, thus keeping the contents literally under lock and key. It somehow suggested the great volumes of the ancient monasteries where books were unlocked with great solemnity, their contents being for the exclusive use of church dignitaries. The President joined in the work of the investigation by throwing open to the committee, and to them only, the records and confidential report made by Herbert Knox Smith, Commissioner of Corporations.

It is felt that through this investigation the people will come to realize not only the gigantic proportions of the business operations of today and the large fortunes that have been involved, and hazarded as well as made, but also that upon the balance or adjustment of these business methods depends the prosperity of the country. The inevitable trend toward large concentration of effort is but the logical result of a demand for economical and scientific development. When one comes to view the question, in all its aspects with a mind free from passion and prejudice, he must admit that those entrusted with large interests have in view practically the same results as those championing the ultimate and definite welfare. In short, a socialistic ideal.

A number of congressmen were present at the investigation. Both Representatives Cooper and Esch of Wisconsin, the home of insurgency, and many of their colleagues intently followed the questions and answers. All the legislators present agreed that this investigation was by all odds the most important ever held, and they were confident that the testimony in its results would be most far-reaching. It shows that all friends of public welfare are, after all, not so far apart as some agitators would have the people believe when public office is in view.

At the newspaper desk the boys, with busy pencils, made graphic word pictures of the events, but from the amount of space given the investigation in the newspapers it was disappointing to note that in that great room, with its wrinkled green carpet, there were hardly more than fifty people present. The scene could not be paralleled with a forum, where Demosthenes and the old Greek orators could thunder forth on problems of public welfare. Yet in the quiet tones of everyday conversation testimony was given and ideas promulgated that were just as wide-sweeping in their effect as in the old days of the Philippics. The comparison furnishes an emphatic example of the unostentatious way in which great questions of a country are today discussed and solved. The use of fireworks is no longer absolutely necessary to accomplish good results.

FOR more than a century the state of Ohio has relieved its Governors of veto powers. This was the case when Ohio first began President-making with gubernatorial material, as in the days of McKinley, Hayes and Garfield, who made an easy exit from their state capitol chairs to the White House. When Governor Myron T. Herrick was called to the chair in 1903 the veto power was handed him to use, and he applied it on twenty-seven different measures, which gave him twenty-seven different kinds of trouble.



JOSEPH W. BRIGGS
Inventor of the letter-box. Photograph by Ryder of Cleveland taken in 1870 just before his death, which occurred February 23, 1871

Despite the agitation caused by his vetoes, memories of his administration must be gratifying to Governor Herrick as he reviews the results brought about by those twenty-seven vetoes. In "the nineties" Governor Herrick was associated with Senator Mark Hanna in promoting the candidacy of William McKinley for the presidency. It was at Herrick's home that measures were taken to protect Mc-

Kinley when financial ruin stared him in the face. Among the liberal contributors to this fund was Mrs. Bellamy Storer. After McKinley's election Mrs. Storer was a staunch and enthusiastic supporter of Theodore Roosevelt in his application for appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

At the time, McKinley hesitated to make the appointment, but the support of Governor Herrick and Mrs. Storer carried the day. Later on Mr. Storer was appointed ambassador at Vienna, Austria, and was peremptorily dismissed by President Roosevelt because of the alleged interference of Mrs. Storer in matters outside the ambassadorial sphere.

H. B. KEISTER OF WATERLOO
A member of the Iowa delegation of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. Memories of Mr. Keister's speech at the dedication of the new NATIONAL plant will long be held in grateful remembrance

It is related that when McKinley was sworn in, he was told that Roosevelt would be a trouble-maker. But the President replied that he liked to recruit "energetic young fellows," and that "Secretary Long would be able to hold him level in the Navy Department at least." As the years come and go, the inside history of appointments and the circumstances that surround the rise and fall of public men have an interest that is romantic beyond the charms of fiction. There has never been a political prophet wise enough to prognosticate with any degree of accuracy the course of the vagrant political winds that bring gusts of fame to one name and blow another into obliteration. The old-fashioned and unswerving comradeship of political fellowship is passing—more's the pity.

* * *

AN afternoon chat in the cloak room turned upon the discussion of old-time classics and their morals. One Congressman of thoughtful mien was retelling the old German mythological tale that showed how things usually come to people who don't want them.

"Once upon a time there was a king with three beautiful daughters"—that's the way it starts—"the princesses of the realm. Along came Prince Charming on one fine day, but of course he couldn't marry the three daughters at one time, so a way out of the difficulty was decided upon. The trio must dip their hands in water, and the first on whose hands the water dried should be the bride.

"The first princess, a tall and stately blonde, stood anxiously looking at her hands in the sun, hoping that the moisture would soon be evaporated, so that Prince Charming would be hers. The second princess, with queenly beauty and long raven tresses, folded her hands with regal patience and waited for the glistening drops to dry. The third, with nose atilt and saucy blue eyes, declared as she dipped her hands in the water that she didn't want Prince Charming at all, and with expressive gestures she threw her arms about, saying, 'I don't want him,' 'I don't care for him,' and 'He is not for me.' And as she swung her hands about, the water soon dried upon them and she became the bride of Prince Charming. And they lived happily ever after."

The statesman stroked his goatee reminiscently, and the wrinkles about his eyes radiated from the outer corners. "This," he said, "is about the situation in public life. We throw our hands about when our name is connected with a new honor, and say we don't want it, *we don't want it.* The water soon dries on our hands and we have it, while the anxious and deserving are often passed by when Prince Charming comes a-wooing."

* * *

CONGRESS has adjourned. Those three words conveyed a message that was hailed with joy not only by those who have sweltered in the service of the nation at Washington during the summer, but by the people of the country at large. Not that any captious criticism should be feared for the earnest work that has been accomplished, but the feeling has grown throughout the country that there has been a surfeit of congressional activities, retarding business development and expansion, and now the people are keen and eager to let business go on and develop without the threatening disturbances of schedules. President Taft's vetoes prevailed, though it is difficult for an executive to win popular favor by the veto route. Cleveland found it his *bete noir*, but President Taft seems to have clearly marked the distinction between the duties of the legislative body and the executive who is there for the purpose of putting on the brakes when a tariff board is at work.

One cannot feel aught but optimistic in surveying the field after the adjournment of Congress. The crop reports are favorable and the slack business will tend to accelerate the activities of early fall. As the cool frosts of autumn approached the President made his swing around the circle as an overture to his presidential campaign next year. The people have come to understand many of the "tricks that are vain and ways that are dark" in politics. The straight, square-from-the-shoulder shot counts today, and right or wrong, a conscientious and honest public servant is given consideration.

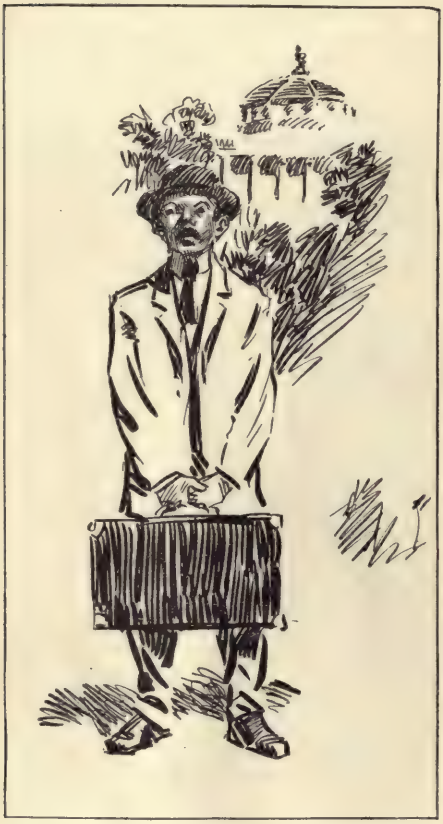
* * *

CONGRESSMEN appointed to fill unexpired terms often find it difficult to take up the work of their predecessors. Such was not the case with H. Garland Dupre, Representative from the Second Louisiana District, who came to Washington in December, 1910, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Congressman Samuel L. Gilmore. The new Congressman was the only member of the Louisiana delegation who voted for reciprocity in the Democratic caucus. One of his first speeches, a thrilling address on the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to the Union, excited considerable comment when he insisted that the poor American farmer and his interests were being "overworked" in present day politics.

HON. H. GARLAND DUPRE
Member of Congress from Second Louisiana district

Mr. Dupre believes that the South is "the land of the future," and much interest has been aroused by the introduction of his bill providing for the drainage and reclamation of swamp and overflowed lands in the Southern states. The object of his bill is to have the United States Government follow in the South the policy it has so successfully pursued in irrigating the arid lands of the West. Anyone who has traversed the great stretches of fertile land in Louisiana and Arkansas, reclaimed to cultivation with only a few thousand dollars expended for drainage, will understand what this matter means to Mr. Dupre's constituents.

Mr. Dupre comes from old Opelousas, St. Landry Parish, Louisiana. He is a graduate of the Tulane University and has practiced law in New Orleans since 1895. For ten years he served as assistant city attorney, and was also a member of the State Legislature, acting as speaker in the 1908 session. Even at the time of his appointment to fill out the term of the Sixty-first Congress, he was elected for the full term of the Sixty-second—rather an unusual situation.

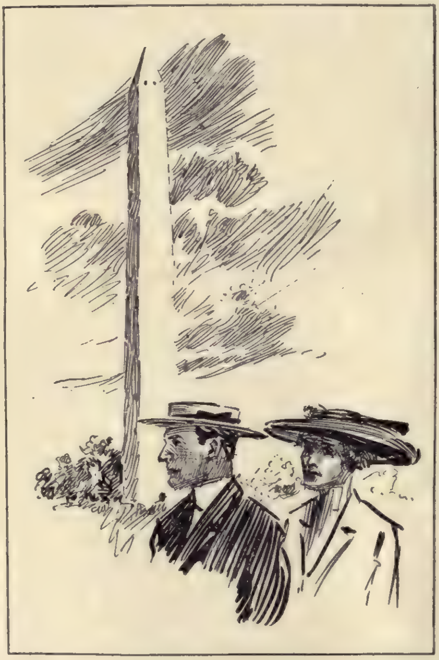


"And arrived just too late to tell the President what he thought of it all"

Socially Mr. Dupre is the typical "Louisiana gentleman." Vigorous and aggressive in public life, he has never been content to move along conventional lines when a progressive policy might necessitate a violation of some tradition or precedent.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the extra session is no more, still the army of Washington sight-seers makes its way up and down the avenues, guide-book in hand, watching out the while for stray Cabinet officers, Congressmen or Supreme Court Justices, who may perchance be out for an airing while all is quiet on the Potomac. Every tourist has his own reason for wanting to see the Capital. From North, South, East and West, they come in these bracing days of early fall, and a glance often reveals the object of their visit.



"As she and the happy groom promenade about Washington monument"

Here is the man from the country who grew alarmed at prolonged legislation on Capitol Hill, and arrived just too late to tell the President what he thought of it all. The new American citizen is at hand to view the surroundings of the great Capitol. He looks about thoughtfully, mentally comparing our modern

Washington architecture with that of the old country metropolis. Despite her plain tailored hat and gown, the sweet October bride cannot be mistaken, as she and the happy groom promenade about Washington monument and try to converse on national problems.

There is never a season, there is never a day when a study of tourists at the Capital does not uphold Washington's claim as the most cosmopolitan of American cities.

* * *

THE signing of the Peace Pact in the White House proper by Ambassador Bryce and the representative of the French Government was one of the most impressive scenes that has been enacted at Washington for some years past.

Sitting in the favorite chair of the late President Cleveland, in the room where the famous Spanish protocol was signed, Ambassador Bryce penned the final lines that made effective one of the most important arbitration treaties ever known to history. On the wall of the room hangs a handsome painting of the negotiation of the Spanish treaty. On the opposite wall is the seventy-five-thousand-dollar jeweled tapestry presented by the Shah of Persia to President Roosevelt.

This room is called the President's White House den, and at the table here he does the bulk of his work "at home." There was a bunch of goldenrod on the table, and on the mantel above stood the portrait of Mrs. Taft. The table was made from the timbers of the brig "Resolute," which conveyed Doctor Kane's first expedition to the Arctic Ocean, was deserted, found adrift and presented to the United States by the British government.

It seemed especially appropriate that the table should be used to promote peace with England, and that the painting that adorned the room was the work of the eminent French artist, the late and much lamented Chartrain.

Already an artist has been commissioned to make an historical painting of the recent great event.

* * *

EARLY and late—usually later—in the office of the Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, one finds a smooth-shaven, strong-featured young man, who just devours the work before him. An active and most successful railroad career furnished Mr. Benjamin S. Cable an ideal training for efficient service in public life, which he took up with all the zest that characterized his former work in Chicago. The son of a distinguished railroad man, he had a rare business training to fit him for the duties at Washington.

As he sat at his desk, long after the hour of closing time, there was a busy air and a glow of genial enthusiasm as he filled his pipe and talked of different phases of his work. He was particularly gratified at the progress made by the Lighthouse Board, in which he is especially interested. Few people realize how vital this work has become to the safety and efficiency of our increasing coastwise trade, and how important it was to associate the work of this board directly with the Bureau of Commerce. There is just one word that characterizes Mr. Cable's policy, and that is hard-headed, practical work—old-fashioned long hours—

HON. JOHN L. GRIFFITHS
The American Consul-general at London

and thorough grasp of details. On the walls and tables about are maps and books showing that he works with a complete equipment.

The under clerks and everybody about the Department, even to the elevator man, appreciate and are inspired by the activity of Assistant Secretary Cable, even if it requires extra hours from them without additional compensation. There is a refreshing spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm in this organization.

These statistics have been compiled by the American Humane Association, which will open its thirty-fifth annual meeting in the Colonial Ball-room of the Hotel St. Francis at San Francisco, October 2, and continue for three days. Delegates from the entire country will be in attendance as the guests of the State Humane Association of California. The local arrangements are in charge of a committee of which Edwin W. Newhall, president of the California Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is chairman, and Matthew McCurrie, secretary of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is secretary. The sessions will open Monday morning with an address of welcome by Mayor McCarthy of San Francisco, followed by the annual address of Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, New York, president of the Association. At a public meeting, to be held at the Valencia Theater in the evening, Governor Johnson will give an address of welcome, followed by Dr. Stillman, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California,

GOVERNOR POTHIER OF RHODE ISLAND SIGNING THE GRAND TRUNK CHARTER

HOW many stop to realize the cost of cruelty in this country for a single year? The 434 active societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals alone expended, during the last year, $1,237,586.95. This means that 809 men and 260 women were employed on salaries, in addition to the 7,511 voluntary agents who worked without pay. In this vast work of mercy 171,799 children and 1,347,185 animals were involved. There were 31,982 prosecutions, with 24,418 convictions, in the courts, while the total number of animals humanely killed was 332,253.

Dr. James B. Scherer of the Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, and Hon. Walter F. Brown, president of the Toledo (Ohio) Humane Society.

The first day and a half of the convention will be devoted to matters relating to animals, and will include discussions on street pavements, animal shelters, the docking of horses, work-horse parades, the traffic in bob veal and methods of slaughtering, humane destruction of small animals and the organization of Bands of Mercy.

During the sessions relating to work among children, such subjects as child saving, humane education in the schools, medical inspection of delinquent children, probation work and problems in child protection will be discussed.

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN
A rare photograph of the famous author of "The Leavenworth Case"

On Tuesday evening a reception and banquet will be given to the delegates by the State Humane Association of California, with after-dinner speeches by prominent humanitarians representing the entire United States. On Wednesday evening the convention will be brought to a close by an exhibition of lantern slides by the American Humane Association, the San Francisco S. P. C. A. and other organizations; also an illustrated address by Professor George Wharton James of Pasadena.

Elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the guests have been made by the San Francisco hosts, which include two days of sight-seeing following the convention. On Thursday morning the delegates will be taken in special cars to inspect the Animals' Home, passing the Old Mission Dolores on the way. They will then be shown an exhibition drill by the life-saving crew of the San Francisco fire department. In the afternoon the University of California and the Greek Theater at Berkeley will be visited, also the cities of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda. In the evening the delegates will have a trip to Chinatown, where a Chinese banquet will be offered them by the merchants of the real Chinatown. On Friday a visit will be made to the top of Mt. Tamalpais, and the afternoon will be spent in the Muir Woods. On Saturday the eastern visitors will go to Los Angeles, where the humane societies of that city and Pasadena will entertain them by a reception and luncheon at the Herchey Arms, and a public meeting will be held in the evening.

KATE DOWNING GHENT
Who represents the Downing Industrial School for girls located at Brewton, Alabama. The Downing school is an institution where worthy girls of limited means are enabled to become self supporting through industrial education. Mrs. Ghent is making an earnest appeal for contributions to this worthy cause

WILLIAM HODGE
(*The Man From Home*)
Author of "The Guest of Honor"

WILLIAM HODGE'S
NEW BOOK
"The Guest of Honor"
A GREAT NEW YORK STORY BY "THE MAN FROM HOME"
MR. HODGE ENJOYS THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE FIRST AMERICAN ACTOR TO BRING OUT A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL

CAREERS of men who merit the unreserved esteem of the American people seem to be based on those traits of character immortalized in the life of Abraham Lincoln. William Hodge, in "The Man from Home," reveals before the footlights a character of Lincolnesque type. Not like an actor, but rather as one who rises from the audience to voice the common sentiment, Mr. Hodge seems in this play to have just dropped in to see the people, tell them a story and send them home happy.

The late James A. Hearne said that "Will Hodge could play direct to the hearts of an audience"—and his prediction has been more than fulfilled. Born in a New York village, where quaint characters are found at their best, William Hodge's ambition to act was foretold by a well-thumbed copy of Shakespeare. He left home with high histrionic ideals and dreams of playing a Shakespearian role. His meeting with James A. Hearne had much to do with the molding of his unique career, for Hearne's blunt counsel was timely and convincing. A great actor, insisted the famous playwright, is not necessarily one who rolls his r's, tearfully quavers in deep bass, or has perfect features and flowing locks. When young Hodge played minor parts in the beginning of his stage career, his ambition was always to please the Sag Harbor playwright, whom he deeply admired and loved as a father. Many confidences were exchanged between the two, and though the older man said but little, he realized perhaps more than anyone else the great possibilities of the New York State boy.

* * *

When "The Man from Home" was produced with William Hodge in the title role, it seemed more than a play of a passing season. It delineated a character of universal appeal—the type of hero close to the American heart. The play calls for no sensational "acting," no ranting, tearing or storming—it simply unfolds a sweet love story and delineates a wholly unselfish character.

More than a million people have paid admission to see William Hodge in "The Man from Home." Over and over again have thousands been moved by the lines, ringing with true American sentiment, that come from the mouth of the Indiana lawyer who seeks to save from herself an American girl allured by a foreign title. And when, at the climax, the American girl, with her regained force and spirit, cries forth "You have made me all American today," a thrill of patriotism inspires every heart.

The success of William Hodge in "The Man from Home" has been unparallelled. For nearly two years in Chicago, a year on Broadway in New York, a season in Boston, another in Philadelphia—everywhere a favorite—"The Man from Home" has surpassed all previous records of a single play. Its fourth year reopened in the Grand Opera House in Chicago, where it was first produced. The American people are quite as partisan in their commendation of actors on the stage as of men in the political arena, and the first-night audience in Chicago tingled with friendly greeting. The splendid reception given Mr. Hodge upon his return after three years' success in the largest cities in the country, was a tribute not only to the play, but to the man who has made it what it is.

MRS. WILLIAM HODGE AND DAUGHTER GENEVIEVE
Named after the title of the song which plays so conspicuous a part in Mr. Hodge's play, "The Man From Home"

Success has never turned the head of the modest young star in whom the interest of the play centers. He has never been swerved from the fixed purposes of his career. Night after night he makes up for the part simply to represent himself; there is no effort to become a matinee idol.

Few actors have been so repeatedly called before the curtain, and Mr. Hodge's keen sense of propriety is shown in his simple little curtain speeches. Never does he step outside the character which he represents in the play. President Taft has witnessed "The Man from Home" several times, and his hearty applause would cause many an actor to lay aside for the moment the actor's mask and become an orator; but Mr. Hodge maintains the quaint atmosphere of the play, even though sacrificing an opportunity to star as a speaker.

Thoughtfulness, tact, gentleness, wholesomeness—such encomium might be continued without interruption, and all could be applied with propriety to William Hodge. There is a chivalrous and unselfish regard for those in the cast which he leads, and the company work together with a harmony that of itself has made "The Man from Home" distinctive.

The play excites real mirth, and whether it is the President in his box or the messenger boy from the heights of the "gallery gods"—both enjoy it and remember it.

* * *

William Hodge acts with deliberation. There is no frenzy. His shoes are put on just so; the old-fashioned watch charm must hang just so; the necktie must be tied just so. The celluloid cuffs of the country lawyer, the worn automobile duster, the auburn-tinted hair, combed down with the old-fashioned exactness of mother's day—all this is part of William Hodge's detailed make-up. The lines of his part have been repeated many thousands of times, but never for a moment does he relax in his purpose to give each audience a new sidelight in character study.

The simplicity of "The Man from Home" speaks to the heart. One critic has called Mr. Hodge's work a complete revelation of common sense on the stage—common sense triumphant, enthroned in every act and scene—that plain, homely common sense for which Lincoln was loved.

Never yet, as the curtain fell and the strains of "Sweet Genevieve" swept the auditorium, has the audience failed to applaud. And as they go homeward, with the echo of the sweet old melody in their ears, and the memory of the "Man from Home" in their hearts, they are consumed with wholesome ideals and true American sentiment. The people who have thus been impressed have in a large measure made William Hodge's success historic in the annals of the stage.

* * *

Scarcely has he washed the grease paint from his face and changed his clothes to street attire before "The Man from Home" seeks his desk. A pencil and a pad of yellow paper are called into service, and he settles down to a work in which he delights. For William Hodge spends his leisure moments in writing. His latest novel, "The Guest of Honor," which appeared serially in the NATIONAL, has called forth widespread commendation. Senators, governors, clergymen—people in all walks of life have praised the simple Dickensesque style with which the characters in "The Guest of Honor" are portrayed, and have been touched with the ineffably sweet aura in which the tale is wreathed. Under the glow of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill the actor-author wrote chapter after chapter of his charming story, revising and rewriting, as he lived and communed with the characters.

Mr. Hodge writes on an unique plan. His plots are developed in play form and his characters and situations are clearly defined before description and details are written. The artist who illustrated "The Guest of Honor" remarked that during the course of the story the author had really "acted out" how the characters ought to look in the drawings. The wide-open eye, the puzzled expression, the whiskers, or the plaster off the wall, the shabby rocking-chair, in contrast to the rich furnishings of the palatial Fifth Avenue dwelling—all make a distinct impression in the reader's mind.

Long before the concluding chapters appeared in the NATIONAL, there were thousands of requests for the story in book form. The general sentiment of readers was impressively expressed by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, pastor of the College Church, Oakland City, Indiana, in his letter:

> "I have just finished reading Hodge's truly great story, 'The Guest of Honor.' If anything better, or as good, has ever been published I don't know it. I trust that the world is to have the opportunity of securing that story in book form, and that you will do a grateful reader the kindness of letting him know when it may be thus procured."

WILLIAM HODGE AND HIS PET BEAR

Some have insisted that the story has the verisimilitude of an autobiography. Vividly drawn characters and scenes portray the struggles of a literary man, an artist or an actor in the great maelstrom of New York life.

There is a rare vein of humor running through the story. Spontaneous laughter, such as no farcical production could produce, is evoked in many of the situations.

In all his wide experience and in his direct physical contact with millions of people, the same desire to please those who delight to honor him is shown in the painstaking, careful work which he bestows upon the manuscripts sent to the publisher. The delicate handwriting almost suggests the chirography of a woman, though there is strong masculinity in the queer curves of the letters; the punctuation is as exact as the speeches he delivers; but, above all, the heart and soul of William Hodge is in his work.

"The Guest of Honor" is truly a great American novel. It is a story of New York, and as one critic has remarked, it is one New York story that is wholesome. The character of John Weatherbee, that of Rosamond and of little Jack, the clear delineation of the minor characters, the sadness and comedy in sharp contrast —every chapter manifests a beauty of sentiment and nobility that marks the handiwork of a writer of heart feeling.

The charm of William Hodge is best revealed at his summer home at Cohasset, just off Boston Light, above the rugged rocks that line the South Shore, with an ocean view unsurpassed. Mr. Hodge spends the vacation season in the cottage by the sea with his wife and baby daughters, Genevieve and Martha. Genevieve, or little Jane, was named in honor of the sweet, old-fashioned ballad which is played and sung as the curtain falls in "The Man from Home."

Mrs. Hodge was Helen Hale, of Boston, a former Wellesley girl, and one of the most winsome and attractive stars in the Savage companies. She is deeply interested in her husband's work, especially his literary labors; she is his merciless critic as well as his devoted admirer.

The home life of the Hodges has that same sweet wholesomeness that characterizes the play which William Hodge has made famous. Whether it be a drive on Jerusalem Road, a stretch on the golf links, fishing for lobsters when the tide is out, or a dip in the surf, summer days are busy at the Hodge home. There are always many friends on the spacious veranda, and always something to do. Mr. Hodge is the same whole-hearted host as he is the whole-hearted actor or author.

The book, "The Guest of Honor," illustrated by Arthur Hutchins, contains a portrait and autograph of the author. It promises to be the most popular book of fiction for the holidays because it is a story that will always be appropriate as a gift book. It carries with it the unmistakable charm of its actor-author, and the people of the United States feel a personal pride, an interest and an enthusiasm in all that William Hodge does.

TO A GREAT ACTOR

THE night looks with a thousand eyes, they say,—
The day with one; yet that one blots the light
From all the lesser myriad eyes of night,
Makes us forget the dark, and bless the day.
A thousand stars upon the stage may lay
Bewitching silver on the guileless sight,
But when thy gold proclaims thee on the height
They fade to futile pallor, far away.

O Son of Stageland! Greater is thy power
Than that of all the stars' united sheen;
When thou art glowing none else seem to be;
Thy spell enchanteth for a too-brief hour,
And when the curtain takes thee from the scene
Thy face, in twilight, clings to memory.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

PENHALLOW

A STARTLING STORY OF DISSIMILAR DOUBLES

BY RALPH HERBERT WHITE

CHAPTER XIII

AT WOLCOTT that night I was unsuccessful in gaining any intelligence of anyone answering to the description of young Penhallow, and I was forced to conclude that he had not come so far. But I was not to be kept long in doubt, for a little while after midnight I was aroused from sleep by a messenger from Mr. Wentworth with a letter for me to the effect that young Leverett had returned to the ranch, that he was heavily under the influence of liquor, that he had paid his bill, bought a fresh supply of whiskey, taken his belongings and ridden off again on the buckskin pony; and furthermore, that Mr. Wentworth, by the most artful questioning, could elicit absolutely nothing from him as to his future intentions. I read this very unsatisfactory epistle and then recollected the bearer, who was the man Mr. Wentworth had called "Milt."

"Milt," I said, "I want to talk to you a little, and talking to a man who has just ridden hard for six or eight hours is dry work. Is anybody still up downstairs?"

"Old Doc. McGee is blowing in a carload of beef at the wheel. He'll stay up 'til mornin' now."

"Well, Milt," I continued familiarly, "here's four bits. You go down and see if you can't rustle a couple of drinks of whiskey and then come back."

Milt went, and in fifteen or twenty minutes returned, wiping his mouth and looking perfectly satisfied.

"Good stuff, eh?" I remarked.

"You bet your life," was the response. "But I only took one drink. The other two bits I shied at the wheel with old Doc., an' raked in all that," and he drew his lean, brown hand out of his pocket, clenched upon a stack of silver dollars.

To moralize with a rural Westerner is to cast pearls, or in my case, Barrios diamonds, before swine. Accordingly, I vented no homily, but put to the messenger the questions I desired regarding the stranger at the Lusk cabins, and the buckskin horse, but he could tell me nothing except what he had already told to Mr. Wentworth.

Assuming that young Penhallow had gone thither, and thence to Aspen, the fact that he was sufficiently acquainted with the stranger to borrow his horse might be significant in view of the replies he had made both to Mr. Wentworth and myself when questioned as to his trip there. I recollected Mr. Wentworth as having mentioned his being pale and shaky when he came back. Was it possible that between this stranger and my young acquaintance some affinity might exist, such as would imbue the latter with fear and aversion of the former? "This might well be," I thought, "if the stranger were cognizant of the young man's wonderful metallurgical formula."

Now, like a lightning flash, came a thought. The soiled, crumpled note I had found in the young man's room, the rifle shot, the blood-soaked ground at the springs—was the blood a coyote's blood, after all? Might not the rifle shot have been a pistol shot, that, to my morbid fears of that morning, might easily in that clear, still air, have sounded louder than it was? And now to my imagination the stage was set, the actors engaged. The spring, voiding its mephitic cloud, the rocks, the man on the hillside. The note inferred a meeting there; perhaps the stranger had enticed the young man thither to foully murder him and rob him of his papers—those wonderful, those priceless papers, the possession of which would bestow untold wealth on their holder. Young Leverett, probably, was aware of the peril that menaced him, perhaps he had escaped a similar fate at the cabin by the falls, hence his nervousness and intrepidity when I drew his attention to the man behind the cedar. And now what more probable than that the young man, remorselessly pursued by this stranger, should, in sheer desperation, notwithstanding his natural abhorrence for such a deed, turn at bay—ay, turn the tables and instead of tamely submitting to be murdered and robbed, prefer to have death meted out to the pursuer. And so, thinking in this manner, I could see the fatal meeting; could see that tiny, shining revolver spit out its death; I could see the strange man, the robber, drop and relinquish the grasp on his rifle with which he had intended to intimidate the young man, or, in case of resistance, kill him. I could see the paralyzed posture of the slayer who, though justified by self-defence, was yet so exquisitely wrought intellectually that the fact of his having taken a human life, rived and rent him with horror. And what now? Why, the shock of such a deed brought on at a bound the sleeping delirium of his affliction. The sane man, trembling at the thought of having shed blood, even in self-defence, vanished, and the chuckling, cunning maniac stood in his place. See! he looks warily around. No one is near—he is alone, wholly unperceived. He bends over the fallen form of the outlaw, drags him to the edge of the smoking pool, and launches him into the cloudy, corroding waters.

Nearby, on the hillside, tied to the branch of a cedar tree, stands the stranger's horse—the buckskin horse. The poor, crazed man-slayer, even more vulpine in his dementia than sagacious in his sanity, now starts on foot to the ranch, probably to secure his effects there and return to the horse on which to race away, somewhere—anywhere—so long as he gets to excitement where, in a wild riot of wine, women and hell let loose, he can allay the fierce, tigerish craving now sweeping down upon him like an avalanche; but he meets me, unfamiliar to him in his present state. He has confused notions of his recent deed mingling with the teeming impulses in his brain. He thinks himself a murderer, and though callously revelling in the thought, yet fears discovery and capture. With dare-devil abandonment, he stands me off, and daring not now to return to the ranch, hastens back to the horse. All is silent at the spring. A lurking coyote's keen and hungry nose sniffs from a distance the taint of fresh blood, and hastens toward it through the brush. He finds the blood, but not the body. Greedily he laps the stiffening gore, but the stain remains.

And now, I myself approach, causing the brute to skulk away. A few moments and I start back. Crossing the spur of the hill, toward the Leadville road, comes the buckskin horse and his insane rider. We almost meet—and he is gone. That was the scene I saw—the tragedy I beheld in my imagination, and I would have staked half my practice that back there, from the boiling pool I could drag out a corpse—the stranger's corpse. "A few days will go by," I thought. "The young man will come to himself to face the reailty of having been obsessed of his demon again, to suffer silent agony, unaware of what he has done, but dreading—ever dreading."

Milt interrupted my revery. "Is it anything about the young man that was stopping at the ranch?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, he passed me on my way up here, riding like hell and all."

"What!" I exclaimed, my house of cards collapsing.

"Sure thing. I suspect he come through Wolcott; mebbe he's here now."

"Milt, just go down and see what you can learn, will you? You can do it better than I can, and if you don't mind, Milt, I'll just take a dram myself and I'll be particularly obliged to you if you'll bring it up when you come back. Here's some money, Milt; get one for yourself, of course, and don't be afraid to make mine pretty stiff."

Milt departed again and he was gone somewhat longer than before. The tidings he brought back with him made the glass of whiskey positively grateful. The buckskin horse and rider had not only come through Wolcott, but, while I lay asleep young Penhallow had actually entered below to buy more liquor. Old Doc. McGee, whom Milt had alluded to, had particularly remarked the young man, and reported that he, Leverett, looked wild and disordered; he supposed he was drunk.

I gave Milt a five-dollar gold piece and a letter of grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Wentworth; thanked him heartily for being so obliging, bade him good-night and rolled back into bed again, more anxious now than ever to get to Leadville, where in all probability I should find the wild night rider in frantic revel.

Chapter XIV

In the morning I found Milt already gone. He had not turned in after leaving me the night before—the five-dollar gold piece burned in his pocket. He had chanced it on the wheel and that was the last he ever saw of it, so presumably he went away content and happy.

There is much pleasure in spending a five-dollar gold piece on some object which will minister to the gratification, and upon which the eye, mental or physical, can rest from time to time with satisfaction and delight. Such things as a good, loyal book, a pair of warm gloves, a window-ledge of flowers, a smile on some unfortunate's face—but there are comparatively few who experience inexpressible beatitude in spending a five-dollar gold piece for nothing, in laying it down on a gambling table, and, flash! 'tis gone. In the West, along with other evidences of superior enlightenment, a far larger number of citizens have attained to the spiritual ecstasy of squandering hard-earned money for nothing than anywhere else. They disdain the sensual pleasure of possessing tangible objects—they deride books, flowers and smiles. They have advanced over the effete East and find unalloyed happiness equal to the celestial anticipations of the Turks in that, let us say, nadir of intellectual diversions, gambling; but let us of the seaside be hopeful. The signs are encouraging. No sojourner amidst the elegant society of the West can escape noticing how astonishing the adaptability of Easterners is becoming when once they are privileged to observe the extraordinary degree of culture and refinement to which the great and boundless West has arrived.

So anxious was I to be on the road that I chafed even under the necessity of eating breakfast, and so wholly absorbed was I in the business before me that I proved but a taciturn companion to my gay fellow-travelers. We had excellent horses and rattled at a good pace over the high-hung road.

At the dinner station at noon my first care was to inquire of the buckskin horse and rider. Yes, they had stopped for breakfast. The rider had bought more whiskey with which to enhance the state of wild hilarity he had already reached.

"Well, he is still ahead," I thought. "There is little doubt now of his being bound for Leadville."

At eight that night we drove into town, and I hastened to the hotel to scan the register for Mr. Aaron Penhallow's name. He had not yet arrived, but there would be a train in from Denver at eleven. Meanwhile I decided to try and "locate" the demented son. The lowest, vilest precincts of the town would be the place to find him if he was there—that is, so long as his frenzy lasted. I disliked entering the unsavory dens of iniquity that made up this section of the city in quest of him. It is bad enough to be aware of the depths to which human depravity can sink, without descending into the stifling abyss oneself. It is not pleasant to pass down a dingy street, with flaring red lights—the devil's signals; to listen to the shameless revels of dance halls and saloons; to observe children already so proficient in self-reliant vice as to thrust out a leering visage and a detaining hand in bold solicitation from doorway and window, exerting their infant blandishments, alike and indifferently, on the young and graceless fop, the grimy miner, or bestial negro. Much less is it pleasant to enter those doors where the last remnants of decorum and decency are cast brazenly aside, where sex mingles with sex promiscuously in all the ingenious profligacy that only depraved human beings can devise and practice, and from which even the lowest and filthiest of animals abstain.

I entered the quarters. Every possible means of publicity was used to herald to the passer-by the variety of noxious commodities for sale and to lure him in. Brilliant transparencies advertised where the most infamous rites were performed; glaring signs gave the names of the inmates, and the particular specialties of vice for which they were noted. From a theater came the hoarse discord of sensuous music, pandering to the mind as the all but naked performers within pandered to the eye.

Here again was another instance of the vast and unapproachable superiority of Western civilization over the simpering, prudish propriety of the East. The old states, in mortification and shame, endeavor to secrete the vice they cannot expurgate. They keep the fester bandaged; but in the West the sore is unwrapped and smells to Heaven. The "red-light" district—the "Row," as it is called—is one of the features of the city, one of the attractions. The municipality parades its vice and politically fosters it as a horticulturist would a rare and precious plant. In the East, school children in the daylight can pass through the infected streets unconscious of most of the terrible reality that lies behind the walls. Both day and night the precinct is comparatively decorous externally. In all the cities, and even small towns of the West, the Row is nearly as obvious and as flaunting by day as by night, and school-children, inadvertently passing through, are at one fell swoop confronted with a horrible condition that their young minds should at least not be familiar with, for often for young eyes to see is to emulate, and what is revolting to maturity too often allures adolescence; but perhaps the East will improve with time; perhaps we, too, shall provide such spectacles for our little ones.

I was quite prepared to encounter the young man in some one of the many nefarious resorts I entered, but he was nowhere to be found, and a little before eleven I walked to the railroad station to await the train from which I fervently hoped Mr. Aaron Penhallow would alight.

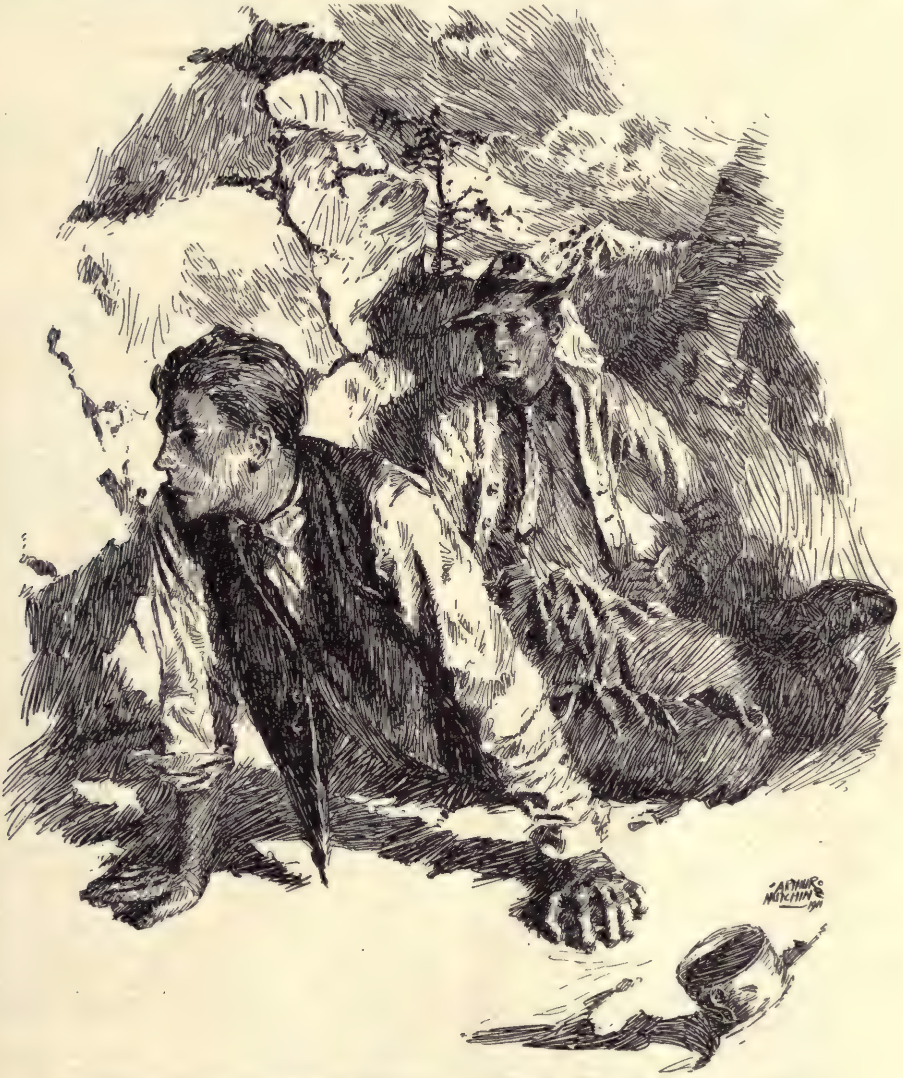
Two years had elapsed since I had seen him, and I wondered if those two years had effected much alteration in him, if they had modified, diminished or accentuated those oddities of character which, above all other men I had ever met, distinguished him. I myself was no longer the little, legal embryo who had thanked his lucky stars for the client who feed with hundred dollar bills. I now enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice in my profession, and I wondered how I should now succeed in brooking Mr. Penhallow's haughty, but not ill-meant, assumption of superiority.

As the train pulled in I anxiously scanned the steps of the Pullmans. He was not visible; but then, Mr. Aaron Penhallow was not a gentleman to evince undignified haste, who vulgarly endeavored to be first. No, he would sit quietly by and observe with ironical contempt the crowding of the inferior creatures, and when the aisle was no longer hampered with humanity and luggage, he would sedately arise, command the porter's assistance and alight.

Such, indeed, proved to be the case. I had nearly given him up when I saw his tall, slender person step onto the platform. He was dressed with quiet elegance; his shoes and linen were immaculate. He wore a silk hat of the very latest block, a loose, sleeveless coat, long, black and trimmed with sable, and in one exquisitely gloved hand he carried an ebony, gold-headed cane. Whiter than ever was his hair and long imperial. Of course, these observations were the results of later scrutiny. I had already greeted him.

"Mr. Penhallow," I cried, "how do you do?"

"Quite well, indeeed, thank you" (this would have been the reply had be been suffering torture). "You are looking in robust health yourself, quite as I last saw you, only a little stouter, perhaps, and more mature. It has been more than two years since we met; but I have kept track of you. I am told you are no longer in need of mysterious clients, with a penchant for one hundred dollar bills," he smiled amiably, but all his rigid self-command could not conceal the anxiety in his face. "And now, if you will be so kind as to assist me, let us enter a carriage and drive to the hotel. I am old enough to be sensible of the extreme altitude here. It is over-exhilarating, like some rare elixir. I find my nerves at a high tension; but you will bear with my infirmities," and again he smiled with cordial dignity.



"Young Leverett turned with a start. 'How! What!' he exclaimed."

"Ah," thought I, "it is the paternal heart, much as you attempt to hide it, and not the altitude. Though that fragile body is ten thousand feet above sea level, the heart within is as far below in bitter anguish." And indeed, to such a man the thought that his finely nurtured race was to ebb away in sporadic insanity must have been excruciating. No king could be prouder of the long-filtered blood in his veins than was this aged man; and in a way he was regal, for did he not have an intellectual throne to bequeath. Penhallow was a grand old name, with as many antecedent generations in the mother country as there were letters in the word. The greatest fame he knew was the knowledge that he had qualified as a Christian gentleman before the unmercifully severe arraignment of his own mind. And to think that the son of so rare a man was at that moment floundering in insane riot! Suffer! How much he must have suffered, and yet scarcely a trace of it did he betray.

Without speaking further we entered a rickety old vehicle and drove to the hotel. Mr. Penhallow was the cynosure of all eyes, as with stately carriage he walked up to the counter to register. The clerk was unusually obsequious as he tendered the pen to that long, aristocratic hand.

"Can you provide me with an apartment on the next flight?" asked Mr. Penhallow.

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk.

"And I shall require some hot water immediately, if you please."

"It shall be sent instantly," and the clerk turned a look of interrogatory wonderment upon me.

We were shown to Mr. Penhallow's room, and the boy set down his valise and strapped traveling rug with a magnificent ivory-handled umbrella thrust through it. Mr. Penhallow, with grave courtesy, drew a chair for me and asked me if I would drink a little of his own whiskey with him.

"With the greatest of pleasure," I replied.

"Then, if you will be good enough to ring the bell and have the boy fetch the glasses, I will open my valise."

I complied. Mr. Penhallow now took off his long cloak—for it was rather such than a coat—carefully removed his gloves, and opening his valise took out a costly, silver-chased bottle.

The boy returned with the glasses, received his liberal tip with a look of surprise and elation and went out. Mr. Penhallow proffered me the bottle and then filled his own glass.

"The best of health to you, sir," I said. He politely acknowledged my words with a smile and drank off his glass—tossed off would be the very opposite term to use—and drawing his chair a little nearer to mine said:

"Mr. Remboth, accept my heartfelt gratitude for your disinterested and kind offices and solicitude; and now, if you please, tell me all you know up to the present moment."

I did so as briefly as possible.

"And your diagnosis is that my son is suffering from some species of dementia that attacks him periodically, but in the intervals of which he is perfectly rational, perfectly sane?"

"Exactly," I replied.

"It is strange—unaccountable," he remarked. "There is no taint in our blood. I never saw the slightest indication in Leverett of any such defect. His letters have been uniformly sensible—but, of course, he would write only in moments of reason. I cannot doubt what you say, for I know my son perfectly. It is impossible that he could be guilty of these dissolute and violent acts and still be in his right senses. Well, I must make the best of it and live out my own life for both him and myself. Had I been an erring man, how easy to impute to Omnipotent retribution this dreadful blow. However, I must not believe less in God, but more in the baffling inscrutability of His decrees. We must render ourselves to His will, to fulfill our little parts in sanity, or lend ourselves blunderingly to His designs, deprived of our reason. I sometimes think the world is divided equally among the two classes, idiots and wise men. We can scarcely be certain ourselves to which each one of us belongs; and who knows to whom will go the greater glory—the fool or the sage? And now, what do you advise?" he asked, controlling his shame and disappointment with wonderful fortitude.

"It is midnight now," I said; "there is nothing we can do before tomorrow. I have already made the rounds of the town without avail. Let us get what rest is possible under the circumstance, that we may be fresh in the morning; and, Mr. Penhallow, before bidding you good-night, I want to ask you to oblige me and not to consider my services in this sorrowful affair as rendered at all professionally, but as a very inadequate return for your kindness and generosity to me. Good-night, sir; I hope you will enjoy some rest."

"Good-night, Mr. Remboth. I thankfully accept your services in whatsoever light you prefer to render them."

CHAPTER XV

Who should seat himself at our breakfast table the next morning but old Pebble Hicks. He had driven in from his claim for some drills and a supply of powder. In the West the fallacy that one man's as good as another, though by no means believed at heart, is yet, nevertheless, assumed by the large number who are conscious of some trifling inferiorities, and consequently prevails. I caught old Pebble's eye bent curiously on old Mr. Penhallow. Needs must that he be introduced, otherwise the excellent old man would be mortally offended, and I was anxious as to how he would be received by the grave patrician at my side. I was gratified to perceive Mr. Penhallow unbend most graciously and acknowledge the hearty greeting of the old miner with unaffected cordiality. "A gentleman, indeed," I thought; "perfectly affable to those below him, reserving his gentle arrogance for those who, without the requisite qualifications, aspire to his own estate."

Mr. Hicks, the moment the identity of Mr. Penhallow dawned upon him, was off pell-mell in an eulogy of that gentleman's unhappy son, alluding to the famous formula, and deprecating the young man's scruples. "What I can't savvy no how," he said, "is how a young feller who has millions in his hands should turn up his nose at them. Why, he could be a senator and go on shift with the highest Denver swells."

"My son, sir," and I detected just the faintest curl of scorn on Mr. Penhallow's lips, "was reared in a less corruscating environment. Possibly he is too diffident to intrude on the strictly intellectual circles which, I am told, constitute Denver society. I may be prejudiced, but I doubt if he would find the class into which he would gravitate, from being senator, very congenial. I occupied an hour of my leisure while in Denver with a visit to the Capitol. The legislative bodies I saw assembled there certainly flatter the judgment and refinement of the voters of the state. So far as the occupants were concerned and their manners, the chambers resembled more a Bowery club-room than apartments constructed for the gathering of lawmakers."

Mr. Hicks looked sharply at his new acquaintance a moment and then laughed. "They're not very creditable, are they? But you see we have to elect those who will take the job and who seek it, not those who are really fit for it."

I was glad to see the conversation switch off to a less painful topic than Mr. Penhallow's son. Mr. Hicks now poured the remainder of his coffee into his saucer, drank it off, rose, shook hands with us and departed.

"A character," I observed.

"A plain, honest man," was the reply, "and as such entitled to consideration and respect. All the culture in the world will raise us not so very much higher than that plane."

I had not yet, I perceived, begun to comprehend the character of Mr. Penhallow.

I curtailed my breakfast, for I saw that my companion had no inclination to eat, but merely, in his delicacy, to keep me in countenance, made a pretence of doing so. He looked really wretched. The tedious ride over the Divide, and probably a bad night, had fatigued him greatly, and he looked now quite haggard and wan.

"Shall we go?" I asked as I wiped my fingers.

"Whenever you are ready," was the alert reply.

We got up and walked into the office, where Mr. Penhallow lit a cigar. "Mr. Penhallow," I said, "our search will take us into the most disreputable resorts in town. You can form no conception of their vile nature. Had you not better remain here and let me go alone?"

"By no means," he insisted. "I am quite ready to accompany you anywhere, only," he added with a twinge of mortification and a sigh, "I wish that it were not necessary to seek for my child in such haunts. But come, regrets are useless. Let us be doing."

Until one o'clock we did our utmost, but we could ascertain nothing, much less get a glimpse of the fugitive. If any were cognizant of him they affected total ignorrance, fearing no doubt to compromise a patron. We were much discouraged. The notorious places we had visited, but undoubtedly there existed others of which I knew not. I suggested applying to the police for assistance in our search, but Mr. Penhallow dreaded publicity, and deferred doing so until it should be the last resort.

We returned to our rooms at the hotel to tidy ourselves for dinner. I was but a moment occupied and returned to the office to await Mr. Penhallow who, I knew, would be much more nice and scrupulous in his preparation than myself. I stood leaning languidly against a showcase of minerals when old Pebble Hicks came running breathlessly up behind me. He essayed to speak, but he could only gasp.

"What is it?" I asked excitedly.

The old man puffed and mopped his face with a huge red handkerchief, when, gaining his breath at last, he burst out, "Him, his son—crazy drunk—wavin' that formula about his head an' bawlin' of the millions it is worth!"

"Where?" I cried.

"In McCaskey's, upstairs, over the Silver Dollar Club. I hardly knew him; he's plumb locoed. I tried to quiet him an' get him away, but he didn't know me no more than a stranger, an' picked up a chair an' threatened to brain me. He's a dead man if he leaves that joint with them papers. I saw plenty around him tryin' to catch what he said. For the hundredth part of the value of that formula they'd shoot down Christ himself. Get his father, an' come quick. Have you got a six-shooter?"

I slapped my left ribs.

"Good! I've got three, one on each hip, an' one in the groin for quick, handy work."

I smiled involuntarily, so drolly did the peaceful old man—a fire-eater and lightning shot nevertheless—mention the formidable battery he carried. "Mr. Penhallow will be down directly, and we'll take a hack and hurry to the place. You're with us, aren't you?"

"I'm with that blessed paper until I see it safe locked up, depend on that, neighbor."

Mr. Penhallow now joined us and greeted Mr. Hicks in the most amiable fashion, without a trace of that condescension which was habitual to him and which, had he exhibited it before the old man, would have assuredly been bluntly resented. I at once informed Mr. Penhallow of the news old Pebble had brought. Now that the reality was upon him, his resolution was shaken. He dreaded to behold the odious caricature of his son I had depicted, but he braced himself and without a word, holding his head firmly erect, led the way to the street. We turned the corner to a livery stable and procuring a closed carriage, bade the driver hurry us at top speed to McCaskey's gambling hell.

As we got out I observed a buckskin horse, rimed with sweat, jaded, his head hanging sleepily down, with the bridle-reins tied around a telegraph pole. Ascending the stairs Mr. Penhallow inserted his arm through mine and leaned rather heavily. As I turned toward him I saw on his face the same expression of appeal that had animated his unfortunate son's when on our way back from the springs to the ranch that night. The latter had seemed to supplicate my protection. On a face of such rigid dignity and so reverent with age as the elder Mr. Penhallow's, such an expression was pitiable in the extreme. Seized by the same impulse that had made me stroke the white hand of his son, I now pressed his and said in a low, sympathetic voice, "Bear up, sir. The worst is nearly over, I hope. Every ability at my command is at your service in this heart-rending affair. Bear up, sir; remember your own words, you must live for both now."

He gave me a smile of sorrowful gratitude that lighted his face as the sun brightens the lofty aspect of a steep mountain-side.

We were on the landing and the heavy double-glass doors curtained with crimson silk and lettered in gold were before us. We paused a moment to enable Mr. Penhallow to recover himself, and summon all his fortitude. From within came the clatter of chips, the clink of glasses and the murmur of many voices.

Old man Hicks' hand was on the massive brass knob of the door when loud above the muffled din sounded a thick, strident voice. I knew it, Mr. Penhallow knew it, and I felt a shudder run through him as inadvertently he shrunk back and the chill of his hand quite through his glove. Old Hicks pushed open the door and we entered.

It was a large, oblong room, lighted refulgently—brilliance ministers to vice—a mahogany buffet was built against one wall, scintillating with costly mirrors, and parks of polished glasses, through which the light was refracted in rainbow hues. Around the rest of the walls that were hung with large paintings of nude subjects, were ranged small drinking tables and inviting leather easy chairs. The floor was filled with gaming tables and several roulette wheels. White-frocked negro waiters bustled about, bearing aloft silver trays of liquor and champagne. A cloud of tobacco smoke eddied and undulated midway between floor and ceiling.

Men of all descriptions were there—business men, mining men, miners, drummers, cowboys, blacklegs and all sorts of ne'er-do-wells. The western delectation of spending something for nothing was in full and successful swing.

We edged our way among the tables to where a compact group was seated, bending over a table, with a large number of spectators around. There, with his arms sprawled before him on the table, his moist hair tousled on his head, his eyes bleared and inflamed, lolled Leverett Penhallow. As we crowded through the throng he raised himself unsteadily to his feet and looked blindly around. "More drink here," he muttered thickly, his head wabbling stupidly, his body swaying. "More drink here," he hiccoughed louder. "More drink," he roared impatiently. "Champagne—a bottle apiece, and here's the money to pay for it," and thrusting a grimy hand fumblingly into his breast, he pulled out a packet of papers, and flourishing them above his head, exultingly cried out again.

Those around clapped him on the back, supported him by the arms and incited him in his mad riot. They were profiting, their victim was having the supreme pleasure of squandering his money in order that they might guzzle and laugh in their sleeves. Oh, it is a great, a glorious thing, this Western amusement of playing the ass!

Eager to get to the young man and rescue him from further folly among the gang of parasites and cut-throats surrounding him, I had unconsciously freed myself from Mr. Penhallow's arm, pushing on ahead into the crowd. I now recollected my inadvertence and turned to retrieve my inconsiderateness and make a passage for the aged gentleman, that I might have him by my side when I confronted his perfectly ungoverned son. He stood where I had left him, one arm thrust out impulsively, with the palm spread out in speechless horror. He stood head and shoulders above the craning, slouching crowd; he was as tense, as rigid as a petrefaction. The blood had left his face; his pallor was ghastly, but his eyes blazed, literally blazed, and fervid, not with mingled compassion and deep agony of shame, but flashing with indignation and stern rebuke.

Amazed I looked at him, momentarily disconcerted, for gentleness and persuasiveness were essential now and apparently, outraged by the scene before him, he had forgotten for the moment the utter irresponsibility of his poor, demented boy, and was urged by a sense of disgrace and abhorrence to fulminate wrath instead of administering tender and tranquilizing words. But before I could gain his side to admonish him, I was startled by a fearful cry that seemed incapable of utterance by a human throat.

I turned toward the sound. Leverett Penhallow had uttered it. His face was livid, his eyes seemed suddenly sobered and bulged from their sockets in stupefied terror, his lower jaw hung gaping, as if shattered by a blow and the package of papers he had whirled aloft had dropped from his nerveless hand and lay trampled under foot, while the hand itself shook like a leaf, with a trembling forefinger extended toward the inexorable, merciless form of his father. He quailed and recoiled and strove to slink back into the crowd; but apparently he was spellbound and with emotion it would be difficult to conjecture. His lips moved spasmodically, but he seemed unable to articulate a word until, finally, with a choking effort and scarcely above a whisper he ejaculated, "The old governor! The old governor!"

I could actually see the blood drop out of his face, but it returned in a bound, and with it his presence of mind, if such it could be called in a being so crazed and demented. He swore a terrible oath, and quicker than thought a revolver glittered in the air. The crowd sunk as if mowed off at the waist. None dared put forth a restraining hand. With a bound he had cleared the group, and before the full realization of the occurrence was upon me he had fled down the room, burst through the doors and vanished.

CHAPTER XVI

I stood gazing blankly at the oscillating doors through which young Penhallow had disappeared, in abject discomfiture at the thought that just as we had discovered him, our hands almost upon him, he should have evaded us, when old Pebble Hicks, springing suddenly from under the table and crying "After him! After him!" restored me to animation.

We rushed past Mr. Penhallow, still immovable—fixed, like a statue, his features rigid in inexpressible horror, and raced through the room and down the stairs onto the street. The buckskin horse was gone, galloping off down the street. Old Pebble ran to two others standing saddled near by. "Jump on," he cried, freeing the bridle-rein, "and follow me!"

I seemed to act now quite involuntarily. I was conscious of being in the saddle, without knowing just how I had got there, and that my horse was in a dead run following old Pebble Hicks. Like a flash, it seemed, the town was left behind, and we were flying after the buckskin horse, with the air rushing past me, headed straight for the sharp, snowy peaks of the mountains. With my bridle-rein grasped in one hand, I clutched the nickel horn of the saddle with the other—frantically "pulling leather," as the cowboys call it. My feet flopped about in the stirrups, my hat was long since left behind. Ahead, old Pebble Hicks sat his saddle with perfect ease and composure, riding in his stirrups and bending a little forward, continually goading his horse with his heels.

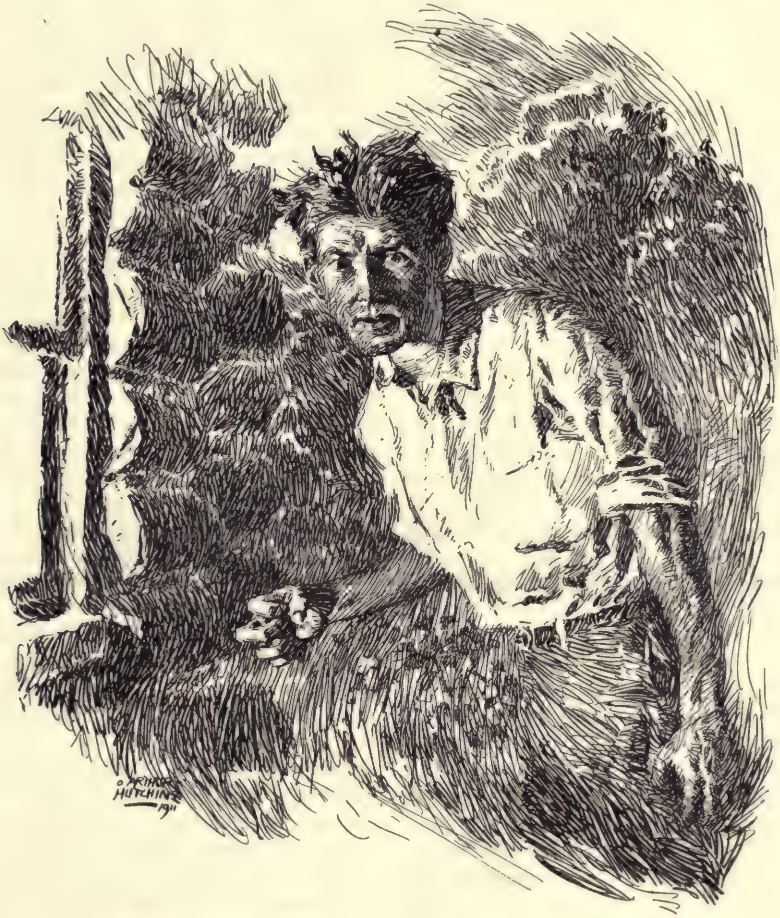
The buckskin pony had reached the base of the mountain and he slackened his speed, as he charged the steep and encumbered ascent. By the time we, too, were at the base, the wild man was scarce a hundred yards ahead, gouging his horse with his spurred heel and lashing it savagely with his quirt. The revolver—I remembered it well! a pretty, little shining weapon, effective enough in a melee, but of too light a caliber for long-range work—gleamed again in the mad man's hand. He turned in his saddle, and sput! sput! snapped out two tiny reports.

Old Hicks laughed outright, despite the seriousness of our business. "I ain't afraid of that yet awhile," he shouted. "Mebbe I can turn that horse down hill again with a couple of shots," and forthwith he drew a full-grown parent to the child that had just vented its little spite upon us. It was fit for a rifle range, that gun, a long-barrelled Frontier, and its mere voice was quelling. He fired two shots, the bullets spurting up the earth directly in front of the heaving, struggling buckskin horse, but they did not check his upward flight; his rider's rowels tore deeper into his flanks and the quirt rose and descended more mercilessly.

Had the horse been a refractory range cow or steer the old man's expedient would have succeeded.

We urged our horses up the slope, still in pursuit. It must end somewhere. We were too near to be shaken off. "What a stunning rider he is," I thought to myself.

Up, up, zig-zagging the steep slope we went, our horses laboring heroically, no nearer, no further from the crazed being ahead. Again we were shot at, but as ineffectually as before. At last we topped a bench, or shelf, on the mountainside, a flat, upland glade that spread a quarter of a mile to the acclivity again and ended around the mountain, on either hand, we could not tell how. The buckskin horse had reached the level and was already off on a distressed gallop, not across the extent, toward the opposite slope, which looked to be almost inaccessible, but to the north, where the little park seemed to continue around the breast of the mountain. He was soon lost to sight, but as we rounded the hill ourselves we caught sight of him, but no longer running. He was stock still and his rider in the act of dismounting. We soon perceived the reason. The madman was cornered. Before him, and to his left, the shelf terminated in a sheer precipice; above him to his right a perpendicular cliff; behind him his pursuers.



"*I shrank back in horror, for he was haggard, unkempt, and, in the distortion of the light, ghastly*"

We checked our horses into a walk and warily approached. He watched us steadily as we drew near. When we were within speaking distance, I called out to him. For reply he pressed the revolver barrel against his horse's head, over the eye, and fired. The poor brute dropped and after a few struggles lay motionless. Then he opened fire on us, and this time I heard one bullet sing past my head and another actually impinged on the metal horn of the saddle. We were pretty near the danger zone, and we halted our horses and dismounted, to take shelter behind them—I can remember now that I was so sore, stiff and shaken with my wild jolting ride that I grunted with pain as I lifted my leg over the saddle and alighted.

"Speak to him," said Old Pebble. "We must find some means to make him throw away his gun. We daresn't go near him until he does, for that pop-gun's as good as a cannon, if you're near enough. Speak to him; we can't go on like this all night.

We'll have a devil of a time getting down the mountain, as it is. I'll be hanged if I see how we ever got up here anyway. We couldn't have done it hardly if we'd tried. Speak to him gentle-like."

"Leverett," I called out. "Leverett, my dear fellow. Don't you recognize me, Mr. Remboth? And here's Mr. Hicks, you know."

He looked at us. He was sober now. The keen rush of the air in that mad flight had cleared his brain of alcohol. He continued to look at us, but it was in a dazed, absent-minded way, like that of a man pondering deeply. He returned no reply, but seating himself on his dead horse, coolly took a box of cartridges from his pocket, opened it and laid it beside him. Next he swung out the cylinder of his revolver, extracted the empty shells, jerked the cylinder into place with a snap, crossed his legs, calmly raised the weapon in both hands, his right elbow steadied on his knee, and taking deliberate aim, began firing. The first shot passed close to my ear and startled my horse, which began to rear and plunge.

"Get back, we're too near," cried Old Hicks.

We led our horses off amidst a fusillade of shots.

"That young feller can sure shoot," said the old man. "If he'd had an iron like mine, the coast would have been clear for him by this time, so far as you and I are concerned."

Meanwhile the desperate youth had reloaded and begun firing again. This he continued to do, perfectly cool and deliberate, until, apparently, the last cartridge had been expended, for he lowered his revolver.

"Speak to him again," prompted Old Hicks.

"Leverett," I called. "Leverett. Don't you know us? We want you to come back. Your father's waiting for you. Don't you understand that we intend no harm?"

He rose to his feet and stepped to the very edge of the chasm. "I've got one more shot," he said, as if soliloquizing. "I've always kept *one* for myself. I was afraid I wouldn't have the nerve to do it. Nerve! Ha, ha!" And then directly addressing us, "Bring Leverett to his father if you can," and bending his forehead down on to the upturned muzzle of the revolver, he pulled the trigger.

For a second he collapsed, then suddenly his body straightened out, like a spring suddenly released. His shattered head was an appalling sight. A moment he tottered on the brink, then toppled over backward, and shot headlong out of view.

We rushed to the edge, and throwing ourselves upon our stomachs peered over. We could not see him, but far, far below our straining ears caught two or three faint, dull thuds, as his whirling body bounded from crag to crag.

We were speechless, shivering with horror. Old Hicks, who had seen many violent deaths, had never witnessed such a terrible end as this. Silently we returned to our horses, mounted and rode dejectedly back, continually before our eyes that frightfully mangled face. As we descended I did indeed wonder how, at the breakneck pace at which we had ridden, we had ever successfully and safely reached that height on the mountain.

What terrible news I had to break to the anxious father! I dreaded the moment of our arrival, dwelling in my fancy on the immedicable wound I was to give to that proud and aged heart. We could discern, far below us, like little trembling stars, the lights of the town, and I remember how I anxiously saw them brighten and dilate. At last we were down and in a short quarter of an hour we had dismounted at McCaskey's and tied the two horses where we had found them. Their owners we presumed were still above stairs, but we indefinitely postponed our apologies.

We sought Mr. Penhallow in his room at the hotel. To our knock he spoke out calmly "Come in," but even through the closed door the tremor in his voice was audible.

He rose eagerly as we entered, his eyes preferring the question he seemed unable to utter.

I had striven, on our way back, to fit my sad intelligence with suitable words but now as I gazed on the stricken man at once so proud and so terribly humbled so haughty yet so benevolent, I could only articulate, "Sir, he is dead."

"Thank God!" was the fervent but astonishing reply, uttered with indescribable feeling.

I turned to depart that he might not be incommoded by our presence in this, the first heavy hour of his tribulation.

"A moment," said Old Hicks. "This belongs to you, sir," and from his breast pocket he drew the package of papers that had dropped from the trembling hand of the man now dead when back there in McCaskey's his white-haired father had risen before him like a threatening apparition. But as old Hicks tendered them he started and exclaimed, "Good God, look here!"

Directly through the center of the papers was a round hole, crushed and bruised at the circumference, and around it was a deep red circular stain.

At the sight of this ominous mark Mr. Penhallow turned ghastly pale, and it was clear that all the effort of his indomitable will was required to support him. "You say he is dead. Are you sure of it, are you positive?" and he regarded us almost appealingly as if a negative reply would have crushed him with disappointment.

"There can be no possible doubt," I replied.

"Then thank God again!" he ejaculated.

I was so astonished at his words that I could only say, "Is there nothing I can do for you? Would you care for a little wine?"

"Thank you, there is nothing," he replied. "I shall be more capable of expressing my obligations in the morning than I am now. You will pardon me until then, I am sure."

Had he been a crowned head he could not have spoken with more gracious courtesy. "What a wonderful man," I thought. "Even in this bitter hour of grief and humiliation he still is mindful of what is due to his pretensions."

"Then, sir," I said, "we will leave you. You must prefer to be alone now. In the morning you will be more composed and we can acquaint you with the particulars of this bereavement then."

"One moment," he said. "Mr. Remboth, will you kindly hold a match for me over this tray?"

I lit a match and complied. To the bewilderment and grief of Old Hicks, Mr. Penhallow held the package of papers to the flame until they were consumed and their shrivelled remains lay on the tray.

"And now good-night," he said.

We left him.

Downstairs Old Pebble and I had some refreshments served in the sample room, which chanced to be unoccupied, and for an hour or more we smoked and talked over the eventful day.

"And," declared the old man, "I know it was a bullet that made that hole in them papers. It was ringed with blood. He knew it, too," meaning Mr. Penhallow, "but I could see he didn't want to speak about it. I don't understand this business, nohow."

Chapter XVII

The next morning Mr. Penhallow appeared resolute and calm, but the night had busily plied upon his face. Ten new years of age were there. To my complete astonishment he announced his immediate intention of setting out for Mr. Wentworth's ranch at the springs, and, without assigning any reason for his unaccountable purpose, requested my company there and back. Of course I complied, assuring him that I desired to be quite at his service.

I need not enter into the details of our journey thither, save that during it I recounted to Mr. Penhallow the manner of his son's death, but will proceed at once to the afternoon of our arrival there. Mr. Penhallow expressed his desire of seeing the springs to which I guided him. It was with a confused medley of feelings that I trod again that path, and when we reached the junction of the river road, up which to the east young Leverett had galloped away, I was seized again with the vague unrest and premonitory qualms that I had experienced that morning when with my dripping head just raised from the basin in my room at the ranch, I had been startled by the rifle shot, or, as I had decided later, the pistol shot.

When we arrived at the margin of the bubbling, smoking pit of soapy-colored water, I involuntarily turned to the hillside where the lurker had been. Mr. Penhallow walked restlessly about a few moments until he picked up a long, slender pole, probably the very one that had been used to extricate the steer that some time before had fallen into the pool, and about which I remembered having told young Leverett.

I wondered at Mr. Penhallow's object in laying hold of the rough, dirty pole to the imminent soiling of his immaculate and aristocratic hands, to prevent which he had been so particular in my office the first time we met; and I wondered still more when he projected it into the pool, moving it hither and thither through the steaming water, but endeavor to imagine my astonishment when, as if in response to some occult signal announced by that groping pole, a shadow seemed to gather in the water, to rise, to quicken, and, rising still higher, to thicken into substance and finally to assume the semblance of a human form. Realize my horror, if you can, when up to the agitated surface of the spring rose a bloated and sodden corpse!

"Your help!" said Mr. Penhallow, in an intense but trembling voice, "quick!"

I stepped to the edge and as he floated the ghastly object nearer I conquered my revulsion, seized it and pulled it up onto the earth. "Good God in heaven," I cried, "am I going mad, too? Mr. Penhallow, whose face is that?"

"My son's," he said solemnly, his voice breaking with sobs, and the tears streaming down his cheeks. "My dear, dear son's, whom I loved beyond all earthly things. My poor boy, my poor, poor boy, foully murdered for the secret his wonderful genius had conceived. See, there is the bullet hole in his breast. The papers lay back of that hole and they received the bullet, too. Oh, my God, Thy will be done, but Thou hast sore afflicted me."

"And the dead man back there in the mountains?" I asked, pressing my hand to my forehead bewilderingly, regardless of all but the inexplicable contradictions that lay in this melancholy tragedy. "Who was he?"

"My daughter!" and Mr. Penhallow raised and laid gently in his lap the distorted features of his dead son and, smoothing back the drenched masses of hair with his hand, looked down on the dear, familiar face now fixed immutably in the stare of violent death. I could see his lips move murmuring endearments that once he had uttered when this dead man was a little, prattling child, with no coming event then casting its awful shadow before. Great sobs rose in his throat, and finally unable longer to command his grief, he bent still lower and gave full rein to the inextinguishable agony of his lot.

And now all was clear to me. The lurker on the hillside, the profligate at Aspen, the man I had met returning from the spring, the man lying crushed and broken at the bottom of that mountain precipice—they were one and the same—the daughter of Aaron Penhallow. Nothing now was inexplicable. Surely the genius that animated father and son animated, too, the erring and criminal daughter, though applied to evil ends, and if the mysterious element which we designate as such could conceive in the mind of the son the wondrous discovery as redacted in the formula, it is also credible that it might enable a woman to bury her sex and outvie in hardihood the most reckless denizen of the West.

A year had gone by when, scanning the paper in my Denver office one morning, I read with a shock the announcement of Mr. Aaron Penhallow's death.

A few days later I received a letter from my partner in New York, of which the following is an extract:

"You will already have learned from the papers of Mr. Aaron Penhallow's death. A fortnight after his return from his Western trip he came into the office, and introducing himself, commissioned me to draw up his last will and testament, revoking all former documents. Professionally in this instance I could not divulge the circumstance even to you, my partner, for you are Mr. Penhallow's heir. Except for fifty thousand dollars to Mr. Hicks, and a few minor bequests, he leaves his entire fortune to you."

CINDEREMMA

by Howard Markle Hoke

CHANFORD dropped his magazine and gave himself up to admiration of the only other passengers on the Pullman. They occupied a forward section. He sat in a rear one. The elder of the two had had the ministry of health and happy circumstance in becoming a young woman; although she did not betray the slightest interest in the observance of that fact by a young gentleman tourist.

The other had come through twelve of the years that promised to produce the same adorable result. She had read busily, Chanford observed, but, throwing down her book, was sweeping her big brown eyes about in search of something more entertaining, when there was an outcry:

"Auntie, quick! Something went bang into my eye."

"How you do talk, dearie," Auntie chided. "Nothing could go bang into anyone's eye."

"Well, it felt like a bang to me," insisted the unfortunate.

Auntie tenderly raised the long-lashed lid, gazed under it, but could not see the intruder. "Lie still with your eyes closed and it will soon be better," she soothed, affectionately wiping away the tears. "Shall I read to you?"

"The book is worse than a cinder. No, don't read. I'm going to—"

She whispered her intention, with a barely perceptible nod toward Chanford. His hopes soared. There were infinite possibilities of acquaintance in that mite from the engine. But Auntie forbade, with a shake of her head. One does not, however, live more than a dozen years to learn the right of a sufferer to the speediest relief. With a toss of her black curls, the little traveler sprang up and walked straight back to Chanford, tears streaming from the smitten eye.

"I know what happened," he said, catching a soft little hand and guiding her into his section. "A rascally cinder! But I'll attend to its case in a jiffy—maybe half a jiffy. Lay your head against the cushion and shut your eyes. There! I've taken—I do believe a whole shovelful of cinders from people's eyes. Don't laugh! Don't move—that's only my pencil. S—tead—y! I roll your eyelid over it so carefully that—doesn't hurt one bit, does it? Look down; now to the side. That's it exactly. If I'd saved all those cinders I'd have English, French, Dutch, Japanese, Egyptian, Scandinavian—every nationality of a pesky cinder, for—you scoundrel! Hiding there, are you? Very still now—just—one—second. Beautiful! There, you imp! Now we feel a thousand times better, don't we?"

"I know I do. Thanks—very much. Are you an eye doctor?"

"Nothing half so useful. I'm only a traveler."

"Isn't this the most trying world?" she sighed, snuggling into the seat. "It flings all sorts of pests in your way—boys, cinders, aunts that won't let you do things, and—I hate the world."

"I don't. Think of the pretty things in it—rivers, lakes, mountains, flowers and hundreds of the dearest little girls."

"I don't like that much. Hundreds!"

"I know one who would make it a good sort all by herself."

"That's ever so much better."

"If you were the only little girl in the world, I wonder what we men would call you!"

"By my name, of course. Emma Mayfield."

Chanford's eyes twinkled. "So your name is Emma. If I were to know you a while I'd certainly have my own particular name for you. It would be—but you couldn't guess if you'd try until you are as old as your grandmother. Cinderemma."

"Perfectly darling," she cried, clapping her hands so vigorously that the collar of her middy waist bobbed as if sharing her approval. "I wonder what I'd call you. Oh, I know. Prince! Only there wouldn't be any glass slipper, would there? I've read all about kings and courts and princes and princesses. If you were my prince really, I'd say 'prithee' and 'thou art' and hand in hand we'd stroll the king's highways and pluck flowers in Sherwood Forest. Oh, we'd—there I flop. Aunt Cissy is making eyes at me. I do wish there was a book telling how aunties should be trained. She wants me to come to her. What a bother! But I'm not going. I'm enjoying myself with thee, good prince. Dids't know my auntie is to be married?"

"Sh! That's a court secret, isn't it?"

"Mercy, yes. Don't breathe a word that I told you. She'd snap your head right off quicker than Jack the Giant Killer could do it."

"No one shall know that I know it. Some young man is going to be tremendously happy, isn't he?"

"Happy! Well, I just *pity* Hector Doan."

Chanford shot a disturbed glance at Auntie, who was making a pretence of being entirely oblivious to the hum of their voices.

"Do you know, Princess Cinderemma," he asked, "that I'm on my way to Hector Doan's house? He's one of my best friends."

"You can just tell him that I pity him if he ever marries auntie. But he knows I do. I've told him often enough."

"Sh! Court secrets again!"

"Oh, it's just splendid to have a secret just between ourselves. But if you were like Hector Doan you couldn't be my prince for one second. One evening I heard him and Aunt Cissy squabbling just awfully. But if you ever get to know her, I advise you not to even mention Hector Doan's name. It's strictly forbidden. Why, I daren't even say 'Oh, heck!' But you're different. You wouldn't quarrel with anybody. Wouldn't it be scrumptious to have a prince do things for you? Prithee, I like that notion well. Would'st get my book, fair prince?"

"With profound pleasure, my lady."

A polite fiction this, for the request tossed him squarely into a predicament. To decline would be unprincely; to go for the book without an apt word to auntie would acknowledge himself unequal to the occasion—and he had a reputation for readiness. He walked toward her. She looked up from the book. Presto! The great Magician, Life, had materialized his ideal—blue eyes, light hair crimpling over fair temples, and an expression that—he put an end to the entrancing perception. It was a time-honored trick of the Magician to tantalize two men with the same ideal.

But the curls over the temples wriggled, and the blue eyes twinkled with amused appreciation of his uncertainty.

"A perfect darling of a princess has issued a royal edict for this volume," he said, taking it up. "Is it the part of a mere worm of the dust to refuse?"

"She doesn't need her book now. We are almost home."

In fancy he had heard just that low, yet clear, singing voice issue from the cherry lips of his ideal—but so had Hector.

"Make haste, Prince. My book, this instant."

An unmistakable stamp of a tiny foot! A laugh—a helpless laugh—from Auntie! Chanford joined. Another Presto! No conventional words could have introduced them with such an impulse of acquaintance.

Indignant royalty was upon them in a second. "My prince isn't the court jester, Aunt Cissy," she rebuked. "You've done nothing but grin at him. Why don't you *say* something?"

"Am I to call him Prince, too?" she asked, clasping and patting Her Highness' hand.

"Call him that at your peril," was the imperious command. "You must call him by his—well, did you ever? Thy name, good Prince."

"Harry Chanford, at your service, sweet lady."

"Oh, oh, oh! I can call you Prince Hal. We're getting more like a story book every minute, aren't we?"

"Already in the second chapter."

"With whole chapters and chapters to follow, and—well, what *is* the matter now, Aunt Cissy?"

If the train had made a prodigious leap from the temperate into the frigid zone, Auntie could not have frozen more quickly. Chanford pulled and tugged at the strings of his memory. What had Hector told her about him—the capriciously inventive and fanciful Hector?

A sound from Cinderemma, too much like an unprincessly sniff! "What a trial you are, Auntie! An angel one minute; the next a—yes, I'll just say it—the next a de—"

The whistle for the station sounded in the nick of time.

Auntie gave him a nod. Arctics! How cold it was! It fairly made him shiver to see it.

"Good-bye, my princess," he said, catching the little hand in both of his own. "If Fate—tragic Fate decrees that your prince never sees you again, he will never, never forget you."

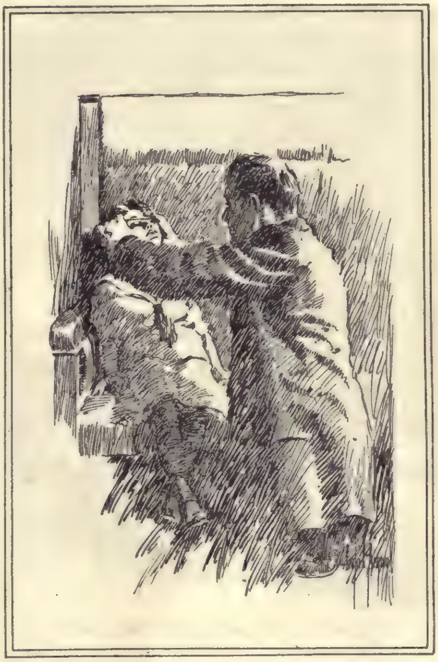
Hector's touring car—without Hector—whisked him to Doan Place. It was exactly like Hector not to come to the station, so that he could give him a more boisterous greeting at the house. But a greeting from the master of the place was not forthcoming. Instead, David, the secretary—sober, unbending, intellectual—delivered a note which, in Hector's rather electric style, read:

"*Dear old Boy:*

"In asking you down I've worked off a gag on you. Pardon? Thanks. After your two-year splash over seas I know you haven't a plan that amounts to a plugged nickel. Consequence: You're boss of the shack until I reappear. When? Don't know. Where am I going? Interrogate a passing zephyr. Why am I going? A tale, old man, a tale.

"Of course you've heard of my engagement to Miss Mayfield. No? Well, there was such a delightful compact—but—poof—gone. Quarrel? Terrific. Two weeks ago she vamooses in high dudgeon. Now I'm warned she's homeward bound. Thereupon I vanish into whereabouts unknown. David doesn't even know. I'll show my Lady Inexplicable she can't bring me to my marrowbones by a fortnight's skedaddle—the dear girl! Mighty souls, Hal, there ought to be some fixed gauge of a woman's attitude. But angelic demureness one day, bewitching roguery the next—then, without a red flag, to plump into an iceberg—too much for my long-sufferance. As my proxy you're on the job. Ta, ta!"

Slangily explanatory this, yet uncomfortably vague. Was his proxyship to be confined to the acres of Doan place or had he been delivered over to angelic demureness, bewitching roguery, not to mention the icebergishness? But the cause of the frigidity was as plain now as Hector's typescript. Nothing else could have been expected. Aunt Cissy believed that he had come as a peacemaker for Hector, and a glance at her would convince anyone that she would not look with favor upon any overtures for reconciliation from a proxy. A third reading of the note left Chanford with the certainty that no man in Christendom would envy him his predicament.


"There! I've taken—I do believe—a whole shovelful of cinders from people's eyes"

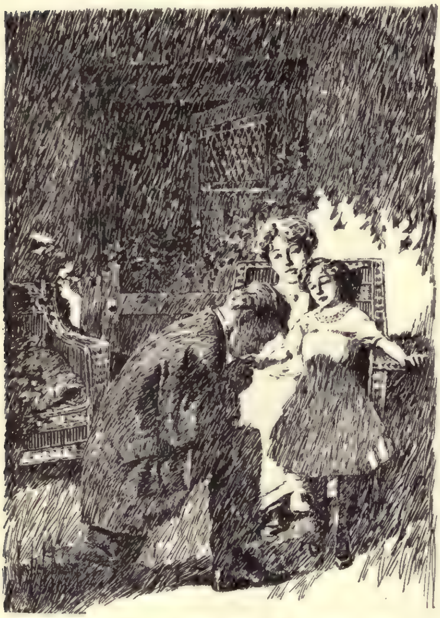
Pacing Hector's library next morning, he tried to find a tactful way to conduct his delicate neighborliness. Most important of all its difficulties was how he could keep his heart out of it—rather how he could take it out. Three words in Doan's note made this imperative: "The dear girl."

The phone bell broke into his thoughts. He caught up the receiver, and, hearing a greeting, responded:

"A good morning to you, fair princess."

"Isn't it just too lucky it's you, Prince Hal? Do you hear mortal agony in my voice? But of course you do? I've cut my finger and fain would have you besidest me. Would'st come hither in my dire extremity, my lord?"

"I'll be there in fifty puffs."



"*My heart is bowed with compassion*"

Stopping Hector's car before the iron gates of "Mayfield," he saw a moving patch of white among its spring adornments. Aunt Cicely was clipping roses. He hesitated, but the warmth and cheer of the scene were so inharmonious with the freeze of the afternoon before that he took courage. As soon as she heard his step on the gravel path, she laid the cluster of blooms on a settee, hurried forward and said, with a courtesy that was stunning in its unexpectedness:

"Ah, kind prince, methinks thy lady will be pleased to see thee."

"She phoned me to come in a dire extremity," he laughed. "Is the cut serious?"

"You may be able to see it with a microscope. I've bound up the finger in my bungling way, but your services will be magical."

"Taking out a cinder doesn't prove I'm a surgeon."

"Ah, but it's your mere presence. You must be warned, young prince, that your lady will lead you—oh, such a dance!"

"And I shall love the step as other princes have."

"We shall see. I'm in charge of her orphan Highness while the rightful guardians are abroad. We have history for it that it's no child's play to curb royalty. The court physician has advised that she be humored whenever possible on account of her lively imagination. She knows this and plays it to one's distraction. But princes are famous for solving many and diverse difficulties. Welcome to the palace."

Adroit Lady-in-Waiting! She had called him "young," and sarcasm lay in her reference to the solving capabilities of princes. As an ambassador of peace a juvenile prince would cut a sorry figure; and that she meant him to cut it there was no doubt. Already her face beamed with the prospect of making the lot of a peacemaker anything but blessed. But why not play the comedy to the end? Some love tiffs have been final, and happiness found elsewhere.

"Prince!"

The liveliness of the summons from the porch accorded not with "mortal agony." The eyes of the Lady Inexplicable flashed "Aha!" The prince's dance had begun. Catching up the roses, she walked with him to the porch, saying nothing, but merriment showing as plainly as if her red lips quivered with smiles.

"Why did you dally with Aunt Cissy?" Cinderemma scolded from the top step. "It's not a bit like princes to let their ladies suffer."

Auntie's eyes sparkled. Gently stroking the bandaged hand, Chanford said:

"A thousand pardons, darling princess, for not hastening to you. Your fair Lady-in-waiting detained me in the palace gardens. But it delights me to see that someone has dressed your wound."

"Oh, auntie did that. I didn't ask you

to come as a surgeon. What I crave in this black hour is a prince's pity. And thou dost pity me, dost thou not, most noble prince?"

"My heart is bowed with compassion."

"Sit down besidest me, prince, and say it again."

"But you must have something to amuse him, lady mine," Auntie suggested wickedly. "What shall it be, prince? Picture books, fairy tales, jack straws or building blocks?"

"Aunt Cissy," Cinderemma exploded, "you may be sarcastic and quarrel with Hector Doan all you please, but Prince Hal is mine."

The merry face went scarlet.

"Jack straws," Chanford cried with well-feigned enthusiasm. "We play them every day in our palace. I can beat even the king except when a certain lady-in-waiting looks over my shoulder and makes fun. Then I get very nervous and—"

"Mercy!" came a moan from the Princess as she tottered toward a rocker. "I'm fainting. It's from loss of my heart's blood. Give me fresh air this minute or I perish. A spin in thy auto, my lord."

"Dear princess," the Lady-in-waiting interposed, "you know that the king has forbidden—"

"A fig for the king's forbiddence," Her Highness revolted, springing, without a trace of faintness, to the edge of the porch. "Would the king have me choke? Ods bodkins, I trow not. I can run an auto better than the king himself. If neither of you will come—why, don't."

She swept down the steps and along the path with regal independence. At the gate she whirled about, and, head raised defiantly, folded her arms.

"King's wishes or no king's wishes," the prince joined the rebellion, "I'm going with her. I won't let her risk a ditch. In my kingdom the princesses and I always are attended by an elderly duenna. Ought you not to come?"

Not waiting to note the effect of this bit of retaliation, he walked away and joined the little rebel at the gate.

"I'll get our cloaks, my dear princess," called the Lady-in-waiting.

The ride that morning was the first of many royal jaunts along the roads, lanes and byways of the neighborhood. The urgent—in some cases, life-saving—demands Cinderemma invented during the following weeks for summoning her Prince auto-haste would have been to the credit of an arch-intriguer. And Aunt Cissy played the part of the gracious and elderly duenna to the utmost, indulging her charges one moment, chiding them solemnly the next, but never, in any moment, remitting her vigilance long enough to let the play-prince enjoy one privilege of a grown-up. The least act or word that showed the intent of a peacemaker was promptly and effectually squelched. Fear and trembling attended the mere thought of mentioning Hector Doan.

One morning the royal chariot sped along lane and highway, and, directed by the Princess, stopped on a green and daisy-sprinkled hilltop.

"There it is," Cinderemma said raptly, pointing toward a fringe of pines.

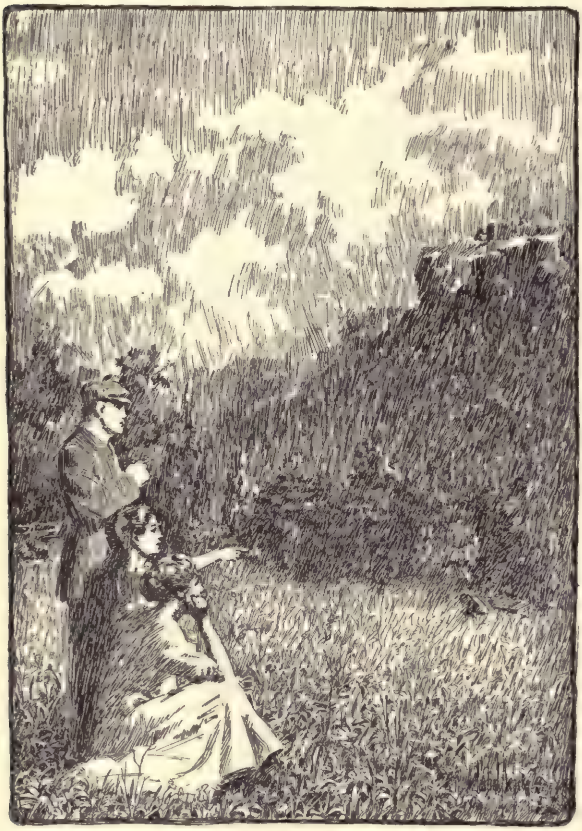
"What, princess mine?" Auntie asked.

"The scene of the maiden's leap," was the infatuated answer. "I read all about it in a book. A long, long time ago there was a precious young girl, and she was crossed in love. She grieved and she grieved day and night, but it did no good. She was still crossed in love. One day—one scented summer day, when all the world was glad, and she should have been filled with her young life, she mounted her palfrey, alas, and rode away from her palatial home. No one knew whither. They searched for her, but 'twas vain. Then came her base lover home from far across the seas. But, alack, he was too late. Below the pines yonder they found her dear, lifeless, crushed form and the body of her palfrey. Wasn't it passing pitiful?"

She sat gazing at the pines towering above the fateful precipice. The other two exchanged a look, with something in it far removed from comedy. Then Aunt Cissy's laugh rang out as she drew the girl close to her.

"Why, my own little precious," she laughed on, "don't you know that the silly story is told wherever there is a high precipice?"

"Near our palace, lady mine," Chanford said, with a hand under the little chin and raising the mournful face toward his, "there are seven precipices like this one, and a maiden crossed in love has leaped over every one of them with that same palfrey. But, as you say, that was a long, long time ago, and if maidens ever did jump, they don't nowadays, and the palfreys are plowing the pleasant fields and eating hay in the barns."



"Below the pines yonder they found her dear, lifeless, crushed form and the body of her palfrey"

"Scoffers, scoffers, scoffers," cried the girl, wriggling loose from auntie's embrace, leaping to her feet and facing them with flashing eyes. "I couldn't expect anything else from Aunt Cissy after the way she squabbled with Hector Doan. Love! She doesn't know what it is. I know now why she's sugar one minute and vinegar the next. It's lack of love. But you—oh, Prince Hal. Alas, that I should hear ridicule from thee when I expected tears. We'll go home straightway, and I'll never bring either of you to this hallowed spot again—never, never."

They started down from the hilltop. Aunt Cissy and Chanford exchanged one more glance. The comedy was over.

The next morning David handed Chanford a sealed envelope. It was pale pink with a very tasteful "M" die-stamped on the flap. He tore it open and read:

"All is plain now, Prince. Why do you stop every morning to talk to Aunt Cissy before coming to me? You love her! Alack, that I should be so crossed in love. What if I should go to the pines with my palfrey? Farewell."

A chill gripped him. With trembling hand he thrust the note into his pocket and within a few minutes was tearing toward Mayfield in the car. Every puff seemed a blow upon his conscience. He had deliberately taken advantage of the little comedy to be near Aunt Cissy. In spite of Hector's "the dear girl," he had made no effort to take his heart out of the affair. Instead, he had done everything to make it the critical matter of his life. The sharp-eyed Princess was right. He loved Aunt Cissy. Doan would come back, there would be a reconciliation, and for himself life could never be the same. He felt that he deserved punishment, but nothing so horrible as the note threatened.

After hurrying through the grounds he came suddenly upon Aunt Cissy. His face must have betrayed his anxiety, for she cast a startled look at him, but was at once at her ease—not the smiling, tantalizing, pseudo-elderly Lady-in-waiting, but a young woman, quite as capable in that role of keeping a peacemaker at a distance. But she did not know what danger threatened, and he dared not show her the note. She must not read what the dear little brown eyes had discovered.

"Where is the—Princess?" he inquired.

"There is no Princess here," she answered pointedly, calmly pinning two white roses upon her gray traveling dress. "*Emma* is in the house."

"I should like to see her one minute."

"You may bid her good-bye as Mr. Harry Chanford," she said. "She and I will start in an hour to catch the express at the junction. We will spend several weeks at Bar Harbor."

So she, too, had been afraid, and had unerringly hit upon the safe course. New scenes, new thoughts would drive the silly comedy and the tale of the leaping maiden into forgetfulness.

"It is the proper thing to do," he said.

"She thinks we're going to take a little ride for pleasure," she explained. "If she knew we are going so far—there might be a scene."

A gleam of white appeared on the porch. There stood Cinderemma as Chanford had first seen her—the short, snowy skirt, the trim middy waist, the big blue bows in her black hair. She gave the two one swift look, then fled back into the house. Chanford's heart throbbed with relief. She had not yet saddled her "palfrey."

"I shall let you say good-bye to her for me," he said. "By the time you return I shall be gone. So won't you tell her, please, that her Prince—or, Harry Chanford, if you prefer—loves her? I wish you both a pleasant time. Good-bye, Miss Mayfield."

"Good-bye, Mr. Chanford."

That was all, cold and formal; yet something—something indefinably linked with the future—seemed to tremble in the June air.

So it was ended, as everything must end; the innocent little play that had trodden upon danger, and the—yes, romance, for so it was in his heart. It was no diverting, make-believe for a child, but the old, old-fashioned, but ever new, love between man and woman.

In the library he pretended to read. He heard the engine whistle for the station; then again beyond the village, and knew they were gone. And he must stay, an unwilling proxy proprietor with an uncertain tenure. Gods, how monotonous it would be! Only then did he realize the vital meaning of his Princeship. The Lady Inexplicable stood very far away. Would the Princess ever lead him along a King's Highway to her favor?

Quick steps tapped in the hall; then there was a flutter of skirts, and in the doorway, flushed, excited, somewhat abashed, a big, round black straw hat in hand, stood a white duck-clad figure—Cinderemma.

He sprang toward her, gladder to see her than anybody ever before in his life. But what did it mean? He caught her hands, but, suddenly remembering her note, she sheepishly dropped her face. He raised it to his. A flashing smile; she was herself again, and cried:

"Oh, Prince, Auntie will *never* forgive me this time. I've done something simply awful."

He could not help smiling. Anything was a trifle so long as she was safe.

"What?" he asked as severely as possible.

"Aunt Cissy had no business to make me believe we were going for just a little bit of a ride," she defended herself. "On the train I stole a look at her tickets, and what do you think? She was actually dragging me off to Bar Harbor, without ever so much as asking me if I wanted to go. She simply can't or won't learn the real duties of aunties. They are not expected to make captives of nieces. But you knew where we were going, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"How terribly frightened both of you must have been! Serves you right. Yes, it does. Just for thinking of such a thing. As if I'd be just crazy like that girl in the book. I'm ashamed of both of you. But I didn't propose to let Aunt Cissy carry me away from something there wasn't one bit of danger in, so when I heard the conductor say 'All aboard,' I let on I wanted a drink awfully. I slipped to the end of the Pullman and jumped off as the train started. I ran behind the station so auntie couldn't see me, and away the train went. Now, *she*'s a prisoner on the train, and I'm a fearfully naughty runaway. It *is* awful, isn't it?"

"I don't like it at all. What will she

think? What will she do? She will be worried to death."

"Oh, I know very well, Prince," Cinderemma said, with a little pout, "that anything that worries Aunt Cissy stabs you right to the heart."

Suddenly, tears rolled out of the round eyes and she said:

"It stabs my heart, too. Oh, I'm so sorry—really, truly. How could I treat the dearest, best auntie in the world like that? What can we do, prince?"

"There's only one thing," he said. "I think there's a wait of a half hour at the junction. We'll make a dash in the car. Come, quick."

"Then I'll be a prisoner again, and I'll have to go to Bar Harbor, won't I?"

"If your auntie says so."

"Not one step, then, Prince. I came to stay with thee, and all the aunties in the world can't carry me off to Bar Harbor."

He caught her hands. "Dearie," he plead, "you want to do what is right, I know. And what your auntie says is right."

"Alas, now I see. You want me to be far away."

"No, indeed," he answered. "I want you here near me. And I want Aunt Cissy near me, too. Now, come, sweetheart."

"To the ends of the earth with thee, good Prince," she cried, hurrying out with him. "Oh, isn't it fine to say that in real life? I read it once in a perfect love of a story."

It was a breakneck spin, with danger any moment of a skid, a snapped axle, an exploded tire or a fracture of the steering gear—a half hour's challenge of a forbearing Providence. But what was an uncertain peril to the certainty that Aunt Cicely was in an agony of fear that her wilful little charge had made a tragic verity of a foolish love myth?

Then the little red station seemed to slide from behind a dense woods, to leap toward them, and there was auntie, walking restlessly to and fro and looking anxiously about, some distance apart from several other travelers.

She did not see the auto stop panting at the platform, nor hear the two approaching her; then

"Here I am, auntie."

Cicely turned, gave a little cry, and held out her arms.

"Oh, please forgive me for being so naughty with the preciousest auntie in the world," cried Cinderemma, drawing her down, throwing her arms around her neck and covering her face with contrite kisses.

"And, oh, auntie," she asked, "now you won't take me a prisoner to Bar Harbor, will you? Away from my prince and everything? Why did you think I'd be so foolish? And I just might as well advise you not to try it, for I won't go peaceably. I'll kick—just awful."

"No, we can't go now, dearie," was the answer. "I got a letter from your Aunt Edith this morning. I did not read it until I was on the way here. She's coming home today, so, of course, I can't be away. And here's a letter for you, too."

The Princess took the missive, held it haughtily away from her, her pretty head to one side in a guessing inspection of the address. Then, with an independent toss of her curls, she tore it open, read it, and said, in a tone of disgust:

"Well, the *silly* things! The idea of Hector Doan having the impudence to write to *me*. He says he likes to tease me as much as ever, so he's delighted to write me that he and Aunt Edith met while they were away and patched up their love spat and he's coming home with her. What *do* you think of that, prince?"

He looked down at her in wonderment, observing that Aunt Cissy was frantically trying to stop the disclosure of court secrets. He did not reply. He did not know how.

There was a very large stamp of a very small foot and a demand:

"Why don't you tell me what you think of it, Prince?"

"Because I don't know anything about it, my dear," he answered.

Quickly sobered, she studied his face; then, breaking into a merry laugh, she cried:

"Oh, I see it all now. I know now why you've been so dreadfully offish and queer with Aunt Cissy, prince. You thought all the time that she was the auntie Hector Doan wants to marry."

"You led me to think so that afternoon

on the train," he said, with an irrepressible note of joy in his voice.

"Oh, that's my way of jumping from one subject to another," she said. "But how could you ever suppose that I'd give my darlingest auntie to Hector Doan? Why, all along, she's been so provoked with him for the quarrel with Aunt Edith that it wasn't safe to mention his name. It's no use, auntie, you can't stop me. It's all got to come out now—because I know something about my Prince that you don't. And I know, too, why you kept pretending he was a little boy. One evening I heard Hector Doan teasing you on the porch, and he threatened to bring down a friend that would be sure to fall in love with the grandest woman next to Aunt Edith. I couldn't hear the name, but he said everybody fell in love with his friend—and that couldn't be anybody but Prince Hal."

"But he never wrote me to come," Chanford hastened to say. "I thought all the time, Princess, that your auntie believed I had come down to make up the quarrel between her and Hector Doan, and all the time she thought Hector asked me to come down to—well—to do what—"

"What you just went and came and did," said the Princess with a little crow. "You just did fall right in love with Aunt Cissy, and I don't care now. I'm glad of it. She's the only woman in the world I'd give you to, Prince. No use pinching, Auntie, I won't stop. Gracious, your face is just burning up, isn't it? Will you have my Prince, Auntie?"

She did not answer that question for three months, and then no one was there but Chanford to see how her face was "just burning up," although she didn't seem to mind it one bit—was rather proud of it, in truth.

LIFE AND TIME

A SHADOW is our little Hour
Within Life's lifted light;
A shifting of the lamp, and lo!
The shadow sleeps in night.

A pressure at the heart is life;
A longing in the eye;
A word unspoken, quivering
Upon the lips a sigh;

A sunbeam on a billow's crest
That dies when falls the wave;
A breath of evanescent wind
Blown over Summer's grave.

If life so brief a thing may be,
How firmly should we hold
The treasure that is ours today,—
The noontide with its gold!

For all we hold of life and time
May suddenly depart
When Death's voice, passionate and strong,
Calls to the wayward heart.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

THE MIRACLE

by Lottie A Gannett, author of "Domestic Diplomacy," "The Tempest" "Three Sides of the Triangle" etc.

THE little gray-haired woman laid her head on her arms, and her frail body shook with sobs. And so, fate had dealt her another blow, the greatest, most crushing of all. She cried to God for strength to bear this added burden.

One by one she had watched her sons go, one filling a drunkard's grave, one lost at sea, and another a wanderer on the face of the earth. And now this last, her carefully reared and watched boy, had been arrested for murder!

Her husband, his father and grandfather had been heavy drinkers, drinking as much and often as they felt like it, but carrying it like gentlemen—her sons had been drunkards.

One by one she had watched them slip from her, each blow sinking her nearer and nearer to the earth. Her heart was crushed, and it was with trembling lips she murmured "Thy will be done," and pleaded for strength to bear her lot. Her husband passed beyond, and she was left alone to fight her battle. She was good, with a simple, old-fashioned, childlike faith and goodness; she had been a good daughter, a good wife and a good mother, and the neighbors all had reason to remember her kindness and goodness as she went among them, helping, comforting and sacrificing her wishes, self and strength.

"Little Mis' Hale" the neighbors called her, and she was lovingly known from one end of the little village to the other. Her soft voice, gray hair and sweet blue eyes, with her habit of always dressing in gray, made her seem like a gentle little dove. Where sickness and sadness and hardship were found, there she went, and because she had known so much of trouble, she knew how to comfort others in their dark days, and she was loved and reverenced no less than the shabby parish priest, who went his way among his people, giving with both hands, retaining enough only for the barest necessities of life.

Lawyer Dell repeated his question; he had been trying ever since he had first gently broken to her the news of Jim's trouble to calm her and get an answer to his question, but the frail little body only shook with silent sobs.

"Mrs. Hale," he said again, "try to think what time last night Jim came in."

She pulled herself together and smothered her sobs, but her shoulders jerked and heaved with the force of her grief.

"I do—not—know, sir," she faltered. "I was sitting up waiting for him. I—I do not know what time he came in—but, oh, sir, Jim never did it! As there is a God he never did it. Why, he could *not* do it. He couldn't even kill a chicken. No, no," and her voice became wild as she tried to make him understand this point in her boy's favor. "I had to get a neighbor to kill a chicken, and he was so good to me. Why, he never went out without kissing me, and he always brought me some little thing when he returned, even—even—"

"When he was drinking," finished the lawyer kindly.

She nodded and stifled a sob and continued: "Only yesterday he came to me and said, 'Little mother, I am going to cut the fellows I'm running with and get away from all temptation to drink, and you and I—" and as the memory of yesterday's promised happy times overcame her, she dropped her head on her arms again and sobbed bitterly.

"Mrs. Hale," the lawyer said gently,

"just try to think what time Jim came in last night. If we can prove an alibi for him, we can save him. If we can't— It's like this: Jim and Deen and Tress were seen to leave Bray's together at eleven o'clock. Several people saw them leave and noted the time. They seemed to be on friendly terms when leaving, although Jim and Deen were known to have quarreled early in the evening. At one o'clock Deen is found dead, his death having been caused by a blow on the back of the head, and the doctors state he had been dead less than an hour when found.

Tress says he left Jim and Deen together, and that he arrived home at eleven forty, and he has several witnesses to prove this fact. Now, Jim doesn't remember anything after he left Bray's. Doesn't even know how he got home. Since it was one o'clock when Deen was found dead, and the doctors say he had been dead less than an hour, what I want to know is, where your son was from—say, eleven thirty to one o'clock."

"Between eleven thirty and one o'clock!" Mrs. Hale sat erect; it was clear in her mind now, Jim had not reached home till twelve thirty! She had sat awake, waiting and listening for the sound of the halting, staggering feet until the clock struck twelve; then she had dozed for a few minutes, and had been awakened by a noise at the door. On opening it Jim had fallen in. She had gone to the clock and looked to be sure of the time, and it was twelve thirty. Then she dragged, lifted and pulled Jim until she got him to the cot, where, partly undressing him, she had bathed his face with water and her tears, and sat beside him all night. In the morning the officers had come.

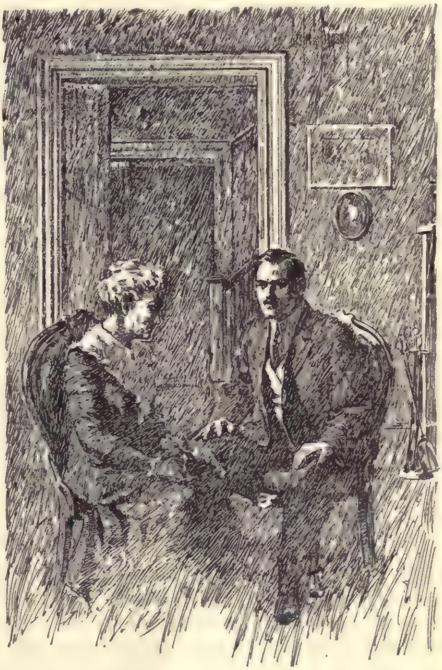
"Why, I remember now," she said, drawing her hand across her eyes as if to clear the mist from her brain. "It was twelve thirty when Jim came in. I—"

"Mrs. Hale!" Lawyer Dell's voice was sharp; he was trying to bring the trembling old woman to her senses. "Think what you are saying! If, as you say, Jim came in at twelve thirty, we are lost. Think, Mrs. Hale," he said more gently, "think again—it was between twelve and one o'clock that Deen was killed."

"Yes, I know," she said dully, "it was twelve thirty. I remember looking at the sitting room clock just as Jim came in." It never occurred to her to lie; the truth was the truth and she told it.

Lawyer Dell paced the floor. He did not know how to deal with a woman like this. He felt helpless.

"Mrs. Hale," he said, sitting down in front of her and taking her hands in his, talking to her as one would talk to a child, "please listen to me and try to understand. We must prove an alibi for Jim. No one can do it but you. No one saw him after he left Bray's but Tress and Deen. Tress has four witnesses to prove he was in his home by eleven forty. If you can remember that Jim was in the house at—say, eleven-thirty, we can clear him; if not—" The unfinished sentence was eloquent and had the effect that Lawyer Dell desired.



"Mrs. Hale, try to think what time last night Jim came in"

"Jim came in at—" Mrs. Hale started, then glancing at the lawyer, something in his eyes burned itself into her brain, and rising, she stood with her face buried in her hands. "You mean—?" she gasped.

"Exactly," Dell answered, "think again and see if you can't remember just when Jim did come in. It is like this, Mrs. Hale; you and I both know that Jim is innocent, but if we cannot prove an alibi for him—" again he broke off, and the pause to the little old woman was freighted with horror.

"Go, go, leave me, please," she pleaded. "Come back again after a while, and maybe I can—can—remember—more."

Mrs. Hale sank in a crumpled heap on the floor, and her weak flesh seemed that it must be torn asunder by the violence of her racking sobs. She was only too sure what time Jim had come in, she didn't for an instant think him guilty, but to prove him innocent before the world, she, his mother, who had never spoken falsely, *must swear to a lie.* To her, with her strict code, this was a low, base crime, and yet—

Then she saw Jim as a baby lying in her arms, nursing at her breast, with his little dimpled fist crumpled against her; she saw him as a schoolboy, his books flung across his shoulder, hat on the back of his head, a stray, worthless cur in his arms. She remembered how he had quietly slipped down the back stairs one night they had thought him asleep, to rescue and hide a kitten that a neighbor had marked for drowning.

Then Jim as he was now, how kind and good to her he had always been, saving her extra trouble and steps, taking care of her and in many little ways lightening her burdens. She must, she must save him; but to do it she would have to perjure her soul. She thought nothing of the law, of the punishment, but of the hereafter. Then she fell to her knees and sought advice from the God of the sorrowing. While she knelt, her face was suffused with a glow that comes not of the world and its pleasures, but that can only come from a great and noble deed.

She had decided! She would swear falsely. She was Jim's mother, and there was nothing a mother either could not or would not do to save her child. That she would perjure herself in the sight of God would be her atonement for the sin. She thought how selfish she had been to think of herself when Jim's safety was at stake. She would give her all to save her child, yes, even to her soul's salvation. And greater love hath no man.

Then she sent for Father Kelly to come to see her—the parish priest with whom she had stood beside many a sick bed—she was told he was ill with pneumonia, having been taken that morning.

The villagers were united in their care of the little mother, for the poor have long memories and willing hands, and there wasn't a heart that didn't ache in sympathy with hers, and there were tears mingled with hers, from eyes that were strangers to them.

As she grew frailer and frailer, her face took on a look of peace and heavenly calm. It seemed as though her body was so fragile it would scarcely hold the soul within, but she never complained, never faltered. She went about her house until her limbs absolutely refused to support her any longer, then she rested on a couch, and in a little while forced her weary members to resume their functions again.

Everybody was wondering what could be done to help young Jim Hale. Mrs. Hale kept her own counsel, and the step she meant to take was buried deep in her own aching heart. Lawyer Dell had called again, and had secured Mrs. Hale's promise to help with Jim's case in the only way she could help, nor did he underestimate what that meant to the godly old lady.

The trial had been set for one month hence and the little village was a-buzz with excitement as the time approached, and at last, when the day of the trial came around, the villagers made it a holiday and went in a body to the court room.

Old Doctor Bleak called for Mrs. Hale with his rattly carriage and veteran horse, and as he drove to the court-room he stealthily wiped away the tears that ran down his furrowed cheeks. He owed Mrs. Hale much for the mothering she had given his own son when the boy's mother had been taken, and he expressed his sympathy by keeping absolutely silent. With them in the carriage was "Betsy" Rooney, a sharp-voiced, strong-languaged female, who took her glass whenever it so pleased, but who would gladly have given her life to save the dear old lady beside her a single pang, for she also had much to remember of past kindnesses, and least among them was not the time that Mrs. Hale had nursed her through a spell of typhoid, when all the other neighbors kept their distance, thinking her life not worth fighting for, and she remembered how Mrs. Hale had gone without sleep for days, because the physician—this same Dr. Bleak, for whose services Mrs. Hale had paid—had said she must have certain medicine at certain time and that her recovery depended on it.

"Sure, I think that ould nag'd get along faster if he didn't try to move so manny ways at wance," said "Betsy," because she wasn't thinking of that at all.

"Now look here, Betsy," said the doctor for the same reason, "I can't have you abusing my horse, and if you do I must stand up for him."

"And it's a good thing he's got somebody to do it for him," answered "Betsy," "for by the looks of him, he'll not be able to do it long for himself."

"Why, Betsy, that horse was as spry as a kitten—"

"Faith, I believe you, but 'twas before the war, I'm thinking."

"You remember when he was as swift as a breeze, don't you, Mother Hale?" asked the doctor, turning to Mrs. Hale.

"Yes," she replied, "I think you bought him just when—when Jim was born," she finished bravely.

The doctor nodded and they all fell silent, a silence that lasted till the court room was reached.

Arrived there, the waiting crowd made a lane for the little old lady to pass through, and as she passed, some reached out and laid trembling, sympathetic fingers on her dress or sleeve, and at each mute sign of friendliness, the little woman made heroic efforts to smile. One man, a hard, uncouth-looking fellow, whose wife she had nursed through a spell of sickness, stepped out as she reached him, and said, "We are all with you, Mis' Hale, and we'll do anything you want us to."

The machinery of the law was set in motion with its usual awe-inspiring solemnity, and the doctors were called to testify to the length of time Deen had been dead. Then came the witnesses to testify as to the quarrel between Hale and Deen early in the evening, and to the time Deen and Hale and Tress were seen to leave the saloon together. After them came the witnesses to prove Tress was in his own home at eleven-forty. The latter consisted of the father, mother and two sisters of Tress. Then the prosecution rested, feeling, as did everyone else, that a complete case had been made out against Hale.

"Mrs. Hale" was called, and everybody craned his or her neck to get a better view of the little, pale, quivering old lady, whose wrinkled face was twitching, and who clasped and unclasped her hands in an effort to keep back the hot tears. The oath was administered, and Lawyer Dell, after asking the usual preliminary questions, speaking in his kindest tones, as one would speak to a frightened child, said:

"Mrs. Hale, I have only one more question to ask you, then I am through—" He paused and looked around the court room with a satisfied smile, as though he knew the answer would upset all the evidence that had gone before—"What time did Jim get in on the night of January 18th?"

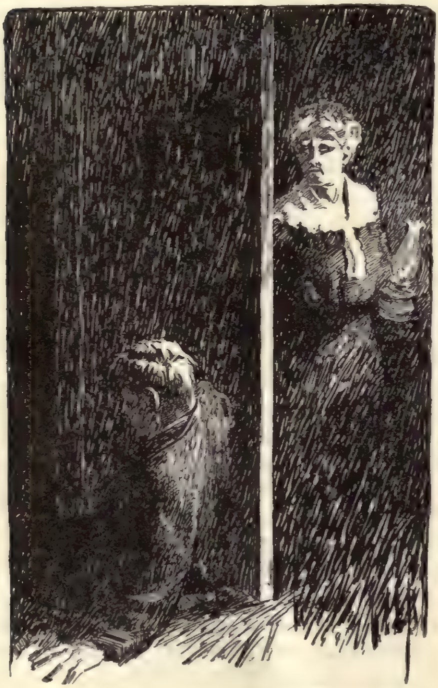
There was silence for a breath of time, the silence in which one can hear his neighbor swallow, his own heart beat—then slowly, falteringly, came the answer:

"At—at—twelve thirty," the voice was scarcely above a whisper, but it reached to every corner of the court room, and it is safe to say that no one was more surprised than Lawyer Dell.

There was absolute silence while one might count ten, then the sobbing of the little old woman in the witness chair broke the stillness, and Lawyer Dell said:

"Mrs. Hale, think, take a little time, but be sure of the time Jim came home."

"I am sure, oh, I am sure, I would to God I were not. O Jim, Jim, forgive me, forgive me, but I cannot say otherwise. O Judge," she cried, turning with outstretched hands, "I came here intending to say something entirely different, but I could not do it, I have never lied, and I could not make my lips say the words. But, Judge, my boy did not do this, indeed, indeed he did not do this awful thing. Look at him sitting there; is that a face that speaks of crime, Judge? He is only a boy, Judge, scarcely nineteen, and he is so good to me. Why, why, Judge," she swallowed and forced back the tears, while she dashed them off her cheeks with shaking hands, "when I was sick he waited on me with his own hands, and when the doctors had to inject morphine, he had to leave the room. Judge, Judge, for God's sake hear my prayer and believe that my boy is innocent, and give him back to me. I know he will never drink again, and I will take him away, your Honor, and take care of him.



"*On opening the door Jim had fallen in*"

"Judge," and her voice dropped to a sobbing whisper, "you have a boy of your own; do you think he would be better if you took him from his mother tonight? I have no proof, your Honor, but I *know* by my mother's heart that my boy is innocent of this crime as your own son."

Then, turning, with arms still outstretched, she lifted her face down which the tears were coursing and suddenly she stopped, an ashen hue overspread her face, a look of bewilderment came into her tear-drenched eyes. She looked helplessly from the judge, who was vigorously polishing his glasses, to the district attorney, a grim-visaged man, except for his kind blue eyes, who had sat and looked too long at a spot on the floor that somehow would dance, but who had now risen to make an objection, to which no one paid the slightest attention, not even the judge, then to Lawyer Dell, who sat huddled down in his chair, a beaten look on his face, and she seemed to divine a peculiar quality in their glances—a pity for the hopelessness of her plea.

She seemed to crumple, to wilt, and dropping to her knees, sought aid from the never-failing source:

"O God," she sobbed, "friend of the hopeless, help me now. Nothing but a miracle can clear my boy's name, and Thou hast said, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Perform this miracle now, I ask in Thy name. Amen."

As the simple prayer of perfect faith was ended, the broken old woman fell to the floor in a swoon. Kind hands bore her from the room. There was scarcely a dry eye in the court, the prisoner weeping unrestrainedly on his outstretched arms. The district attorney was scowling fiercely, entirely unmindful of the fact that a tear trembled on his eyelashes. Lawyer Dell's was the only cheerful face in the room; he was smiling, head thrown back, shoulders erect. The cause of his happiness was soon apparent, as he rose and said:

"I have one more witness."

The district attorney half arose, then dropped back in his seat, while everybody was asking, "Who can it be?" for it was generally known that the defense had no witnesses, and when Mrs. Hale failed to establish an alibi, on which it was well known the defense built its only hope, everyone felt sure the case was lost. So everyone present, including young Hale, waited with bated breath. Then, like a bolt from the blue it came.

"Reverend Father Kelly!" was called.

From down the aisle came the tall, gaunt figure of the dearly loved priest, pale and emaciated from his illness, his shabby black clothes hanging in folds from his thin frame, smiling happily, and unquenchable fire in his Irish blue eyes.

Mr. Dell looked the priest over with puzzled eyes. What had he to say? While Mrs. Hale was on her knees, a note had been quietly passed to him. Opening it he read: "Call me as a witness; ask about the time. Father Kelly."

After the priest was sworn and the usual questions asked, Mr. Dell continued:

"Father, you know the prisoner well?"

"Ever since he was that high," he answered, placing his hand even with his own knee, "and it was only the day of this terrible misfortune his mother sent for me to talk of him."

Ah! Lawyer Dell had his cue, wise old Father Kelly!

"What happened during that visit, Father?"

"After we had talked a while about Jim, and what was best to do about him—he having asked his mother that day to take him away so he could get away from temptation—I wound and set Mrs. Hale's sitting room clock for her."

"What did you set the clock by, Father?"

"My watch."

"And your watch, Father?"

"Was one hour fast."

The judge and district attorney sank back in their seats; only then were they conscious that they had been straining forward like hounds on the leash, and over the court room ran the cry,

"The miracle! The miracle!"

Lawyer Dell nodded, a satisfied look on his face, and the district attorney took the witness, even while he admitted to himself that it was worse than useless, for he knew there wasn't a jury procurable in that community to convict a person after Father Kelly had proved an alibi for him. Nevertheless, as a matter of course, he put the questions:

"Father, was it not strange that you, a Catholic priest, should visit a Protestant?"

"I do not think so. I do not know a Catholic who is a better Christian than Mrs. Hale."

"Why did not Mrs. Hale set and wind her clock herself?"

"Because she could not reach it even when standing on a chair."

"How do you know your watch was one hour fast on this particular day?"

"Sure, sir," and Father Kelly smiled broadly, he always dropped into brogue when excited or amused, "I have that sorry misfortune to have as servants a pair of lovers, and when they want a bit of extra time to themselves, they set my study clock forward a matter of an hour. They were going to a wedding that night, and as my watch is that contrary it will not run unless I wind it, and I'm that absent-minded, I sometimes forget it, it stopped and I set it by the study clock just before I called on Mrs. Hale."

"When did you discover that your watch was an hour fast that day?"

"It was the same evening when some friends called. When they were leaving they looked at their watches, and as my study clock and my watch said it was eleven o'clock, I would have believed, but my friends' three watches said it was ten o'clock, and they hinted I was taking extra precaution to speed the parting guest, and so I had to believe the majority, and I decided then to discharge my servants again."

"Do you not think your help are taking undue liberties with you in setting your clock forward?"

"And, sure, where's the harm?" rushing to their defence. "The poor childer never do it when I have anything important to attend to, and if I go to bed at eight, thinking it's nine, it's indebted to them I am for an extra hour's sleep."

"How is it, when you must have known how much depended on it, that you did not come forward and tell about the watch and clock incident?"

"It was only last week I recovered from the pneumonia, and this is the first day I've been outside the house. I came right over here when I heard the trial was set for today, and it was only when I heard the testimony of that poor mother that could not lie—God help her—that I knew the importance of the time, and—"

"Your Honor, I did it; I killed Deen, and if you will let me, I will tell you all about it."

Every eye was drawn to the thin, swaying form of young Tress, who had made his way to the Judge's bench while the priest had been talking. And without waiting for the judge's permission, he went on in the husky voice of the doomed tuberculosis victim.

"I am all in, your Honor, and it won't

make any difference to me what happens in a few weeks.

"It was this way: Deen and I have not been on good terms for a good while; it doesn't make much difference about the cause, and we quarreled at Bray's that night. It was when Jim was trying to make peace between us that he got into it. Funny, isn't it, that everybody present heard Jim and Deen quarrel, but nobody heard Deen and I?

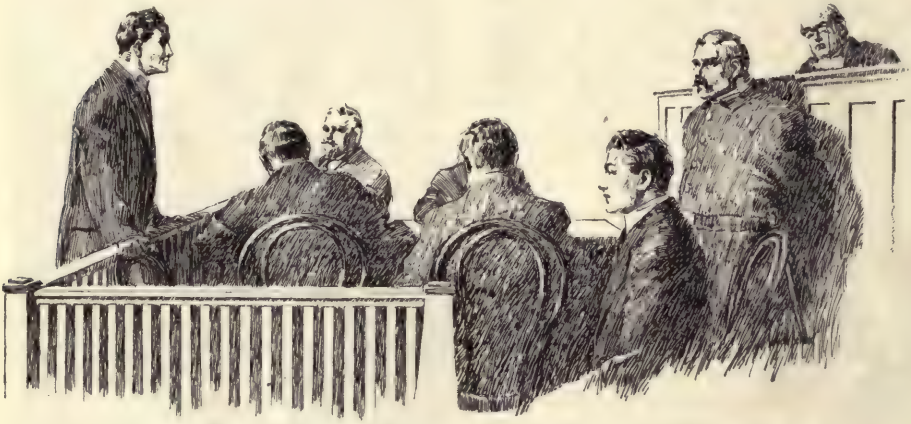
"Well, we patched it up because Jim insisted, and we all left together. Jim was pretty well in, and I took him home and left him on his mother's step. That was about eleven-thirty. I went to my own home and reached there about eleven-forty. Deen had left us as soon as we got out of Bray's to go somewhere and get another drink.

"My family saw me when I reached home and saw me go to my room, but they did not know that after I reached my room I decided I needed another drink. It was easy to get out without anyone seeing me; they had all gone to bed and it was easy to let myself in again about an hour later.

"Well, after I got another drink and was returning home, I met Deen and we renewed the quarrel. He was very insulting when he was drinking, and I hit at him. I don't know whether I hit him or not, but he lost his balance and fell heavily backward. I didn't wait to see if he was hurt. I was too angry. I went home and next day when I heard of them finding him dead, I wondered why they didn't arrest me. I was too much of a coward to come up and tell all this before, even when I knew they had arrested Jim for it. And, then, too, I thought all along his mother knew the time he got home and so could clear him.

"I have been drinking steadily ever since, and my father, who is a very 'just' man," and a sneer rested on the boy's face for an instant, "and who believes 'if thy right arm offend thee, cut it off,' turned me into the streets. I worked around the taverns in which I had formerly spent my allowance, doing chores for a morsel to eat and a place to sleep. Then old 'con' gripped me, and I went down and out. They sent to my father and asked if I might go home, but he had no use for the prodigal. Then a saintly old lady, hearing of my condition and plight, sent word that I was to come to her house, and I have been with Mrs. Hale ever since, and—and—I guess that's all, Judge."

Vainly they rapped for order as the judge discharged Jim, but the men in the court room had risen as one man, and Father Kelly was borne to the street, while Jim slipped out quietly and soon had his mother in his arms, and she, with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, thanked God for the miracle.



"*—and the next day when I heard of their finding him dead, I wondered why they didn't arrest me. I was too much of a coward to come up and tell all this before, even when I knew they had arrested Jim for it*"

JOAQUIN MILLER *The* POET OF PEACE

By

George Wharton James

AT the beginning of the Civil War there was no part of the Union that burned with truer patriotism, a more exalted determintion to uphold the Union at all costs than Oregon, and, naturally, it was the patriotism of the rough and ready pioneer who had crossed the plains in early days—the pioneer who valued peace, but was never without his gun, ready, if necessary, to fight to the death. They were lion-hearted people, these Oregonians, but as simple as they were brave, not given to analyzing motives, and able only in a rude and ready fashion to judge the actions of their fellows. One of their fellows, a pioneer of the very earliest days, who had settled with a few families and had formed the small town of Eugene, was a mild-eyed, gentle-voiced, sterling-hearted Quaker. He had three sons, and one of them tall, lank and raw-boned, but with an eye as blue and as deep as the sky, had started a little newspaper. He followed the peace teachings of his father with an ardor and intensity that was only made the stronger by his firm belief that the source of this teaching was divine; that He who had promulgated the doctrine, "But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," was not only the Prince of Peace, but the Mighty God. Consequently it was the most natural thing in the world that when he contemplated the fratricidal strife that actually began when Fort Sumter was fired upon, he should urge upon the warring factions the necessity of peace. "God was in His Heaven, all was right with the world," would they but trust in Him and follow His teaching.

But the patriotism of Oregon pioneers did not read events in this way. To them the preaching of this kind of peace meant treason, and with moody faces, averted mien and half-muttered curses they passed by the young editor and the office from which he issued his unpretentious but fearless newspaper. A few of the more neighborly tried to warn him and induce him to change his editorials, but they might as well have tried to put out a forest fire with penny squirts. So it is not to be wondered at that one day a band of these rough and ready men quietly marched down to the Quaker printing office, smashed the press, destroyed all the furniture, scattered the type broadcast, some of it being dumped in the river, and bade the editor seek new fields of labor.

He had already been to the gold mines, and his temper and spirit can well be understood when it is related that soon after his arrival at the mines snow fell to the depth of fifteen feet on Florence Mountain and hundreds of miners were penned in camp without a word from wives, children and loved ones at home. When this lank lad heard the expressions of fierce anxiety of his rough mining comrades because of the failure of the mail to get through, he turned to them and with that impulsive unselfishness that has ever characterized his acts said, "Boys, I will bring your letters from Lewiston." Afoot and alone, without a trail, he crossed the mountains, the dangerous streams and wintry deserts of Camas prairie, fought back the hungry mountain wolves that followed him and would have torn him to pieces, bending beneath his load of loving messages from home. This brave and impulsive act came near costing him his life, and did so injure his eyes by snow-blindness that he has ever since suffered in them.

Though ever an advocate of peace, his old comrades say that several times in defense of the weak, he faced the pistol or bowie-knife of the desperado, while the next day, perhaps, he was washing the clothes and soothing the pillow of a sick comrade.

Afterward he labored in the mines of Idaho and Montana, and when the miners there heard of his bringing the mail to the other snow-bound miners, they urged him to start a pony express that they might get their mail without having to send hundreds of miles for it. Accordingly he and a companion formed an express line and carried letters in from the Oregon River, and gold dust out. His stablemen were Indians. He had lived with them and knew them as few white men did. He trusted them and was never betrayed. They cared for the horses, and held the plunging relays as the riders dashed up after a wild ten or twelve mile run, leaped from the one steed, almost before it came to a standstill, panting and sweating, and bounded upon the back of the other. Fiercely ardent and ready to go off like an arrow from a bow, these wild bronchos dashed forward on another of those matchless night rides under the stars. The poet has told how he and his comrades went dashing into the Orient doors of dawn as the sun burst through the shining mountain passes, and thus lived the poetry he was afterward to write.

Then came an insurrection of certain hostile Indians. They began to destroy property and kill men. Troops of the regular army tried to engage them, but found them inaccessible, as they occupied a natural series of castellated rocks near Mt. Shasta. In this way they had perfect control and domination of the only routes then known connecting middle and northern California, and it was impossible to get mail stages through as long as they held the road. Our Quaker poet urged the local justice of the peace to call for volunteers, and twenty-nine white men and thirty Indians responded. This band was then led by the Quaker youth and his partner, and where the troops of the regular army had failed, this tiny handful of brave and determined men succeeded. Several lost their lives and many were wounded. Among the latter was our Peace Hero. An arrow was shot, going in at his face and coming out at the back of his neck. He was carried down, more dead than alive, on the back of an Indian woman who had been taken captive, and a wonderful proof of his power over the savage heart is found in the fact that this woman, though at first she contemplated hurling him from the steep precipitous paths over which she was compelled to carry him, finally voluntarily nursed him back to life and health.

Years later he went to England and there made many friends among prelates, princes, philosophers, politicians and poets. Indeed, he was received with a high acclaim that has turned the head of many a noted man. Yet, when later the English people went to war with the liberty-loving Boer, he wrote a series of denunciations of his English friends that might well stagger the friendship of the most ardent.

Still later, after he had long made California his home, when the people of San Francisco and the state of his adoption made wordy war against the Japanese and attempted to stir up strife because the subjects of the Mikado were getting a large foothold in the state, he wrote again with a tremendous vehemence that recked not of consequences, declaiming against the originators of the strife and calling upon the people of the Golden State to stand by the principles of human brotherhood that they professed.

Such a man was unusually fitted by his experiences to be a poet, provided he had the divine gift of expression. The English were not long in discovering that he did possess it to a high degree, and they hailed him poet—the greatest poet America had yet produced.

This poet is Joaquin Miller, christened by his parents Cincinnatus Heine Miller, but later adopting the new name because, in his quixotic and chivalrous defense of a renegade Mexican of the name of Joaquin, he had dared urge the dastardly crimes committed by the white man against this Mexican as some justification or at least palliation of the Mexican's crimes of retaliation.

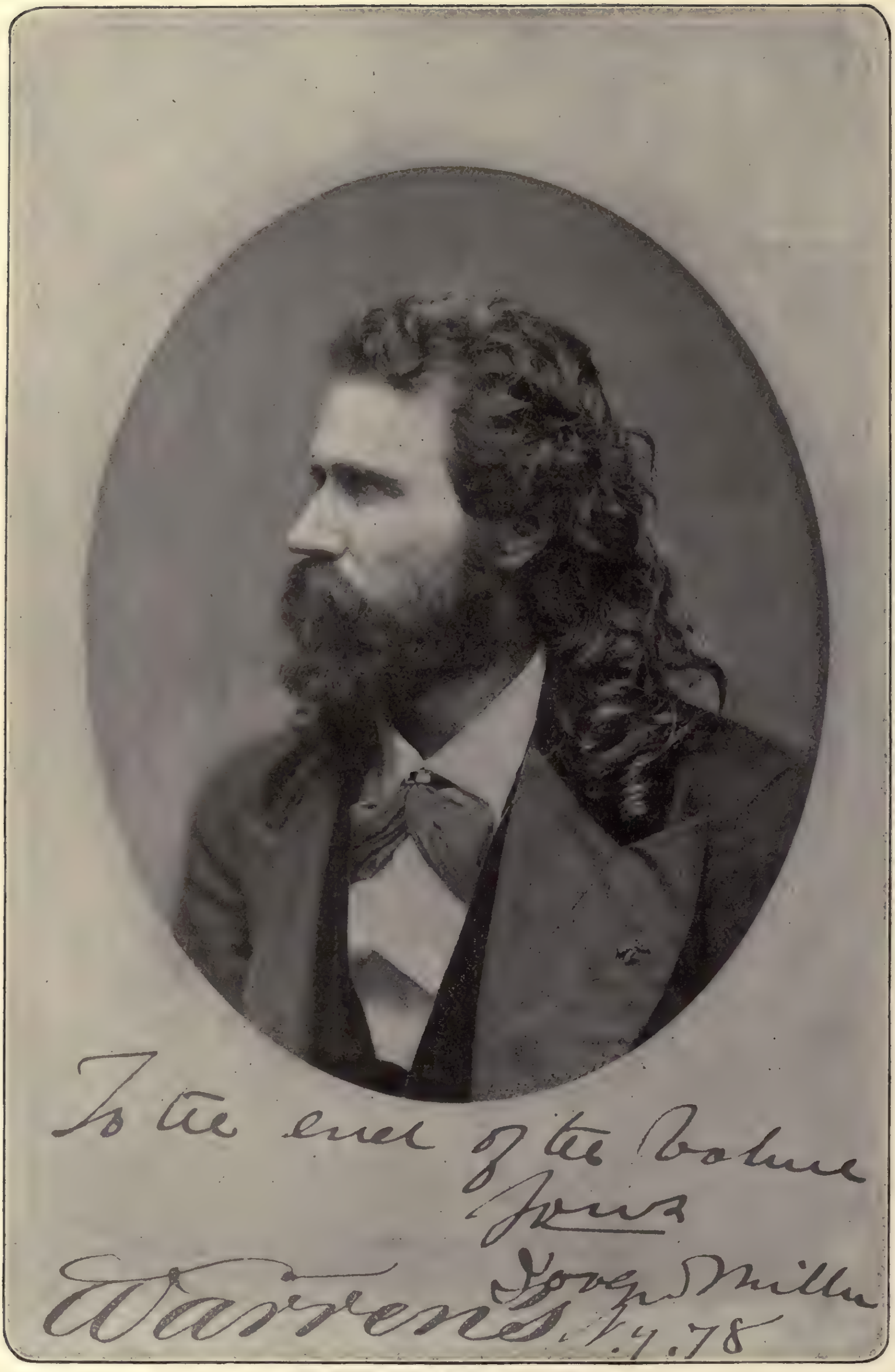
Born in Indiana, his parents trekked to Oregon while he was still a mere child, and thence began that adventurous career that has always thrown a halo of the wildest romance around the name of Joaquin Miller. Well it would be for history had those who wrote about him kept to the truth. Unfortunately the very exuberance of the poetic nature, controlled by the Christian principles that so few seem to understand, combined with his poetic genius, gave to the horde of little-minded, scurrilous scribblers a peg on which to hang all the wild and fantastic stories their pens wrested from their vicious and irresponsible imaginations. During his whole life the poet has labored under this accumulating mass of altogether mendacious and scurrilous newspaper gossip, and it is time that the intelligent and thoughtful people of America learned, absorbed and disseminated the truth in regard to their great poet whose fame has added so much luster to the glory of American letters.

A number of definitions of the word "genius" have been given to the world, and here is another one: "A genius is one who preserves the aspiration, exuberance, enthusiasm and fervor of the adolescent period, no matter what his age." This definition especially fits Joaquin Miller, for, except when suffering severe pain, as he did in his recent illness, he is as much a boy as ever. Six years ago Arthur McEwen, one of the most brilliant journalists of California, wrote a confirmation of what I have just said: "Joaquin Miller is the youngest man in California—not in years, of course, for he must be seventy, but in those impulses and illusions which differentiate reckless youth from calculating and sedate old age." And elsewhere he remarks that "He is wise enough to keep his illusions and hang on to his eccentricities and enjoy them as much at seventy as he did at twenty."

What are eccentricities, anyway? And posings? I have always contended that Joaquin Miller was not a poseur. That he is eccentric is simply to say that he does not think and act as ordinary men and women do, men and women who are as alike as peas in a pod or bricks in a pile. He is *himself* and dares to be himself without any thought or care as to whether he is like anybody else or not.

It is his spontaneity, his naturalness, his perfect childlikeness of mind that lead him to do those things that people regard as eccentric. For instance, I once expressed to him the desire to meet Colonel John P. Irish, who was then editor of one of the leading San Francisco dailies. One night Joaquin came down to Oakland to deliver a lecture, and, being in the city, I attended. Unfortunately, some pressing duties detained me and I arrived at the lecture hall after he had begun to speak. The room was well filled. It must have been a lodge room, for at each end and on either side there were small, raised platforms, on which were seats covered with canopies, such as are used for officers of secret organizations. Desirous of giving me a good seat, the usher took me to the raised platform on the side, on the right of Joaquin. My entrance naturally disturbed the speaker, and, seeing who it was, and noticing that Colonel Irish sat immediately in front of him, the thought doubtless flashed through Joaquin's mind that here was a good opportunity to make the promised introduction. Accordingly, without any apology to his audience, he stepped from the stand upon which he was speaking, took Colonel Irish by the hand and led him to where I sat, exclaiming, "James, Irish! Irish, James!" and then walked back and resumed his speech. To say the audience was amazed is but to express it mildly, while Irish and I stood quietly laughing at each other, at the audience, and at Joaquin's consummate imperturbability.

Who else but a natural man, with a childlike mind, would have treated me as he did one morning when he had invited me to spend the day with him? I determined to make a full day of it, so took one of the early trains, and with my camera slung over my back, arrived at "The Hights" soon after sunrise. Winter and summer the poet sleeps with his door wide



To the end of the volume
Yours
Joaquin Miller
1.4.78

JOAQUIN MILLER IN 1878

open. As I walked up the steps I found him still in bed, but hard at work, writing. Before I had time to greet him, he burst forth in a gruff and harsh salute: "What do you mean by coming and bothering me at this early hour of the morning? The desire to write seizes me seldom enough, and when it does, I don't want to be bothered by anyone coming to see me. Go into the garden!"

Now many people would have been offended at a salutation like this, but I knew Joaquin too well to be such a fool. He simply meant what he said and no more. His whole nature was absorbed in giving expression to some thought that interested him, and I came as a disturbing presence. He did not want me and said so emphatically; therefore I withdrew without a word to enjoy the delights of the garden.

I sat there for half an hour or more, enjoying the flowers and looking down upon the Bay of San Francisco, so beautifully described in his invitation to his little daughter to come up and live with him:

"Steep below me lies the valley,
  Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
  And the world walks up and down.

"Oh, the sea of lights far streaming,
  When the thousand flags are furled,
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
  As it duplicates the world!"

But while I was enjoying myself, little by little there had seeped into Joaquin's preoccupied brain the thought that, perhaps, he had been discourteous to me. The moment he saw this, with an intenseness, fervor and simplicity as of a little child, he jumped out of bed, regardless of the fact that he wore nothing but his pajamas, rushed into the garden, rapidly and silently picked a most beautiful bouquet, and then, stalking up to me where I sat eyeing him with unaffected amusement, he said, "If you can read what the flowers say, you will see that I am sorry for not having greeted you more hospitably this morning. I love you and am glad to see you, but I am very busy and want to work out what I have in mind. Excuse me for a little while." During this speech, that calm, blue eye of his looked at me with tremulous intenseness of simple trust and affection that brought tears into my eyes, and I thought then, as I have thought many times since, how little people understand this great, big, simple-hearted, bewhiskered boy. There was no more thought of effect in this action than there is in the simplest doings of a child. He had yielded to the generous impulse that struck him, without any more thought of incongruity or ludicrousness than that displayed by a little child who rushes into a crowded reception room in its night-dress, to kiss papa and mamma good-night!

As I sat there, however, cogitating over this interesting instance, somewhat in the fashion I have just written down, a new thought struck me. It was this: Though Joaquin does much of his writing in bed, I have never seen a photograph showing him at work. Now is the time to get one.

Carefully I set up my camera, got everything ready, and then calmly and as silently as I could, stole up the steps into his room. In a moment his ire was aroused. With gruff impatience he called out, "What are you doing?" Deliberately proceeding to focus on him, I replied, "It is not often the divine afflatus seizes me with the desire to make a photograph of a man at work in bed. When it does, I don't want a measly old poet to interfere with my work. You have your work to do and I have mine." A merry twinkle came into his eyes and then he laughed outright.

"Well, what do you want, anyway?"

"All I want is that you will go right on with your work, just as you are, until I ask you to stop. Then I want you to hold still and look pleasant for a little while, until I tell you to resume your natural expression."

He did exactly as I asked him, and the result was I secured two of as fine negatives as I ever made, one of which is here reproduced for the first time.

Here is another story that I gave to the world some years ago and that has since often been quoted as a proof that he is a mountebank and poseur.

Lady Constance Rothschild, the wife of Mr. Cyril Flower, then a member of Parliament, well known for the brilliancy of her salon, where the *elite* of England gathered together, once arranged for a grand reception where Joaquin Miller was to meet Mrs. Langtry, then at the height of her fame. Joaquin, when notified, asked Lady Constance if he might dress as he chose, and when the evening arrived, astounded and shocked the functionary at the door by appearing in a red flannel shirt and blue overalls, which were tucked into tall miners' boots, and wearing a very high-crowned, broad-brimmed sombrero.

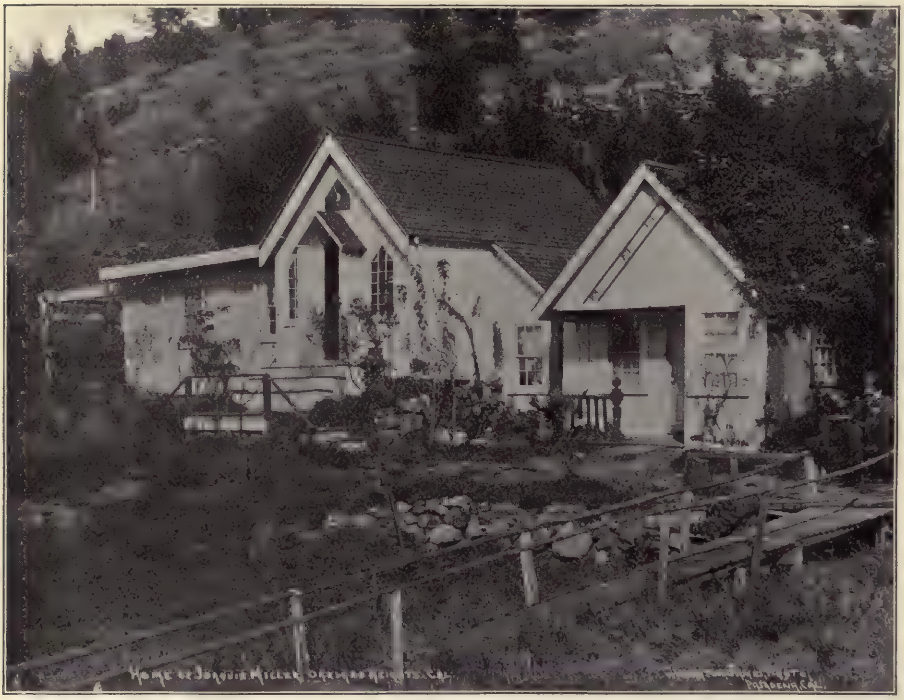


Photo by George Wharton James

HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER, "THE HIGHTS," OVERLOOKING SAN FRANCISCO BAY
The room built for Yone Nagouchi is on the left

On greeting Lady Constance he preferred the further request that he be allowed to enter the drawing room wearing his hat. On receiving her gracious permission, he entered that wonderful assemblage as calmly and coolly as if he were the king ascending his throne, and deliberately took up his place in a recessed window, with a book in hand, to intimate that he preferred to remain alone.

When Mrs. Langtry appeared, robed with the perfection of taste that helped make her name world-famed, Joaquin advanced to meet her, led by Lady Constance. When the introduction took place, the poet seemed not to see the proffered hand of the beauty, but, instead, rapidly raised both hands to his sombrero, took hold of it and dexterously showered upon the astonished and delighted lady a profusion of beautiful rose leaves, at the same time exclaiming, "The tribute of the California miners—California, the land of poetry, romance and flowers—to the 'Jersey Lily.' "

Instead of this being posing, it was the childlike act of a poet, daring all convention to do a unique and poetic thing, and Mrs. Langtry once made the statement that though she had been graciously received by royalty and by the great of every kind she had never had a reception which to her was so beautiful, so pleasing, so to be remembered, as this of the simple-hearted poet.

Here is a new story of Joaquin that I think has never been told in print. Miss Adeline Knapp, the poet and author, was one of his near neighbors, and one day they were out driving together when they were stopped by a couple of ladies who inquired if they would kindly direct them to the home of Joaquin Miller. Without revealing his identity, the poet engaged the ladies in conversation, and soon learned that they were from the East, were noted woman-suffragists, and were great admirers of his work. One of the visitors exclaimed with enthusiasm, "We have come all this way to see him because he is so strong an advocate of peace and writes so nobly about women being the greatest of heroes." With a twinkle in his eyes, the poet calmly said:

"Well, ladies, Mr. Miller is away from his home and doesn't expect to return for several days, but this lady by my side is Miss Adeline Knapp, the well-known poet, socialist and woman-suffragist. The best thing you can do is to invite yourselves home to dine with her."

Then quietly stepping out of the buggy and courteously raising his hat, he left the group. Miss Knapp was speechless with indignation. The poor woman was put in such a position that she couldn't help herself, and at the same time her sense of humor was keen enough not to give Joaquin away, so she drove home, followed by the ladies, and in her wrath simply placed upon the table a dish of cold beans, a plate and spoon for each of her visitors, and then invited them to sit up and partake of her frugal fare.

Her risibles were much quickened by the way her guests took what she offered. One of them earnestly and solemnly asked if life were really as hard as this meager fare would indicate that it might be. Miss Knapp replied that she was indeed poverty-stricken and with the best desire in the world to be hospitable she could not give them more than she possessed.

I have often wondered if the two ladies ever realized that they had been the victims of Joaquin's irrepressible youth and love of a practical joke.

Many years ago, soon after he had settled in his present home, I asked him where he lived. His reply came promptly: "Three miles east, one mile perpendicular!" In that expression you have a graphic, symbolic statement of Joaquin's mental habitat. He lives nearer the rising sun than most people, and his normal dwelling place is "a mile perpendicular." His nest is on "the Hights"; his eye far-seeing, blue, prophetic, keen, kind; and his soul attuned, when he sings to the harmony of the spheres.

Long after my first visit to him on "the Hights," I asked him how it was that with all his great love and desire to be with his fellows, he isolated himself on a mountain top. With tears in his eyes and the solemnity that comes only when a man is giving expression to the thoughts of his heart, he stopped, and looking me full in the face, said, "I have always known that I was a poet and that God had messages that He wished me to deliver to men. I may not know all my own weaknesses, but I know some of them, and I knew that the only way I could listen uninterruptedly to the voice of God would be to come up here, or to some other remote spot, where I could hear the Divine Voice without interruption."

He has made "the Hights" as individualistic as is his own physical and mental appearance. The first thing he did was to plant a number of thousands of pine and fir trees, so that they form an immense cross that one can clearly see from the train as it passes through the valley miles away. Many of them he planted with his own hands and daily dug about them and watered them, carrying the water up the steep slopes, so that he became familiar with each tree. He then proceeded to build a monument to Moses and a tower in honor of Robert Browning. The monument to Moses is so arranged as to be his own funeral pyre.

Joaquin's well-known wish is that he shall be cremated here. He has written his own funeral address and has expressed the hope that all the people who care to will attend the ceremony, especially the school-children. His undoubted thought is that his death should serve as a lesson to the world of his belief that death is only a part of life, is a natural change, and is therefore not to be regarded as a matter for deep grieving, but for rejoicing at the improvement of the condition of the one who has passed on.

More than twenty years ago he brought

his mother to "The Hights," built a special cottage for her to live in, and thenceforth devoted his time and attention to making her last days happy and comfortable. They were a devoted couple—she proud as a mother could possibly be of him, he the same irrepressible joker and boyish jester he had ever been, always making her laugh at his antics and never so happy as when she seemed to forget her age and lived in the joyous present. Half the time she never knew whether to take him seriously or not, and I was often immensely amused when she took his greatest jokes as serious realities. One day he spun her a great yarn that I was his son, but that for good and sufficient reasons, which, however, he didn't tell her, he had never let her know of my existence before. While he was telling this outrageous yarn he looked over at me and secretly gave me a most solemn wink. A little later, when he had gone out of the room, the dear old lady turned to me and asked, "And are you really Joaquin's son?" And when I explained that it was only his fooling she laughed inordinately for quite a long time and then gasped out, "He's fooling me like that all the time; and I never learn any better. If he was to tell me that he was his own grandfather in that serious way of his, I believe it would take me some time to discover that he was fooling me."

When he first went to "the Hights" he had great dreams of making it not only a refuge for sickly and indigent poets and writers, but also a place where homeless tramps of any character or no character could find at least a bed and simple fare. In his "Building of the City Beautiful"—which, by the way, is one of the most idealistic civic dreams ever penned, and which every believer in true progress should read and study—he clearly outlines his thoughts in regard to these matters. When it came to the practical carrying of them out, however, he found that the tramps stole his bedding and were actually too lazy to chop firewood and destroyed his furniture for that purpose, so that he was compelled to abandon his altruistic endeavors. Indeed, some visitors made themselves so obnoxious that he put up a sign on his gate refusing general admission to everybody. Part of the sign quaintly intimates, "There is nothing to see up here except down yonder."

But if tramps and irresponsible visitors were excluded, his unbounded hospitality has never failed. Especially has he loved to have with him the poetic representatives of the "little brown men of Japan." When Yone Nagouchi first came to California from Japan the poet built a little addition to his own cottage that he might keep the poetic Japanese—his fervent soul struggling to find expression through the intricacies of the English tongue—under his constant and loving supervision. Many times have I occupied this room, dedicated to Yone. Its roof was of tin, and to the pattering of the rain on it one night I owe one of the most remarkable exhibitions of memory power it has ever been my good fortune to witness. On the occasion of this particular visit every room and bed in Joaquin's various cottages was engaged, and there was nothing for it but that I should sleep with the poet himself. No sooner was I stretched out comfortably by his side than it began to rain, and as the fierce pattering continued, Joaquin exclaimed, "Do you know what that pattering reminds me of?" He then began to quote passages from the Bible, Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Tasso, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Hans Christian Andersen, Ibsen, Victor Hugo, Racine, Moliere, and many English and American poets and writers. I made a list the following morning as near as I could remember and later on hunted up nearly two hundred of these quotations. One seemed to suggest another to the poet and they came forth in a perfect string without either hesitation or delay.

And this leads me to tell of a peculiarity that every intelligent observer notices when he first visits Joaquin, and that is that there is not a book to be seen about the place. Elbert Hubbard tells that when he noticed this fact and asked where the poet's books were, he responded, "Books? To hell with books. Books are for people who cannot think." And I might add that he has made the same remark to me several times, but he also added, "When I want a book, I write one." To many people this

Photograph by Adelaide Hanscome, San Francisco; used by kind permission

JOAQUIN MILLER IN 1906

vigorous language means nothing but roughness and eccentricity because they have been trained to such an entirely different viewpoint from his. Men and women should learn to depend more upon their own powers of observation and thought and less upon books. Joaquin receives a large number of books sent him by publishers and admiring friends. He is a great reader of books that interest him, but he has so disciplined his memory that he never keeps a book. He compels himself to remember the most important things he reads. Hence, as soon as he is through with a book, he sends it down to the library of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, or at least he used to do this before the earthquake and fire of 1906.

In the fall and winter of 1910–11 he was quite sick, and for a time his life was despaired of. In his illness he craved the presence of his daughter, Juanita, who, with his wife, for many years had lived in the East. With childlike affection which made her feet swift, Juanita came and established herself by the bedside of her beloved poet-father, and her beneficial influence was immediately felt. Joaquin speedily improved, in spite of the doleful prognostications of his physicians, and in due time he was able to be removed from the hospital to "the Hights."

Then the devoted Juanita went back East, and in a short time returned, bringing with her, in triumph, her mother. And now the three of them are at home in the poet's mountain cottage, happy in their reunion, and all his friends hope that many years of renewed health and increasing happiness are in store for him and them.

In 1909 Joaquin's publishers, the Whitaker and Ray-Wiggin Company of San Francisco, published a new and complete edition of his works in six volumes. This was quite a notable event, as it gave the poet full opportunity to give to the world a few autobiographical notes of interest and importance, and to gather together all the prose and poetry he deems worthy of preservation. The books are handsomely printed and bound and should find a place in every patriotic American's library. To those who appreciate extra fine books, I commend the edition *de luxe*, each volume of which is autographed by the poet himself.

To my mind, Joaquin Miller's poetry struck a new note in American literature, a note which was as necessary for its development as the "different" note of New England was necessary to free it from the undue domination of old England.

Just as Emerson, Holmes, Higginson, Thoreau and others of the first great epoch of American literature protested and revolted against the English standards and set up new, larger and better ones for themselves, so does the Pacific Coast—the great West—protest against those limitations that the East has set upon American literature. America is larger than New England. There are higher mountains, deeper gorges and vaster plains in the "West" than on the Atlantic coast, and the big trees, the petrified forest, the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon and the Mohave and Colorado Deserts are all wonders of the western portion of the United States. In addition to these things are the great western movements and industries, such as the pioneer movement and the development of the "days of gold in '49"; the irrigation movement and the reclamation of millions of acres of the arid West; the development of the stock industry with its picturesque cowboy element; the out-of-door festival movement with its annual tournaments of roses, its flower, grape, water, apple, orange blossom and other festivals—all these things combine to make the West a vastly different country from the East. And these differences naturally manifest themselves in the Western literature. Where the spirit and the environment are larger, wider, broader, more varied, the literature must reflect the differences, and the result is that there ought to be and is a new standard set up by the writers of the Great West. Unconsciously they protest against the attempt to crystallize, to definitely formulate, to conventionalize, to determine the final mould of things, exactly as the New England school of three-quarters of a century ago protested against the same spirit as manifested by the English in their criticisms of the literature of the newer and freer people of New England. Indeed the early-day New England writers freely criticized each other. As Thomas Wentworth Higginson himself has written: "What saves this group from becoming a clique and a mere mutual admiration society was the fortunate variety of the personal temperaments that composed it. They were so dissimilar that they could not possibly duplicate one another; and thus they were absolutely prevented from imposing on Boston anything like the yoke which Christopher North at one time imposed on Edinburgh."

Higginson himself, though a younger man, brought up under their influence, naturally reverent of their high powers, was yet self-willed, bold, independent *himself*, enough to live his own life and freely criticize the older men, "complaining of Emerson as being inorganic in structure, Hawthorne bloodless in style, Holmes a trifler, Longfellow occasionally commonplace, Lowell often arrogant."

In a growing country standards must *grow* to be adequate to the new needs. The *greater American* literature cannot spare one of the individualistic and original notes of the whole of Old England; it equally needs the voices of New England; but it is imperative that it shall also include the newer, stronger, more varied, and if necessary to a new classification—the bizarre, eccentric, exaggerated, buoyant, freer, less formal voices of the new, strange, varied, bizarre, eccentric, exaggerated, buoyant, freer West. As Higginson used to remark: "We cannot spare the Englishman from our blood, but it is our business to make him more than an Englishman." So with us of the Great West. We cannot spare the New Englander from our blood, but we will make that blood richer, more active, flow more freely and excite to larger achievements. We will add fresh life, newer elements, more virility.

There is always in the old, no matter how cultured or educated—unless they possess that cosmic consciousness that is so rare—a feeling that "they know." They have lived their life and fixed their standards and they expect the next generation to accept them. One would think they would surely recall their own refusal to accept the standards of their elders and their efforts to make newer—even if not better—ones of their own, and thus know too much to attempt to project their own lives into the present-day lives of their successors. But no! few of the race of men are gifted with this cosmic insight; hence we see members of Parliament willing to "eat stewed engine wheels for breakfast" if George Stephenson can make a railway train run at the frightful speed of ten miles an hour—and, perfect example, New England frigidly receiving as sacrilege Mark Twain's address on Whittier (I think it was), which the world has ultimately recognized as a legitimate and delicious piece of satiric fooling, well worthy a place in its literature. Did not Mark Twain himself have the independence and foresight enough (even as did Stephenson in regard to his own accomplishments) to see this and to disregard the judgment of Boston in that he placed this "dead failure," this address that was received with "frigid silence," this "piece of sacrilege," in the collected edition of his works. He *knew* the standard by which it was judged was narrow, provincial, pedantic—and that later wider, more manly standards would accept it for what he knew it to be. So with Joaquin Miller. He cut loose from all standards of every nature and kind. He sang like the lark and mocking-bird—not by rule—but because he must. Ordinarily it requires far more courage than the ordinary mind can imagine to break loose from scholastic tradition and to write simple, natural, spontaneous poetry, without any reference to the subjects and standards of the past. For scores of years, nay, for centuries, English poetry, in a large measure, had been conventionalized. Certain themes were supposed to be "poetic," and certain methods of treatment were allowable, and to go outside of these was to violate poetic precedent, and to subject oneself to severe and harsh criticism.

Only four classes of minds can ever be found to dare such criticism. These, broadly speaking, may be thus divided: (1) The foolish, who—as the proverb says—rush in where angels fear to tread; (2) the simple-hearted, amiable egotists who, unconscious of standards on the one hand or of the strength or weakness of their own verse on the other, insist on singing in their own way whether people listen or not; (3) the boldly courageous, who dissent from accepted standards and by open violation seek to change and remodel them; and (4) the geniuses who, familiar with all the standards, aware of their strength as well as their weakness, and self-conscious of their own powers, unhesitatingly brush these standards aside and by sheer force of genius and inherent power conquer prejudice, trample down opposition, win the admiration of the ingenuous and sincere critics and contemptuously laugh at those who would have them pour their new wine into old bottles.

Of the third class Whitman is the conspicuous example, while Browning stands as the illustrative genius of the fourth class. Miller, on the other hand, in those early days, can be relegated only to the second class of singers, though to the analysis there offered must be added a self-consciousness of power—of genius. As one studies his earlier poems he sees that with a simplicity of heart, pathetic in its intensity and directness, Joaquin Miller totally ignored conventional subjects and methods. He patterned after no one, he imitated nothing, he copied nothing. He had come into this great new West in its earliest days. Here he was scholastically trained far better than many a man boasting the literary degrees of Eastern universities, for, as he says: "Divest the mind at once of the idea that the schools of Oregon were inferior. I have never since found such determined students and omnivorous readers. We had all the books and none of the follies of great centers." Yet in spite of this training—rather than because of it—he saw things with a simple mind, free from either the bandages or spectacles worn by most men. He saw the new country in all its wildness, grandeur, mystery and newness—its difference from the settled East and Europe—and he saw frontier life in all its rough rudeness, its wild vagaries, its brutal openness, its defiant profligacy, but also in all its glory, splendor, romance, poetry and primitive power. From this new and "different" life he chose his stories and his subjects. He made an alluring warp, which he shot through and through with the woof of gold, silver, shine and shadow, sunset and sunrise glory of a new and splendid environment. What other poet

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JOAQUIN MILLER'S WRITING DESK IN CAMP

had ever seen such pure blue skies, gorgeous morning and evening displays in the heavens, fleecy clouds, midnight stars, snow-white mountains that companion the stars, flowers of resplendent as well as exquisite and tender beauty, majestic trees, canyons, waterfalls, primeval forests, lands of standing rocks, flower-bespangled prairies, sun-scorched deserts; who but he had companioned the strange and fantastic yuccas, cactuses, palms, palo verdes, smoke-trees, mesquites, giant sycamores, sequoias, suaharas, cereuses and the million and one blossoming plants of this varied Western soil, climate and altitude; who but he knew the rattlesnake, centipede, tarantula, Gila monster, chuckwalla, side-winder, campamouchi, vigneron and the lizards, insects, bugs and creeping things of desert, canyon, mountain, forest and western wild; who but he foregathered with those weary travelers over thousands of miles of Oregon trail, with pioneer hewers of primeval forests, first farmers, trail-makers, prospectors, miners from all lands, city-builders of the earliest days; who but he lived with and assimilated the life of the Indian on mountain height, in lava bed pastures, forest shade, canyon depth, rocky cave and sea-girt isle? Can anyone name the poet besides Joaquin Miller to whom nature and circumstance had given so many and varied advantages? The world has not yet seen him.

All he did was to be himself, tell his own story, relate what his own eyes had seen, his own heart experienced, his own pulses had throbbed to. He came before the world as a new poet as he worked with a master-hand in the material thus God-given to him. He poured out his soul in such strains as the world had never before listened to, simply, naturally, or, as he himself puts it:

"Because the skies were blue, because
The sun in fringes of the sea
Was tangled and delightfully
Kept dancing on as in a waltz,
And tropic trees bowed to the seas,
And bloomed and bore, years through and through,
And birds in blended gold and blue
Were thick and sweet as swarming bees,
And sang as if in Paradise,
And all that Paradise was spring—
Did I, too, sing with lifted eyes,
Because I could not choose but sing."

As one of the greatest of English critics wrote of him: "In no poet of modern days can we find so much originality and so little that is traceable to either modern or ancient sources. Mr. Miller writes from what he has seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears; he has drawn from the fountain of his own inspiration, from his own feelings and fancies, tempered and touched by a thousand influences of strange climes and characters and circumstances unknown to the range of experience which falls to the lot of most versifiers."

Mr. Miller, regardless alike of praise or blame, has continued to write upon his own themes and in his own way, and, to my mind, largely justifies the almost common English judgment that he is by far the most original and the truest poet America has yet produced.

There are several other heroic elements in his character aside from this, which are worth fuller mention than I have given them. As a careful student of all Joaquin Miller has written, I have yet to find in either his prose or verse one word commendatory of war. Individual heroism he has strongly commended, but, true to his Quaker principles, he has stood firmly and immovably for the life of peace for individuals, states and nations.

His very name, Joaquin, recalls an act of heroism in his earliest verse. His second volume was entitled *Joaquin et al*, and the title poem was devoted to Joaquin Murieta, the bandit, whose career had recently been arrested by the rifle of the sheriff. The bandit had been universally hated and execrated, denounced and vilified by press, public and rostrum. Doubtless his later acts justified all these condemnations. But it is the work of the poet and philosopher, and the analyst of character, to penetrate to causes, to find motives and to deal but praise or blame with even-handed justice. Miller sought to show, truthfully, that Murieta had been vilely and cruelly treated by men of the new and alien race, and that only when driven to desperation, when they tried to silence or kill him so that his just causes for complaint might not appear, did the manhood in him rebel, and he began his career of systematic pillage and rapine. Ridge, a fellow-poet, had stated that "Americans" had driven Murieta from his mining claim on the Stanislau River and had shockingly mistreated his wife. Helpless to secure redress, he had taken his wife, rendered almost insane by such treatment, to a spot on the Calaveras River, where he took up a new claim and began work. Again a mob of "Americans" drove him away. He then engaged in another occupation, neither honorable nor beneficial, but one which the "Americans" uttered no protest against. He became a professional gambler. While so engaged he had occasion to visit his half brother, who lived not far distant. He returned, riding a horse his brother had loaned him. This horse had been stolen, and the owner happening to recognize Joaquin upon it, not only claimed the animal, but called upon the "Americans" to help him punish the foreign thief. This, in those days, meant death. Joaquin protested that his brother had honestly bought the horse, and that, in good faith, he had borrowed it. The effect of his remonstrances was to send the mob after his brother, and then a rude lynch-law court was organized, which, after a farcical trial, ordered the brother hung upon the nearest limb, and that Joaquin be tied to the trunk of the same tree and publicly flogged. Both sentences were carried out, with the rude jocularity that often characterized such proceedings when not based upon truth and justice. Is there any wonder that these repeated outrages made of the unhappy Mexican an Ishmaelite and that henceforth his hand was against every member of the race that had so brutally treated him?

After his violent death Miller took up the gauntlet in his behalf—not in defense of the evils he had committed, but in reprobation of those who had perpetrated crimes against him. It was an act of daring and moral heroism that few have ever been able to appreciate. It has cost Miller years of misrepresentation and falsehood, abuse and slander. Irresponsible writers have followed the lead of those who, at the time, declared that he was himself of the banditti type, and multitudes of the English-speaking world have a prejudice against the poet, believing that these totally unfounded and malicious assertions must be true. There never was a greater falsehood uttered, but almost in silence the poet has gone peacefully on his way, waiting for time and truth to justify him.

Exactly in the same way has he been censured for his relationship with the Indians and his noble and heroic words in their defense. He had associated and even lived with the Indians and knew them well. Yet when the Madocs went on the warpath, Joaquin and his partner, Mountain Joe, followed a band of marauders, located them and then, with friendly Indians as scouts, led Judge Gibson and his posse against the hostiles, who were firmly and securely ensconced in the granite peaks of Castle Crags. After a rude skirmish, in which several lost their lives on both sides, night began to approach and white men do not fight Indians to advantage in the dark. And here let the poet tell his own story:

"Joe led around to where Gibson stood on the rocks behind the trees, looking anxiously up and out for the regulars. He had already lost several of his Indian volunteers and one white man.

"Despairing at last of any aid from Captain Crook, he crept down to Joe and his anxious men and said: 'Boys, we must make a charge through the marsh at this narrow neck and finish it hand to hand. Who will go with me?'

"Nearly if not all eagerly pressed to his side, but he hastily chose only the few who were best equipped with hand weapons, and dashed on through the long, strong grass and mud and water. Joe had made us all cut holes in our blankets and put our heads through, the best shield in the world. Flint arrows" [the Indians were not using firearms, but only bows and arrows] "are like little saws on either edge. Their flint teeth catch in the wool and will not go through.

"Our charge had been so sudden that there was no time for the enemy to rally. But for all that we were met by a fearful shower, and I think safe to say that each man had at least a dozen arrows clinging to his blanket as we rushed into the brushy fortress. But we all got safely through the marsh. Soon Gibson held up a hand with an arrow in it, and some others were hit in the hands and arms. But we kept on till we began to hear our own men coming on and up from other like charges through the marsh, and it seemed we had entirely won.

"Gibson called a halt, so as to be careful about hitting our own men, when suddenly there was a deluge of arrows and I dropped at his side. I felt no real pain, as one would think, with an arrow thrust through the side of my neck and face till the point stuck away out at the back of my neck, but I was stunned. It seemed to me as if my head had been crushed, and I remember putting up my hand to feel my head. This was, perhaps, because the arrow had pierced so nearly the base of the brain. I do not remember anything else about that day and very little else about the next year. . . .

Joaquin Miller at Work

Photo copyright by George Wharton James

JOAQUIN MILLER AT WORK IN BED AT HIS HOME, "THE HIGHTS"
Near Oakland, California

"A young man kneeled down as another held my head, and cutting off the arrow's point, drew the shaft through my face. I felt this and felt a relief as they heaped up leaves and made a pillow for my head. I remember hearing men shout from the top of the savage fortress and knew the fight was done and won.

"The disabled men were carried down from out Castle Rock by women prisoners. The one who carried me on her back had lost both her boys and husband in the battle. She was not kind at first. They tied my head close to hers so that she could steady it with her hand. Then I talked to her in her own tongue, which I had learned very perfectly from our Indian children. She then told her sorrows and said I must be her boy in place of the ones killed. When I did not or could not answer, she told me that if I would be her boy she would not drop me over the ledge as she intended when she came to the narrow place where only the mountain sheep went down. They laid me under some cedars down by the Sacramento River, and the Indian woman was truly as a mother to me."

This story is confirmed by several creditable eye witnesses, and is proof that Miller did not side with the Indians when he deemed them wrong. Yet whenever they have been unjustly attacked, his voice has been loud, clear, persistent and forceful in their defense. Six times has the poet fought the Indians and in three battles was he seriously wounded, twice in addition to the time just recorded. His service in the campaign at Castle Rocks lasted forty-eight days, viz., from March 16 to May 2, 1857, according to the records in the state adjutant-general's office, and though he provided his own horse and equipments, he never received, nor asked, for any compensation for his services. Poets and patriots do not fight for pay; they fight for principle.

Yet he has always cried out for justice for the Indian. He has seen the cruel wrongs inflicted upon them, and after Helen Hunt Jackson's noble endeavors, no one in California has written more powerfully in their behalf than Joaquin Miller.

He has also, in season and out of season, insisted upon a strict and literal following of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. During the time of the "sandlot" days in San Francisco, when Dennis Kearny was stirring up the hearts of the unemployed against the Chinese, there was no voice in California which spoke for justice for them loud enough to be heard above the uproar save that of this tawny-haired, gentle-spirited, strong-souled poet. He believed in the principle of human brotherhood and was prepared to defend it to the very last drop of blood.

Then, too, during the agitation of 1909 against the Japanese, he took exactly the same attitude. San Francisco, the San Joaquin Valley and many sections of the state were bitter against the small brown men. But, during all the turmoil, from his peaceful dwelling-place on "The Heights," overlooking San Francisco Bay, Joaquin denounced those whom he declared were demagogues and defended the Japanese.

In the two first stanzas of his last great poem on San Francisco he sings the praise of the City of Destiny as none but he could do, and then:

"Nor shall your prophets now forget,
Now that you stand sublimely strong,
How when these vast estates were set
With granaries that burst in song,
You spurned the heathen at your feet
Because he begged to toil and eat;
Because he plead with bended head
For work, for work and barely bread.
Yea, how you laughed his lack of pride.
And lied and laughed, and laughed and lied
And mocked him, in your pride and hate.
Then in his gaunt face banged your gate!

"Nay, not forget, now that you rise
Triumphant, strong as Abram's song,
How that you lied the lie of lies
And wrought the Nipponese such wrong,
Then sent your convict chief to plead
The President expel them hence.
Ah me, what black, rank insolence!
What rank, black infamy indeed!
Because their ways, their hands were clean,
You feared the difference between,
Feared they might surely be preferred
Above your howling, convict herd!

"Their sober, sane life put to shame
Your noisome, drunken penal band
That howled in Labor's sacred name.
Nor wrought, nor even lifted hand,
Save but to stone and mock and moil
Their betters, who but asked to toil.
Your harvest-fields cried out as when
Your country cries for fighting men,
And yet your hordes, by force and fraud,
Forbade this first, last law of God!
And you? You sat supinely by
And gathered gold, nor reckoned why!'

Equally strenuous, too, was his defense of the helpless Jew against the Russian tyrants and murderers. Seldom has the cause of the Jew been so forcefully presented to professed Christians as by this poet:

TO RUSSIA!

"Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood?
What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled stud,
A skin-clad savage of your steppes?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps,
Why, one who now wails out to you—
The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew.

"Who girt the thews of your young prime
And bound your fierce divided force?
Why, who but Moses shaped your course
United down the grooves of Time?
Your mighty millions all today
The hated, homeless Jew obey.
Who taught all poetry to you?
The Jew, the Jew, the hated Jew.

"Who taught you tender Bible tales
Of honey lands, of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea,
Who gave your very God to you?
Your Jew! Your Jew! Your hated Jew!"

In the same way he fought for Cuba. Years before any other potent voice was heard crying for the release of this people from the intolerable tyranny, bondage and murder of Spain's relentless officials, he was prophesying the freedom of this fair land in verse:

"She shall rise by all that's holy!
She shall live and she shall last;
Rise as we, when crushed and lowly,
From the blackness of the past."

"She shall rise as rose Columbus,
From his chains, from shame and wrong,
Rise as Morning matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song—
Rise a ringing song and story,
Valor, Love personified.
Stars and Stripes espouse her glory,
Love and liberty allied."

His course during the war between Great Britain and the Boers can be called nothing less than heroic. For it must be remembered that the English had ever been his heartiest admirers, the greatest sounders of his praises, his most generous critics, and the largest purchasers of his books. He knew their national sensitiveness, their pride, their resentment against criticism which seemed to affect their national honor. Yet regardless of personal consequences, indifferent to anything but what he conceived to be the right, he wrote, one after another, with a rising note of protest and censure of the British, his "Chants of the Boers." And how they rang out! No one could misunderstand them. They were body blows, right from the shoulder, aimed with deliberate purpose, backed and guided with the irresistible power and tremendous force of noble principle and characterful genius. Would any but a hero have dared say such things? Would any "pleasant singer" or "writer for money" have thus openly flung censure and denunciation into the face, nay, into the hearts and minds of his best customers? His own words written a decade before apply with appropriate force at this epoch: "Why have we so few true poets and fearless prophets to lead the people upward today? Because they gather money, and gather money, and gather money with the right hand, and write poetry with the left hand."

All through his life he has stood faithfully and sincerely by avowed principles, regardless of results. When a committee of ladies waited upon him in Washington and informed him that he had been chosen to write a poem for the unveiling of an equestrian statue of a hero—the hero of "the bravest battles that ever were fought"—he coolly began to lecture them upon the inconsistency of a professedly Christian nation in erecting "these pitiful monuments to strife," saying not one in forty was a work of art, and that he hoped and believed that the last one of them would be "condemned to the scrap heap within the next century." He finally told them, however, that if they would call the next morning, he would have a few lines ready on "the bravest battles that ever were fought," and when a solitary one of the ladies courageously appeared, he gave her these stanzas:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

"Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or braver pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

"But deep in a woman's walled-up heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
Lo! there in that battlefield.

"No marshaling troop; no bivouac song;
No banners to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

"Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down."

It is only one of many such things, yet it should be noted. In his younger days Joaquin wrote a novel and a play that became very popular and profitable. Yet in his last book he says: "I have always been sorry I printed it, as it is unfair to the Mormons and the Chinese."

When his marriage to Minnie Myrtle proved unhappy, and the poor, misguided and wrongly advised woman went up and down the country denouncing him in public lectures which she delivered, he never once made any reply, or uttered a harsh word about her. And before she passed away in New York, in May, 1883, she sent for him and reminded him of a promise she had made him in the days of their marriage, twenty years before, that if he died first, she should write him well before the world and allow no wrong to be done his memory. And she recalled that he had made her a similar promise, which she now wished to claim. The promise was renewed and in the satisfaction and comfort that came with it, she passed away. The following year, in his "Memories and Rime" Joaquin penned a tender, touching and yet truthful sketch of their relationship together. It is one of the most pathetic things in literature, and to the ingenuous heart reveals the real Miller—clearer, perhaps, than anything else he has penned. Only a brave man and a true man could have written so simply, so naively, so frankly about his own unwisdom, and the causes that led to their separation. The concluding words are: "I bought a little bit of ground in Evergreen Cemetery and there the hand that writes this laid the poor, tired lady to rest, forgiving, and begging God to be forgiven."

He is essentially the poet of the West. In his preface to the original (London) edition of his "The Ship in the Desert," he wrote: "I have been true to my West. She has been my only love. I have remembered her greatness. I have done my work to show to the world her vastness, her riches, her resources, her valor and her dignity, her poetry and her grandeur."

And who can forget the noble ring of words in his "Pictures":

"My brave world-builders of the West!
Who loves ye best?
Who holds ye still, of more stern worth
Than all proud peoples of the earth?"

He even made the West to weep at Tennyson's death:

"Our redwoods drip and drip with rain . . . . .
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate
We hear the great, sad, sobbing main."

His "Songs of the Sierras" opens with a love note:

"Come to my sunland! Come with me
To the land I love."

How he loved his unfinished West, his far-away land:

"So far that you wonder whether
If God would know it should you fall down dead"

He knew it was but beginning its growth. He saw that:

"The new finished garden is plastic and wet
From the hand that has fashioned its unpeopled shade."

Yet for it all it was

"The heart of the world's heart! West! my West!"

and he bade it

"Look up! Look out!"

His poems on Arizona, Alaska, the Yosemite Valley, the California and Oregon pioneers, the majestic mountains of the West, the Golden Gate, Fremont, Father Damien, Japan, Westward Ho! shows his deep and undying love for the West, and while he has written exquisitely of England and Italy, of Jerusalem and Palestine, he is and forever will be, inseparably connected with the "unfinished West," where men as well as the country were to be found in their primitive simplicity, strength and power.

When he tried to sing of the South, he felt the great majesty of the mighty "Father of Waters," but was compelled to exclaim "But I must have mountains, mountains, the wilderness, not these polished, civilized levels, even though never so stately and vast." He longed for the place his genius had described:

"There snow-topped towers crush the clouds
And break the still abode of stars,
Like sudden ghosts in snowy shrouds,
New broken through their earthly bars,
And condors whet their crooked beaks
On lofty limits of the peaks.

"O men that fret as frets the main,
You vile me with your eager gaze
Down in the earth for fat increase—
Eternal talks of gold and gain,
Your shallow wit, your shallow ways."

The West was ever a call to him and to all men to high and noble endeavor:

"Behold this sea; that sapphire sky!
Where Nature does so much for man,
Shall man not set his standard high?"

His faith in the future of this great western land is expressed in his epilogue to "The Ship in the Desert":

"Lo! from this land
Of Jordan streams, and Dead Sea sand,
The Christ shall come when next the race
Of man shall look upon His face."

I have long regarded his poem, "Columbus," as the greatest poem expressive of a nation's destiny that was ever written, and not once but scores of times I have read it to intelligent people and they have said, "I have never seen one-tenth of its beauty until it was read to me." I have referred to this not from egotism, but to insist upon a careful reading of the poem itself. With most poets repetition is a sign of lack of thought and paucity in power of expression, but with Miller his repetitions are like the regularly recurrent blows of a pile-driver or the sweetly insistent repetitions of the dove. Let me ask the reader of this poem to consider the first reply of the Admiral to his timorous mate. The Admiral looks at him with surprise and as a matter of course says:

"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

In the second stanza the mate comes to him again, and again asks the question. This time consider the Admiral sunk in his own imaginative dream. As one who speaks in his sleep he replies:

"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!' "

In the third stanza, after they had sailed and sailed, the mate again asks the question, but this time, as it leaves his lips, it arouses the ire of the Admiral and with petulant anger the reply is hurled forth:

"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

When a fourth time the mate asks the question the reply comes, as the poet says, "like a cleaving sword," leaping through the darkness of midnight, the hopelessnes of hell itself, regardless of everything,

"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then note in the last stanza the near-collapse, physically, of the strenuous-hearted Columbus. Everything grows dark even to him and it was the darkest of all dark nights; the dark night when even he himself had lost all hope. Yet such was the tenacious fiber of his soul that even against the hopelessness that possessed him, he peered through the darkness and compelled his sailors to keep the prow of his vessel buffeting the waves to the west.

I well remember the first time I read this poem at Roycroft. Elbert Hubbard was there and a number of distinguished visitors from all parts of the world, as well as the "boys and girls" of the Roycroft shop. I had given some lectures on California, and before I left was asked to repeat the Joaquin Miller lecture and be sure to conclude it with "Columbus." In both these lectures my attention was forcibly arrested by the earnest and absorbed attention of a young fellow whose whole facial expression and physical and mental make-up denoted the artist. I soon learned that it was Mr. Richard Kruger, known to Roycrofters by the endearing term of "Dickie the Artist." At that time he was doing a lot of the finest of the illuminating work that was bringing fame to the Roycroft shop, as well as filling up all his spare time in the study of landscape painting.

Perhaps it was two years after this that on answering a ring at my doorbell I was both surprised and delighted to find standing at my door "Dickie the Artist." He had just arrived in southern California, and almost his first act was to come over to Pasadena to see me. In five minutes he was in the midst of his story, told with the most delightful and inimitable German brogue, and with a vivacity and charm of expression and gesture that made the recital as dramatic as it was interesting and amusing. It would fill a book to tell the whole story, and some day I hope to have the pleasure of writing it with Mr. Kruger's embellishments. My lecture had decided him to come to California, but he hadn't the money to pay his railway fare, so had made a virtue of necessity and had tramped the whole way from East Aurora, New York, to Los Angeles, California, a distance of fully three thousand miles, except when he had been able, just as other tramps do, to steal a ride on a brakebeam or cajole the brakeman to allow him to ride in a freight car or caboose.

It was months before he reached the desolate, forbidding and awe-inspiring deserts of Arizona and southern California. Hitherto his spirit had triumphed over every obstacle, but these awful wastes seemed to break down his resolution and he came mighty near to turning back.

"Then," he said, "I remember der time you recite 'Columbus' and you yell 'Sail on!' at us until I nearly fall off der back of my seat. And den I say to mineself, 'Dickie Kruger, you lazy rascal, Valk on! Valk on!' Den I take new couragch and I valk on, and at last I reach Los Angeles, and now I am here. Der finest picture Dickie Kruger can paint belongs to you, and at the same time I shall illuminate for you on parchment Joaquin Miller's poem 'Columbus.' Because if it hadn't been for you and dat poem Dickie Kruger vould never have got here."

Some months afterward Dickie again stood at my door. He had under his arm a long, panel-shaped package, and on opening it there was a perfectly beautiful illuminated copy of "Columbus," surrounded by an elegant frame. When I spoke to him about the frame, with that off-hand, generous sweep of the hand that his intimate friends know so well, he replied, "Pay for der frame? Vot do you mean about paying for der frame? I haf peen so long getting the poem to you dat der frame is der interest!"

And so the exquisite illumination (and "der interest") hangs in our little sitting-room as one of its chief adornments—to my mind a wonderful memorial of the power of this poem over the human heart.

In concluding this necessarily imperfect sketch of the poet and his work, let me call attention to one other fact that clearly proclaims him a great man as well as a great poet. When Edwin Markham wrote his "Man with the Hoe," and George Sterling his "Testimony of the Suns" and "A Wine of Wizardry," no critic in America was more pronounced and clear in singing their praises than he. With critical discernment he called the attention of the world to the power of their verse and generously placed a laurel wreath of victory upon the heads of each of the younger men. When a man rises above jealousy and honestly and sincerely sings the praises of those who are likely to take his own honored position, or even to stand on higher ground, he has proven himself "man" indeed. And such, dear old friend, I hail and greet thee!

VIOL AND TRUMPET

THE viol's music greets the languid ear
With something of a smile
And leads the overburdened heart to hear
And leave its load the while;

Then stealing softly through the beating brain.
It bids the tumult cease;
And where the galling bitterness had lain
It leaves the balm of peace.

By other ears such tones may be enjoyed,—
But give to me the breath
Of valiant trumpets wrestling with the void
To loose its bond of death!

Give me their resolute, convincing tones
With power to convey
A stern vitality to yielding bones,—
A spirit to the clay!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

"What Cheer" in RHODE ISLAND

by

BENNETT CHAPPLE

SHELTERED in the palm of the New England states, with a storied past and a still more brilliant future, Rhode Island, the smallest state of the Union, looms large in the new vista of New England progress. Putting aside the old story of the Rhode Island mother carefully watching her child lest he should stumble and fall out of the state, and like contributions to the humorous literature of vacuity, we come down to the solid facts which, added after the manner of two and two make four, produce a sum total that should be the envy of many states five times the size of Rhode Island.

Rhode Island was founded as a "lively experiment," and such it proved to be. On the portico of the magnificent capital at Providence is inscribed the unique birth certificate of a state: "To hold forth a lively experiment that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained with full liberty in religious concernments." In contradistinction to the other American colonies, with the single exception of Connecticut, Rhode Island was privileged to elect its own governor and was represented abroad by its own colonial agent. Notwithstanding these evidences of unusual freedom for those times, Rhode Island was the first colony to strike out the name of the king from her charters.

THE LANDING PLACE OF
ROGER WILLIAMS

ROGER WILLIAMS LANDING PLACE

This monument, situated at the corner of Gano and Williams streets marks the site where Roger Williams, the founder of Providence, landed in June, 1636, and obtained from the Indians a grant to lands covering what is now that part of Rhode Island situated west of Narragansett Bay. A city charter was adopted in 1831

Always a restless community, and with the virus of religious freedom in her veins, she explicitly declared as early as 1765 that in herself alone was vested the right of local taxation. Angered, rather than over-awed, by the appearance of the "Gaspee," an armed sloop of war, the men of Providence sent it up in flames June 10, 1772. Nor was this the first overt act, for three years before the men of Newport had sunk an armed sloop bearing the significant name of "Liberty." These events antedating the "Boston Tea Party" and "Lexington" would seem to make good Rhode Island's boast that it fired the first gun against the crown, and that the first blood of the Revolutionary War was spilled in its blue waters.

The foundation of the great American navy was laid at this time. Rhode Island was the first state to create a navy of its own, and captured the first prize, a British frigate, off Newport. Seeing its success, the Continental Congress chose Rhode Island to execute plans for a colonial navy, and Esek Hopkins, the first commander-in-chief, and three-fourths of all the officers were from this state. In the later war of 1812 it was another Rhode Islander, Commodore Perry, who fought the immortal battle on Lake Erie when he "met the enemy and they are ours."

OLD STONE MILL, NEWPORT
Which has created a never-ending controversy as to its origin

Rhode Island was the thirteenth state to enter the Union—and noting her progress without dwelling on her size, who would dare to say it was unlucky thirteen? Things did look bad for a while, though, when little Rhody, already a Siamese affair made up of "the Island of Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations," fought stoutly for the religious freedom clause in the Constitution of the United States. Nor did she blink her eyes when it was seriously proposed to sever the two parts and add one each to Massachusetts and to Connecticut.

However, Roger Williams, driven from Salem through religious intolerance, had founded a colony of stern stuff when it came to matters so vital to the future welfare of the nation. Thus do the pages of history record that Rhode Island—little Rhode Island—alone and single handed, after having valiantly contributed to the success of the Revolution, fought the other twelve American colonies in a bloodless battle, and victory resulted. The emphatic yet slow-spoken drawl of the typical native Rhode Islander has even today some of the positiveness that must have been "bred in the bone" in those early days of American history.

Having at the start inserted this important historical peg upon which to hang a rather comprehensive story of Rhode Island, we can safely turn back the pages of history, without losing the place. Longfellow's immortal poem on the old Norse Tower which stands on the lower shores of the state with its skeleton "in rude armor dressed," attempts to prove that Rhode Island was the original point of discovery by the hardy mariners of the Old World. This, with certain hieroglyphics on the rocks of the shore, would seem to form a substantial basis for the argument that the great state of Rhode Island has a "skeleton in the closet."

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PROVIDENCE
Contains many paintings and relics of great value, among them being the jacket worn by Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry at the time of his victory on Lake Erie

RHODE ISLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE
Dedicated September, 1898. One of the finest buildings of its kind in the country

To hoist the anchor, set the topsails of the old square rigger and cruise around over Narragansett Bay as of three hundred years ago is a simple matter when you have an authentic history as a chart. The shores of this beautiful body of water attracted the white man and Indian alike, and every cove and inlet has its traditions of the past. One hundred years ago should we have entered the harbor of Newport, we would have found it the then great transatlantic shipping port of America. In the primitive newspaper we could have read its congratulations to the port of New Amsterdam, now New York City, declaring that it might some day rival Newport itself as a shipping point. Alack! Newport's star as a great city of shipping and commerce set with the dawn of the Revolution, and she paled into a twinkling satellite, only to shine as a fashionable summer resort. Such are the vagaries of history.

Rhode Island is and has been the most densely populated state since the formation of the Union. In 1790 it held 6.8 per cent of the inhabitants of New England, and one hundred and twenty years later, in 1910, 8.3 per cent of the total population of the same section was credited to it. Since the first census was taken the population in these states has multiplied more than six times, while that of Rhode Island has multiplied almost eight times, giving a population in 1910 of 542,610. The state has changed from an agricultural community of one hundred years ago, when it shipped foodstuffs to all parts of the world, to a great industrial commonwealth. The farms were abandoned for the mill, and the "Saturday night wages" in the last fifty years have very nearly depopulated some of the agricultural sections of the state.

Rhode Island in its evolution from a farming to a manufacturing state did not change over night. It became a community of weavers, and every town, village and hamlet had its hand looms for the weaving of woolen stuffs,

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

SILVER SALVER
Presented to Commodore Matthew C. Perry, U. S. N., by the State of Rhode Island, in recognition of the services rendered by a distinguished son in negotiating a treaty between the United States and Japan. Made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of Providence, in 1855

cotton and wool bed spreads, together with coarse linen. These hand looms lingered until as late as 1840, although the manufacture of woolen goods on a broad scale as a business enterprise began in Peacedale in 1814. Thomas Hazard was the founder of this business, and the name has been a prominent one in Rhode Island ever since.

Among the house weavers of those early days were many illustrious persons, the most conspicuous one being Judge Whalley, regicide, who lived to the ripe old age of 102 years. The patterns woven by many itinerant house to house weavers were varied and well named. "Chariot Wheels and Church Windows" was a bold large design; "Church Steps," a simpler one; "Bachelors Fancy," "Devils Fancy," "Five Doves in a Row," "Shooting Star," "Rising Sun," "Rail Fence," "Orange Peel," "Dutch Tulip," "Rose in Bloom," "Bricks" and "Blocks" and "Five Snow Balls" were exceedingly popular patterns of that day. The weaver visited the house after the manner of a modern dressmaker and was supposed to be

UPPER HARBOR FROM THE PROVIDENCE COUNTY COURT HOUSE, SHOWING GREAT POWER STATIONS familiar with all these patterns at the behest of the housewife.

So marked has been the change in the general character of many sections of Rhode Island that there are parts of it today as inaccessible from the point of modern transportation as they were nearly one hundred years ago.

Take, for instance, the western central part of Rhode Island in the neighborhood of West Greenwich. This has earned the title of "The Wilderness of Rhode Island," and its rocky hills and valleys overgrown with underbrush are the haunts of wild deer to this day.

About the most conspicuous place in this locality is the charcoal town of Foster, which supplies most of the manufacturing jewelers of Providence and vicinity with the fuel for their work. In this strange part of the state is also Mount Tom and Eskoheag Hill, both well known to those who love to penetrate the interior for the rugged beauty of nature.

From the crest of Mount Tom one may look down the Wood River Valley on a scene which has been called the "Switzerland of Rhode Island." To be sure, the snow-capped peaks of the Old World mountains are missing, but the shifting shades of color, lightened by the lazy clouds in the sky, present a scene of unusual picturesqueness to the eye of the visitor.

Further to the west is Beach Pond, half in Connecticut and half in Rhode Island, which, although still inaccessible except by

EAST SIDE OF PROVIDENCE RIVER AND CRAWFORD STREET BRIDGE, PROVIDENCE

OLD STATE HOUSE
Fronting on North Main Street, Providence. Built 1763. Originally occupied by Rhode Island Colonial Assembly, which on May 4, 1776, two months prior to the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, adopted the famous act renouncing allegiance to Great Britain. This was the first official Declaration of Independence made by any colony. Building now used by Sixth District Court

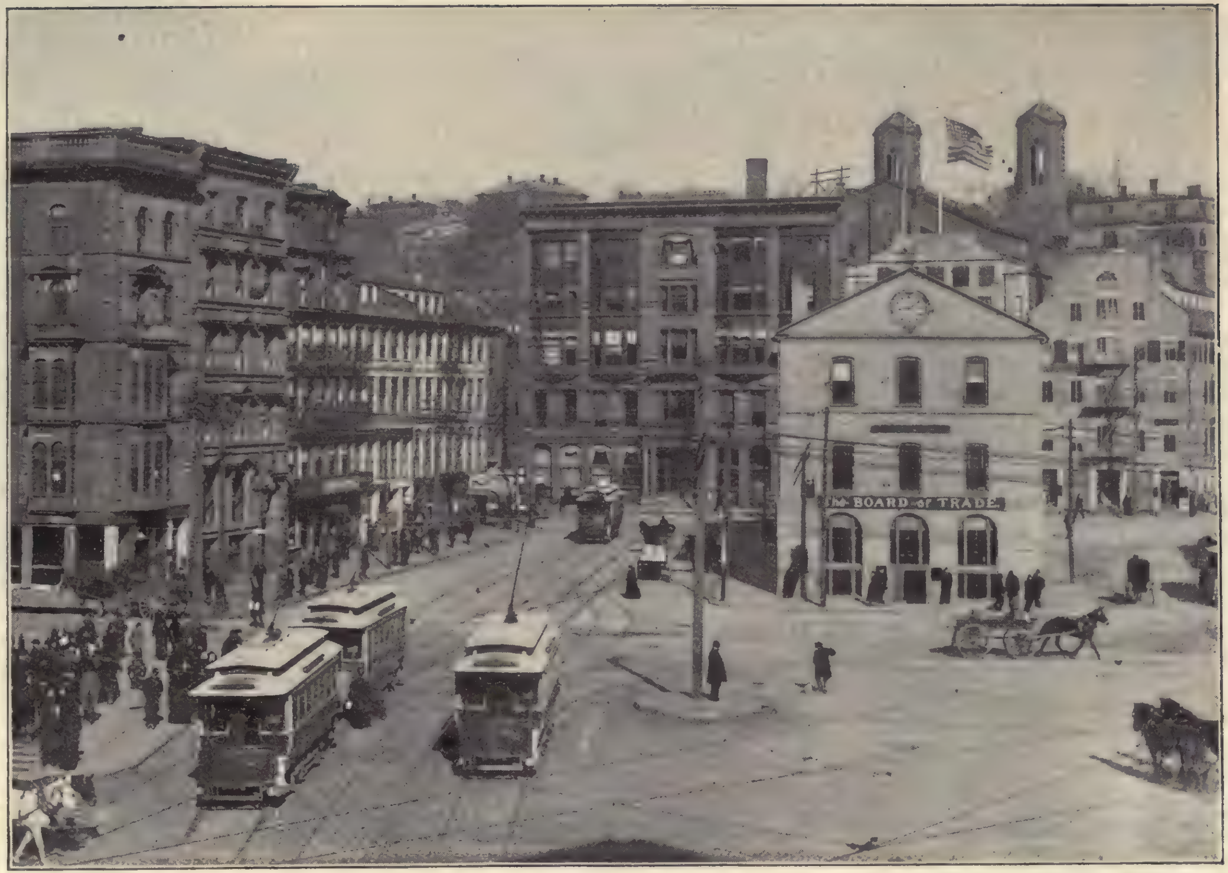
carriage or automobile, has been recognized for years as an ideal summering place, and many people make the journey from the nearest railroad stations of Hope Valley or Greene to this picturesque spot, where they spend the summer in fishing and camping.

Beach Pond is the terminus of the famous "ten rod road," extending across the state east and west to Narragansett Bay. Although the commonwealth some years ago established the road, 165 feet wide for its entire length, with the idea of making it one of the finest roads in the state, unlucky indeed is the automobilist who ventures on the western end of it, for practically nothing has since been done there and today hardly more than a path along the right of way remains. It is one of many such threads that have been carelessly dropped under the pressure of an industrial awakening, waiting to be picked up again by the state and carried to completion. However, Rhode Island road-making of recent years has been of a high order. The experiment of making tar and gravel roads was first tried out in this state, and the heavy line of automobile traffic along its shore roads has proven their worth. Rhode Island appreciates the value of good roads, and new appropriations are made each year to hold and maintain its prestige for the finest thoroughfares in any New England state, and this is doing more than anything else to open up its inaccessible regions to modern farming methods.

THE ARCADE, PROVIDENCE
Built 1828, in the form of an Ionic Greek Temple. Its pillars are the largest monoliths in America excepting those of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. They are twenty-two feet long and three feet in diameter, and were cut by hand in the town of Johnston. Building extends from Westminster Street to Weybosset Street. Contains stores on three floors, opening on to galleries

In its educational institutions the state of Rhode Island has indeed been fortunate. Probably no college in the country can claim so many alumni within its own city and state as Brown University. The city of Providence and the whole state is fairly alive with Brown graduates. The judges, the lawyers, the doctors, the politicians—they are all Brown men, and so it is said Brown University practically rules the state.

The founding of Brown University dates back one hundred and forty-seven years,



MARKET SQUARE, PROVIDENCE, LOOKING EAST

The Board of Trade Building showing on the right was erected in 1773 as a market house, from which the Square takes its name

HOMESTEAD OF ESEK HOPKINS
He was the first admiral of the American Navy. The house is situated on Admiral Street, Providence. Erected in 1756. Is now open to the public as a museum of Colonial relics

when it was started as the Rhode Island College by the Philadelphia Baptist Association. Until 1804 the college struggled against adversity, graduating a few students each year through great personal self-sacrifice on the part of its presidents, who preached and taught the long years through. On this date Nicholas Brown, a successful merchant of Providence, contributed $5,000 to the college to remain in perpetuity as a fund for the establishment of a Professorship in Oratory. The trustees of the college were overjoyed at this gift and voted that the college be called and known in all future time by the name of Brown University. The Brown family have made many larger bequests in the years that followed, but the significant fact still remains that it only cost $5,000 to name a university in 1804.

In more recent years Brown University has been exceedingly fortunate in the number and amount of money turned over to it by its friends, and many new buildings have been added; but its usefulness as an institution, its real growth, came under its eighth president, E. Benjamin Andrews, who graduated from the institution in 1870. With his accession in 1889 the university began to take on new life and purpose. Its growth was nothing short of phenomenal. Probably no college president in the world ever was held so close in the affection of the undergraduates as "Benny" Andrews. President Andrews, who was greatly beloved by the students of the university he had built up, resigned his position in 1897. Even today, fifteen years after he turned the institution over to his successor, Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, the name of E. Benjamin Andrews is cheered to the echo on the campus at commencement time. One of the oldest institutions in America Brown University

STATE ARMORY, PROVIDENCE
With the Dexter Training Ground, containing nine acres

has played an important part in its history. The old university hall still standing on the campus at Providence was used as a barracks and hospital during the Revolution.

The Rhode Island State College at Kingston is doing good work in advancing the agricultural interest of the state. Numerous denominative colleges and academies situated in various places throughout the state also contribute to the educational advantages in conjunction with a most excellent public school system.

The property qualification for voters of Rhode Island is still in vogue in the state, and it is the only commonwealth in America which still adheres to the old law. None but a free holder, one who pays taxes, can vote for a public officer whose duties provide for the appropriating of money for roads or schools, or any of the public improvements.

In fact, Rhode Island is so full of surprises in its details of government that one is almost persuaded that it has preserved a sort of individual independence unbroken since the days of its original charter. It has no county government of any consequence, the local affairs being taken care of by a system of town governments; a Rhode Island town is as big as most western counties, the distance across some being twenty miles. It is made up of "villages," ranging in population from a few hundred to several thousand.

A state of peculiar contrasts, Rhode Island stands out distinctly as an example of how a great commonwealth can be both little and big, at one and the same time.

"What Cheer," the historic welcome of the Indians to Roger Williams upon the occasion of his first landing, has ever been a familiar word of greeting in the state, even to this day.

So again "What Cheer," Rhode Island!

MAIN BUILDING DEXTER ASYLUM, PROVIDENCE

Almshouse of the city. Situated in the finest residential section of the city, and self-supporting as the result of Ebenezer Knight Dexter leaving to the town of Providence in 1824, forty acres of land and $60,000 to establish a home for the poor. Property now worth at least $1,000,000

WOONSOCKET

The City on the Blackstone

LIKE a great, well-forged industrial link connecting southern Massachusetts with northern Rhode Island, the city of Woonsocket stands on the famous Blackstone River, which turns more water-wheels than any other single stream in the country. At almost every mile or so its waters are curbed by massive dams generating power to turn the wheels of hundreds of large manufacturing plants. The Blackstone River gets its name from the Rev. William Blackstone, who is said to have been the founder of Boston, which settlement he felt constrained to leave because of his religious views. In this he shared the same fate as Roger Williams, with the difference that he went as a missionary among the Indians of northern Rhode Island, riding astride a bull; and the Blackstone Valley, now teeming with industry, is replete with the historical associations of his early pilgrimage. A monument now marks his grave at Lonsdale, a few miles south of Woonsocket. Little did he dream, however, that the valley through which he toiled as a defender of the faith would some day become a great industrial center, sending its manufactured products to every part of the world. "Made in Woonsocket and shipped to every part of the world" is no dream of the future. It is an established fact today. This city, so well supplied with water power, with an unlimited amount of pure water coming from the streams and wooded hills of southern Massachusetts, has an unique advantage in manufacturing competition, and the growth of Woonsocket in population during the past ten years has increased over thirty-five per cent, reaching a total in 1910 of 38,125. Not only this, but the last census shows that the capital invested in local manufactures in five years increased over seventy-nine per cent, which comes very near being the record figure of any city in the country. The growth of Woonsocket as an industrial center lies in the fact that there are many different kinds of business and as a result the depression of hard times is not felt. The laboring classes rarely feel the effects of panics and are mostly people whose industry and contentment operate greatly to the advantage of Woonsocket, for labor troubles are practically unknown.

Although there is a large so-called foreign element among the laboring classes of Woonsocket, there is a remarkable freedom from crime of a serious nature. The numerous churches of all leading denominations make their influence felt in the community. The city has a splendid new granite court house, a new $100,000 post-office and a large, commodious Y. M. C. A. building built by popular subscription.

Woonsocket is today one of the largest woolen and worsted yarn centers in America, and the new mill sites and factories are extending her suburbs to a remarkable degree. It is largely due to the broad policy of Governer Pothier, inaugurated years ago when he was mayor, in the granting of exemption from taxation that has brought from abroad thriving industries that have invested millions in Woonsocket. Governer Pothier in this matter has been very unselfish in that while he is treasurer of various yarn plants and other concerns he has not hesitated to invite competition through this policy, although not asking for one dollar of exemption for any of the manufacturing enterprises that he is interested in. Such an unselfish purpose, extending over a period of years, has seen its results. Many prominent French manufacturers have come to America and established their mills in the city of Woonsocket. Among these are: "Thiberghien of Tourcoing," France, owners of the French Worsted Company; "Lepoutre of Roubaix," France, owners of the Lafayette Worsted Company; "Desurmont of Tourcoing," owners of the Desurmont Worsted Company; "Alsace Worsted Company," owned by local capital, including the Guerin interests and others of Woonsocket.

This is a tremendous showing as the result of the activity of one man who believed in his city, for it has resulted in making Woonsocket one of the largest worsted and yarn centers in the country, producing yarns spun by the French, Belgian and Bradford processes. In fact the mill operators of Woonsocket are largely of French descent, including thousands of Acadian and Canadian French and hundreds coming directly from *la belle France.* This has not always been so, for thirty years ago the English-speaking people predominated among the working classes. These were succeeded by the French, while today the Poles, Italians and Armenians are beginning to make themselves felt.

The Manville Company, with four big mills, three here and one in the neighboring village of Manville, all under the management of United States Senator Henry F. Lippitt, manufactures cotton products that, in the form of dress fabrics, sheetings, shirtings, draperies, handkerchiefs, and collars and cuffs, are sold all over the world.

Not only is Woonsocket famous for its cotton and woolen mills, but it has other immense works of almost equal importance. The Woonsocket Machine & Press Company, manufacturers of cotton machinery, is one of the largest interests of its kind in the country. Their work is to take the

Photo by A. L. Merrill, Woonsocket

A PORTION OF BLACKSTONE RIVER THAT TURNS MORE MILL WHEELS THAN ANY OTHER STREAM IN THE UNITED STATES

Photo by *A. L. Merrill, Woonsocket*

COURT STREET BRIDGE AND COURT HOUSE, WOONSOCKET

MEIKLEJOHN COMPANY

Photo by *A. L. Merrill, Woonsocket*

MAIN STREET AT DEPOT SQUARE, WOONSOCKET

bare walls of a new cotton mill and put in every item of machinery to make it operative. During the past few years it has fitted up many of the largest cotton mills in the South.

Woonsocket, with the nearby village of Millville, Massachusetts, is also the home of the immense works of the United States Rubber Company, the largest in the world, and the famous "Woonsocket" boots and shoes are prized from the hunter's camp in Maine to the logger's camp in Wisconsin. Fourteen hundred operatives are engaged in the work and turn out twenty thousand pair of shoes a day, together with eight thousand pair of boots.

In addition to the rubber mills is the plant of the American Wringer Company, whose product is known wherever the modern laundry methods are practiced. This institution, the biggest of its kind in the world, was the father of the invention for wringing clothes between rubber rollers instead of unyielding wood or metal surfaces, and perhaps no other invention has carried the conquest of Yankee ingenuity farther or more successfully into the markets of the world.

The Lawton Spinning Company, at the northern end of the city, is one of the largest independent thread mills in the country. It is on the site of the old Harris Woolen Mill, which was noted all over the world. Edward Harris, who built the mill in 1863, was one of the foremost Abolitionists of New England and was closely associated in anti-slavery work with Wendell Phillips, Garrison and others. He was a friend of President Lincoln and entertained him in the campaign of 1860 at Woonsocket.

The Taft-Pierce Machine Works of Woonsocket, owned largely by New York and Washington capital, has a world-wide reputation in the manufacture of fine machine parts and the building of the intri-

Photo by A. L. Merrill, Woonsocket

A VIEW IN ONE OF THE CITY PARKS OF WOONSOCKET cate machinery necessary in the development of new inventions.

The railroad facilities are ideal. Two large new freight houses are being projected to take care of the ever-increasing business, and busy lines lead off in many different directions. Woonsocket is a great railroad center and a trolley center, and with the coming of the Grand Trunk railroad it will have as transportation factor many avenues for new business opened up in northern and Canadian points which cannot but greatly benefit her enterprising manufactures.

Woonsocket, because of its geographical position, midway between the cities of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is one of the centers to benefit by the reaching out of electric railways to the mill villages. It has seen the gradual closing of the village stores and the diverting of the trade to its retail merchants, who estimate that their places of business are supplying the principal wants of the people of not less than forty communities reached by the electric railways centering in Woonsocket.

Notwithstanding the industrial progress of Woonsocket, the educational features of the city have not been overlooked. The school children of Woonsocket number approximately eight thousand, which is equally divided between the public schools and parochial schools, but a peculiar fact is that there has not been more than one negro scholar in the schools of Woonsocket for the last ten years. The Rachel Harris Training School with day and evening sessions is a unique institution in that married women can join the evening classes for cooking and sewing. The Teachers Association of Woonsocket, organized about ten years ago, is a strong educational force of the city, and the scope and character of its entertainments during the year are of a very high order. Various women's clubs have done much in civic betterment.

THE ALICE MILL, WOONSOCKET
Largest rubber mill in the world, and named after the daughter of Joseph Banigan, the Rubber King

In the financial phase of city life, Woonsocket is indeed exceptionally strong, for its four National and three savings banks and a trust company have aggregate deposits of over $16,000,000, besides a strong and well-managed Building and Loan Association. These bankers have always dealt liberally with manufacturers located within its borders and are prominent factors in the success and solid prosperity of Woonsocket, a city in which with plenty of power and money and plenty of push and energy back of the money, the wheels of industry are always turning, making it one of the best labor markets in New England, if not in the United States.

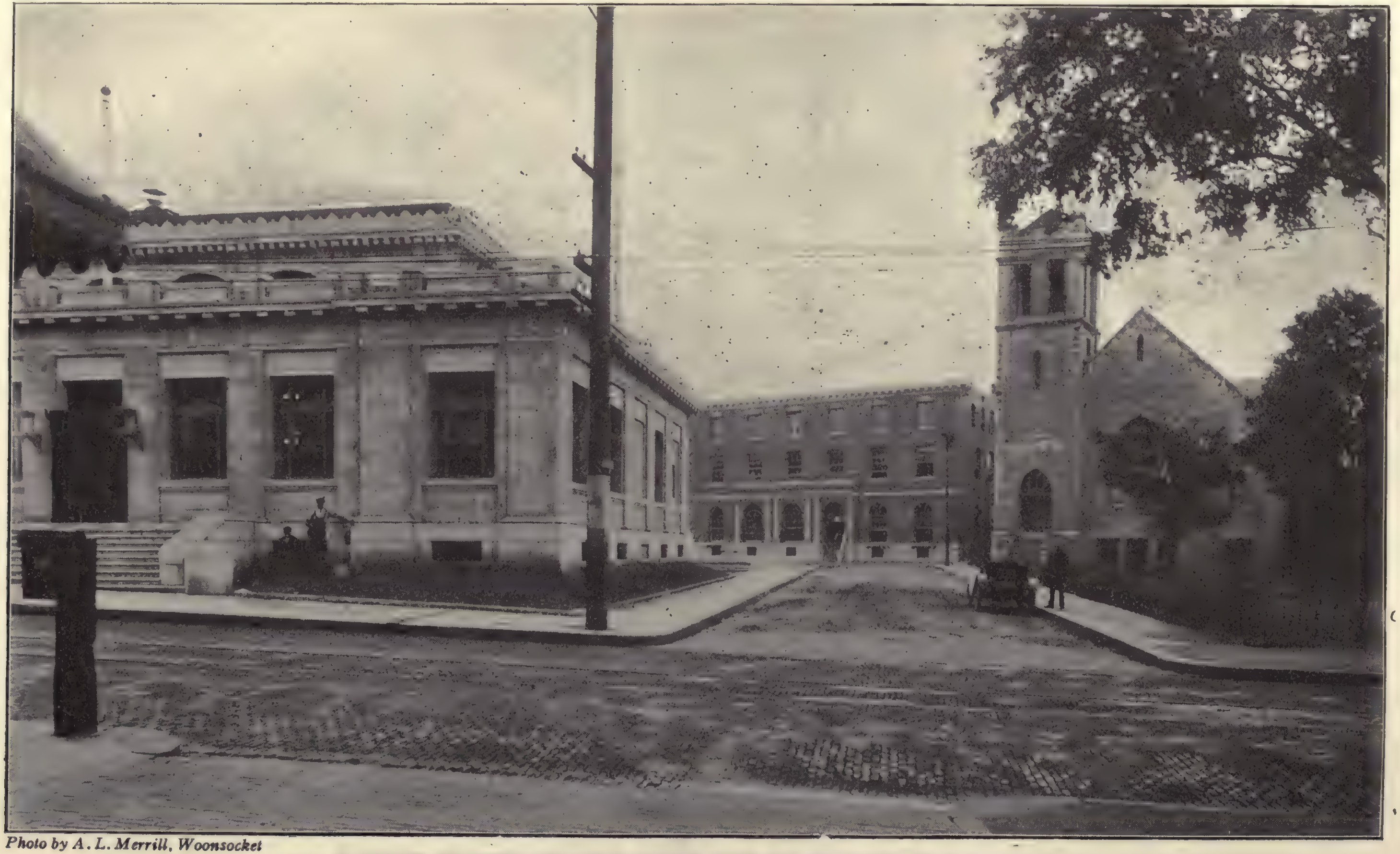
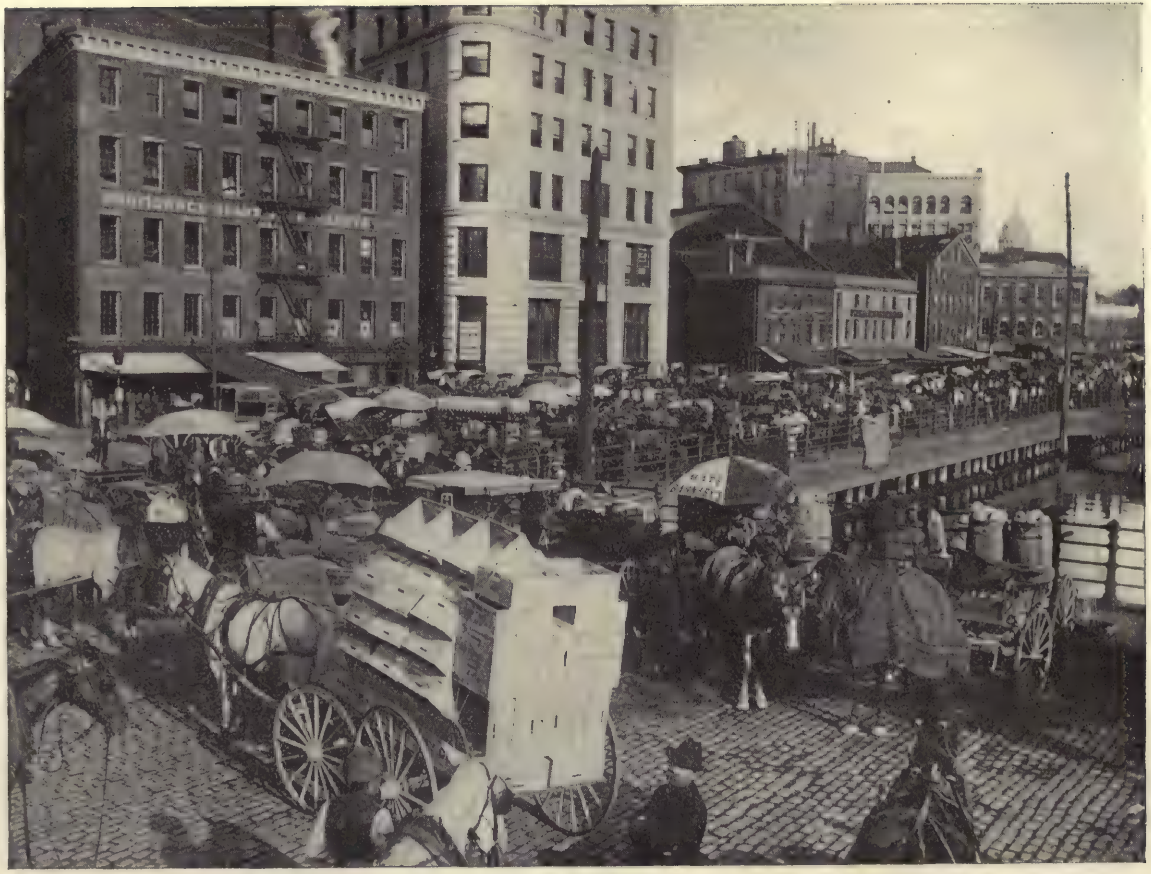


Photo by A. L. Merrill, Woonsocket

A GROUP OF NEW BUILDINGS RECENTLY ERECTED IN WOONSOCKET

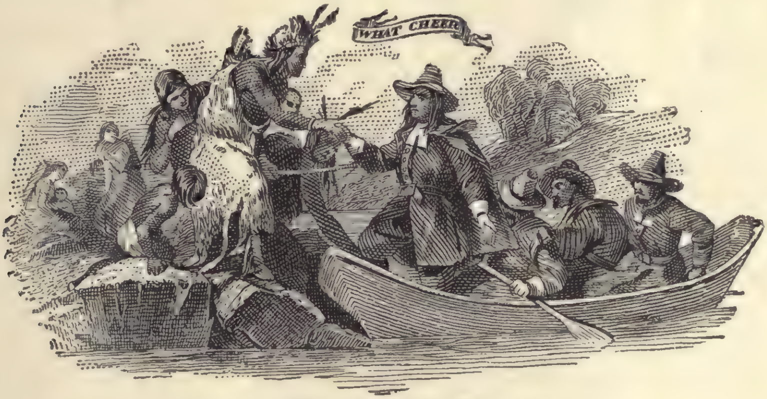


THE PRODUCE DISTRICT OF PROVIDENCE IN THE EARLY MORNING

PROVIDENCE
and the BIG FIVE

THE city of Providence is Rhode Island's principal gateway. It is one of the richest cities per capita in the United States. Although formerly a conspicuous port for a heavy foreign commerce in old days of sailing craft, for some reason it lost its prestige in this direction and turned inwardly for development of its great manufacturing interests. That the maritime industry of the city has recently come to life again in the shape of a through line of passenger and freight boats to the Mediterranean, is a sign that Providence has recognized its advantages as a world city, for with its direct connection to Canada and the Pacific Coast through the extension of the Grand Trunk Railroad, it desires to live up to all the requirements of a good up-to-date terminal and to have its wharves become direct shipping depots across the broad Atlantic. When the first transatlantic liner recently whistled up Narragansett Bay the whole city of Providence extended a cheery and noisy reception. Today the enthusiastic Providence citizenship believes it sees an opportunity to become the first city in New England, for the government has appropriated $1,000,000 in conjunction with the state to build adequate docks and deepen the channel for vessels of deepest draught. As the metropolis of the state and the second city in New England, Providence is already world known. It is advertised by its industries in every section of the globe.

If you ask the man from Providence to dwell upon its greatness he holds up one hand from which he enumerately pulls down one finger at a time as he describes the "Big Five" that have made Providence world famous. First and foremost of these will be the manufacture of jewelry, with its allied interests, in which Providence, including its suburbs, leads the world. Millions and millions of dollars worth of chains, rings and pins are shipped broadcast each year, and Providence is literally the "vanity box" of the nation. The immense plant of the Gorham Mfg. Co., Silversmiths, is the pride of Providence, though it is said East Greenwich was a rival for its hand in younger days. Jabez Gorham



THE LANDING OF ROGER WILLIAMS
City Emblem of Providence

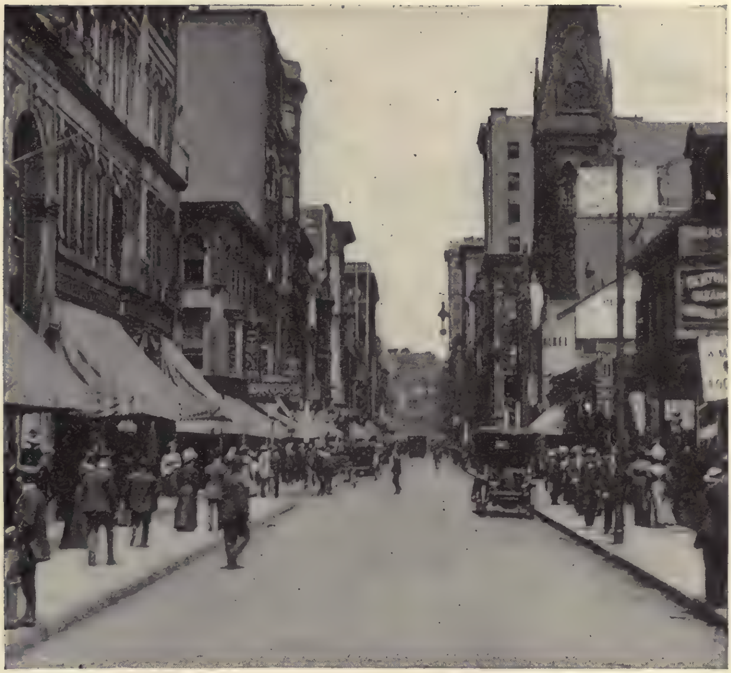
little realized as he pounded out the old coin spoons and sold them from house to house in Providence that he was founding one of the greatest silverware institutions in the world.

But to return to the figurative four fingers still straightened with desire for the telling. As the second is folded into the palm we are told that Providence has no competitor in the world in the manufacture of screws, the gimlet-pointed screw being a Rhode Island invention —screws with tiny winding threads, screws so small you can't see them and screws so big you could slide down the groove like a "chute the chutes"—that's what they say. The American Screw Company of Providence was established in 1838 and has three great plants located in the city. From the laborious hand work of early days the screw business of Providence has seen the installation of some of the most intricate and delicate automatic machinery, and always it has kept the lead.

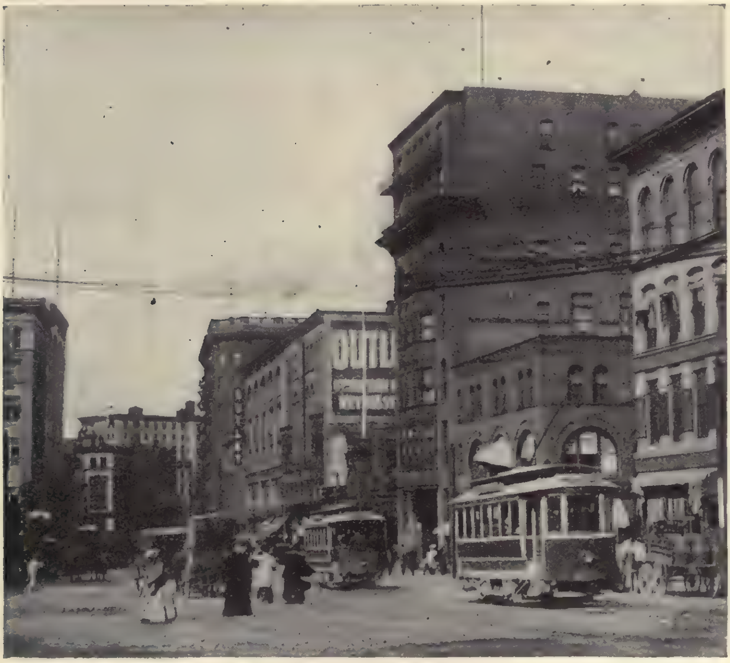
WEYBOSSET STREET, PROVIDENCE, "OLD HOME WEEK," 1907

As the third finger of the hand of the expounder goes down he draws an elaborate mental picture so realistic that there is a whir of gears and small parts of machinery, not to mention the click of barbers' clippers and the snip of steel shears. All this is preliminary to a description of the great Brown & Sharpe Works, which manufactures fine tools and machinery and is the largest establishment of its kind in the world. The Brown & Sharpe gauge measures and scales are standard in every civilized country, and thus this great Providence institution is helping everybody give everybody else a "square deal."

With the drop of the fourth finger comes a discussion of files—not necessarily nail files—all kinds of files, big and little, cross cut and straight, curved and square, cornered, pointed and blunt—every manner and kind of a file of which the mind of man can conceive. The Nicholson File Company of Providence is the largest manufacturer of files in the world. The firm has been in business since the day when each file had to be wrought and tempered by hand. Even today with the help of modern machinery the work is so exacting that a fraction of a second in the tempering process may ruin the product, and skilled file-makers are of the highest grade of mechanics. The next time you



WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE
Looking east. Spire of Grace Episcopal Church on the right



WEYBOSSET STREET, PROVIDENCE
Looking east. Retail shopping district

BAJNOTTI FOUNTAIN, CITY HALL PARK
Presented to the City of Providence by Paul Bajnotti of Turin, Italy, as a memorial to his wife, who was the daughter of Nicholas Brown, Lieut.-Governor of Rhode Island 1856–57

have occasion to pick up a file while working about the house, look and see if it isn't a Nicholson. Nine chances out of ten it is, and it ought to be if it isn't. Thus Providence would seem to take off the rough edges of the world and make it smooth with its great production of files.

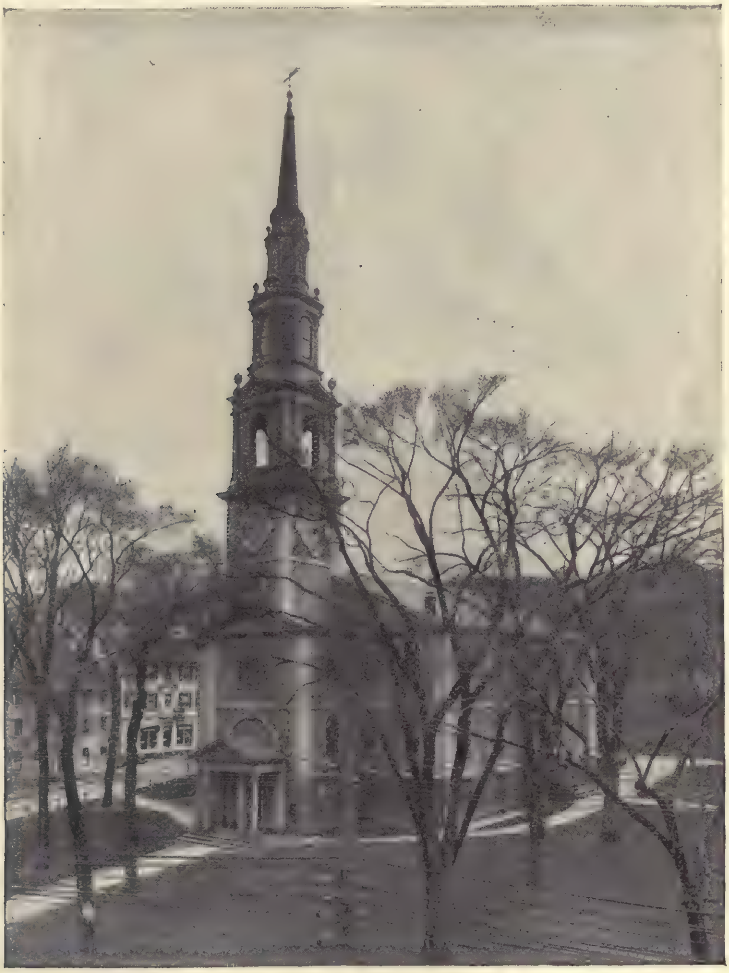
The last of the "Big Five" has to do with the manufacture of cotton goods. There is a well-known fruit of Rhode Island that is not classified in the agricultural statistics. It is the "Fruit of the Loom," made by B. B. & R. Knight, and known as the standard of cotton fabrics to every grandmother in the land. There is hardly a store in the thriving cities or the merest cross-roads that does not handle this Rhode Island staple, which for sixty years has literally clothed a nation.

But perhaps with the introduction of ready-made sheets, pillow-cases and lingerie so conveniently obtained at the dry-goods stores the custom of our grandmothers in looking for the "Fruit of the Loom" label as a proof of quality is being forgotten. Not so! Assurance is afforded the matrons of to-day by the same label, now carried on made-up cotton goods of the old standard quality.

Robert Knight, the surviving member of the original firm, is the largest individual cotton manufacturer in the world—a sort of king of king cotton. Nobody knows how rich he is, but whatever he possesses was made entirely by himself. Beginning as a boy, earning seventy-five cents per week, he travelled along the arduous road from poverty to wealth. Today he controls twenty-two of the large cotton mills and bleacheries of the country, of which fifteen are located in Rhode Island. Even the Cranston Print Works, where he got his first job, is now a part of the big system that he owns, which employs upwards of eight thousand men and women and, including the families of the oper-

BENEFICENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Commonly called "The Round Top," Weybosset Street, Providence
Erected 1809–10

ators, probably provides the daily sustenance for thirty to forty thousand people. It is without doubt the largest single-headed industry in Rhode Island. Sixty-five to seventy-five thousand acres of cotton are required to supply its looms each year. This represents thousands of plantations, a multitude of negro cotton-pickers and hundreds of stevedores that handle the cotton bales en route from the South to Rhode Island. The coal miners of West Virginia supply thousands of tons for the big power houses of the mills, and the big iron foundries and machine shops of the country are busy on machinery for the different plants. The packers and shippers and railroad men who carry the finished product of this unique institution out into the world as well as the merchant who finally sells it must also be included. Pile all these important undertakings one upon the other and the "Fruit of the Loom" becomes the harvest of millions of people indirectly.



FIRST BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE, NORTH MAIN STREET, PROVIDENCE
Founded by Roger Williams, its first pastor, A. D. 1639. Present edifice erected 1775
Brown University Commencements have been held here since Revolutionary days

The main office of the concern in Providence is so old-fashioned as to be conspicuous in any modern city. There is no sign to guide the stranger to the door.

CITY HALL, PROVIDENCE

Ascending a flight of stairs at the back of a drug store on a voyage of discovery, one finds himself in a large, roomy, old-fashioned office, but even here not one scrap of paper nor even a calendar carries a hint of what business is being carried on in the office, and not until inquiry is made is one sure of his ground. A fine old type of New England courtesy is exemplified by the men in the office. While business of vast amount in dollars and cents is transacted, there is nothing of the pomp and display of modern city life. Office customs dating back fifty years are still in vogue and it is probably not too much to say that the office of the B. B. & R. Knight Company is the most unchanged thing in Providence during the past sixty years.

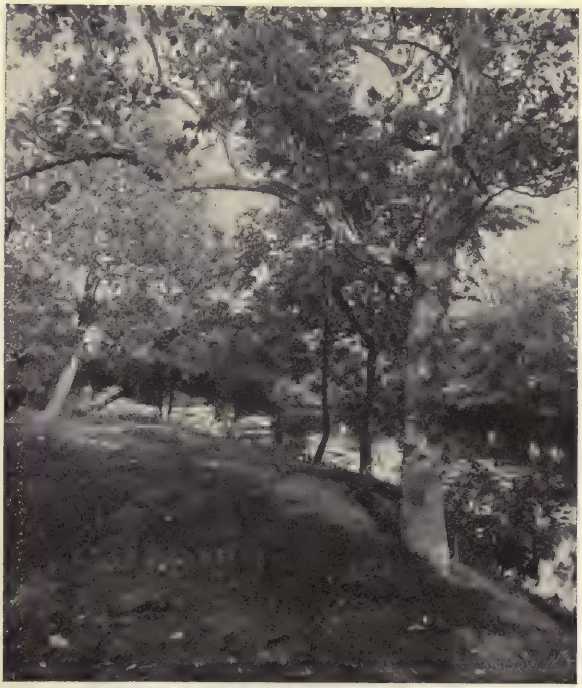
Mr. Robert Knight is now in his eighty-sixth year and during his long, eventful career he has kept in close touch with every phase of the business and even today has dropped none of the threads which control it.

Perhaps no man has ever been so close to his employees as Mr. Knight, for he is known and loved by all for the practical way in which he looks after their needs. His work during the past sixty years, in which time he has been a familiar figure in the business life of the state, will long stand as a monument to his genius for organization.

Being a state of religious tolerance, the churches of Rhode Island, and more especially of Providence, are thoroughly representative of an active religious community. There are over one hundred and forty different churches and missions in the city of Providence alone, including practically all faiths. The bell in the old original Roger Williams Church, or First Baptist, founded in 1639 at Providence, still rings at sunrise, noon and nine o'clock, the last hour being known as the curfew bell. This custom has been followed unbrokenly for over one hundred years. The present structure, built in 1775, is one of the finest examples of Colonial architecture in Amer-

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PROVIDENCE

VAN WICKLE MEMORIAL GATES, PROVIDENCE
Brown University



ON THE BANKS OF THE PAWTUXET
The Providence city water supply, which the city operates, is taken from the Pawtuxet River at Pettaconsett, located about six miles from the center of Providence

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL
Of Saints Peter and Paul, Cathedral Square, Providence. Built 1878

ica, patterned after the Gibbs church of St. Martins-in-the-fields, London. Every commencement exercise of Brown University has been held in this edifice since Revolutionary days.

The old St. John's Episcopal Church, formerly King Chapel, was erected in 1810 on the site of the original church built in 1722, and for many years was the house of worship of the old substantial families of Rhode Island. The shifting tides of time have left it more or less isolated, and it is contemplated in the near future to make this the cathedral of the Rhode Island diocese, to continue its influence and work in its present surroundings.

The Beneficent Congregational Church, better known as "The Round Top" because of its peculiar style of architecture, was erected in 1809 and was known for many years as "Paddy Wilson's church," he being a very popular and energetic pastor in its early days.

The Central Congregational Church is one of the more recent church edifices, its style of architecture being of Spanish Renaissance. Probably the most popular church in the city is the Calvary Baptist, which, in addition to the regular services, has every form of parish union work, including sewing school, millinery school, gymnasium and boys' brigade.

The most imposing edifice of religious worship is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul. In a community largely composed of Catholics, this church is one of the finest in New England. A noteworthy thing in connection with it is that while it cost several hundred thousand dollars and was built by poor men's donations, when complete it had not one dollar of indebtedness.

The bishop's church of the Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island, Grace Church, was erected in 1845, and is the largest church of this denomination in the state. It has been the recipient of many elegant bequests of beautiful memorial windows by leading citizens.

The highest point in the residential section of the city of Providence is the site

RHODE ISLAND HOSPITAL, PROVIDENCE
Second largest in New England. Founded 1863. Occupies grounds containing 26.5 acres

HOME FOR AGED MEN AND AGED COUPLES
Broad Street, Providence

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
Situated on Washington Street, Providence. It contains a popular-price cafe

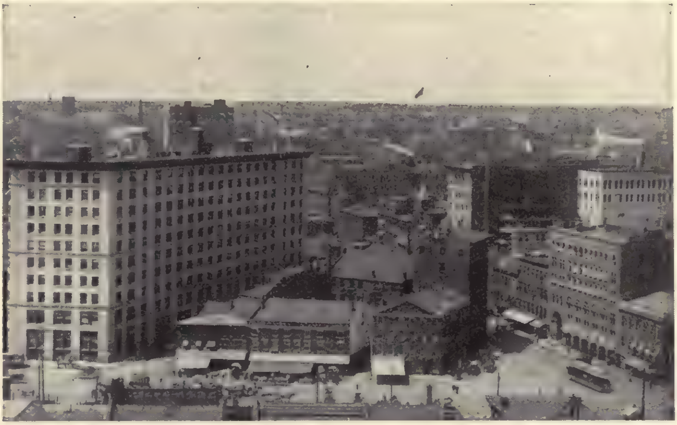
STATUE OF GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE
City Hall Park, Providence

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PROVIDENCE
Oldest Episcopal Church in the city. Erected in 1810 on the site of earlier church built 1722

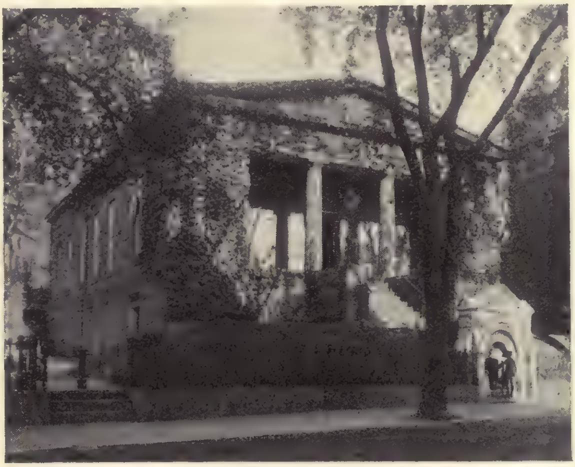
of the new Christian Science Church, now being completed. Its dome can be seen from all parts of the city, and it is often taken by strangers for the dome of the State House. It will cost over $300,000.

Providence enjoys the use of the most valuable poor farm owned by any municipality in the world, all because Ebenezer Knight Dexter in 1824 made a bequest leaving a big, stone-strewn meadow and several parcels of land for that purpose. Today the property is valued at no less than $1,000,000 and is in the center of one of the most fashionable residence districts of Providence. But while this is a poor farm, it is a very exclusive one, to say the least. By the terms of a very rigid and iron-clad will, none can be admitted or assisted except those who once owned and paid taxes upon real estate in Providence or whose father or mother was a real estate taxpayer in that city. No other Rhode Islanders and no person from any other part of the United States or from any foreign country may knock at the portal to obtain admittance and secure shelter and food.

The Dexter Asylum is more than self-supporting. With a limited attendance, so to speak, it is said that the interest on investment or income is enough to furnish every inmate a trip to Europe, each winter, with accommodations at the best summer hotels in the summer. During the hard times in Providence, when there was great need of work for poor people, an old clause in the Dexter will providing for a stone wall built around the place was taken advantage of and many poor people were given work.



LOWER WESTMINSTER STREET, PROVIDENCE
From the Providence County Court House



PROVIDENCE ATHENAEUM
Corner Benefit and College streets. Building completed 1837. Contains library of 75,000 volumes

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST BUILDING

The executive offices and two plants of the General Fire Extinguisher Company are also in Providence, the city really being the home of the first automatic fire protection device. This kind of fire protection started in the Rhode Island Capitol many years ago, but the old perforated pipe system has been developed and improved by the General Fire Extinguisher Company until its present Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler is called "The Standard of the World."

Grinnell sprinkler heads are made with a strut of three pieces which are held together by a fusible solder which melts at 155 degrees. This strut rests on a glass valve which is seated on a flexible diaphragm. When the heat from the fire ascends to the sprinkler heads which are attached to pipes running throughout the building near the ceiling, the fusible solder of the strut melts and allows the flexible diaphragm and the water pressure in the pipes to throw off the valve thus allowing the water in the pipes to pour out. This water hits a deflector at the top of the head and is sent down upon the fire in the form of spray.

More than 100,000 buildings in this country are equipped with Grinnell sprinklers, and statistics show that in 15,000 fires under these heads the average loss was less than $270. Insurance rates are greatly reduced for sprinkler risks and the saving in premiums often pays for the equipments in a few years. The General Fire Extinguisher Company does about seventy per cent of the automatic fire extinguisher business of the country and is now one of the largest of the many industries of Rhode Island.

The great industrial life of Providence is reflected in its vast horde of depositors, sometimes as many as 50,000 in a single bank. The fact that everybody works in Rhode Island—including "father"—accounts for average individual deposits of $677.88 apiece all around.

The financial institutions of Rhode Island are bulwarks of strength. The largest among them is the Industrial Trust Company of Providence, which has branches in seven of the thriving cities and towns of Rhode Island, with total resources of over fifty million dollars.

Starting in 1887, in a little room on Custom House Street, now used as a barber shop, the Industrial Trust Company today occupies the largest and handsomest bank building in Providence to take care of its fast-growing business.

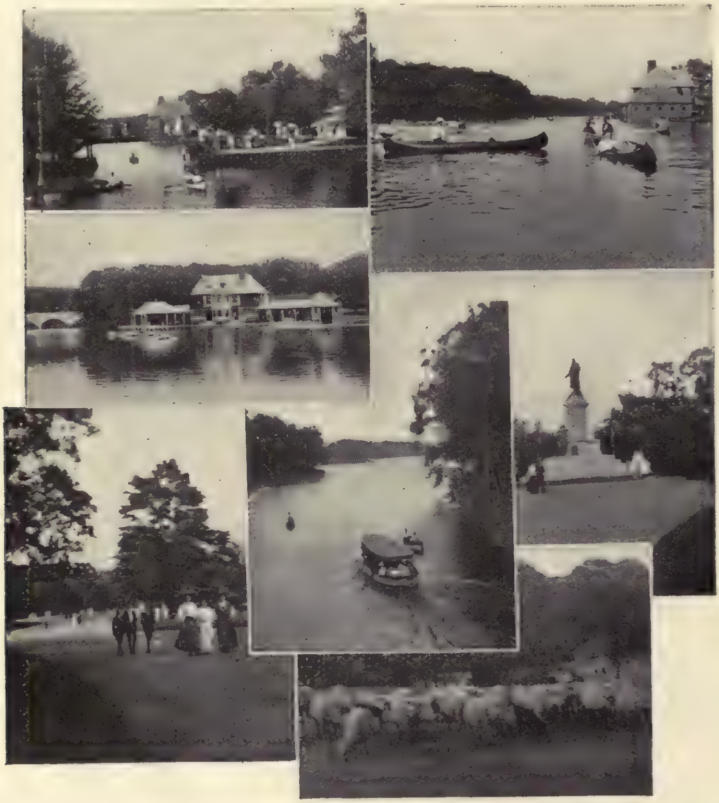
Of forty banks organized in Providence it was number thirty-four in the clearing house, from which place it has steadily worked its way up to number one today in volume of business. This has been due to the progressive and business-like administration of the main office at Providence and its branches at Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Pascogue, Warren, Westerly, Wickford and Bristol. In organization it is not unlike the English Banking System of Canada, which is accredited the finest method of banking in the world.

Through consolidation there remain but fifteen banking houses in the city. Providence has been singularly fortunate, for an industrial center, in its lack of bank failures.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL
One of the four high school buildings in Providence. The city has 107 public day schools, also fourteen evening schools, employs 1,044 teachers, with an annual expenditure for the school department of $1,000,000

One of the oldest Rhode Island institutions is the Rhode Island Locomotive Works, now the automobile factory of the American Locomotive Company, and the home of the famous Alco car, which had the unusual distinction of winning two Vanderbilt Cup races in succession. The Alco car is made complete in this Providence factory, and the bare chassis of the cars as they are "tested out," are familiar sights on the roads in the outskirts of Providence. The pre-eminence of the Alco passenger car has created a far-reaching demand for Alco trucks for business purposes, and the Alco truck is made in two ton, three and one-half ton, five ton, and six and one-half ton sizes to meet the extensive demand. The practicability and cost of maintaining the different makes of automobile trucks in the cities has been carefully computed by some of the express companies as well as the large department stores, and the Alco is much in demand, bringing to Providence an important arm of the industry that "made Michigan famous."

The public park system of Providence consists of thirty-two separate parks containing an aggregate of 648¾ acres. Roger Williams Park, the largest park in the city, is located in the southern section. In 1871 Miss Betsey Williams, a lineal descendant of the fifth generation from Roger Williams, died, and by her will bequeathed to the City of Providence the farm which had been in her family since the settlement of the city and state. This farm was given to the city for a public park forever, to be called Roger Williams Park. The testatrix made a condition upon which the city should receive it, namely, that it should erect a memorial to Roger Williams at a cost of not less than $500. In 1872 the bequest was formally accepted by the city and plans for a monument were prepared. In 1877 the present monument, designed by Franklin Simmons of Rome, was dedicated and stands near the old gambrel roofed homestead. On the top of a pedestal made of "Westerly Granite"



SCENES IN ROGER WILLIAMS PARK, PROVIDENCE
Comprises 432 acres. Has nine miles of drives and boulevards and lakes covering 140 acres

stands a bronze statue of Roger Williams seven and one-half feet in height, holding against his breast a volume entitled "Soul Liberty," and at the foot of the statue in front of the pedestal stands a bronze figure of History in the act of completing the inscription "Roger Williams 1636." The original park consisted of about one hundred acres and to this has been added from time to time, either by purchase or condemnation, adjoining property until at the present time the park comprises 432 acres made up of stately forests, rolling hills, and beautiful lakes. Much of the natural beauty of the country has been preserved and many hundreds of thousands of dollars has been expended upon this park by the City of Providence in buildings, monuments, places of amusement, etc. A chain of natural lakes covers about 140 acres which are used for canoeing and boating in summer and skating in winter.

Providence and indeed the whole state of Rhode Island is fortunate in having a wide-awake Board of Trade. It was organized in 1868 for the promotion of trade and commerce of Providence and vicinity, and has been a great contributing factor to the industrial growth of the city and state. The Board of Trade rooms are located in the old market house of Providence, built in 1773, and which was used as a city hall from 1833 to 1878. In its archives are kept full and complete information on the industrial life of the state, and in the judicial moulding of public opinions on public needs of the state it has been remarkably successful.

When the Grand Trunk sought entrance to Providence, the Board of Trade got endorsements from all the commercial bodies of the state as well as leading individuals, which it circulated broadcast. But perhaps its greatest work, a work that will mean untold millions to the city, was the inauguration of the plan for harbor improvements, that should make Providence a first-class seaport for foreign ships, which is now being carried out by city, state and national appropriations.

The "Trade Dinner" given to the members of the business men's associations of Rhode Island, by the Providence Board of Trade, February 23, 1909, was one of the largest banquets ever held in the country. Twenty-five hundred people were seated and the viands "from soup to nuts" were furnished by enterprising merchants of Providence. It was the "church supper" idea carried into business, and it was eminently successful as carried out by the thoroughly alive and active Board of Trade of Providence.

FEDERAL BUILDING, EXCHANGE PLACE, PROVIDENCE
Containing United States Post Office, Custom House and Federal Courts

WESTERLY

AND ITS ENVIRONS

As the rushing express trains devour the way between the two great cities New York and Boston, the first stop in the state of Rhode Island is at Westerly, situated, as its name implies, on the very westerly edge of the state.

Incorporated in 1669, some six years before King Philip's attempt to confederate the Indian tribes and extirpate the white settlers of New England, Westerly supplied its quota of officers and men in that terrible struggle, the succeeding French and Indian wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the great Civil War and the Spanish-American conflict. Situated on the promontory between the Atlantic and Little Narragansett Bay and close by the eastern end of Long Island, its chief eminence, Watch Hill, has an ancient and enduring record of faithful vigil, and of lurid balefires lighted to warn the hamlets of the approach of pirate or privateer. Until Fort Mansfield and its great rifles established a defence as well as a post of observation, Watch Hill and Westerly were the chief guardians of the entrance to Long Island Sound.

For many years it was a typical New England town, the center of business, as well as of the social, religious, professional and political life of the surrounding country. Westerly still holds the quaint old-fashioned charm of settled New England life. Many of its leading citizens of today bear family names in direct line of descent, extending over the unusual period of two hundred and forty-three years.

Today with its thirty-six square miles of area and population of twelve thousand people, a real estate and personal property valuation of over eight million of dollars, burdened with a tax rate of only fifteen dollars per thousand, giving an annual revenue of one hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars for the town, Westerly assumes a metropolitan atmosphere. A splendid and generously equipped library, an ample and well-kept public park in the very center of the city, a fine high school building and numerous churches, are testimonials of a high type of citizenship; and it is a well-known fact that Westerly spends more per capita on schools than any other municipality in the state, with the result that educational standards are such that the pupils can step from the high school directly into any of the leading colleges. A handsome new railroad station, a new Federal Building and a new Court House and City Hall are in the course of erection. Its Masonic lodge rooms are the finest in the state.

Westerly has two strong banking institutions. The Washington Trust Company was founded in the year 1800, six months after the death of General Washington, and was probably the first institution in the land to be named after the Father of his country, and is the third oldest bank in the state. The Industrial Trust Company's Westerly branch is an important link in the chain of Rhode Island banks that make up the largest financial house in the state. The sanitary conditions are naturally unexceptionable, and the water supply is ample and low-priced, being obtained from a series of eighty artesian wells, the government analysis proving over and over again that it is the purest municipal water supply in New England. Convenient rail and trolley transportation, cheap fuel and easy access to New York, Providence and Boston, combine to make Westerly an ideal residential city and the center for retail trade of forty thousand people. In its industrial awakening, Westerly has recently become one of the most progressive cities in the state, and the local Board of Trade is alive to every new opportunity for extending the business life of the community.

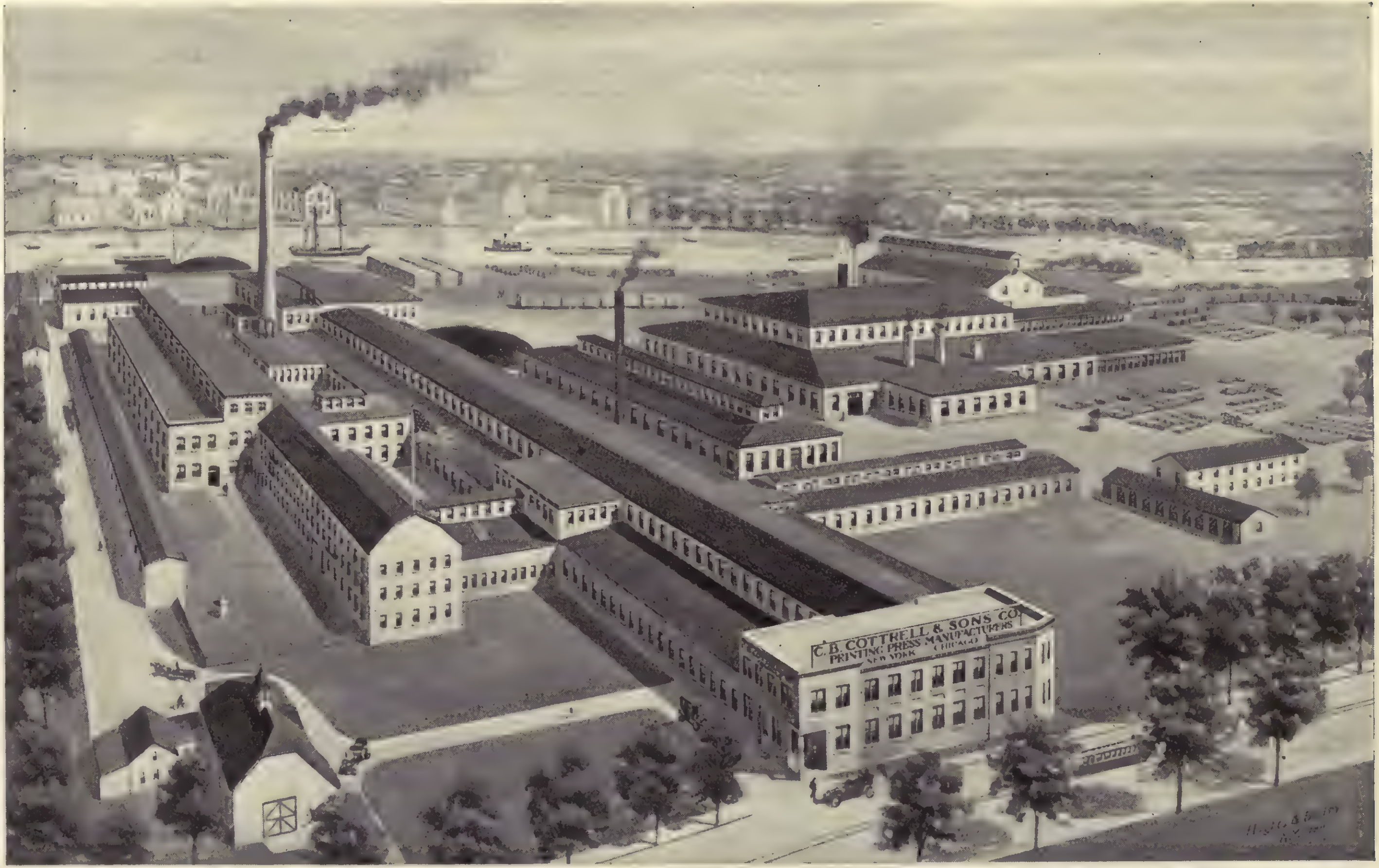
The past year has seen the location of the Bradford Dyeing Association, United States of America. The Association has acquired upwards of eight hundred acres of land along the Pawcatuck River, and the immense works under construction by Charles A. Sherman's Sons Company of Westerly is rapidly nearing completion. The former name of the village was changed to Bradford in honor of the coming of the new industry. This is the largest single industrial plant ever located outright in any section of the state, and it has made other industrial centers regard Westerly with wide-open eyes of wonderment. Westerly takes pride in the fact that this great concern looked New England over thoroughly before locating there, and the result has called their attention rather forcibly to the fact that the Pawcatuck River is yet to become the main artery of strength in the industrial future of Westerly. The Pawcatuck River is purely a local one in the southwestern corner of Rhode Island. It has its source in the Kingston Swamp, the scene of the great Indian fort and fight, now marked by a monument. The dry summer months make no appreciable inroads on its steady flow, because the swamps in which it finds its source are fed by springs and preserve a uniform supply for the river.

The woolen mills at Potter Hill, the B. B. & R. Knight Company mill at White Rock, the Lorraine Cotton Mills and the big Clarke Thread Mills are already numbered among the great industrial plants of Westerly located on the banks of the Pawcatuck.

One of the oldest industries of Westerly is that of granite-quarrying. Westerly granite is not only celebrated in this country, but has been exported to all parts of the world. The tombs and mausoleums of Gladstone and "Chinese" Gordon, as well as of many of the deceased great men of our own country, have been built of Westerly granite.

A SCENE IN WESTERLY'S BEAUTIFUL WILCOX PARK
Occupying fifteen acres in the very heart of the town and abundantly endowed with money

The first block of Westerly granite that was cut out of the hill in 1849 was hauled by ox team down to the shores of the Pawcatuck River, where it was chiseled and made into monuments to be shipped by boat. In this way the great granite industry of Westerly was built up, not unlike the logging industry of the lumber states where the logs are hauled down to the river bank to be worked into lumber. Up to the time of the discovery


C. B. COTTRELL & SONS CO.
PRINTING PRESS MANUFACTURERS
NEW YORK CHICAGO

PLANT OF THE C. B. COTTRELL & SONS COMPANY, PRINTING PRESS MANUFACTURERS AT WESTERLY of Westerly granite, dark Quincy granite was the only suitable stone available in the country for monumental work, but the Westerly granite was so superior in every way that it soon found a ready market, and the derricks of the granite quarries are beacons of industry on the hills of Westerly. There is something weird and fascinating to stand on the edge of a great quarry, looking down perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet into a deep rock-ribbed pit hewn out by the hand of man. One wonders how many monuments have been quarried from this single place and how many names have been preserved to posterity in the chiseled stone of Westerly. The mausoleums of the rich as well as the humble headstones of the poor have alike come from these same quarries. There are some twenty granite concerns at Westerly. Some of these firms specialize in monumental granite and others in building granite, and from the combined efforts and energies of these firms there is hardly a section of the country in which Westerly granite does not stand, some of it having weathered the storms of fifty years, as clean and bright as when it was first put up. At least one-third of the monuments on the National battlefield at Gettysburg were made of Westerly granite. Some of the notable works in Westerly granite are the Jay Gould mausoleum, New York, the Weidner and Elkins mausoleum of Philadelphia and the Russell Sage mausoleum at Troy, N. Y., each representing a cost of many thousands of dollars. The famous equestrian statue at Allegheny, Pa., of George Washington, sculptured by J. C. G. Hamilton, was chiseled by the stonecutters of Westerly, and is the largest equestrian statue in the world, made wholly of granite even to the bridle, stirrup and reins, chiseled out of the same piece of stone. In many of the principal buildings of the country Westerly granite has played a prominent part. The quarrying of Westerly granite is an interesting sight with its great derricks, steam drills and stonecutters. Modern machinery has largely entered into the work, and the old-fashioned high-wheel oxdray is now a thing of the past. The abandoned quarry holes are like miniature lakes filled with deep blue water, sometimes to a depth of eighty-five feet. The Park Association has made unique use of the water in one of these abandoned quarry wells by piping the water to a fountain in a public park by means of a syphon, where it runs continuously day and night without the necessity of pumping and without the wasting of Westerly's regular water supply.

THE GRANITE QUARRIES OF WESTERLY ARE FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

Westerly post office includes the village of Pawcatuck, Connecticut, just across the river. The small iron bridge that spans the river carries an iron post on the guard rail to mark the division of the two states. On the "West Side," as Pawcatuck is called, is the great plant of C. B. Cottrell & Sons Company, one of the largest manufacturers of printing presses in the world. The west bank of the Pawcatuck River for a quarter of a mile is given over to their docks and yards. A magnificent office building guards the entrance to the immense plant where over five hundred skilled mechanics are employed. When it is realized that a single magazine press may cost from $20,000 to $50,000, the importance of their work is more intelligently realized.

PREPARING WESTERLY GRANITE FOR THE MARKET

It was about eleven years after the granite industry had awakened to new life the enterprise and industry of Westerly that the Cottrell plant was started. Beginning in 1855 in a small way the firm began to turn its attention almost wholly to the improvement of the then rather archaic printing press. It was the Cottrell perfection of the air spring that increased the speed of the printing press and gave a new impetus to the whole printing industry. This was one of the first inventions that gave Mr. Cottrell a world-wide reputation as one of the leading inventors of a period in which American inventions certainly astonished the world. The demand for greater speed and more product became more and more insistent, and Mr. Cottrell was the first in the field to manufacture the two-revolution press, which is today the familiar form of flat-bed press.

Later, the invention of the shifting tympan for rotary and perfecting presses brought a quantity and quality of output little dreamed of in early days of printing. The rapid growth of magazines and periodicals made it necessary to print fine half tones on a good paper at tremendous speed and open the leaves at the same time.

The last few years have seen still further progress in the invention of the sheet-feed rotary, which takes care of long runs formerly adapted only to the flat bed at a great saving in time. The final triumph of Cottrell ingenuity is the new multi-color sheet-feed rotary press, printing in four colors. At one operation the artist's drawing is reproduced without a shade of difference in color or effect. Under the efficient management of his four sons, the Cottrell name still heads the list in the line of printing machinery invention. To the magazine readers, it is enough to say that practically every large magazine published is dependent upon the inventions and output of the Cottrell Plant at Westerly.

Westerly is the shopping center for a succession of famous ocean beaches, with the warmest water for surf bathing anywhere on the New England coast, and in this way draws a very considerable summer population. The first and best known of these beaches is the famous Watch Hill resort, which has been noted for many years.

A curious fact is that Watch Hill consists of not one hill but exactly one hundred and twelve and every one of them designed by nature for the site of a typical "home by the sea." The well-kept golf grounds along the seashore afford the legitimate excuse for a morning or afternoon stroll along the coast with the freshing sea

"THE ARCHES"
One of the fine cottages at Watch Hill, which is noted for its magnificent seaside homes

breezes as an extra hazard. Tennis, yachting and a fine protected bathing beach furnish additional pleasures.

Watch Hill has a refreshing coolness in summer and a natural beauty that has delighted all who come to enjoy its varied advantages, and Westerly has spared no expense in bringing Watch Hill to the point of perfection in the building of fine roads, spending more in proportion for this purpose than any other town in the state. Many of the richest men of the country have established their residence at Watch Hill, and their homes are beautiful pictures in the landscape facing the sweep of the ocean. The hotel accommodations at Watch Hill include five large modern hostelries and the resort life has undergone a perceptible change until it is known as a fashionable and aristocratic seashore resort for wealthy cottagers who come to the shore for coolness and rest rather than the "sport of it."

On the way to Watch Hill the trolley car glides into a landscape where the sloping hillsides, covered with barberry and

WATCH HILL HOUSE, WATCH HILL, R.

huckleberry bushes, are often as gorgeous in color as though coleus and other foliage plants had been assembled in natural parks, embellished with most beautiful examples of landscape gardening, although here nature presents some new and wonderfully fine shades. On the way is Avondale, once said to be the home of more shipmasters than any other community of its size in New England. On either side are fields, and at the pasture bars sleek Belted Dutch cattle, awaiting their summons at milking time.

Just outside of Westerly, oceanward, the car branches away from the main line to Watch Hill into a newer section of the beach line, and as the car speeds along one may be fortunate enough to see a wild deer jump the fences into the bushes. Sweeping around a long curve there suddenly bursts upon the vision an ocean beach dotted along its length with summer cottages. This rather sudden and rapturous revelation to the eager vacationist is modestly and mildly termed Pleasant View. Sweeping down the long incline to the sandy beach in the distance, the air loses the oppressive heat of the land, and invigorating cool salt sea breezes are felt. Pleasant View is the first real ocean beach east of New York. The surf which comes rolling in from the broad expanse of ocean leaves nothing to be desired in the way of surf bathing, and having a gentle sloping incline the beach is safe for all bathers even for children.

CAPT. W. F. SAUNDERS AND HIS FAMILIAR WHITE HORSE
In front of the old homestead facing Winnapaug Park and Pleasant View

The first cottage on this remarkable beach was built barely more than fifteen years ago. For years the valuable stretch of white sandy shore lying between Watch Hill and Noyes Point was inconspicuous and seemed good for nothing except to harbor the seaweed of the fall storms for fertilizer. Now and then a hunter or fisherman walked the lonesome course, perhaps speculating on its future but setting the date of its awakening at some remote time. Then came the "camper," the pioneer vacationist, who delights to seek out the beautiful although unfrequented spots of nature for rest and recreation, and the history of Pleasant View began to take shape. Captain W. F. Saunders, who spent twelve years in the United States Life Saving service at Watch Hill and Quonochontaug, sold the first parcel of ground for a cottage on Pleasant View Beach. During his three years' service at the Watch Hill station he patrolled the long beach with visions of its future which seem now about to he realized. Captain Saunders knew every foot of the shore for miles, had seen it under all conditions, and his scrap book today tells the story of many thrilling scenes during the time he commanded the beach patrol.

POST OFFICE

THE POST OFFICE, PLEASANT VIEW
Where Wilbur Main holds forth. A favorite meeting place of summer visitors

In all these years the captain had his heart set on Pleasant View as an unrivalled beach and after resigning from the service has given freely of his time and energy to develop it. The trail that led through his open gates and cross bars to the new beach a few years ago is now fenced off to the trolleys, and a good wagon road leads directly across the farm to Westerly four miles, making it the nearest beach of any to the town. The summer colony at Pleasant View already numbers upwards of one thousand, with many modern cottages, two good hotels, casino, water, electric lights and a post office—otherwise known as the terminal, where everybody goes for anything and anybody goes for everything. Property at Pleasant View has increased ten times in value in but little more than ten years, and yet the delightful, quiet, go-as-you-please atmosphere of the place still clings to it.

The pleasures of Pleasant View are greatly enhanced by Winnapaug pond, lying back of the stretch of beach which connects this place with Weekapaug and always furnishes a safe place for canoeing, being two or three miles long and half a mile wide in some places, with a uniform depth, but hardly enough to cover a child's head. The Ninigret Canoe Club is the leading social organization of the place, and the beautiful shapely lines of the famous Morris canoes make an entrancing picture of summer sport. This old Indian pond is a treat for the children, where they can learn to swim and boat with perfect safety.

At the easterly end is Brightman's Cove, the scene of many enjoyable clambakes with a famed spring of pure fresh water bubbling out of the side of the bank of the salt water pond. A ferry connects Pleasant View with Weekapaug at the farther end of the pond. This is one of the older resorts, but by reason of its remoteness it has not been able to take advantage of its public attractions. Given

OCEAN HOUSE, WATCH HILL

one of the most magnificent beaches, Weekapaug is held back by lack of water supply and from the fact that the land is held for the most part by an estate that will not sell for any reasonable price in the development of the beach. The opinion seems to be that the tax assessor is the one man in Rhode Island that can cure this sort of a condition. Quonochontaug is another of the beautiful beaches that is only waiting for the opportunity to grow into a thriving resort. It will not be long before the electric car line at Pleasant View will be extended along the beach to Weekapaug, Quonochontaug, Charlestown and other resorts, more or less conspicuous, finally connecting with the Providence trolleys at Narragansett Pier. In fact one charter for this proposed line has just expired, but a new one is soon to be prepared. This electric line along the full length of the coast of Rhode Island will make many more beautiful shore places accessible. With the completion of this road, Westerly will be the center of the supply of at least four of the great beaches of the South Shore, which will add greatly to the prosperity of the town.

THE ROCKS AT WEEKAPAUG BEACH

NARRAGANSETT BAY

Its Shores and Waters

SITUATED on the extreme westerly side of Narragansett Bay and just above Point Judith, Narragansett Pier has for many years been the mecca of summer vacationists and wealthy cottagers from every section of the country, whose pilgrimage begins at the first sign of hot weather.

Near this place in 1756 was born Gilbert Stuart, the great American painter, who painted the famous portrait of Washington now owned by the state of Rhode Island. Although the latter part of his years were spent in England, he never forgot the land of his birth and often referred to the delightful surroundings and beautiful scenes of his old home in the Narragansett country.

The wooded ridges that cross the lower part of Rhode Island seem to be great billowy land waves that lap the shore of the ocean, carrying the velvet green of the hills to the very water's edge. Forty years ago, Narragansett Pier was the site of a few crude buildings, with the broad, sandy beach on one side and the rough rocks of Point Judith on the other. It was the haven of many fishing craft, and the neighboring farmers were accustomed to take in summer boarders who had become enamored with the delightful spot. It is a peculiar circumstance that the first summer boarders at Narragansett Pier were largely made up of Baltimore people, who distributed themselves among the sturdy farmers that made a Southern colony on the shores of Rhode Island.

The pier from which Narragansett Pier takes its name stood for many years a curious old crib of timber and stone behind which sailing vessels took refuge in storms. The rare beauty of the shore, its salubrious climate and the freedom from the ills that infested some of the older resorts were great contributing factors to the growth of Narragansett Pier. Not only the ocean, with its cool breezes from the salt water, and superior bathing, draws the multitude, but it is favored with one of the largest salt water ponds lying off the coast, which is like a great inland lake with excellent fishing, motor boating, sailing and other aquatic sports, possible only away from the crested waves of the ocean.

"Old Narragansett" was all the land occupied by the Narragansett Indians at the coming of the English. Narragansett is now the coast sweep of the western shore of Narragansett Bay from Wickford to Point Judith.

Radiating from Narragansett are miles

THE SURF AT NARRAGANSETT PIER

A VILLAGE STREET, PEACEDALE
In this village the oldest woolen factory in the country is located and here the first power loom was started

AN OLD COLONIAL RESIDENCE, BRISTOL
Bristol was founded in 1680, and for many years was engaged in commerce. It is now a manufacturing town

SOUTH LIGHT, BLOCK ISLAND
Block Island, the "Isle of Manisees," comprises the town of New Shoreham, fishing being the principal industry. Has a large number of summer hotels

of splendid macadam roads and shady country lanes, which are features of continual interest and admiration to the automobilist, equestrian and driver.

The spacious Country Club occupies an entire estate where are to be found an excellent golf course, tennis court, baseball field, croquet lawn and one of the finest photo fields in the world. The splendid beach affords delightful bathing, while the famous "Rocks" at Narragansett are open to visitors and it is the custom to take this delightful stroll overlooking the ocean every afternoon to watch the waves beat against the coast line.

The homes of the aristocrats vie with those of Newport in beauty and excellence. The drive down along the rocky shore toward Point Judith is one of the most beautiful Rhode Island affords.

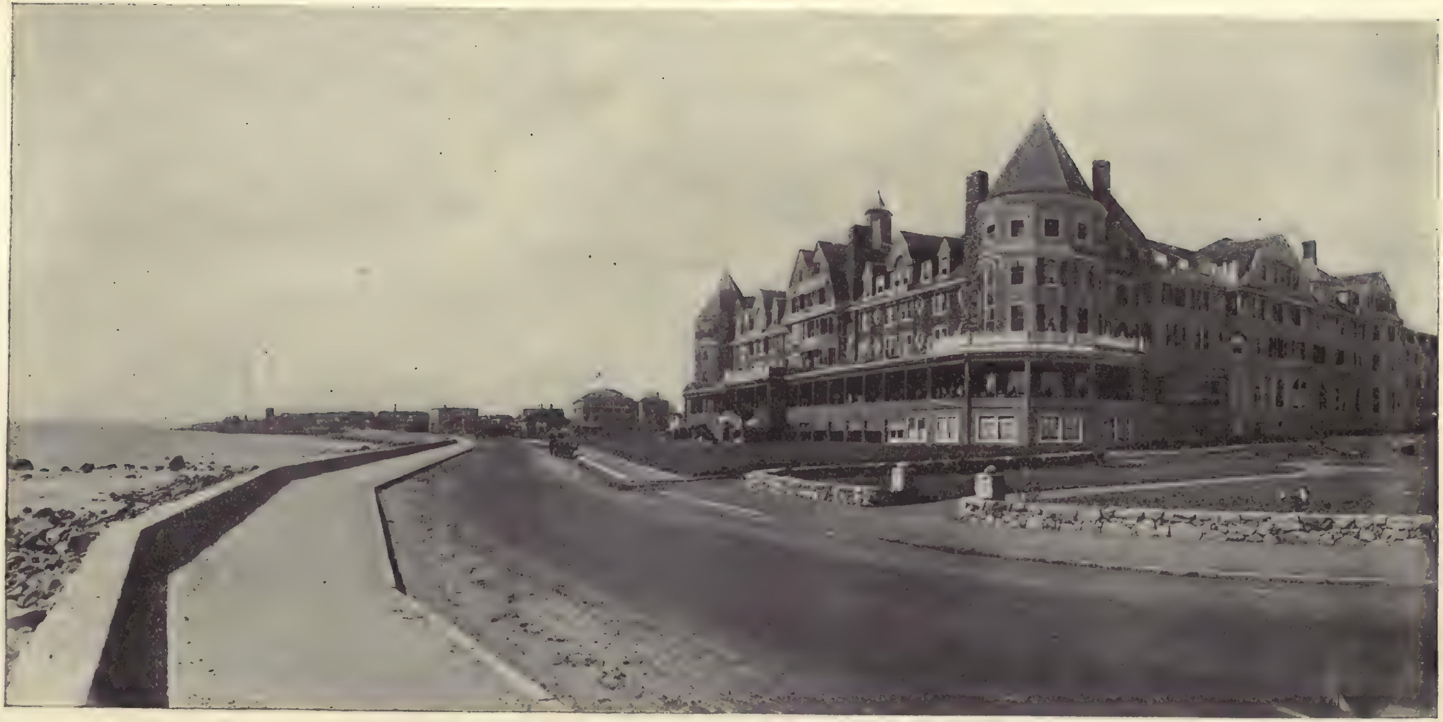
There is an interesting legend told among the mariners as to the name Point Judith. It relates the incident of an early voyager making a trip down Narragansett Bay with his wife in an old-fashioned sailboat. Sitting in the stern with the rudder in hand, he stationed his good wife Judith at the bow to watch for dangerous shoals. As they neared the lower end of the bay she caught a glimpse of the rocks and called back the warning, but not being versed in nautical language, she could not give its location satisfactorily to the sea-dog, and in desperation he called out "P'int, Judy, p'int!" and the spot to which she "p'inted" has ever since been known to the mariners as Point Judith.

The hotel and resort life of Narragansett Pier is the largest of any beach on the coast of New England. Its hostelries have been famous for many years. The new Mathewson House, built by S. W. Mathewson and now conducted by his sons S.W. and E.I. Mathewson, is the largest of the hotels at Narragansett, facing the beach and with accommodations for over five hundred guests. Mr. S.W. Mathewson, the founder of the hotel that now bears his name, was a Rhode Island farmer who drove to Narragansett Pier, where he opened the first Mathewson House forty-four years ago, many years before any means of transportation but the stage was available. From this small beginning grew the great and immense hostelry which bears his name today, and in the main foyer is a portrait showing him seated in the porch chair as was his wont during the years he was host to the noted people of the country. The great mosaic mantelpiece of the fireplace in this room bears his name in autograph. The Rose and Birch room, built entirely of birch bark and festooned with vines and roses, is a favorite stopping place for the automobilists for a bite to eat as they journey along the coast. Another hostelry which has been famous in the history of Narragansett Pier is the Gladstone House, surrounded by beautiful grounds and well-kept lawn tennis grounds. About six years ago it was purchased by Mr. Andrew Radell, the traction magnate of New

EDGEWOOD BEACH, A PART OF METROPOLITAN PARK SYSTEM

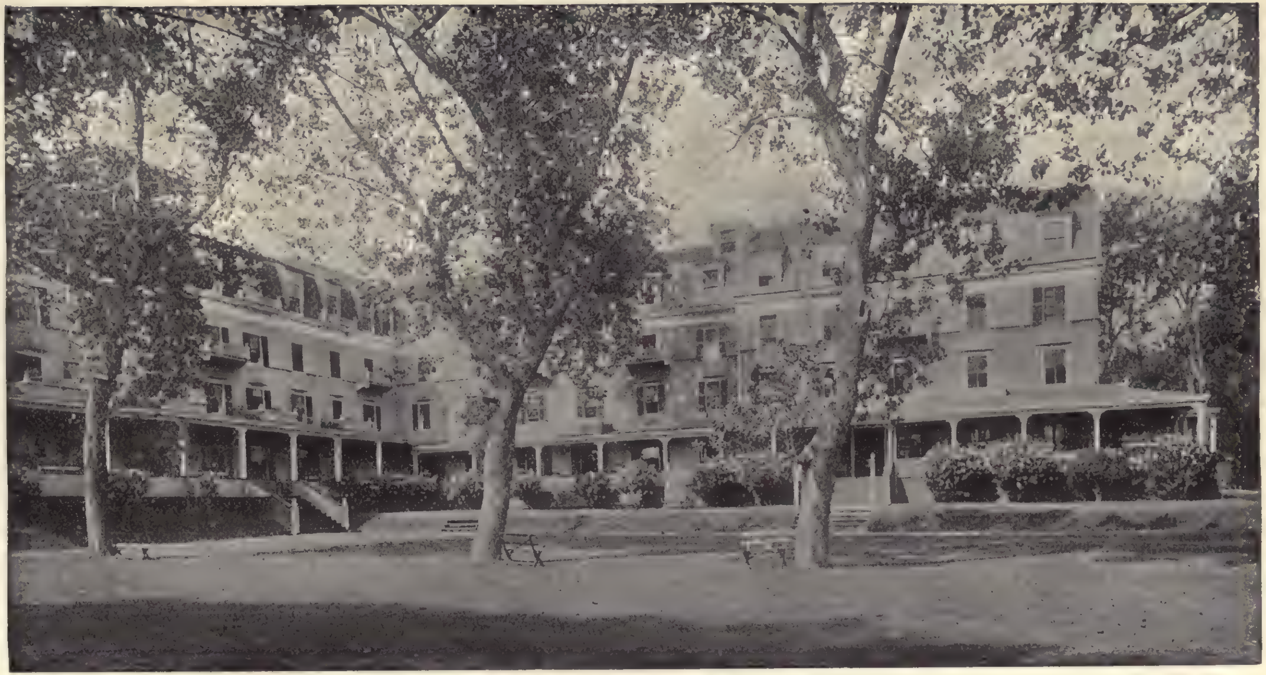
THE UNITED STATES NAVAL WAR COLLEGE AND NAVAL TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT

YACHTS IN NEWPORT HARBOR



THE NEW MATHEWSON HOUSE, NARRAGANSETT PIER

Ideally situated on the shore facing the water. A long, wide porch extends along its entire front, which can be enclosed at the first suggestion of a "north easter." One of the beautiful sights from this porch is to watch the wind "comb" the great breakers during a heavy surf. The white-crested waves at Newport in the distance rush along the horizon like the white smoke from a flying train



THE GLADSTONE HOTEL, NARRAGANSETT PIER, WHICH IS SITUATED AMID BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS

FAMILY CLAM-BAKE
The Narragansett Indians taught Rhode Islanders how to do the trick

Jersey and Bridgeport, who became interested in Narragansett Pier through the building of the Sea View Railroad, running from East Greenwich along the westerly shore of Narragansett Bay to the Pier. Mr. Radell was the first to take up seriously the problem of building a railroad along the southern coast of Rhode Island connecting Narragansett Pier with Watch Hill on the one end and Providence on the other. The purchase of the Sea View Railroad by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company indicates that his plan will ultimately be carried out by this great system of railroad and trolley lines. The bathing beach at Narragansett Pier is a fascinating scene between the hours of eleven and one. It is "bath time" and everybody is there—the suits are of various kinds and colors—and it is the time for "dipping" the colors. At any other time of the day the beach is practically deserted, as the visitor is occupied elsewhere in his quest of the good times afforded at the Pier.

WARWICK TOWN HALL, APPONAUG

During the month of August each year, Narragansett is the scene of great polo championships on the Point Judith Country Club grounds, where the scions of rich families ride their ponies in the thrilling polo matches and the people applaud their daring. These polo matches are really of the most thrilling and sentimental character at times and show the marvelous skill on the part of those who participate in the events. A contest once seen will never be forgotten.

On the westerly arm of the world-famous Narragansett Bay is situated East Greenwich, an ideally located manufacturing and residential town, with an elevation of two hundred feet sloping sharply down to one of the best harbors on the bay.

A SQUANTUM ASSOCIATION BUILDING
Where many distinguished visitors to Rhode Island are entertained

"THE SHAPELY LINES OF THE MORRIS CANOES MAKE AN ENTRANCING PICTURE ON WINNAPAUG POND AT PLEASANT VIEW"

ON THE BEACH AT PLEASANT VIEW, RHODE ISLAND

WEEKAPAUG INN AT WEEKAPAUG, RHODE ISLAND

WINNAPAUG POND AT PLEASANT VIEW, RHODE ISLAND

The population of East Greenwich, amounting to 3,420 according to the census of 1910, shows an increase of 23 2-10 per cent in ten years. The industrial payroll of its factories now amounts to over $500,000 per year and this is steadily growing, as new industries locate here to take advantage of the excellent freight facilities where coal, lumber and merchandise can be brought in at very cheap rates by water from all points, as well as the convenient rail and trolley freight facilities for outgoing shipments.

A COLONIAL LANDMARK
This windmill is still in operation at Portsmouth, R. I.

There are a number of available locations in East Greenwich for small factories employing ten to twenty persons. Frequent trolley service to Providence gives all the advantages of a suburb of a great city, and several leading manufacturing institutions already contribute to its industrial prosperity. Among these are the Boston Wire Stitcher Company, which moved from Boston to East Greenwich several years ago and has become the leading firm of its kind in America, shipping its machines the world over; the Regina Manufacturing Company, one of only two concerns in America manufacturing tracing cloth for architects and railroads; A. H. Esten, one of the oldest and best-known dyers in the state. The Greenwich Bleachery and the Shore Mill are two institutions of East Greenwich engaged in the great cotton manufacturing industry of Rhode Island. These, together with the Dry-Salters Company and the W. N. Farrington estate, manufacturers of "fillers" and dextrines, form a compact industrial foundation upon which East Greenwich will continue to grow.

The splendid graded schools, a modern high school and the old East Greenwich Academy, one of the best and most famous boarding schools in New England, contribute to the first-class educational advantages of the town, and with numerous churches, secret societies and military organizations, the social life of the community is vigorous and healthful.

A comparatively recent industry of East Greenwich is that of yacht-building, and often the boats of the harbor are decorated in honor of the launching of new yachts in the yards of Frederick Nock & Company. Narragansett Bay has been famous for years as the home of the yachtsmen, and the great cup defenders were built in the Herreshoff plant at Bristol. There are sixteen or eighteen yacht clubs on the waters of Rhode Island, and Newport is the greatest yachting center on the Atlantic Coast, and is the port of call for all the pleasure craft that cruise up and down the coast. It is here that the Astor and King Edward cup races are run on succeeding days each year, as well as the trials of the cup defenders.

While there has been no perceptible

decrease in yachting as a sport, the increase of motor-boating has outclassed the sailboats. The favorite type of motor-boat in Narragansett Bay is the cruiser—a boat that can go any distance that the storage of gasoline will carry it. The harbors of the bay are dotted with these boats riding at anchor during the fore part of the week, but as the week end comes they silently steal away, like the Arab of the plains, opening their sails or "sparking" their engines instead of folding their tents.

ROCKY POINT OYSTER COMPANY'S BOATS AT ITS DOCK AT PROVIDENCE

* * *

Skirting the shore from Narragansett Pier up through Wickford and East Greenwich Bay to Fox Point just outside Providence, thence down the eastern shore to Sakonnet Point, you have drawn a line around one of the greatest oyster grounds in America, the home of the famous Narragansett Bay oyster that fairly makes your mouth water.

Almost bisected by its historic bay, an unusually large part of Rhode Island lies under water. In oyster cultivation, or what is more generally known as oyster farming, Rhode Island enjoys a well-merited success. No body of water in the world is better suited for oyster cultivation than Narragansett Bay, and no body of water produces a better oyster.

Practically every foot of tide water ground of the state, amounting to several hundred thousand acres, is leased to oyster growers, and Rhode Island receives upwards of three hundred thousand dollars rental yearly from the oystermen. This is more than any other state receives for the same purpose, with the result that the oyster grounds are perhaps more appreciated and more carefully taken care of than in any other section of the coast. The tax on the oystermen has been severe, which has resulted in bringing a high standard of purity and excellence to the Narragansett Bay product.

There is no doubt, however, that the Rhode Island oyster grower is today almost as much concerned over further burdens of taxation as he is over his old enemy, the starfish. The "overhead" cost of oystering today under the scientific and sanitary methods is a serious factor in the business of every oyster man, and the fabulous fortunes of the old days are almost a thing of the past. Instead of a speculative business where a good "set" undisturbed by star fish meant a small-sized fortune, today the Rhode Island oyster farmer must work hard for all he gets. Upwards of a hundred and fifty good-sized boats and steamers are busily employed in "planting" and harvesting the oysters and in fighting their insidious enemies throughout the years, and millions of money are invested. The oyster houses for "shucking" with their cement floors are today models of their kind in convenience and cleanliness, and the shipments to interior points are all very carefully safeguarded. No less an authority than Dr. A. D. Mead, chief of the biological department, Brown University, is authority for the statement that as compared with either milk, butter, raw fruit and raw vegetables, the oyster is a remarkably safe food. Much of the talk concerning the danger in the oyster is buncombe.

CANOEING ON THE TEN-MILE RIVER
East Providence

WHARF OF "PROVIDENCE LINE" TO NEW YORK, FOX POINT

Contrary to the general understanding, the oyster business of Rhode Island is one of the most recent industries. It has grown a hundredfold within the last ten years. The real beginning of the present business followed the experiments of transplanting small oysters from other sections. The plan was looked upon with many misgivings until it was thoroughly tested out and proven with the result that today every foot of available ground is under lease and planted.

A Rhode Island oyster farm ranges in size from the one of two or three acres to that of many hundred. These farms of the sea are sometimes widely scattered and are staked off and marked with bushy-top buoys on the corners.

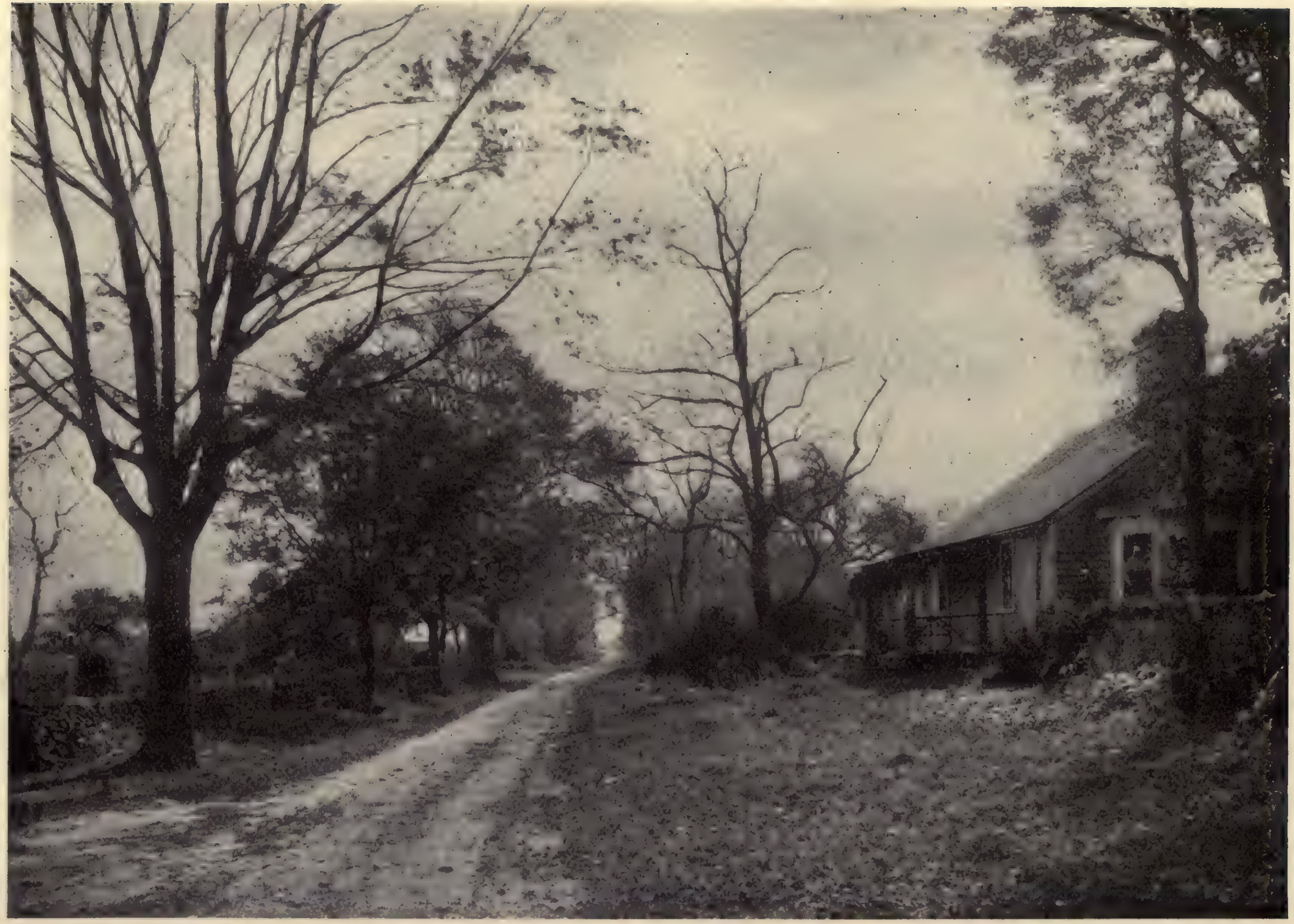
Just off the main coast line of Rhode Island is Block Island, the erstwhile haunted home of the phanton ship and pirates bold and bad. As a matter of fact, it is the modest abode of fishermen, and in its whole native population of several hundred about five good old English names predominate.

The surface of the land lies very uneven, like the waves of a rough ocean or what would be termed a choppy sea. In height these waves of land are about 150 feet, touching each other at the base. One of the curiosities of the island is Sands' Pond, one hundred feet above the sea, with no stream flowing into it; although it has but a few feet average depth it is never dry. Great Pond, covering a thousand acres, is the largest on the island, although there are over a hundred ponds, big and little, in many of which is good fishing.

NARRAGANSETT BAY OYSTER CO
THE NARRAGA

OYSTER HOUSE OF THE NARRAGANSETT BAY OYSTER COMPANY, PROVIDENCE

In more recent times Block Island has come anew into favor as a unique and delightful summer resort, and regular boat lines run from New London, Watch Hill and Providence to Block Island every day. The summer hotels and boarding houses have been crowded during the vacation months with its summer visitors. And Block Island, together with its sister resorts along the shores and waters of Narragansett Bay, renews each year its wholesome appeal to the vacationist.



A RHODE ISLAND COUNTRY ROAD, KINGSTON HILL, IN THE TOWN OF SOUTH KINGSTON

PAWTUCKET

Birthplace of the Cotton Industry

THERE is no state map in general distribution, nor is there any map showing even the New England section of the United States that gives an absolutely correct idea of the location of Pawtucket. An extensive commerce follows up the Narragansett Bay and through the Providence River. At a point on the upper Providence there is a branch which becomes the Pawtucket River, sometimes designated as the Seekonk. Pawtucket, which looks on the map like an inland city, is really at the head of tidewater, which has a rise and fall of three or four feet at that place.

The state and national governments have recently expended a total of over $250,000 for the development of the Pawtucket River, and the state has expended $30,000 for a water terminal capable of accommodating vessels of sixteen foot draft. This appropriation is but the beginning of a movement to put Pawtucket on the map as a city of commerce. There is a plan now developing to abolish Indian Point at the junction of the Pawtucket and Providence rivers, after which a twenty foot channel will undoubtedly be recommended by the United States engineer.

Pawtucket is already distinguished as having the greatest amount of diversified manufacturing interests of any city of its size in the world. There are over sixty distinct lines of manufacturing in operation, ranging from ten thousand to several million dollars in the amount of capital invested. Its population of 52,000 lies within a tract of eight and one-half square miles, through which the Blackstone River flows, lined with manufacturing institutions of every description, chief among which, of course, are those of the cotton industry. This city, so history tells us, is the birthplace of the cotton industry in America, and the Blackstone River has more cotton mills along its banks than any other river of its size in the world. It is a remarkable fact that this stream has developed an industry of such great magnitude.

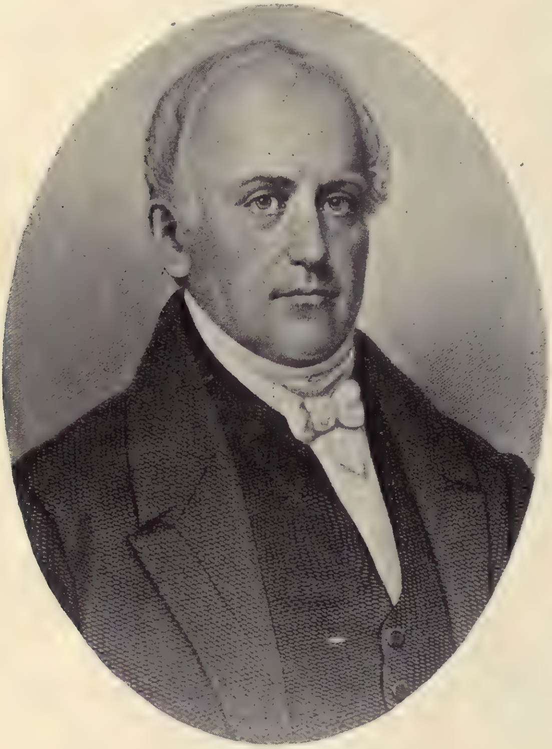
Below the falls, where the appropriation for the water terminal has been expended, there is opportunity for great expansion. The dockage facilities could be extended from seven hundred to a thousand feet and the undeveloped property there will some day teem with a magnificent transatlantic and coastal commerce.

While Pawtucket has developed so extensively and steadily along industrial lines, the citizens have not forgotten the importance of civic municipal improvements. There are at the present time thirty-four flourishing schoolhouses. In the construction of the latest school building, provision is being made for an open-air schoolroom for the use of those who have tubercular tendencies, and on the coldest days the scholars in this de-

OLD SLATER MILL, PAWTUCKET

First complete and successful cotton mill in America. Started in 1790 partment will be seen carefully bundled in warm clothing, but pursuing their studies regardless of their immediate contact with the wintry atmosphere.

Necessarily one who visits Pawtucket for the purpose of gathering material for a municipal article is struck by the predominant features which stand out as superior to the usual civic development. One of these is the provision for fire protection. With a pressure of one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch along the main thoroughfare of the city and with an adequate and efficient fire department, the fire losses have been kept down to a minimum. In the last report of the chief of the Fire Department, he has brought out the fact that in the last seven months there were two hundred and fourteen calls, in which $1,800,000 worth of property was in danger, but on which the total loss was kept down to an average of twelve and one-half cents per capita of the population. This speaks volumes to the manufacturer or the owner of residence and business property.



SAMUEL SLATER
Father of the cotton industry in America

The $4,000,000 waterworks system, developed since the seventies by Pawtucket, is a most remarkable municipal institution. In a tour of the course of the water supply from the great main pumping station to the source, the writer was whisked over beautiful country roads through glens and woodlands and over green hills to the main reservoir at Diamond Hill. This magnificent natural water reservoir bursts into view over the last grade like a lake of the Swiss Alps. It lies surrounded on all sides except at the dam by beautiful green hills. There are rock-ribbed shores that seem to reverberate with the song of purity which the sight of the sparkling waters very aptly suggests.

The supply of water is run from the outlet gates down the natural water course (Abbott's Run Stream) through the series of ponds to the intake, several miles distant. The spillway is built in the east end of the dam, the course of the water granite that will never wear away.

Central Falls, a thriving city of twenty-three thousand, according to the census of 1910, is almost surrounded by the city limits of Pawtucket, and this city of Central Falls is supplied by the water system built by Pawtucket. In fact, there is a population of one hundred thousand now supplied by the water from this beautiful natural reservoir at Diamond Hill, and the supply can be added to considerably in the future by the construction of new dams and the establishment of further reservoirs or the building of the dam a few feet higher. Samples of the water are analyzed every month, and it is singularly free from bacteria of all kinds.

The shores of the reservoir lake at Diamond Hill are owned by the city of Pawtucket, and the farm that has been developed there will at no far distant date probably be of considerable profit to the city. It is the plan to extend the orchards in particular, as they have grown and produced satisfactorily.

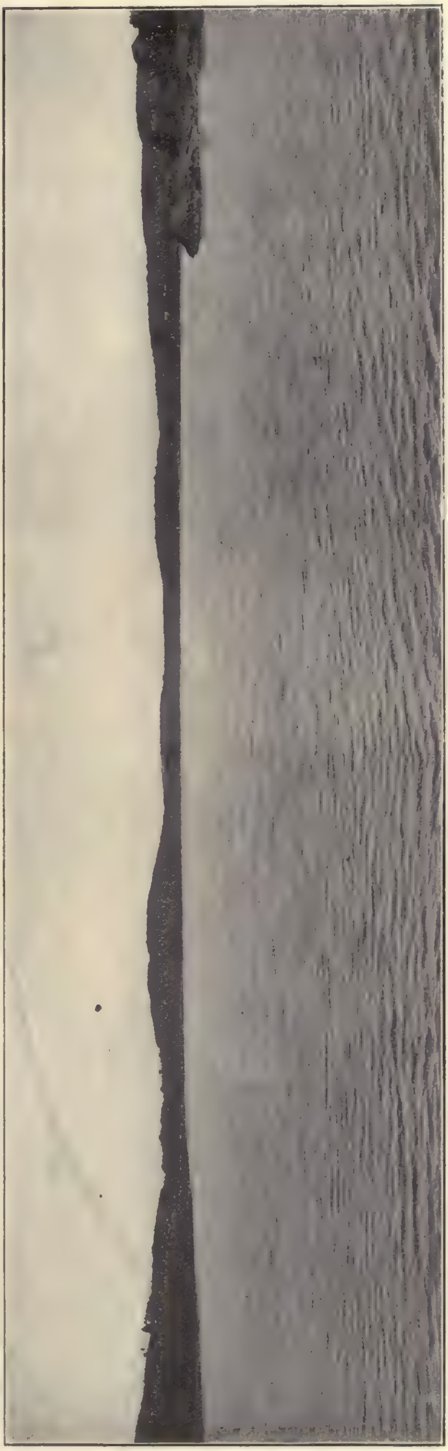
The waterworks system has become a source of revenue for the city of Pawtucket. During the days of the drought last summer, when the wells and sources of supply were exhausted at several of the large manufacturing institutions, the city derived an income of $125 a day from two of these institutions for its supply of water alone, in these individual instances. Taking it all in all, the waterworks system of Pawtucket stands out as a remarkable municipal institution, and will be an even greater revenue producer as the city develops and the demand increases.

From the Diamond Hill Reservoir, in which 1,500,000,000 gallons of water are stored, the water is drawn in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of the city, at the same time keeping full all the ponds along the water course. At several of the ponds along the stream there are instruments for measuring the flow of water, which information is used to compute, in connection with rainfall records, the flow of the stream. The reservoir, which gives the static pressure for night service, contains 20,000,000 gallons of water normally, and is located on the top of Stump Hill, 302 feet above mean high water, receiving the overflow from the pumping station during the day.

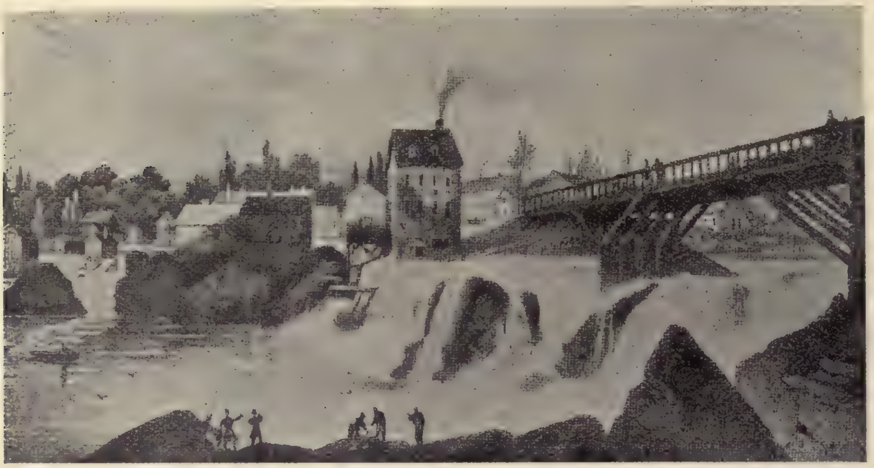
The original Corliss Engine, which was the first of its kind manufactured and installed in the early history of the Pawtucket water system, still stands ready for emergency service in the main pumping station, although that station is now served by a magnificent new pumping engine of 15,000,000 gallons daily capacity, supplied by the Camden Iron Works, which has demonstrated great efficiency.

* * * * * * *

Still occupying its original site near the center of the business district of Pawtucket and on the notable Blackstone River just above the historic falls, stands the old Slater Mill, the birthplace of the cotton manufacturing industry of the New World. Samuel Slater, who at the age of twenty-one sailed from England for America after having completed his six years' apprentice-



VIEW OF THE GREAT NATURAL RESERVOIR WHICH SUPPLIES PURE WATER TO THE CITY OF PAWTUCKET

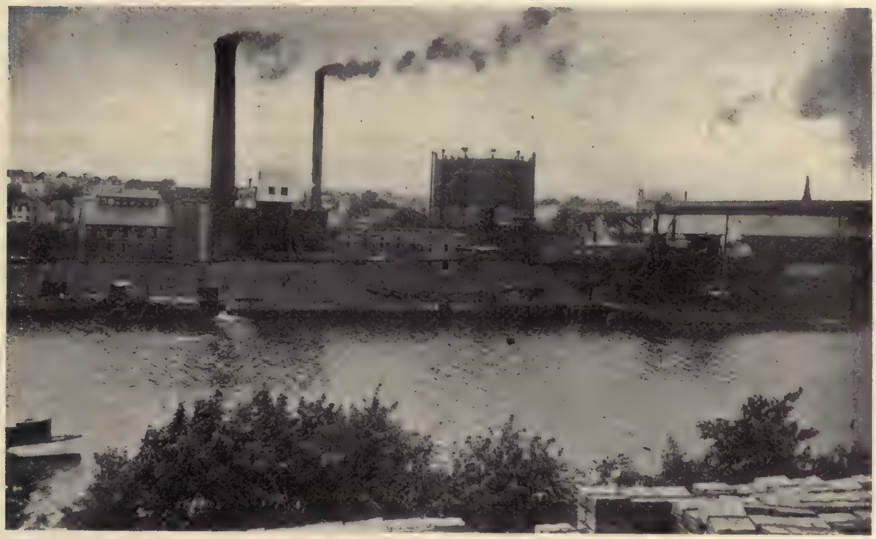


SCENE AT PAWTUCKET FALLS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
A few wooden buildings and a good place to fish

ship in a cotton machinery manufactory, arrived in Rhode Island so thoroughly equipped as a result of his apprenticeship and natural mechanical genius that he constructed from memory models of the famous Arkwright machinery. It was a crime in England in those days to make and furnish drawings of cotton machinery to be sent out of Great Britain. Mr. Slater accomplished this in the old Almy & Brown shop in Pawtucket, and from that time dates the development of the cotton industry in America. For this great work Mr. Slater was paid the munificent sum of one dollar per day, and his drawings were made by means of chalk on boards. Samuel Slater himself established the first entire cotton mill equipped with the Arkwright machinery in this old building which is preserved in his memory. Another industry now finds a home in the mill, as the years of progression long ago made a building of this size entirely inadequate for the demands of the modern cotton mill.

The one industry in which Pawtucket stands pre-eminent is that of the manufacture of lace. This industry has been the growth of the last twelve years. Enterprising citizens studied the situation at the old lace-making town, Nottingham,

PRESENT-DAY SCENE AT PAWTUCKET FALLS



PAWTUCKET GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY'S PLANT
One of the most modern light, heat and power stations in the country

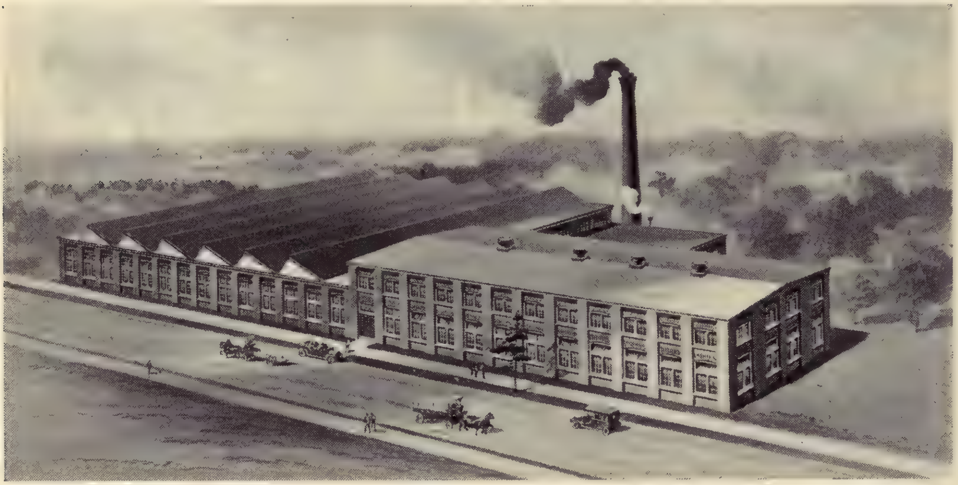
England. Lace machinery was imported from that place, and although the trials and tribulations incident to the establishment of a new industry were at times very trying to the capital interested, American "push" and "stick-to-it-iveness" have succeeded in building and securing funds for a rapid and consistent development of the lace manufacturing industry, providing the protection granted for its establishment is not removed by an erratic tariff tinkering.

Of necessity the machinery for the manufacture of lace had to be imported from England on account of its intricacies, and naturally the first skilled help necessary for the proper manipulation of the machinery came from abroad, the original places of its manufacture, Nottingham and

DIVISION BRIDGE, PAWTUCKET HARBOR, HEAD OF NAVIGATION IN RHODE ISLAND

Calais. But already the intelligent American help is becoming skilled and expert in the manufacture of this comparatively new product, and it is gratifying to note the success with which their efforts are attended.

The lace industry stands high as a clean and profitable occupation for the operatives. A considerable portion of the work is done at the homes of the workers. There is no question at all in the minds of those who have investigated the industry that the attitude at Washington would be more friendly to its development if those who have in charge the making of tariff laws could get at first hand the facts and figures in relation to its development—such as the difference in wages paid at Pawtucket and in Nottingham and Calais.



SEEKONK LACE MILL—ONE OF THE NEW PLANTS TO ENTER THE INDUSTRY

It has taken immense capital and untiring effort to bring the lace industry up to its present point of development, and it surely deserves the kindly consideration of Congress in maintaining tariff laws for a great many years to come.

To walk through one of the Pawtucket lace mills is a revelation to the outsider. The great machines turn out the most delicate lace in widths of several yards; several thousand different threads are manipulated with the dexterity of human fingers by these immense mechanical devices. Not the least of the work is separating this lace into its individual strips, the bleaching and inspecting and the preparing for marketable form. It is no small distinction for Pawtucket to be the birthplace of the lace industry in America, as well as that of the cotton industry. The American Textile Company is at present the largest lace manufacturing plant in America, and has sixty-four machines in operation.

The official population of Pawtucket gives no adequate idea of the importance of that city. If its city limits were drawn, as they are drawn in other cities of its size throughout the country, it would have a population of 100,000 or more. Although adjacent to a city of considerable importance, Pawtucket itself has a trading population of 150,000.

Pawtucket has been accorded considerable attention as Convention City this year, having entertained the German Societies in July and the New England Field Day of the Loyal Order of Moose in August.

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The bitulithic paving in Pawtucket enjoys the distinction of being one of the best examples of this kind of paving in the country, and city engineers of various municipalities have visited Pawtucket for the purpose of investigating the method of laying it.

The development of the street car system has linked various suburbs of Pawtucket in a very convenient manner so that patrons come from several miles north, east, west and even south to trade with the enterprising merchants. Extensions are made with considerate promptness and the transfer system initiated seems to meet with general approval. The Rhode Island Company, which controls the electric car system of Rhode Island, devotes considerable attention to keeping closely in touch with the situation in every part of the state, and the Pawtucket section has been granted many concessions which have resulted in the upbuilding of local traffic and as a result of this the local trade of the community. It is only by this consistent policy of co-operation that there can be an amicable relationship between the citizens of the community and the management of public utilities, such as street car traffic, and it is quite remarkable to note the advance that has been made without undue friction. The patronage of the citizens and the attitude of the Rhode Island Company appears to be that of fair and square consistency in all matters of development. An efficient street car system is one that is always taken into consideration by the manufacturer seeking a permanent home for his enterprise, and he will surely be reassured by an investigation of the situation at Pawtucket.

The name "Pawtucket" carries one back to the old Indian days. The city has had a varied career but always toward advancement. There are wonderful possibilities for its future growth if the wide-awake and enterprising policy of a number of the citizens is followed out consistently—to be constantly on the lookout for new industries, and to keep in mind municipal development and the encouragement of civic pride. Pawtucket has inspired a faith in its future that few cities can claim.

PASTORAL SCENE ON THE ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND

Fancy Lace Industry *in the* United States

By W. H. SMITH

CERTAIN phases of the relation of the fancy lace industry to questions of immigration and tariff appear to be of sufficient interest for publication.

For some forty years efforts have been made in the United States to promote for our own consumption the home manufacture of these goods. Until about ten years ago, however, it seemed that the undertaking would be a failure. Jennings', in Brooklyn, a firm which started about forty years ago, and the T. H. Hall Company in Jersey City, were the only two surviving firms.

Then came the founding of the Zion City plant (by Alexander Dowie) and of the American Textile Company in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in the year 1899. Five or six years later several small plants scattered through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Rhode Island and New York began operations, but notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, none of them has been financially successful.

With a view of developing this branch of the lace trade, the Payne-Aldrich bill provided for the free entry for a limited time of the machines used to manufacture the goods. Consular reports have for a long time pointed out that this industry is of the greatest economic interest and should be fostered. A special report was drawn up by one of the government inspectors, Mr. W. A. Graham Clark. This document is a very creditable and serious contribution, showing as it does, aside from a few technical errors of minor importance, a thorough acquaintance with the subject and giving an account of the industry worthy of the attention of tariff legislators and of prospective investors.

About two years have passed since the new law came into force. During that time the importers have strenuously fought the domestic article. They and their representatives belittle it on every available opportunity. Since the new tariff came into operation they have stood out so effectually against the home-made goods that they have driven the manufacturer to the necessity of going directly to the making-up trade,—a trade for which he was not really organized.

One article which appeared in the French paper, *Echos de l'Exportation*, on January 21 of this year, shows conclusively the attitude of the importer toward the domestic industry, and needs no further comment:*

"The United States has attempted to compete for a lace industry all its own, and in order to promote this plan has raised the duty on imported laces and has granted for a certain time the free importation of lace machines.

"Following these protective measures, several lace manufacturing plants have been started in the United States, and those already established there took advantage of the new privileges to buy more machines.

"In the opinion of the Americans them-

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*As quoted in *Le Phare de Calais et du Pas-de-Calais* (evening paper of January 21, 1911). Translation by the writer.

selves, however, prospects are not favorable for the new industry. E. A. Freeman, head of the lace department of the wholesale firm Frederick Victor & Achelis of New York, states his opinion as follows:

" 'The manufacturers of Calais, Caudry and Nottingham, in order to stand their ground, need important orders from us. They have therefore lowered their prices to an extent unprecedented in years. Hence, so long as these tariffs shall be maintained, the American industry, even with the added protection of the present duty, will be unable to compete with them.

" 'To substantiate this statement, I will mention a recent visit to the United States of a Calais manufacturer, who wished to transfer there his entire plant. To carry out this plan he had begun negotiations with an American firm and the transaction was to be concluded, of course, before the New Year, the last date for the free transportation of machines.

" 'After having studied the question on the ground, however, he changed his mind. He found here former operatives of his own mills, who earned in France twenty francs weekly, while here they made twenty dollars. Being in more comfortable circumstances, operatives work less assiduously than in their own country. Moreover, cottons of good quality have to be imported, and cost twelve and one-half to fifteen per cent more than in France. Further, all general expenses are higher in the United States. Consequently the prices of lace are increased.

" 'The result is that with all these drawbacks, the seventy per cent duty does not make up for the advantages of foreign manufacture, especially since the price of cotton is higher than ever. It should also be remembered that the American market prefers imported goods.'

"This news can but reassure our patterners and manufacturers who for a time had good reason to fear that the installation of lace machines in America might be very detrimental to Calais."

The following figures may furnish a striking instance in point. Three first-class importing houses of New York have, during the last six or eight months, imported and sold in very large quantities a good quality of lace of about one inch in width at thirteen and one-half cents per dozen yards. The writer has put together the Nottingham figures, taking the lowest paid in that district for cotton and labor, has allowed only two per cent commission and freight, has added ten per cent for makers' and finishers' profit, seventy per cent duty, and five per cent for selling expenses. These items, excluding any percentage for profit, foot up sixteen cents, yet the goods are being sold at thirteen and one-half cents, with a trade discount of seven per cent sixty days. This is only one example of what is being practiced on a very large scale in the lace trade at the present time. With these prices the domestic manufacturer cannot possibly compete. He will have to wait until the customs officials find where the leak is, for there certainly appears to be one somewhere.

The importer is also taking advantage of the unsettled situation. He goes to Nottingham and Calais to make his purchases. There he represents to the foreign manufacturer that he can buy goods very much more cheaply and quickly at home, that the domestic goods are made better, but, on the other hand, that the placing of orders is all a matter of price: he is therefore quite prepared to take all the risks if only he can get better prices. Under these circumstances the foreign manufacturer, since trade has been slow, chooses, rather than see his machines standing idle, to take orders at a loss.

Again, the importer seeks out the new domestic man. He easily demonstrates to him how cheaply he can now buy foreign goods in the smallest quantities at prices he is ashamed to name. Thus the game goes on. Since the merchant in turn has competitors who follow similar tactics, the general result is that no one, save the importer, gets anything out of the business done. Thus the importer's efforts succeed in crippling the home industry during its early and most difficult stage.

"Every fact is related on one side to sensation; and on the other to morals."—*Emerson.*

ON GUARD BY MOONLIGHT

AT CAMP ROGERS, NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1862

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

(43d Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, 1862–63)

SLOWLY I tread my lonely beat
With musing mind and weary feet.
On the river the gunboats vigil keep
Like fabled dragons, ne'er asleep.
My comrades' tents, as snowdrifts white,
Rise weirdly in the moon's pale light.
And the river, a mirror, lies below,
Reflecting the motionless pines in its flow.

In the woods beyond, with wary eyes
And ready guns the picket lies;
The patrol in his watchful course
Reins through the gloom his slow-paced horse.
And nought is heard save the relief
Answering the challenge stern and brief,
Or the night-zephyr's gentle sigh
Breathed to the tall pines standing by.

But fancy passes the bounds of sight
To more distant scenes, where the same pale light
Sheds its silvery radiance sweet though lone
On the white walls of my northern home.
And much-loved friends in thought I see;
Whose thoughts I feel are oft with me;
Who count the long weeks of my stay
And for my safety nightly pray.

And I think of the varying scenes of life;
(Unvarying only in the strife
'Twixt good and ill that must remain
Till dust returns to dust again),
From wanderings on a foreign land,
Seeking New England's cherished strand;
Now here, on hostile errand bent;
Such were the thoughts that came and went

Through my brain as I slowly trod
Over the hard, well-beaten sod.
But thoughts of what my lot might be
But for a moment troubled me;
For I said, "Today be thy duty done;
Think not of what tomorrow's sun
Of joy or pain may bring to thee."
Thus shall it ever be well with me.

Home-market Farming *in* Rhode Island

by Frank P. Fogg

STEAMING down Narragansett Bay one evening on board a Providence liner, I overheard a bit of conversation that seemed almost unbelievable. A gentleman was telling his friends that while Rhode Island contains more inhabitants in proportion to its area than any other state in the Union, it has more neglected and unproducing land in proportion to its area than has any other state.

The thought would not be forgotten, and later investigation showed that Rhode Island's agricultural resources have been overlooked; that the steady drain upon her yeomanry by migrations westward and by the alluring call of her busy manufacturing towns, has reduced her prosperous farmer population to a very low ebb.

In a mining country it requires but a word to stampede a whole camp of miners into a frenzied rush for a new "strike," with more or less uncertain prospects of better pay dirt. It is also true that thousands of New England farmers have been stampeded by flaming posters advertising low rates from time to time to the "last great West." New England men and women have been highly prized by other communities on account of their thrifty modes of life; and it has been a very short-sighted policy for the railroads of New England to help in proselyting their own people by methods dictated by enterprising Western railroads. For the result has been that New England railroads have received no greater recompense than their inconsiderable share of the special low rates charged for transportation westward.

Hundreds of thousands of hardy New Englanders have gone away never to return, and so the great factor, the one of far greater moment for home railroads to consider, that of new freight business which these same men and women would have contributed had they stayed in New England, has been sacrificed and sold for a "few small pieces of silver."

Rhode Island needs no encomiums for her achievements in almost every line of manufacturing industry, but she sorely needs a transfusion of new blood from the hardy agricultural sections of the West and South.

There is no question that there are other sections of our land possessing richer, deeper soil that will, unaided by fertilizers, produce greater crops; but when it is considered that in Rhode Island there are several hundred thousand mechanics and skilled craftsmen dwelling in hundreds of villages among the winding valleys where a factory of some kind impedes the passage of every stream at brief intervals, it must be understood that these men and their families are entirely dependent upon food supplies produced by the plowman and fisherman; and to supply such a demand has raised the average acreage income in Rhode Island above that of any other state. It amounts to $33.80 per annum, with Massachusetts a close second and Connecticut ranking third.

Already the eager eyes of progressive farmers everywhere are intent on Rhode Island's available lands, nearly all of which are closely adjacent to her large and prosperous cities. One who has lived in a remote, sequestered community where there is a lack of almost all home comforts, knows by experience the deadening monotony of living such a marooned life. Then, too, it is well to consider the enhanced value of all farm products where an almost insatiable market commands the highest prices. It is far better to raise a fine crop on a small farm and secure the maximum price than to raise a hundred fold more and stand a higher cost for producing and marketing. To go to town in some sections of the country means a trip of a hundred miles or more and at a cost of a week's salary to cover carfare. Very few places in Rhode Island are many miles from a steam or electric railway, and such points are sure to be brought into closer touch as population warrants. To ride twelve miles on a fast inter-urban electric in Rhode Island would mean the passing through of as many as five or six villages, and at an expense for carfare of possibly fifteen cents. Two dollars would doubtless pay for a round-trip ticket from one end of the state to the other.

* * *

The autumn tints were on the landscape, making the scrub oaks, the maples, chestnuts, birches and pines look suggestively like rich clusters of multi-colored grapes heaped upon the pasture lands. In the apple orchards the ruddy Baldwins were scarlet under the sun's kisses, and one of Rhode Island's thrifty orchardists in the northeast corner of the state set down his basket and pointed out how some of his apples had been stung by the maggot fly. But in way of explanation he stated that he had not cultivated among his trees lately nor given them the personal care they needed. Perhaps he realized that he was trying to care for three or four times more orchard than he has time to well attend to. There were many acres of apple orchards and several acres of new peach orchard, besides a considerable field devoted to strawberries. These, in connection with a large hothouse and poultry yards, would be a revelation to some farmers in the revenue they afford.

Rhode Island land surely belies its rather forbidding and sterile appearance. Seven hundred barrels of apples are a normal yield from a certain twenty-five-acre orchard visited, but the trees are still young and at maturity the crop will be fifty per cent larger.

In the springtime the whole countryside come to this farmer's hothouse for tomato plants. And beginning about October 1 the houses are devoted until early springtime to growing carnation pinks. These sell at profitable rates in the larger cities of New England.

Crowning the adjacent hilltops are many beautiful country homes where business men with their families spend the summer months and do some farming; but such are not "have-to-be" farmers, therefore their presence in any community is a source of profit to the real agriculturists who find time to earn tidy sums by working out when they are not busy in their own farms.

One of the products for which Rhode Island is famous is a variety of corn commonly called "Johnny-cake corn," and which is said to flourish only in Rhode Island and in a small area of Connecticut lying across the boundary and adjacent to the shore of Long Island Sound. There is something in the humidity of the air or the salty breezes from the ocean that conduces to make "Johnny-cake corn" a chosen food for the epicure. It has been so intelligently propagated and developed that not only is the tip of the ear well covered with kernels, but it is also roundly tipped with kernels at the shoulder, and the stem has become so small and attenuated that it is sometimes called "pipe-stem corn." Another feature of interest to remember is the belief that this corn must be ground in the picturesque old-fashioned windmills to insure its finest flavor when cooked. But whether it be the fact that the windmills grind slowly and therefore without occasioning superheated meal, which would be the result if ground in high-speed modern mills, is a matter left to the reader's own judgment. But Rhode Island's "Johnny-cake" is famous, and the fact that it is cooked on a griddle-iron rather than by baking in the oven, as in some sections, will interest the cooks.

A strong increasing demand for the windmill brand of "Johnny-cake" corn meal has been established in New York, Chicago and in other sections of the country from which visitors annually come to enjoy the summer months in Rhode Island, but the traffic is infantile as compared with what might be accomplished if the corn were grown in larger quantities, and proper advertising should acquaint the people of the nation with this new table delicacy.

* * *

It was refreshing to talk with one of Rhode Island's sons and to learn of his philosophy as regards the proper attitude toward the Portuguese, the Italians and other newcomers who choose to cast their fortunes in the upbuilding of Rhode Island's prosperity. Such acquisitions to American citizenship are both requisite and inevitable. Friendly encouragement and suggestions as to the better ways of doing things will go far toward improving the standard of their living and the development of the farms upon which these newly acquired citizens are seeking to gain success. It means much for the state and a community to help such well-intentioned and aspiring people to the shortest cut to success.

The negro problem would be less perplexing if every employer of negroes would take as much interest in the black man's condition as has this philosopher with whom we visited. For several years he has employed an illiterate southern-born negro upon his farm. He offered to increase the black man's pay if only he would learn to read and write, but that did not appeal to Sam. It did not seem of much consequence if his pay should be increased five dollars per month, because it was all sure to be spent as soon as earned. Then the philosopher's wife did a little exhorting, and entreated Sam to open an account at the savings bank. She even gave him his first dollar to be deposited, expressly stipulating that he should add a dollar a month or more to his savings. When five dollars had accumulated, it was explained to Sam how interest would then accrue. That made the proposition look better and he began to take personal pride in his growing bank account. Now he needs no urging to deposit five dollars of his monthly wages, and he is vastly better help than he was before, for life means something more than formerly to this poor benighted scion of slavery.

* * *

A man-managed farm is not the only success, not by a long chalk. In deference to the becoming modesty of a lady we must refrain from mentioning the name of a farmerette famous throughout Rhode Island. Professor Howard Edwards of the State Agricultural College says that this woman has probably more nearly accomplished the business object of farming, viz., the fixing ***herself*** of the prices of her farm products, than most farmers. Being obliged to hire all of her work done, she has not only succeeded admirably, in obtaining honest, intelligent farm hands, but she has so directed her farming as to make it very profitable. With a dairy of forty-seven cows, she was marketing five hundred quarts of milk per day and commanding the top price of ten cents per quart because of its unquestioned purity and quality. It was a revelation to find her dairy barn built upon plans of the most modern conception and equipped wth every device such as milking machines, cooling apparatus, steam and electric engines for doing all the heavy work and insuring healthful conditions for the stock and perfect cleanliness in caring for the milk. The land she cultivates is quite rugged and full of stones. One of the cornfields was recently reclaimed from a rough old pasture. When it was reported about the neighborhood that the owner intended to clear this land and raise corn upon it, scores of "wise ones" hitched their horses along the fence-posts and foreboded failure to such a foolish venture as trying to raise corn on such rocky soil. But nothing daunted, the corn was planted and the crop was a matter of astonishment, even to the owner herself. Many of the stalks grew like Jack's bean stalk, or at least to the height of sixteen feet or so. It only goes to prove that what is needed is method and intelligence rather than soil of easy handling.

Not a week passes but it produces fifty dollars worth of chickens and eggs from her poultry yards. The full-blooded Chester White breed of hogs has also produced a steady revenue and good profit.

From far and wide farmers have come to her place for their young pigs, paying from six to twelve dollars each, when four weeks old. So, too, the provision dealers of Providence and other cities have found the quality of her home-made sausage much better than that which they can procure from other quarters. In fact, they pay two cents per pound more for this much-wanted sausage than for another and better-known brand of long-established manufacture. If there is anything which gives pride to Mrs. ——, it is the reputation which her sausage has gained and the super-price which it commands in the market. Speaking of pigs raised on this Rhode Island farm, it was interesting to hear the owner relate how a bath-basin had been built for the pigs' morning ablutions. It came about this way: On warm days it was customary to turn the hose water on the pigs to cool them off; at first they did not take kindly to this innovation, but they soon grew to like it immensely, and finally they adopted the custom of taking their own morning plunge in the large concrete basin built for them, just as though they were enthusiastic "society folks" at Watch Hill or Narragansett Pier. Who says that pigs are naturally filthy, and who before has realized that pigs enjoy the refreshing conditions of a morning bath?

"GLENENAAR OF THE GLEN" NO. 23691
The champion two-year-old heifer of the world, one of Henry A. C. Taylor's prize-winning Guernseys; her Advanced Register record is 12,229 pounds milk, containing 775.94 pounds butter fat. Glen Farm, Newport

The coziness of Rhode Island farm life is exemplified in many ways. The well-drained but well-watered landscape has none of that dull monotony that makes life in some quarters almost maddening. There is usually a lake or river of tireless beauty to admire. Hills and valleys, a great variety of vegetation, and a climate not too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter.

Besides her chickens and water-fowl, the housewife has no limitations seemingly for her opportunities for gardening and flowers. In one thrifty home of modest exterior were shown one hundred and seventy-one varieties of preserves and pickles, all put up by the good wife. Fruits of all kinds that grow in the state would seem to furnish an ample list for anyone's desire in the preserving line; still there were jars of preserved orange and lemon so deftly put up that the rich original colorings were unimpaired. Swiss and German chard, yellow dock, dandelions, spinach and numerous other kinds of canned greens were shown. In fact, the whole gamut of edible vegetation seemed to have been placed in "preserved storage" to be instantly available for table use by simply turning the clamps that retain the caps on the preserve jars. Surely Rhode Island could win a national match in pickling and preserving table delicacies, not excepting Indiana's "fifty-seven varieties."

* * *

If there is doubt in anyone's mind about being able to live on a forty-acre farm in Rhode Island, aye, of becoming a thrifty, forehanded farmer, then the methods of Mr. William K. Boyd of Portsmouth should be conclusive proof to the contrary. Mr. Boyd is a typical Rhode Island Yankee, accomplishing even greater work with his head than he is required to do with his hands. In every community there is always a demand for a man who will buy what the neighbors have to sell, and who has a faculty for finding a supply of cows, horses and small stock when such are demanded by the public. Good judgment is an essential factor for successful trading, and the man must keep in constant touch with affairs in general. Mr. Boyd keeps a fine herd of cows, just such cows as buyers want and he never refuses to take a fair profit and sell his stock at a fair price. Speaking about the profit in raising hogs, Mr. Boyd showed a number of well-bred sows, one of which had just raised twelve pigs which sold when four weeks old for fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents. They sold at five dollars each, save the "Titman," for which the owner did not have the face to charge more than half price.

Corn, potatoes, apples, peaches, beets, onions, peppers—in fact a great variety of fruits and vegetables are raised and sold for cash by Mr. Boyd on his forty-acre farm every season. Land in this vicinity is under a high state of cultivation and so well situated that every acre is productive. Two hundred dollars per acre is not excessive price for such land, considering its productivity and its proximity to the markets of Newport, Providence, Fall River, Massachusetts, and other points.

* * *

"There was a man and he had *three* sons, he did." Note that this man had three sons, one more than he of the topical song.

It was in the days of the rush to the West that Tom, the eldest boy, betook himself to the land of wonderful promise and settled upon a quarter-section. Exuberant and enthusiastic were his few first letters sent home. With a diagram like the following, he explained about his one hundred and sixty acres:

This is
160
acres
land my

He told how he was homesteading this land, and how by living on it four years and paying certain Interior Department charges, the land would become his in due time. The great opportunities of the West and the pioneering life he was leading were actuating him to the greatest efforts, and his ambition was spurred on by the hopes of great success. He wrote about the number of acres he had planted to corn and what a great income he would have coming to him when the crop was harvested. Not long afterwards a letter came with another diagram:

grasshoppers grasshoppers
grasshoppers grasshoppers
grasshoppers
grasshoppers grasshoppers
grasshoppers
grasshoppers
grasshoppers
grasshoppers grasshoppers
grasshoppers
grasshoppers

Doleful was his story of the unexpected descent of devouring grasshoppers and the utter annihilation of his cherished cornfields. There was nothing now left but the stalks, and his hopes for that year were frustrated with his dependence upon the corn. When the fall came and the time for breaking ground for his next year's crops, another letter with Runic characters was sent to his friends in the East and pictured conditions as follows:

rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain
rain rain rain rain

The good boosters at Seattle, Washington, and other Puget Sound points claim that they have two kinds of rain during their rainy season; one is a "wet rain" that is wet, and the other is a "dry rain" that don't wet; but poor Tom's letter from his western homestead was that it was a wet, wet rain and it was "getting on his nerves." It seemed as though it would never be bright again and his courage seemed to ooze away in keeping with the clammy condition of his surroundings.

During the cold winter months, with frequent blizzards, there was little that could be done out of doors, and one of Tom's pictured epistles showed his dugout habitation and disconsolate Tom sitting therein smoking his Missouri meerschaum. Underneath was written, "This is my house. I am sitting in my house. The wind howls outside and it is hard to keep warm inside."

"LAVENDER OF THE GLEN," No. 18391
Now owned by W. W. Marsh, Waterloo, Iowa. Her Advanced Register record as a four-year-old was 10,203 pounds of milk containing 559.41 lbs. butter fat. Bred on H. A. C. Taylor's Glen Farm, Newport, Rhode Island

Another letter pictured poor Tom driving twenty-two miles to the nearest milling town to get five sacks of flour, rather a long trip, it seemed to his New England friends.

Early one April morning, when the housewives of Portsmouth were bestirring themselves for six o'clock breakfasts, down the land to one of the farmhouses came a dishevelled individual who was quickly recognized by his peculiar style of walk as prodigal Tom. When questioned, he said that he had walked from Newport that morning, some five or six miles, and was faint and weak for want of something to eat. He had worked his way on a sailing craft from New York to Newport, and from his pseudo home in the West had worked eastward in any old way that he could—part of the time walking, sometimes beating his way on freight trains and again finding an indulgent conductor or baggage master of a passenger train who would let him ride by performing a certain amount of car-cleaning and dusting to pay his way.

He was mighty glad to get home, and throwing his hat into one corner of the kitchen, he declared that had he stayed in Rhode Island, enduring the same privations which he had suffered on his homestead farm and working with the same bulldog determination, he would now have been able, in the three years that had elapsed, to purchase the best farm in Portsmouth. How many a prodigal who reads these lines will acknowledge the moral and return while yet the father waits with the fatted calf?

* * *

Whether it is pluck or luck that makes a man, has advocates for both sides of the question. Pluck, when backed up by robust health and a fair chance, can do wonders. There is a good bit of pluck that is responsible for Dennis Murphy's success, for he started with a mortgage of nine thousand dollars on a seventy acre farm and has not only wiped it off, but added more acreage and a lot of other things besides. His is the old Major Waring farm overlooking the beautiful shores of Aquidneck, to the east of Newport. It was Major Waring who so effectually cleaned up New York with his "white wings" street cleaners and later made Havana a fit place in which to live, only to succumb to the dread yellow fever on his way home.

There was no house on the place when Mr. Murphy bargained for it. "Now what is the use of living without a home and a wife to make it homelike?" So thought the man of pluck as he cast about looking for a helpmate. Then came the crowning factor of good luck, as is evidenced by the happy home which has been established.

There was a twinkle in Dennis Murphy's blue eyes and a broad smile of satisfaction lighting his countenance as he drove into his yard from delivering milk to his customers in Newport. As he spoke of the possibilities for successful farming in

Rhode Island, he seemed to think that it all depended upon a man's luck in finding a perfect helpmeet for a wife.

His great dairy barns are fitted to accommodate about fifty cows, which Mr. Murphy makes the usual number of his herd. The milk business on Aquidneck Island has never yet been controlled by a trust of middlemen. Each dairyman delivers his own product, getting the full benefit of the highest retail price. This is largely true of other farm products and means much to a farmer who contemplates settling in Rhode Island, for he is assured the full benefits accruing from his labor.

A profitable business, as Mr. Murphy has found it, is keeping "boarder" horses; and there are many animals from Newport and New York private stables that are sent to the country every year for pasturage, and some are boarded the year round. Three dollars per week, or twelve dollars per month, is not bad for boarding a horse, especially if one can keep from thirty to seventy-five head continually. The rich summer pasturage among the pure, sweet clovers, varied with stable rations of carrots, oats, potatoes and the like, has regenerated many a family horse and restored him to extra years of usefulness.

* * *

Silos are just coming into favor among dairymen, although the most of the corn-fodder is still shocked in the field until after husking time, and then built into tall, conical stacks, giving to the landscape a picturesqueness that is worth seeing.

There are no large rivers and streams on the island of Aquidneck to furnish water power, and the quaint windmills seem artistically situated on the hilltops, as though to embellish the landscape.

Nature never deprives the inhabitants of any country of one comfort of utility without supplying another to take its place. Up in the cold bleak waters of the Behring Sea are several islands largely inhabited by natives. Saint Lawrence Island, the largest, has no large quadrupeds like reindeer and moose for supplying food and warm furs for clothing; but ground-squirrels and foxes abound, and from the furs of these the natives are accustomed to make their clothing. A little farther to the north on the rocky crags of King's Island, which rises almost perpendicularly from the sea, live in cage-like dwellings other natives, depending chiefly for subsistence upon sea-fowl, and it is the breasts of tern, gull and eider-duck that constitute material for their clothing. Still farther to the north in the Behring Straits the inhabitants of the Diomede Islands dress chiefly in sealskins, while the natives of northeastern Siberia are clothed warmly in the skins of the reindeer.

GUERNSEY BULL "JEWEL'S INDEPENDENCE" No. 10324
Owned by H. A. C. Taylor, Newport, Rhode Island. As a yearling and two-year-old he was never beaten. Awarded First Premium, National Dairy Show, 1907, and Brockton, Massachusetts, 1907; also at Worcester, Massachusetts, 1908

Patent to the island of Aquidneck are several seeming dispensations of Providence—one is an abundance of clear, healthful spring water, bubbling up and running through many little rills and brooklets. It was a surprise to find that the city of Newport secures its water supply from several spring-fed reservoirs nearby. Unquestionably the sources of these springs are far away in inland mountains, for the precipitation on the small island of Rhode Island could hardly give the ample flow of water that is maintained from year to year. Another great blessing is the supply of seaweed thrown up upon the beaches, especially the "Second Beach" near Newport. This is considered fully as rich in fertilizing elements for the soil as stable dressing, and is hauled away by the land-owners of Middletown, who are privileged to secure it by an old custom or common law which has existed since the early settlement of the island. Sometimes as much as six hundred cords of kelp, both the broad-ribboned variety and the finer kind, are tossed up on the sandy beach during a great storm. All this is like getting something for nothing, and goes far toward keeping the farms of Middletown in a high state of fertility.

FERNWOOD OF HOMESTEAD No. 7448
Famous Guernsey Bull, sire of "Missy of the Glen," No. 18390, the champion Advanced Register Cow of the breed, and other prize winners

Though the farms of Rhode Island are usually cut up into small holdings, there are several large and very aristocratic estates, not only on the island of Aquidneck, but on Potowomut Neck opposite East Greenwich, also in Barrington, Tiverton and other sections. The Oakland Farm, owned by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, and the Sand Point Farm, owned by Reginald Vanderbilt, are situated in the town of Portsmouth, and each contains several hundred acres.

It was, indeed, a revelation of what can be accomplished by one who regards farming and stock-raising as a high art in visiting the Glen Farm, owned by Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor, in Portsmouth, where his estate of over five hundred acres seems like a garden in the Hesperides. Sequestered from the noise and distractions of railroads and factories, Glen Farm is charmingly surrounded by vistas of land and sea not excelled if even equalled anywhere else in America.

It perhaps reminds one of Washington's estate in Mount Vernon, particularly the view of Seaconnet River to the eastward. And the charm of the place seems exhilarating with health and joy and life, whereas Mount Vernon must always impress one as a magnificent mausoleum dedicated and hallowed by the ashes of our immortal Washington.

Through an English wicket at the entrance a well-gravelled driveway, bordered on either side by thrifty young shade trees and close-cropped lawn grass, leads from the avenue to Glen Farm. Impressions come uppermost that Glen Farm is distinctive, and the first impression is but an interlude to the surpassing fitness in which the place is kept.

Twenty years ago Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor of New York and Newport, appreciating the natural beauty of the spot, decided not merely to develop an ideal farm, but also to establish a herd of Guernsey cattle upon the place that should attain and hold pre-eminence in this country. Very carefully were the selections and purchases made of twenty cows and a bull in the Island of Guernsey. With equal or greater care and circumspection he chose a manager of practical experience for carrying out his plans.

To few men who have proposed masterful plans has been given such encouraging support. Nothing has been stinted that would supply to the success of Glen Farm and its Guernseys, just as no plans have been spared to execute every detail of the work.

In the full radiance of the sun, but near the cool shadows cast by stately trees above the Glen, are the stables and barns, three of them so arranged as to shelter the yard from stress of weather.

Modernity is emphasized in every appointment of the place, especially in the last built of the three barns. The exterior walls are of cleft slatestone and granite native to the place. There is an inner wall of brick with a six-inch air space between it and the outer wall, which supplies proper ventilation and insures a uniform temperature within.

With floors of cement and walls and ceiling of matched hard pine, there is cheerfulness, as well as healthfulness within the stables. Drinking basins are arranged beside the feed-box at each creature's stanchion and during the wintry weather the water is tempered by the furnaces in the basement which warm the buildings. With water hose the stalls and gutters are thoroughly flushed, thus easily maintaining complete sanitation.

Reminding one of a private office in a great counting-room are box stalls for cows with young calves on one side of the barn, with handsome partitions and gates with heavy brass finishing. One's interest is kept ever on the *qui vive*.

Across the barn are thick cement partitions impounding the mighty bulls. With all their strength, the bulls are safe to approach within these massive concrete partitions. "Fernwood of Homestead" is the patriarch of the herd, and while his long body and immense head and neck are terrifying, yet the old fellow is as gentle as a cow to his keepers. It was related by Mr. William Barclay, the manager of Glen Farm, how it was necessary at a New York stock show a few years ago for him to go and speak to "Fernwood" as soon as he arrived at the Exposition Building. The bull had recognized Mr. Barclay's voice long before he could see him and set up such a commotion with his quick, gruff bellowings that Mr. Barclay made haste to pacify old "Fernwood" at once. The bull had been homesick and showed his delight in seeing his old friend by fondly licking his hand. Thus assured of Mr. Barclay's continued guardianship, the bull made no further trouble and disturbance. All he needed was

"WATER WITCH OF THE GLEN" NO. 23621
Now owned by John Henry Hammond, Mount Kisco, New York. Her advanced register record is over 11,000 pounds of milk, containing 540 pounds butter fat. Her eleventh month test was 938.70 pounds of milk, 44.21 pounds butter fat

to know that everything was all right.

In most national dairy shows and state expositions, the Glen Farm stock has taken many of the prizes, both for butter fat tests and as breeders. Perhaps the brightest star in all Mr. Taylor's constellation of prize winners is "Missy of the Glen," No. 18390, whose test was 14,591.70 pounds of milk and 954.76 pounds of butter fat in one year. There is said to have been but one cow in the world to have exceeded this record. This cow's record for butter fat is equivalent to 1,100 pounds of butter. "Missy of the Glen's" test was started on December 1, 1908; she was then but four and one-half years old. The test was finished on November 30, 1909. During her first month of test she gave 1,150 pounds of 4.68 per cent milk, testing 53.68 pounds of butter fat, while the last month of her test (November, 1909) she gave 1;033.30 pounds of 8.71 per cent milk, testing ninety pounds fat, which is surely a record without equal. It is remarkable, too, that between her highest and her lowest month's yield she varied not more than three hundred and forty pounds of milk. Her highest record was for July, 1909, 1,372.70 pounds; and her best yield of fat, 104.41 pounds in October—one month before the conclusion of the test.

The stock raised at Glen Farm is eagerly sought for, not only by stock fanciers and growers, but by men who appreciate the value of pure bred cows to furnish milk for their families, because they know it to be free from the slightest taint of disease. It means much to have stock that is neither tuberculous nor tainted with any other disease in laying the foundation for a herd; and it certainly should be one's concern in buying a dairy cow whose milk is to supply food for babies, to secure the healthiest and best-bred that the land affords. One of Mr. Taylor's fine Guernseys, "Water Witch of the Glen," No. 23621, is now owned by John Henry Hammond, Mount Kisco, New York. When she was two years old her milk test was over eleven thousand pounds in twelve months, with 540 pounds of butter fat. "Lavender of the Glen," No. 18391, is owned by W. W. Marsh, Waterloo, Iowa. Her milk test when four years old was 10,203 pounds, with 559.41 pounds butter fat.

The champion two-year-old heifer of the world is "Glenenaar of the Glen," No. 23619, whose milk test was 12,229 pounds, with 775.94 pounds butter fat. "Fernwood of Homestead," No. 7448, is the sire of "Missy of the Glen" and many other cows of the highest record.

When cows are being tested for the advance register, they are milked three times every twenty-four hours, and a carefully kept register of the weights of each milking is kept in pounds and tenths of a pound. Every two weeks an official from the State Agricultural College visits the farm and witnesses three successive milkings, making the report as to weights and taking in a sealed package a sample of each milking. It is so thoroughly official and free from any chance of favoritism that an accurate report is absolutely assured.

The records for Glen Farm Guernseys have been chiefly made during 1907–1908. In 1909 so many of the herd were entered for state fairs that it was impossible to sequester them for advanced records.

It may be a surprise to our Western farmers who think that nothing can be grown in Rhode Island to know that four thousand bushels of corn were last year produced at the Glen Farm, besides eighteen hundred bushels of oats, and three hundred tons of hay. Mr. Barclay is singularly successful in making farming a practical art rather than a science. It is not Mr. Taylor's purpose to sacrifice idealism for commercialism in running Glen Farm, and he has instructed Mr. Barclay not to study how to make money, but how to spend money in ways that will conduce to the highest development of his pets and pride, the Guernseys of Glen Farm. It should be said, however, that despite Mr. Taylor's solicitude, the farm revenues gush forth and have been forming a handsome surplus at the bank.

Adorning the walls of the manager's office are hundreds of prize ribbons, mostly the much coveted blues, with some reds as reminders that there is still something to work for. These represent first and second prize awards received for Glen Farm Guernseys when exhibited in compe-

Photo by C. W. Brown.

PRESENT DAY HILL-TOP FARMING.—"CHOPMIST."

tition with competitive herds of the country. But impressive as are these prize awards, now ornamentally arranged and hung on the walls, the most significant fact of all was Mr. Barclay's remark that at no time has an animal in the Glen Farm herd shown any reaction when tested for tuberculosis, and such tests have been frequently made for nearly a score of years. To people who know but little about the prevalence of tuberculosis and milk fever among cows this statement will seem good and worth remembering, but to the stockman it must seem almost incredible. Probably no experiment station of the government or states can show a clean bill of health among the herds for even five years, so the nearly twenty years' spotless record of Glen Farm Guernseys must bring them prominently before the nation.

The surprising fertility of the sloping fields refute the imputation that Rhode Island soil is not suitable for farming. It has been hardly twenty years since Glen Farm was apparently run down and exhausted from a century and a half of continuous cropping. It has been here well demonstrated that any land in Rhode Island will produce abundantly under practical management.

From things bucolic the rustic beauties of an adjacent sylvan glen lend enchantment to the spot. The ripple of falling waters, the weird, far-off call of the wood thrush competing with the rival songster far down the glen are as delightful as they are different from tamed creatures in the stables.

There is a little water mill down by the impassive little lake whose surface can scarce be ruffled by a zephyr's breath. It is a dell, deep-shaded with over-arching trees above and hardy ferns below. To drive or walk down the winding road through this beautiful bit of Nature will completely turn the current of one's thoughts. The music in one's soul changes from the militant to low, sweet reveries, which we all feel so eloquently, but can never describe. It is wicked to be envious, but no one can see Glen Farm without carrying away in mind a vivid picture of its gentle Guernsey cows as the chief attractions and supported by a fitting natural coloratura. And who can be blamed if he idolizes the spot and dreams of it as his own?

* * *

Down the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay, along that portion of the state lying adjacent to southeastern Massachusetts are to be found many prosperous poultry farms. It is a picturesque country, with bald hillocks, over which creep the bayberry, blueberry and sweetfern bushes, and along the low shores of which cluster many huts of fishermen. Driving down from "Stone Bridge," which connects the eastern shore of Rhode Island with the island of Aquidneck, we were regaled with things of interest related by the old stage driver, who had some years previous come to the conclusion that farming didn't pay, or at least that stage driving paid better. A visit was to be paid Mr. F. W. C. Almy, proprietor of the famous "Red Feather Poultry Farm" at Tiverton Four Corners. Mr. Almy was very willing to show his stock and to explain how he made a start from a very humble beginning with a few hens. Gradually as his experience was gained, and his business flourished, he became a showman at the large poultry shows, and has finally become well recognized the country over as a successful breeder of the "Rhode Island Reds," a species by the way which was developed in this section of the state.

It may be a surprise and a revelation to most people, as it certainly was to us, to know that in starting a successful poultry business it is not necessary to buy the most expensive or "fancy" settings of eggs. These are laid by prize-winning hens, mated with the highest-priced cockerels —but what is expedient is to secure eggs of pure-bred, reliable stock, such as can be bought for $1.50 to $2.00 per setting of thirteen eggs. Starting in this way, a practical hen man can in time develop by careful selection and mating as fine a flock of poultry as others have done.

We asked Mr. Almy if poultry raising was profitable just for supplying a good market with eggs and dressed chickens. His reply was "yes" most emphatically, and he further said that even though one must buy all the grain and feed for his

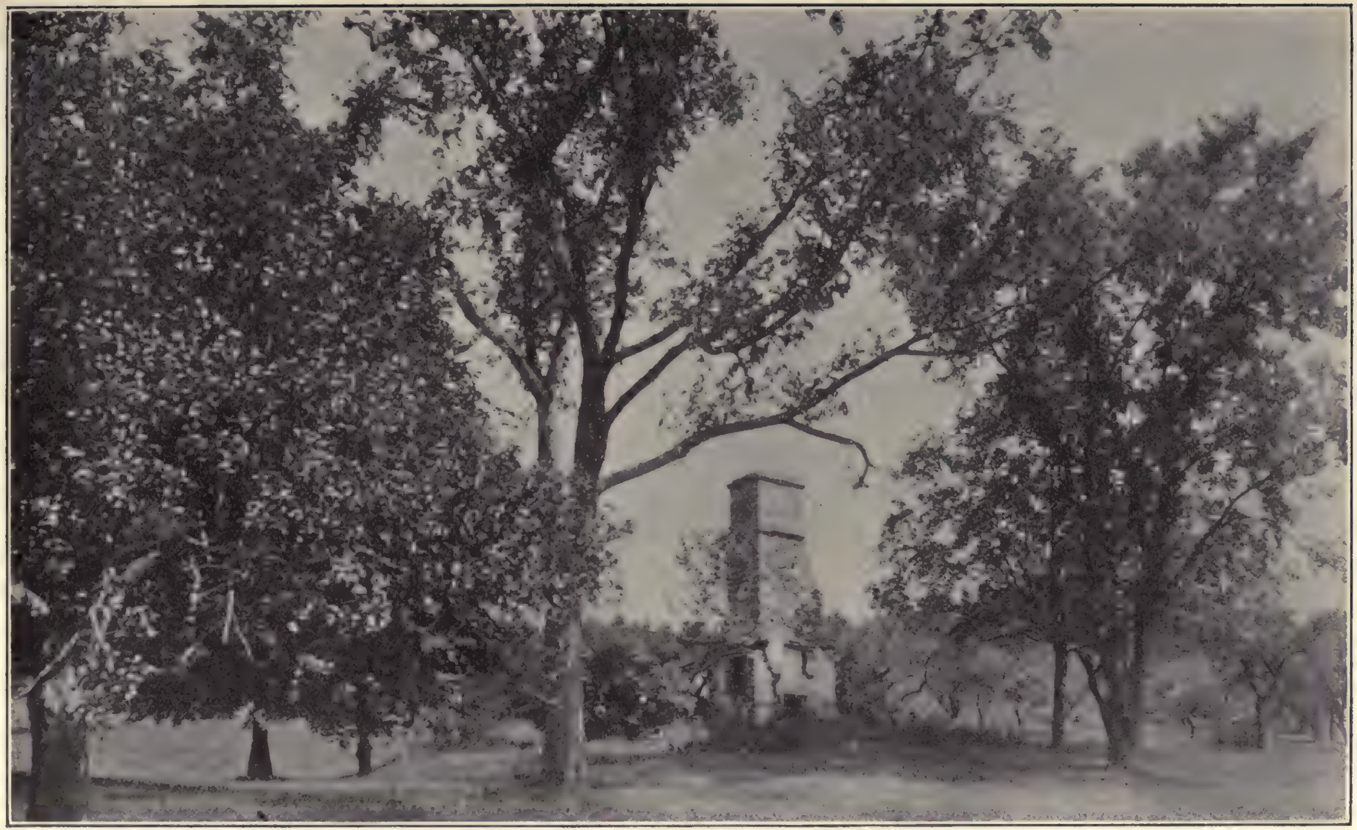


Photo by C. W. Brown

AN "ABANDONED FARM." HUGE CHIMNEY DATED 1758. NORTHWEST OF COVENTRY poultry, there was a profit of one dollar a year on every hen in the flock at market prices for eggs and dressed poultry. And when one raised his own feed to a large extent and sells setting eggs and stock birds at prevailing fancy prices, there is "velvet" in the business.

Stretching down across the back lot were as many as a hundred and fifty small poultry houses looking very much in the distance like a military encampment field. In something of the same resemblance, though an unequal combat, were the movements of the flock of chickens, charging now to the right, now to the left, whenever a heedless bug or grasshopper came down to earth among them.

The method of raising chickens and poultry in colonies of from fifty to one hundred chickens for each house seems to be the proper way in Rhode Island. The chickens very seldom fail to go to roost at night in their own colony house, though it would seem as though even a human being could hardly distinguish his own particular house in a settlement section of one hundred and fifty identical coops.

If one can make money just from market returns for eggs and poultry, what must be the added profit when the demand calls for thousands of settings at from $2.00 to $25.00 per setting and prize pullets and cockerels fetch from $10 to $1,000 each?

It was related how a farmer in Little Compton charged all the feed which he purchased not only for hens, but for two horses and a pig, to his hen account. He also used for the table such eggs and dressed poultry as were necessary for family use and also for keeping a house full of boarders during the summer season; yet his two thousand hens supported the horses, the pig, the family and boarders to a considerable extent, besides earning a profit of two thousand dollars, or a dollar for each hen. What would be a farmer's income if he combined poultry, pigs and cows for an all-around constant income?

* * *

Up grade from Providence along macadamized highways another pilgrimage was made to see what is being done with apples and peaches on land which would hardly be selected for orcharding purposes by a casual observer. By electric car to Centerdale, thence by stage four miles, is Greenville, a modest little hamlet with a few farms, clustering close about an old woolen factory. There are several families named Windsor in Greenville, and Nicholas Windsor is both a banker and a farmer. It was, indeed, a pleasure to see his orchards, some quite old, but exemplifying how old trees can be rejuvenated; and there were new orchards of thrifty apple and peach trees showing that both kinds of fruit can be profitably grown almost anywhere on Rhode Island's abandoned farms. Fully one hundred acres, much of which was recently an old pasture ground, are now devoted to fruit, and the income promises to soon be almost a gold mine in its returns to Mr. Nicholas Windsor.

Up past old dilapidated farm buildings, a half mile or so west from the village, a trig, neat set of barns and a dwelling house, flanked by verdant orchards, is the home of Mr. T. K. Windsor. In one orchard of four acres Rhode Island greenings were set out in 1861. The orchard has been and still is a very prolific bearer. In 1908, 650 barrels were gathered; the next year being an off year, 275 barrels were reckoned a good crop from the four acres. Last year's harvest amounted to 425 barrels, and the trees keep in excellent condition, always making a considerable growth to wood. Another orchard of four acres was set to Baldwins in 1881 and 700 barrels of apples were gathered last season.

Speaking about Ben Davis, Mr. Windsor showed us a small orchard containing one hundred trees planted in 1900 of which he has but recently come into possession. The orchard has not been properly cared for, but his crop last year was 110 barrels of No. 1 apples, many trees producing three barrels, while some trees suffering most from neglect produced not more than a peck.

Mr. Windsor's peach trees would make anyone envious. His success, no doubt, is largely due to intelligent management, for he sprays to counteract ravages of almost every kind of insect foe. In one part of the orchard he has built a reservoir with a hydraulic ram to force water into a wooden tank from which it is drawn as required for mixing his spraying solutions which is carried on in a building set apart for that special purpose.

Not only is Mr. Windsor an orchardist, but he is a farmer in the broadest sense, and devotes much time to his corn and hay crops. Being close to good markets, his hay commands from $20 to $25 a ton, whereas growers in remoter sections must be content with from $10 to $15 a ton. He is a very enthusiastic corn raiser, and can usually show fields of Dent corn as well as the smaller Golden Flint varieties to prove that corn crops pay in Rhode Island. It needs no seer to foresee a wonderful development of agricultural interests when there are more farmers in the state like Nicholas and T. K. Windsor. It is high time that the false and pernicious idea that farming in Rhode Island doesn't pay should be exploded. Surely an orchard farm that produces eighteen hundred or two thousand barrels of apples worth five or six dollars a barrel—also fields of grass that will grow several tons per acre of hay worth twenty dollars a ton and with corn, peaches and stock values thrown in—such a farm must be proof conclusive that farming in Rhode Island can hold its place from a profitable standpoint with any other sister state of the Union, and there are advantages of environment which cannot be reckoned in dollars.

* * *

Within eighteen miles of the State Capitol of Rhode Island is a landmark known as "Tunk Hill." It is in the midst of a wilderness where deer and other kinds of game abound and there is not a human habitation within four miles. Once this was a populous, prosperous country. Fifteen cemeteries in various parts of the district bear witness that the story of the town of Richmond, if it could be told, would be replete with pathetic climaxes. Pondering over the tombstones of these "rude forefathers of the hamlet," we find many instances of ripe old age; in one family there were three persons who reached the age of eighty-one or more.

Can it be that this is a region less deserving of the pioneer or less fruitful for human endeavor than in 1630, when the country was purchased by Roger Williams from the aborigines, and there were no markets to encourage progressive husbandry?

Nor is this a singular instance of Rhode Island farming country going back to wilderness. In the western part of the state near the Connecticut state line, a condition exists where a once prosperous village is left entirely deserted. As you drive from Warwick Junction to Beach Pond there appears a factory town, now tenantless and deserted. Clustering about this are houses and barns built substantially, but seemingly left as though an invading army had once threatened. If such conditions existed in some sections of our land, it would not be forty-eight hours before several enterprising real estate men would have their signs for sale or rental up and would be watching the trains to intercept and seize upon every possible customer. An observant Texas land agent recently visiting New England incredulously asked if it was really true that land can be bought in some sections hereabouts for ten or fifteen dollars an acre. When assured that there were thousands of acres obtainable at even less than ten dollars per acre, he prophesied that in twenty years from now it will seem that anyone who has secured land within one hundred miles of our seacoast will be regarded as having practically stolen it.

One cannot contemplate the tremendous industrial growth which has taken place in Rhode Island, the building of cotton and woolen mills; the screw and file-making industries, the largest in the world; her jewelry and solid silver ware factories, that employ thousands of men and women—one cannot think of these and the rubber mills, tool-making establishments and factory machinery-making plants without realizing that lure of the mills has been stronger than the love of the soil. Boys and girls have been drawn from the farms so early in life that seemingly the cradles have been robbed. Indirectly they have been despoiled because there has been insufficient stock left to keep the cradles rocking. The time was when Rhode Island exported corn and other food products to the West

Indies. Today the greater portion of her own supplies are grown elsewhere. Can a young farmer in a country where markets are remote and net prices hardly more than the bare cost of supporting his family disregard Rhode Island opportunities? There is abundant rainfall, plenty of land which can be acquired at fair prices, sometimes at low cost, and a dead certainty that, under development, his holdings will increase in value many fold. There is almost always something gained by seeking a new environment. One finds unexpected and widening opportunities. Just as the West has been developed by enthusiastic newcomers from back East, so New England now offers the fairest field for the Western and Southern people, bringing as they are sure to do, fresh mental acumen to engraft upon the old parent stock of New England ideals. And Rhode Island's deserted farms—are they to be longer discounted in comparison with other sections? Like the "stone which the builders refused," Rhode Island "has become the head of the corner." For years the rocks and cobblestones so prevalent upon New England farms have been looked upon as an unmitigated hindrance and curse to the agriculturist. Almost every farmer boy has pondered, as he straightened up to rest his aching back and soothe his sore fingers, what the all-wise and beneficent God could have been thinking about when he made so many stones. We are learning that some kinds of rock are composed of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron and manganese combined with carbolic, phosphoric, sulphuric, muriatic, fluoric and silicic acids, which largely constitute the essential elements to make vegetation, and also to constitute the animal and human organisms. All soil was once rock or volcanic lava. When soil is continuously cropped it loses these elements and is said to be "exhausted." To analyze the rocks and find the kinds containing the greatest quantities of plant food will soon be the recognized business of soil experts and agricultural schools.

Hensel, the celebrated German author and scholar, says: "Almost every field contains stones which have only been acted upon in part by the dissolving moisture of the soil, and which, therefore, show a more or less rounded form. These stones, as they injure the spade or plow, are usually removed to the sides of the field and there heaped up, and are often sold at a cheap rate for use on the highways.

"The farmer who acts thus sells his birthright, so to say—for less than a pottage of lentils, for he removes the source of fertility from his fields. If such stones are heated in the stove or on the hearth for half an hour and then thrown into the water, they become so friable that they may be broken into small pieces by the hands and may easily be pulverized with a hammer."

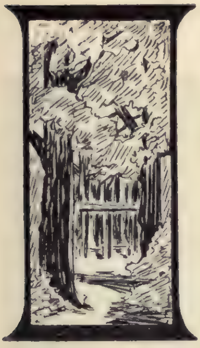
In a letter to his Pomological Society in Buelach, Professor Utermohlen of Leinde wrote: "For the last two years I have been making various experiments with stone meal manure, and indeed with the different kinds. From my experience with it, I have come to the firm conviction that we need no other manure at all but this."

Vegetation assimilates the matter which is applied to the soil as fertilizer, and most assuredly passes it along to animal organisms which the vegetables nourish. If there is any alternative from applying the fetid, stable manures and vile poisonous tankage to our fields and garden lands from which in a few months we are to cull our vegetables and garner our grains isn't it time we were doing so? Nutrition has direct influence upon temperament and health. Everyone recognizes the importance of purity of our food as pertains to manufacture and preparation. Isn't it just as important to have the soil, which is Nature's factory, kept sanitary?

By the liberal use of explosives in breaking up the sub-soil of old fields, important results are being achieved. By the use of dynamite, clay and hardpan subsoils are easily shattered, so that a larger supply of moisture can be stored for plant use during dry weather and the plant roots are given access to virgin stores of the vital elements. The man who purchases a Rhode Island farm during the "back to the land" movement which is now taking place, will find a never-ending demand for products that are an improvement over the common kind.

· THE ·
PAGEANT *at* CARMEL

by Henry Dumont



IN that land of splendid dreams and rich realities, California, lies "a little town by river and seashore," called Carmel, so named from its likeness to a famous place in Palestine.

Long ago, ere the Declaration of Independence bore the signatures of our honored forefathers, this place was visited by men of another land, by the soldiers and sailors of Spain; by Spanish friar of the order of Saint Francis; and by lords and ladies of the court of Charles the Third.

This year Carmel was again visited by friars, soldiers, sailors, lords and ladies, and the scenes of the past were vividly re-enacted.

On the Fourth of July Carmel remembered King Charles rather than King George. Of course the usual patriotic exercises were indulged in, as the duty of a grateful citizenship; but they were only preliminary to the real event, the commemoration of the founding of Carmel Mission by Father Junipero Serra, a zealous Franciscan missionary priest and his ardent and faithful followers, one hundred and forty years ago.

Carmel is a young town, as towns go, but not too young to dare big things, and the attempt to revivify the early history of the locality by means of a moving pageant was a big thing.

In the pageant the facts of history were coupled with a story of dramatic interest, and to a proper understanding of the pageant a bit of history is essential.

Before Sir Francis Drake landed on California soil with his Protestant pirates in 1579, the place had been known and named by the Spaniards. Cabrillo in 1542 had sailed along the coast, and in 1603 Viscaino discovered the bays of San Diego and Monterey. No attempt was made to settle the unknown wilderness until 1768, when the Franciscan friars undertook the difficult task, under the leadership of Father Junipero Serra.

On January 9, 1769, the first Spanish expedition to Alta, California, set out from La Paz, Mexico. The objective point was San Diego, where the first of the missions was to be established. Shortly after reaching San Diego two expeditions, one by sea and one by land, were sent from there to find the bay of Monterey, described one hundred and sixty-seven years before by Viscaino, and there to locate the second mission. The land expedition, under the guidance of Governor Gaspar de Portola, through insufficient data, missed the object of their search, and proceeding further north discovered instead the great harbor of San Francisco. These pioneers in the march of civilization were two priests, four officers, thirty-five soldiers, a number of muleteers and some mission Indians from Lower California. Charles Keeler, in his "San Francisco and Thereabouts," describes this party as follows:

"Can we not conjure up a picture of them as they climbed the sage brush mountains, forded the rivers, and looked on the beauty of the live oak glades, or penetrated the mystical solitudes of the redwood forests? There were the two friars in their coarse gray cowled robes; Governor Portola and his officers in gay costumes, with short velvet jackets and wide slashed breeches trimmed in gold lace, bright sashes and plumed hats; the soldiers with loose leather coats and leather breeches; the muleteers in serapes and sombreros, and their scantily clad Indian followers."

For hundreds of miles through an unknown country they traveled over what was afterward called "El Carmino Real," "The King's Highway."

No communication had been received from the expedition by sea, and the adventurers turned homeward in despair. When they reached a point near where Carmel mission now stands, a dispute arose amongst the officers as to whether they had reached Monterey, whither they had been sent. Some insisted that the bay of San Francisco which they had seen was Monterey Bay. Portola himself was uncertain, but determined that the only thing to do was to return immediately to San Diego for the purpose of informing Father Serra that their search had failed. The monks pleaded in vain against his decision. A cross was planted as a signal to the consort ship, and a message was left at its base, telling of where they had gone and directing the ship to follow them down the coast. They were harassed by hostile Indians on the way, but finally reached their destination, weary, sick and wounded.

When Father Serra learned of the discovery of the wonderful Bay of San Francisco, he was convinced that the explorers had been miraculously led by Saint Francis to the spot where he wished his mission to be established. Some six years later this was accomplished. Meantime, in July, 1771, the party returned to Carmel-by-the-sea. The cross still stood as Captain Portola had left it. The Indians had adorned it with flowers and had brought offerings of game, fish, fruit and maize. They had worshipped there in their own way since first Portola planted it. On this spot Father Serra and his priests broke ground for the mission of San Carlos del Rio Carmelo, which stands to this day. So much for the history.

FOREST THEATER AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, DURING THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"

It has been the custom during the last two years to give a dramatic production of some kind at Carmel and for this purpose an outdoor theater was built, which is called the "Forest Theater of Carmel." Last year in this theater the performers presented "David," a biblical drama written by Miss Constance Skinner of Chicago, which, from a scenic standpoint especially, was a big success. This year Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was given in the Forest Theater. Not being satisfied with presenting this delightful comedy, those in charge of the drama at Carmel added to their labors, as well as to their laurels, by producing a great pageant. Over one hundred performers were necessary to carry out the plan of the producers.

In order to appreciate the character of Carmel's dramatic efforts, a little description of Carmel and its people is necessary.

Carmel-by-the-sea is situated in Monterey County, California, about one hundred and twenty miles south of San Francisco, on Carmel Bay, overlooking the blue Pacific. On one arm of the bay, Point Lobos thrusts its precipitous granite cliffs into the sea; on the other hand is Cypress Point, raising to the ocean winds cypress trees two thousand years old. Between the two lies a beach of white sand, which glistens in the sun or turns gray with the fog. Behind this is a forest of pine trees forever murmuring to the sea; and here the town is built. It is a league removed from the railroad and its noises, as well as from peripatetics, who seldom venture from the steel highways. Close by the mission the Carmel River runs into the sea, while along the shore are great dunes whose shifting sands have buried a romantic past.

It is natural that this beautiful spot should attract people of artistic temperament, and the town is largely made up at the present time of artists, musicians, poets and writers of various habits. As the artist and the poet must have bread and meat, the town has its butcher and baker, its grocer and druggist, its plumber and barber. Economic necessity harmonizes extremes. In a literary and artistic colony the barber is never a busy man, but he manages to make a living through the extravagance of the visitor, of whom there are a great many in Carmel during the summer.

Carmel has housed many famous folks at one time or another, and some are permanent residents there. Jack London, the well-known author; George Sterling, the poet; James Hopper, the story-writer; Mary Austin, novelist; Upton Sinclair, the food expert; Alice MacGowan, novelist; and Grant Wallace, the war correspondent and artist, have made Carmel their home. Many of George Sterling's poems reflect the scenes and moods of this Eden of the west. It is natural that people of this description should take to the drama, and hence the reason for the Forest Theater and the pageant.

The pageant was given outdoors, on the hillside near the Forest Theater, the set stage being too small for such a large production. The characters in the drama were taken by the tradespeople of the town no less than by the literary and artistic folk, and the credit for the success of the pageant is to be divided equally between them. There is no reason why a druggist or a drayman may not develop into a Garrick.

The character of Portola was ably represented by Grant Wallace, the author;

Photo by Waters

THE VISITADOR, DON JOSE DE GALVEZ
Reading the proclamation of the Emperor Charles the Third at the Carmel Pageant

Father Serra by Ernest Clewe of the University of California, a real amateur actor; Father Gomez by Dr. William Himmelsbach, the local physician; Captain Vicente Vila by Perry Newberry, the newspaper writer and artist; Don Jose de Galvez by Fred Bechdolt, the story-writer; Francesca by Miss Alice MacGowan, the novelist; Lieutenant Fages by Lowell Hardy, the novelist; Sargeant Ortega by Thomas Reardon, the town plumber; Juan Mendez by Dr. Joseph Beck, the village apothecary; Father Crespi by Henry Dumont; and a Spanish lady by Miss Helen Cook, daughter of Grace MacGowan Cook, the novelist. These were the principals. The sailors and priests were represented by residents of Carmel from various occupations, painters, carpenters, clerks, dairymen and cowboys; and the soldiers were from the barracks at Monterey.

The pageant was divided into three episodes. The scenes selected were of the departure of the expedition from Mexico in 1769 with Father Serra; the erection of the cross by Portola at Carmel in 1770; and the founding of the Mission and the first mass in 1771.

The procession of the Franciscan friars through the woods; the glinting of armors of the Spanish cavaliers among the cypress and pines; the pomp and ceremony of the court of the Visatador, Don Jose de Galvez; the suffering and anguish of the great adventurer, Gaspar de Portola; and the splendid personality of Junipero Serra, formed strikingly beautiful and impressive pictures.

The dialogue was written to show these men of history as real people with distinctive characters. The imagination of the authors found play in this word-painting. While history was followed in the incidents, the portrayal of personalities was the loving labor of able brains in Carmel's citizenship.

The pageant disclosed those two great motives that inspired California's great explorations: the desire of conquest and gold, and the simple hope of the advancement of Christianity by the unselfish Fathers.

The pageant began at 11 o'clock on the morning of July 4, and ended about 12.30. The day was ideally suited to the occasion, with sunshine tempered by the ocean breeze. There was no charge for seats, as the hillside before the pageant grounds formed the auditorium. About three thousand people witnessed the pageant. They came from Monterey, Salinas, Santa Cruz, and from the cities and towns around San Francisco Bay one hundred miles distant. They came afoot, on horseback; on motorcycles and bicycles; in automobiles, wagons and carriages. Vaqueros from the ranches, fishermen

SCENE IN "TWELFTH NIGHT" IN THE FOREST THEATER OF CARMEL, CALIFORNIA from Monterey and business men from San Francisco brushed elbows in the throng, with a feeling of kinship. The one touch of nature was present.

It was intended through the pageant to give interesting and realistic pictures rather than to perform a stage play in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Some of the scenes were non-historical; that is, they might have happened as they were presented, although not actually recorded as having so occurred. There was, therefore, some variation from the traditional account of the incidents depicted, made necessary by the rules of the drama.

We can imagine the vast audience seated on the hillside expectantly awaiting the raising of the invisible curtain. A song resounds through the pines as a prelude to the play. It is as follows:

Solo—Episode One

We tell today the stories of the past,
Heroic tales that live in history;
How priest and soldier brave, adventuring,
Found Carmel in its grove beside the sea.
Placed here the cross, the symbol of the church,
Brought Christian law to all the heathen land.
Old ways were changed; new Carmel then began.

The place is now La Paz; beside the bay,
Where lies the ship with sails trimmed for the north,
They come that made our famous history.
It is that day when Father Serra's band
Bade home adieu and started for the wilds,
Across strange seas, through lands unknown before.
Old ways were changed; new Carmel then began.

As the last note dies on the air, a bugle call is heard and the play begins. The occasion is the embarkation of the first Spanish expedition to Alta California from La Paz, Mexico, January 9, 1769.

Sailors and soldiers of the expedition under Captain Vicente Vila, bringing the cargo for the ship, meet a band of the priests under Father Gomez, who tells the Captain that the Visitador, General Don Jose de Galvez, is to meet Father Junipero Serra here, to bid Godspeed to the expedition. Both Captain Vila and Father Gomez tell their followers the reasons for the expedition, as interpreted by their own desires, and the dual motive of conquest and wealth on one hand, and the advancement of Christianity on the other is suggested. Francesca, a penitent, whom Father Serra has saved from a life of sin, comes to find the Father, seeking strength to keep her in the path of rectitude when he is gone. The captain laughs at her, the priests despise her, but Father Serra, weak and lame, suffering from great bodily infirmities, gives her of his strength of soul and leaves her strong again to face temptations. The effort leaves Father Serra exhausted, and he falls to the

Photo by Waters

GOVERNOR FAGES ARRIVING WITH HIS ESCORT OF CAVALRY ground in supplication to the Virgin for strength. An Indian child, loving him, gives him flowers in farewell and revives his strength. The Visitador and his court march in, the proclamation of the emperor, Charles the Third, is read, the flags are blessed and all proceed to the boats.

As the last soldier disappears among the trees another song is heard; it is as follows:

Solo—Episode Two

Who hither come in straggling disarray?
Bearing their wounded, Portola's brave band,
Yonder, through forests wild, come soldiers, worn and weary broken,
Yea, and led by him, they sought for Monterey, and seeking found Carmelo,
Now turn they to the south lands, homeward bound, sad their quest has been in vain.
Yon priests beside the soldiers; who are they?
Of Serra's brethren, these the staunchest are.
Brave priests. Friends of him that centuries far echoing shall call Serra the good—the great.

After this there is another bugle call and Episode Two begins. The occasion is the turning back of the land expedition to San Diego from Carmel-by-the-sea, May 31, 1770. They have missed the object of their search. No communication has been received from the expedition by sea, and the adventurers are now turning back in despair. It is decided to plant a cross here and leave a message at its base. The papers are prepared, and while the cross is being raised, the hostile Indians attack the worn-out explorers. Father Gomez refuses to retreat until the cross has been dedicated. Portola consents to the delay, and after this has been done, sadly orders the soldiers to start on their return journey with the story of their failure to Father Serra at San Diego. The entire party again disappear in the trees to the west. Then begins the solo preceding Episode Three, as follows:

In the forest the priests plant the Cross of Christ,
Building a Mission San Carlos de Carmelo.
Father Serra has broken a path through the wild.
By God's word, God has heard, God has come;
And through the years to come, forever
Father Serra's name shall live.

There is another bugle call and Episode Three begins. The occasion is the breaking of ground for Carmel Mission at Carmel-by-the-sea in July, 1771. The cross still stands as Captain Portola left it. The Indians adorn it with flowers and bring offerings of game, fish, fruits and maize. Then the priests come in with the timbers for an altar, and the Indians retire to the depths of the wood. As the altar is built, the sailors of the ships, the men and women of the Presidio of Monterey and the soldiers gather for the ceremonial. Governor Fages, with his escort of cavalry, comes and takes possession of all the lands in the name of Spain's emperor. Serra approaches, calling aloud to the savage Gentiles to come to Holy Church, and ringing the mission bell, which has been hung on the branch of a tree. Then as he prays, the Indians gather and he preaches to them. Governor Fages makes deed of the Carmelo Valley to the church, and Father Serra takes the first shovelful of earth from the ground for the construction of the mission.

It was a triumphant experiment, and was so successful that on all hands was heard the desire for its perpetuation. It was the unfolding of history under the guise of drama, and the characters were made to live and speak before the eyes of the multitude.

The authors were manifold. John Fleming Wilson, the story-writer, began the work. Garnett Holme, the dramatic coach of the Univeristy of California, who produced the pageant, collaborated, amended and edited it; and Perry Newberry, assisted by Grant Wallace and Fred Bechdolt, wrote much of the dialogue, and schemed many of the scenes. Others assisted from time to time with suggestions. It was a big piece of work done more or less hastily on the inspiration of the time and season. It will doubtless be presented from year to year in more cogent and enduring from, and will be to Carmel what the Passion Play is to Oberammergau. It is looked on as the beginning of great things and as such, full of splendid possibilities in the development, not only of the educational drama, but in the interest in California's picturesque and romantic past.

KEEP SMILING AND GRINNING

By J. T. HALLETT

CHEER up, don't grumble, what good does it do
To worry and fret, frown, sulk, or look sad?
The world turns its back on the men who are blue
Favoring always the cheerful and glad.
If you are dead broke, have met with distress
Pluck up and make another beginning,
Failures teach lessons that lead to success
If you keep cheerful, smiling and grinning.

Make smiling a rule and you're sure to find
Amidst the confusion, turmoil and strife,
'Twill lessen your sorrow, bring peace to your mind,
Some sunshine to gladden the dark hours of life.
Should misfortune arise, be hopeful still
Tomorrow perchance you will make a good winning;
You can master yourself, the world, if you will,
If you keep cheerful, smiling and grinning.

It is not the pleasures that life's joys impart,
It is the hardships, the anguish and woes
Suffered, endured bravely by the heart
That uplifts the man the soul to grow.
Play well your part, the most you need is grit,
If you get beat or fouled in an inning
No one will be guessing how hard you are hit
If you keep cheerful, smiling and grinning.

If you are thrown down, just spring up again
Keep a clear head if you're steady and strong
You will not trouble and torture your brain
For what you can't help o'er things that go wrong.
Get busy, don't shirk, keep working away,
Never give up, keep fortune's wheel spinning;
You'll win in life's fight the games that you play
If you keep cheerful, smiling and grinning.

Illy gotten riches profit not,
For conscience condemns wrong doings and sins;
Through working and striving lessons are taught
Of patience and hope that helps a man win.
Be honest and upright, keep your heart right,
Free from all evil, clean from all sinning,
You're sure to succeed and come out all right
If you keep cheerful, smiling and grinning.

Don't glare and growl like an ill-natured cur
If you're hard up, should your wife fret and scold.
Don't snarl, just keep smiling and grinning at her
Jolly her up with a kiss as of old.
At home or abroad be thoughtful and wise,
Obliging and kind, pleasant and winning,
The good in your soul will help you to rise
If you keep cheerful, smiling and grinning.

NOTE—If the thousands who are idly waiting for something to "turn up" would emulate the cheery determination of J. T. Hallett of Provo, Utah, they would be happy and the world would be happier for their influence. Though bereft of sight, Mr. Hallett is the resident representative of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE in Provo, and is doing fine work. To sweetly sing and assiduously work under such a handicap should put to shame young men who are idling away their lives; few can write poetically, but all at least may work. Referring to the above poem, the *Provo Post* says: "J. T. Hallet, the blind poet who for some time past has been soliciting for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE around Provo, has again written a very beautiful article. Mr. Hallett, in combining his work with his writings, is able to earn a livelihood in a manner which is most commendable. The magazine for which he is soliciting, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, is one of the better class and can be commended to the reading public, for it is filled with live topics of the day, high-class stories and information which comes to practical use in everyday life."

Advertising Expenditures

SHOULD THEY BE CHARGED AS AN INVESTMENT OR AS AN EXPENSE?

By

ELIJAH W. SELLS, C. P. A., M. A.

Before the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, Boston, August 2, 1911

ADVERTISING is as old as man and dates back to that time when the serpent in Eden advertised successfully to our common ancestress the peculiar beauties and merits of his fruit. However interesting it might be to trace the gradual development and evolution of advertising from that date through the period when the Greeks and Romans employed street criers to advertise losses and sales and pictures on walls to advertise gladiatorial contests and other public spectacles, down to 1704, when the *Boston News Letter* was established, which paper contained the first known newspaper advertisement in America, and the rapid growth of this form of advertisement from the establishment in the first half of the Nineteenth Century of important newspapers in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, down to the present time when the annual output of publications containing advertising matter attains the enormous sum of thirty-five hundreds of millions (3,500,000) for which it is estimated that upward of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars ($150,000,000) is paid, and to further trace the development of the profession of advertising from its inception as a science in 1840 by Palmer of Philadelphia down to the comprehensive advertising organizations of today, it would hardly be appropriate or necessary in a paper dealing with the problem of the position which cost of advertising should occupy in the financial statements of a present day business.

It is not for anyone to make the broad assertion on the one hand that advertising is always an asset to be carried in the balance sheet of a business concern as an investment, or on the other hand that it is always an expense to be taken care of through current operations. It is necessary to know the facts and conditions under which the advertising was done, and the relation which those facts and conditions bear to the capital employed or to be employed.

Advertising has many of the characteristics of ordinary commodities of trade; it may be bought and sold and has a certain definite value aside from that of the material and physical labor of which it is composed and, according to its application, as is the case with any other commodity, may, with propriety, be carried as an investment in the balance sheet of a going concern. It differs, however, from other commodities in that the benefits to be derived are limited to the advertiser, and cannot be dissociated from the particular thing or business advertised and as such disposed of to another, in which respect it is identical with good will. And just as opinions and policies differ as to the extent to which good will, patents, and kindred things should be regarded as an investment, they differ as to advertising. But if it can be shown that a going concern has something of real value in its good name and good will,

ELIJAH W. SELLS OF NEW YORK
WHOSE ADDRESS AT THE CONVENTION OF ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING MEN HAS CREATED NATION-WIDE COMMENT

something that could be realized upon in any disposition of its business and upon which as an investment it is receiving satisfactory returns, there should be no objection to treating it as an investment and the same argument holds true of advertising which for the purpose of this illustration is a component of good will.

A person, firm, or company, at the outset of an undertaking which has something to dispose of not previously known to the public, or for which superior merit may be claimed, should undertake to provide sufficient capital not only for plant and working materials but for advertising, in order adequately to bring to the attention of the public the merits of that which is to be disposed of. In such a case, the amount so provided and spent might with all propriety be considered as an investment and carried as such in the balance sheet, and in any disposition of the business would have a good will value depending upon the returns of the business. On the other hand an old and established business, such, for instance, as a mutual assurance association, would not be justified in, or have any reason for, carrying as an investment the expenditures which it might make for advertising, for, as such, it is not an asset which could be realized and distributed; it has no place as good will value to the association whose business could not be sold; it is not a thing for which new capital could be raised, and so it would not be practical to consider it as an investment.

EDITOR JAMES SCHERMERHORN
The matchless speaker from Detroit, Michigan

Generally speaking, such advertising as may be done for the purpose of bringing some new business or branch of business, some new or improved article or articles to the attention of the public, which has a direct effect in creating or measurably increasing the good will of a business undertaking, may be considered as an investment in that there has been an appreciable increase in the amount of capital employed; such advertising as may be done to maintain a normal distribution or to keep the name and nature of a business before the public or for the purposes of calling attention to special temporary prices of articles, while having some effect upon the good will of the business, should not require further capital and should be provided for out of its current operations; in other words, should be considered as an expense.

Between the extremes, say of a newly started proprietary medicine business, the principal asset of which might be its advertising, and an old established mutual assurance association with no asset of that nature, would fall all the other undertakings which advertise, or depend in any degree upon publicity for the marketing of what they have to dispose of.

Given the purposes and conditions of the advertising and the general policy of the management of an undertaking in regard to such expenditures, its correct classification as an investment or an expense is not difficult to determine. But frequently it is difficult to ascertain the purpose, the conditions, and the policy upon which to determine the application, as between investment and expense, of the cost of advertising.

In my experience as a public accountant I have had to do with the financial affairs not only of practically all kinds of corporations but with those of the government, states, and municipalities, and have come in more or less intimate contact with many of the various officers and managers of all of them; and it is based upon this experience that I have formed my judgment that the managements of corporations are generally honest and, as compared with those of public affairs, more economical and efficient; that there is far more dishonesty among politicians and office holders than among corporation managers.

I also base upon this experience my opinion that full publicity of the affairs of corporations would be beneficial not only to the public but to the corporations themselves, as the actions and investigations brought about by the public uneasiness would be largely forestalled thereby. But to obtain these results, full publicity will be necessary and the public will have to be satisfied that the figures contained in the publications are accurate. Certificates of reputable public accountants to be made a part of such publications will surely have an influence in attaining this end. In order that an advertising man may intelligently canvass this class of business, he should be able not only to impress the managements with the desirability of such publicity, but he should have some knowledge of the form and the amount of detail which his public will require, and with anything *less* than which it will *not* be be satisfied. That the affairs of a business organization are of no concern to anyone except those responsible for its creation and continuance is sound doctrine, and may be applied to small affairs without detriment; but in this country where corporations with large affairs have become the prey of politicians to such extent as seriously to retard progression because their financial affairs are not generally understood, these corporations are confronted with special conditions to meet or mitigate which they should forego certain of their rights of privacy, and I believe they would be willing to accept the counter-effect of publicity by making known to the public the condition of their affairs in such terms as cannot be misunderstood. This refers to corporations whose securities are quoted and dealt in and in whose affairs the public is concerned.

MRS. HELEN M. SHAW–THOMPSON
Of Chicago, one of the speakers at the convention of Associated Advertising men

The proposition divides itself into two essential elements:

First — That dealing with capitalization which embraces all the fixed, liquid, floating and current assets on the one hand and liabilities—both funded and current—on the other. In the preparation of this information, nothing should be hidden and all essential details given.

Second — That dealing with the operations which relate to earnings or sales. Beginning with the total amount of such earnings or sales fully classified, there should be shown successively the allowances thereon, the direct costs, consisting of labor, material and incidental expenses, the general expenses, the fixed charges for taxes, interest, sinking funds, and finally the balance, if any available, and its application for extensions of the business, betterments, dividends, etc., and the remainder to be carried to the reserve, surplus and profit and loss accounts.

These details need not, and indeed should not, disclose what are generally regarded as trade secrets—I mean by this, certain processes and trade affairs which from their nature should be kept secret and not disclosed to competitors and others.

There should be uniformity of publicity for businesses of a like character.

It is my opinion that the present day inertia of business is due more to unwarranted agitation of politicians against corporations than to any other one cause.

If the affairs of all corporations were generally made known, the voting masses would not be misled by the unscrupulous attacks of politicians who use any and all means to attract votes.

Photo by Leet Bros.

MRS. HARRIET CHALMERS ADAMS

Who gave a splendid address before the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, recently held in Boston, on "Our trade relations with the Latin American countries"

The daily press, magazines, and kindred publications are the natural mediums through which the knowledge of corporate affairs should reach the public.

The cost to the corporations of this publicity would be more than offset by the reduction in the expense of lobbying, defence against unjust legislation and blackmailing legislators; and, moreover, in some cases a part of the cost of such publicity could very properly be charged as an investment while the cost of lobbying, defence against unjust legislation, and meeting the demands of blackmailing legislators must without question *all* be charged to expense.

It could not be said that all corporations are free from censure, but publicity would act as a restraint upon these and would put in a fair light before the public those institutions which are entitled to the credit for the great commercial development of this country.

Many corporations issue printed annual reports, and some of them are published in the daily papers in abbreviated form. All corporations should issue full reports to their stockholders and should publish them generally for the enlightenment of the investing and voting public.

When a systematic campaign shall have been organized for this class of advertising, it will be the particular province of the advertising organizations to determine the character of the publications that these financial affairs should appear in, but I venture to suggest that, if in addition to reaching the investing public through the conservative press, they are also placed in the popular newspapers, and periodicals with the large circulations, they would be such plain contradictions of many ot their articles attacking corporate affairs that they would have a salient influence in a fertile field, the voting public.

With no matter what skill advertising matter is prepared and with no matter how much judgment it is placed to reach the public, the maximum of good results cannot be attained if the general business of the country is abnormally depressed, and the advertising agents as much as anyone are vitally interested to see that the causes of these depressions are removed.

And in removing or impairing the effect of one of the chief of them—the continual attacks on business corporations—the advertising agents stand in a position to perform a great public duty, by obtaining and giving scientific publicity to the affairs of these corporations.

MONTE CARLO

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST GAMBLING RESORT

By OSCAR FRICHET

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

TO THE timid and tempted the Casino at Monte Carlo is undoubtedly a dangerous monster, for it is ever yawning to engulf the unwary. The moralist describes the little principality where all the world gambles as the "Sink of Europe," and tries to harrow up your soul with stories of sensational scenes around the tables and awful suicides upon the terraces—for the most part the fruits of his vivid imagination. The glamour and mystery which once surrounded Monte Carlo are now things of the past, and, when one comes to look upon the Casino as a money-making machine pure and simple, one is bound to admit that it is the most nearly perfect and best-managed speculative concern in existence.

Gambling originated at Monte Carlo so far back as 1853, and in that year the late Prince Charles of Monaco granted a thirty years' concession to a company with a capital of one hundred thousand pounds to carry on business at gambling tables; but it was Francois Blanc who, when the late Emperor William closed all the gambling houses in Germany after the war of 1870, went to Monaco with the whole of the staff and gambling plant of the Homburg Casino and turned that beauty-spot of the Riviera into an earthly paradise, and centralized there all the luxuries and comforts, as well as all the vices and passions that belong to mankind.

Francois Blanc died on July 27, 1877, leaving behind him nearly thrity-five million dollars. Old Blanc never once gambled during this lifetime, but every day he stood at the roulette wheels and the trente-et-quarante tables in his gambling-house, confident in his watchword: *"Rouge perd et Noir perd, mais c'est toujours Blanc qui gagne!"*

The Casino at Monte Carlo is now run by a company formed on April 1, 1883, and which was granted a concession by Prince Charles of Monaco for a period of thirty years. People who hold the original shares of this company have for years past been receiving dividend and interest at the rate of forty per cent per annum! Early last year the present Prince of Monaco renewed the concession to the company and made the building of some important public works part of the payment which the Casino has been in the habit of making to the little principality. Under the old concession the payment to the Prince of Monaco amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars yearly.

The head of the Casino company is a member of the Blanc family, and he is known as the *President du Conseil.* He is assisted in the management of the gambling house by a *directeur-general* and three *directeurs*; while three *sous ex-directeurs* look after the gambling rooms, and the *chefs de table* and the croupiers.

Altogether there are no fewer than eighteen hundred officials and employes in the Casino at the present time, and their salaries combined reach the startling figure of four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

The only employees the general public are familiar with are the *chefs de table* on their high seats, the croupiers at the tables, and the *garcons de salle*, attendants in blue coats braided with gold. The ordinary visitor to Monte Carlo never discovers that there are numerous detectives continually roaming about the gambling-rooms of the Casino, watching the employees and the players and seeing that all goes well.

My next statement sounds exaggerated if not ridiculous. The statement is that during the last few years no less than five million dollars have been realized annually from the gambling tables at Monte Carlo. An exact account of the profits of each table every day is placed into the hands of the *President du Conseil.* The profits, of course, vary; but I do not think I shall be far wrong if I state that the average earnings of a roulette table during the winter are two thousand dollars a day and during the summer seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. From the trente-et-quarante tables the average earnings are fifteen hundred dollars a day in winter and twelve hundred and fifty dollars in summer.

Monaco is a prosperous principality, and it is really kept in its even, happy state by the gambling-rooms. In fact this little beauty spot on the Riviera owes the Casino nothing but gratitude, for it has provided each family among its population of fifteen thousand odd with so decent a means of livelihood that distressing cases of poverty are unknown.

Every twelve months the Casino company divides two hundred thousand dollars between the treasury of the government of Monaco and that of the municipality. Any further sum which is required for state and municipal expenses is raised in customs levied upon wines and other luxuries, from stamps, and from one or two monopolies which exist in the principality.

Monaco's bishops, clergy and the religious and educational institutions are kept going by the Casino, for the company put aside sixty thousand dollars per annum for them, and a further fifteen thousand dollars for the judges and the law officers. The gambling tables also supply the army and police with sixty thousand dollars a year and pay the costs of the upkeep of the "Buanderie," or special laundry, where the soiled linen of the officials engaged at the Casino and the officers and men of the guard of honor and fifty carbineers, who keep watch over the little despotic monarchy, is washed, starched and ironed.

Happy Monegasques! The natives of Monaco are never worried when quarter-day comes round, for rates and taxes are unknown to them.

The Casino was built in Monaco, one of the prettiest cathedrals in the world; has covered the fields with hotels, villas and shops; raised the price of building sites from a franc a *metre* to one hundred and fifty francs; and erected a fine oceanographic museum. Here it might be mentioned that the Prince of Monaco is a noted lecturer on deep-sea life, and has taken some remarkable photographs below the oceans.

The Casino, too, has given the Riviera magnificent operas and instrumental concerts, and supplied Europe with some of the finest singers and musicians. Many now famous vocalists made their debut at the places of amusement in Monaco.

The theater, orchestra and other amusements connected with the Casino cost the company the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum. The orchestra is one of the finest in existence, and the leading artistes of the operatic stage are engaged to take part in the theatrical performances. Deadheads draw long faces at Monte Carlo, for all the free seats have been suppressed.

It is not generally known that the Casino company give yearly grants to certain newspapers. I believe a leading Parisian daily takes fifteen thousand dollars a year for doing nothing more than devoting a few lines of its space every morning to the state of the weather in Monaco! So far as the weather is concerned in the monarchy, it is the best to be had in Europe. The real pleasure of the visitors is the brilliant sunshine, of which there is always an abundance.

All the decent papers published all along the railway from Paris to Lyons, Marseilles and on to Nice and Mentone are on the Casino's "paper pension list."

They are paid sums of money varying from two hundred dollars to five thousand dollars per annum to keep Monte Carlo scandal out of their columns, and to "correct" reports of irregularities in the management of the Casino which might appear in the British and American press.

People who visit Monte Carlo for the first time very often make themselves the observed of all observers, if not ridiculous, by displaying an ignorance of the rules which must be obeyed. You cannot walk into the Casino in the way you drop into a museum. Before you are allowed to enter the gambling-rooms you must give one of the officials outside the doors your name and address, and in return he hands you a card of admission available either for a day, or a week or a month.

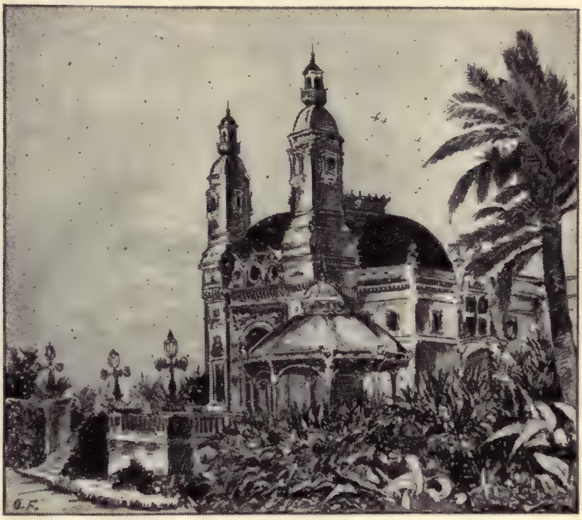
Outside the Casino are several detectives of various nationalities who run their eyes over each stranger to Monte Carlo and watch for undesirables and sharps. Great Britain's representative is generally an ex-inspector of the Metropolitan police force.

Certain restrictions in the matter of dress are imposed by the Casino company. Unwary ones who innocently attempt to enter the gambling-rooms in a knickerbocker suit are politely but firmly refused admission. It is said that Miss Ellen Terry, the great actress of England, was once refused admission to the Casino because she was not sufficiently smart in her attire and it is a matter of common knowledge that the late Lord Salisbury was turned away for a similar reason.

The Casino's reading, writing and smoking rooms are opened as a rule very early, but the doors of the gambling-rooms are not thrown open until ten. Long before this hour enormous crowds of fashionably-dressed men and women surround the doors of the Casino all anxious to begin play. Here is the *elite* of the two hemispheres, for Monte Carlo is always filled with a wealthy and ever-changing crowd of gamblers.

Between nine and ten every morning the wheels of the roulette tables are polished, cleansed, and adjusted by the Casino's servants, and when the public are admitted the wheels are balanced in their presence. A *garcon de salle* goes from table to table with a spirit-level, which he places upon the rosewood rim of the wheel cylinder. The *chef de table* is not satisfied that the wheel is accurately adjusted unless the air bubble of the spirit-level is exactly in the center.

Just before ten o'clock each morning *garcons de salle* pass down the massive staircase leading from the chief cashier's office in the Casino and enter the gambling-rooms. They are two abreast and each two carry between them an oaken, brass-bound box of money—one for each table. The money is counted out in the presence of the public.


THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO

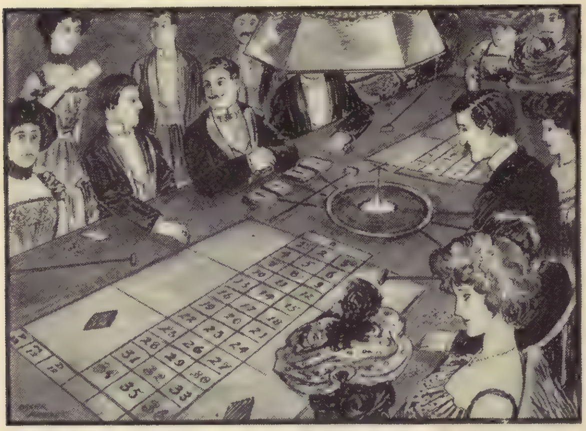
Each roulette table is supplied with a "bank"—an amount with which play is commenced—of eighty thousand francs, or sixteen thousand dollars or therabouts. The "bank" at the *trente-et-quarante* tables is thirty thousand dollars; here the minimum stake is a louis instead of five francs.

The officials like to see the people fight for seats at the roulette tables, for roulette brings the Casino more money than *trente-et-quarante.*

Roulette, of course, is a game of chance pure and simple, and there are scores of ways of staking money. If you place a coin in the center of a number, you back that number right out. That is to say, you have a chance of winning thirty-five times the amount of your stake. Nine louis is the maximum allowed on this chance, which, by the way, is known as "*en plein*."

If you place a coin between two numbers, next to one another vertically or horizontally, it is called "*a cheval*." If you are lucky enough to win, seventeen times the amount of your stake is paid to you by the "bank."

To back three numbers at one time, it is always best to select three in a transverse line. Backing four numbers is called "*en carre*," and the backer, if successful, is paid at the rate of eight to one. Backing five numbers is known as "*quatre premiers*," while backing six numbers is called the "*transversale simple*." If you wish to back a dozen numbers, you place your stake on one of three little squares (there are three on each side of the numbers on the table) marked $\frac{P}{12}$, $\frac{M}{12}$ or $\frac{D}{12}$, meaning *premieur*, *milieu* and *derniere*. The "bank" only allows two to one against this chance, and the maximum stake is one hundred and fifty louis. The table is divided into three squares, each containing twelve different numbers (not arranged consecutively). If you desire to back a whole column, you place the amount of your stake on one of the blank spaces at the bottom of each column, of which there are three.



A SCENE AT ONE OF THE ROULETTE TABLES OF THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO

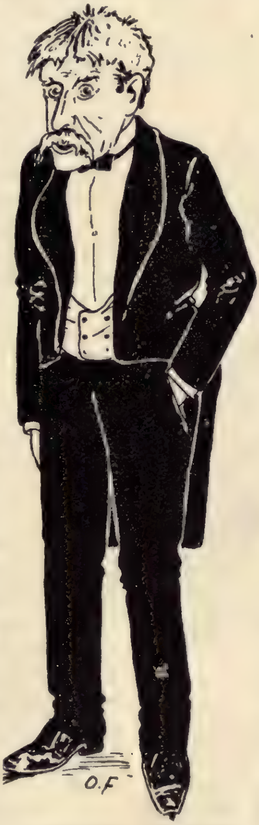
Trente-et-quarante is quite a different game from roulette, inasmuch as it is a card game. The dealer takes his packs of cards and, after shuffling them, deals out a row until the pips count thirty-one or near that number as possible. His next operation is to deal out another row until the pips reach the total of thirty-one or over. The first row of cards is black and the second red. The row whose total pips are nearest thirty-one wins. You place your money on either black or red before the cards are dealt.

One lady who visited the Casino found herself with only ten louis. She made her way to one of the *trente-et-quarante* tables and placed the money on red. She won, but instead of taking the winnings, she left them on red. She won again, and believing she was on a "run," she left her money to accumulate. By a strange chance every winning row of cards on that table was colored red. When the croupier announced the last deal of the evening, the lucky lady retired with nearly forty-five thousand dollars.

Recently Captain de Courcy Bower of the British army won at Monte Carlo within a fortnight over one million dollars at *trente-et-quarante*. He won eighteen maximums running one day at the "card" tables, and the "bank" had to send for money five times. I believe that his method of play was to stake a thousand francs on the red and let it run.

A year or so ago Mr. Huntley Walker, the well-known racing motorist, won sixty thousand dollars in a little over two hours' play at Monte Carlo's roulette tables, causing one of the tables to suspend operations for several minutes to replenish its coffers.

It was a long time back when a Yorkshireman, named Jaggers, with the assistance of six clerks, watched the roulette wheels at the various tables, and finally discovered that at one table certain numbers came up more frequently than others. He backed these numbers to such an extent and won so frequently that the officials, believing something was amiss, had the wheel removed to another table without their patron's knowledge. Jaggers, however, had noticed a tiny white speck on the rim of the wheel, and he was thus able to follow it. Within a short time he won no less than six hundred thousand dollars, and then the officials discovered his secret and had the defective wheel overhauled and put in order. Jaggers continued to play, but finding that his winnings were rapidly decreasing, he wisely desisted, and returned home with four hundred thousand dollars.



A BROKEN GAMBLER

"Lucky Charles Wells," the hero of the popular music-hall song, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," written by Charles Coborn, won nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars during two visits to the Casino of ten days' duration. Wells started with a stake of ten units, and if the stake decreased to zero or increased to twenty he would retire from the table. He invariably betted on a "run" or a "series" at both the roulette and the *trente-et-quarante* tables, betting either the minimum stakes or the maximum stakes. By following this system he took one afternoon all the one hundred and all the one thousand franc banknotes supplied to one of the *trente-et-quarante* tables, and play had to be postponed until the officials had fetched a further one hundred thousand francs to the "bank." Wells lost all his winnings eventually and also fifty thousand dollars he had borrowed.

The better part of the winnings of "plungers" finds its way back to the tables. Mr. Huntley Walker has been a visitor to Monte Carlo for nearly twenty years, and despite his winnings, the "bank," I think, is still heavily indebted to him.

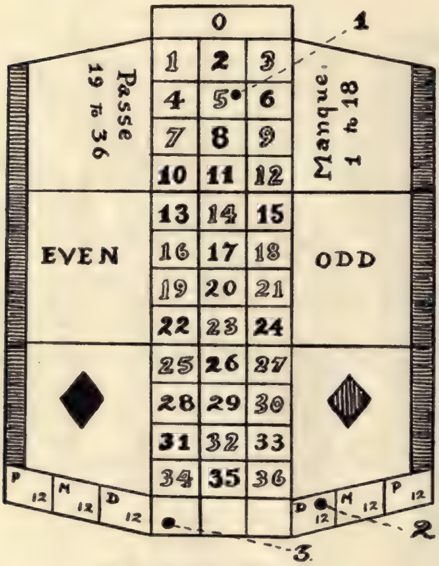
Some time ago the players at a roulette table were being rapidly "cleared out," and it seemed that more than one would have to apply to the heads of the Casino for money to pay their fares home. Suddenly a fly settled on the No. 13, and in a moment piles of gold were laid on the table between the numbers thirteen and twenty-four, the players recognizing in the fly a most potent omen. A moment later the croupier set the ball spinning, and it rested in No. 13. Curiously enough No. 13 won three times following, and the "bank" lost twenty-five thousand dollars through a fly!

The Casino company have provided a fund to send home gamblers who have lost their all in the gambling-rooms. The granting of the *viatique* is constantly being carried on. The broken gambler who presents himself at a small office in the central saloon of the Casino is, if he is found to be a *bona-fide* loser, handed the price of a second-class railway ticket to his home, whether his home be in London, New York or Jerusalem, and enough extra money for his meals on the journey. An Englishman is usually given from forty to sixty dollars. Each broken gambler, who receives the *viatique*, signs a receipt for the money handed to him, surrenders his card of admission to the Casino, and is told that he will not be allowed again to enter the gambling-rooms until he has paid back the loan. Every year the company assist losers in this way to the extent of nearly forty thousand dollars.

Monte Carlo has a pension list—probably the most remarkable in the world. Men and women who absolutely ruin themselves at the Casino are allowed small sums for the rest of their lives. The pensions vary from five francs to forty francs a day, according to the amounts lost at the tables. A Scotchman who lost about one million dollars at roulette is said to receive seven dollars a day. This gentleman resides today in a tiny villa at Nice. Every year the Casino company pay out some fifteen thousand dollars in pensions.

The average person who enters the Casino at Monte Carlo with the hope of winning a little money may consider the croupiers at the various tables very matter-of-fact individuals, yet they are the most remarkable men to be found in the principality of Monaco.

As can be imagined, a croupier must have wonderful powers of mental arithmetic. Moreover, he must have quick eyes, imperturbable self-control, and be even faster in fingering and counting money than a bank cashier. For such a post a strict training is necessary, and at the Casino there is a School of Croupiers, where applicants are trained and examined. The school is held in the club-room of the Tir aux Pigeons and the Salle d'Escrine of the Casino. Tables, similar to those used in the gambling-rooms, are fixed in the club-room, and each pupil in turn takes the part of croupier, while the examiners and the other pupils personate players and stake money. The money is sham, however, metal discs being used for coins and slips of paper for notes. Within a given time the pupil must calculate and pay out the winning stakes. As a rule there are about forty pupils in the school every year, and they are taught many things, including the art of coin-pitching. Visitors to Monte Carlo may have noticed a croupier pitch coins from one end of the table to a precise spot at the other end. This feat is only acquired after long practice, and a would-be croupier must be able to perform it thoroughly in the school if he hopes to become a member of the gambling-room's staff.



THE ROULETTE TABLE
Figure 1—How to back a certain number
Figure 2—How to back a square of numbers
Figure 3—How to back a column of numbers from top to bottom

A croupier, when passed as perfect by the examiners, is placed in the gambling-rooms, and his working day is of six hours' duration, in two spells of three hours each. For three consecutive days he works at one table and is then shifted to another.

A croupier, when he enters the service of the Casino company, must sign an agreement. In this document it is stipulated that the company have the power of dismissing the croupier at a moment's notice without giving him any reason therefor.

A croupier's post is a very pleasant one, and his salary is by no means minute. For the first year's service he receives six hundred and fifty dollars, and this sum is gradually increased to twelve hundred dollars. If he remains with the Casino company for a certain number of years he is given a good pension, and if he has the misfortune to die while in the service of the company, his wife and children are allowed a weekly sum sufficient to keep them.

A croupier handles so much money during each day and sees so much of it flung down on the tables by gamblers that, after being employed at the Casino for a couple of years or so, he loses practically all sense of the value of cash and becomes quite indifferent to the sight of it. It is for this very reason that the croupiers have become recognized as the most honest employes at Monte Carlo, but, nevertheless, each croupier is searched every time he goes off duty, so that he has no chance of smuggling any of the "bank's" money out of the Casino.

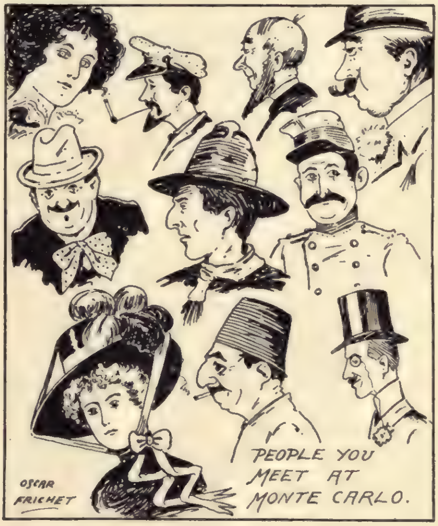
"Swell mobsmen" who have visited

Monte Carlo with the intention of swindling the "bank" have many times tried to bribe the croupiers. Only one croupier has been known to have been bribed, and this resulted in a big robbery at one of the *trente-et-quarante* tables. A gang of Italians, both men and women, entered the Casino one day and seated themselves at one of the "card" tables. Presently one of the fair members of the party dropped, as if by mischance, some coins to the floor, and as a consequence the attention of the players was taken away from the table. While the coins were being searched for, the dealer, who had previously been bribed, introduced into play a pack of cards similar to those used officially, but which allowed seven coups to be played one after another. When the game was restarted with the prepared cards, the swindlers got to work and succeeded in robbing the "bank" of no less than forty thousand dollars. The dealer was arrested by a detective soon after the gang had left the table and vanished from the Casino, and the pack of prepared cards was found upon him. He was charged with swindling his employers, and was subsequently sentenced to a term of imprisonment. To prevent such a scheme being perpetrated again, the authorities of the Casino issued orders that cards of different pattern should be used for each deal and that cards when once used should be burnt.

Rogues of all kinds haunt the gambling-rooms at Monte Carlo, notwithstanding the presence of detectives within and without, and pockets are picked with impunity. Men and women are robbed of their winnings, and even the Casino itself is robbed and defrauded out of large sums.

One day a representative of a Parisian paper called upon a high official of the Casino and said, "I want to do a little gambling. Unless you advance me ten thousand francs, I shall go to the telegraph office and open a campaign against Monte Carlo." The newspaper in question was a very influential one, and the official considered it policy to hand the money over. The unscrupulous journalist then entered the gambling-rooms and sat down at one of the roulette tables. He threw a five-franc piece on the table, and with that small sum he netted nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five francs.

Five journalists from the French capital visited Monte Carlo at the time that a bomb scare was raging and conceived a clever plot to obtain five thousand dollars from the Casino authorities. One night, by bribing the watchmen, they managed to place several bogus bombs, with a piece of lamp-wick hanging from each one and smelling strongly of petroleum, outside the Casino and beneath the gambling tables in the interior. In the morning when the "explosives" were discovered, the authorities did everything possible to hush the matter up. Just after the doors were opened, however, the five journalists walked in and sought an interview with the manager. "We know all about the details of the attempt to blow up the Casino last night," they said, "and unless we are paid one thousand dollars each we shall send a full account of the outrage to the papers we represent." After much hesitation the money was paid and the blackmailers caught the first train to Paris very much pleased with the success of their little scheme.


PEOPLE YOU MEET AT MONTE CARLO.
OSCAR FRICHET

A daily frequenter to the Casino disappeared mysteriously and a search was made for him, with the result that his clothes were found on the shore, together with a letter explaining that the tables had ruined him and driven him to the rash act of suicide. The clothes and the note were found by a visitor to Monte Carlo, and he reported the matter to the Casino authorities and threatened to make the facts public unless a large sum of money was paid to him. The money was finally paid. A month or so later the man who was supposed to be dead opened a cafe at Nice with his share of the "hush-money" handed over to his confederate!

A Londoner, claiming to have lost every penny he had, received a generous sum to carry him home. Instead of leaving Monte Carlo he shaved off his moustache, put on a dark wig over his own fair locks, assumed an eye-glass and entered the gambling-rooms as a new arrival. He lost his money and applied for another allowance. The authorities, failing to recognize him, again provided him with the means of leaving the place. He then disguised himself as a young widow and resumed play. This time he was exceptionally lucky, and finally evolved a small fortune from the traveling money that had been handed to him.

Monte Carlo is a beautiful place, where the waves softly wash the shore and where the cactus rustles along the well-kept walks, but it also is a place where fools lose fortunes and where men and women well known to every Bureau de Police in Europe live on their wits and, at a pinch, on their crimes. Yet Monte Carlo will always be the favorite resort of the real British peer and peeress, baronet and baroness, as well as the real aristocrat of France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, and the authorities will always go on pocketing that profit of five million dollars a year.

TAKE HEART!

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

ALL day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial time;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime,—
Yet I am not as one that grieves;

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,—
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

Audun and His White Bear

AN ICELANDIC SAGA

Translated by

GEORGE WEBBE DASENT

“THERE was a man named Audun, an Icelander and Westfirther; his means were small, but his goodness was well known. This Audun once sailed from Iceland with a Norseman whose name was Thorir, but before he went he made over all his goods to his mother, and after all they were not more than enough to keep her for two years. After that they put to sea with a fair breeze, and soon made Norway. Audun stayed with Thorir that winter, and next summer they both sailed out to Greenland and were there the next winter. There Audun bought a white bear well-tamed, and he gave for the beast all the money he had—for it was the greatest treasure of a bear that had ever been heard of.

“Next summer they sailed back to Norway and had a good voyage; as for Thorir, the captain, he went back to his own house, but Audun got himself a passage east to the Bay in the Cattegat and took his bear with him, and looked about for a lodging while he stayed there, for he meant to make his way south to Denmark and give the bear to King Sweyn. But just then the war and strife between King Harold and Sweyn was at its height. It happened, too, that Harold was then in the town whither Audun came, and he soon heard how an Icelander had come from Greenland with such a tame white bear. The king sent at once for Audun, so he went before the king and greeted him. The king took his words well and asked:

“ ‘Hast thou that white bear which is such a treasure?’

“ ‘I have,’ said Audun.

“The king said, ‘Wilt thou sell us the beast for the same price thou gavest for it?’

“ ‘I will not do that, lord,’ said Audun.

“ ‘Wilt thou,’ says the king, ‘that I give thee twice as much, and that is fairer, if indeed thou gavest for it all thy money?’

“ ‘I will not do that, lord,’ he said.

“ ‘Wilt thou give it me, then?’ says the king.

“ ‘That, too, I will not do,’ says the Icelander.

“ ‘What wilt thou do with it, then?’ said the king.

“Audun answers, ‘What I have already made up my mind to do; go south to Denmark and give it to King Sweyn.’

“Then King Harold said, ‘Is it now that thou art so ignorant a man that thou hast not heard of all this war and strife which is between the lands here, or dost thou think thy luck so great that thou wilt be able to bring this treasure to King Sweyn when others cannot get to his land without trouble, even when need forces them to go?’

“Audun answers, ‘Lord, this now lies in your power, but I will say yes to no other way than the one I have already spoken of, and made up my mind to follow.’

“Then the king said: ‘I see no reason why thou shouldst not go as thou pleasest, but I make this bargain that thou comest here to me when thou gettest back and tellest me how King Sweyn rewarded thee for the beast. Maybe thou art a man of luck.’

" 'I'll give you my word to do that,' said Audun. And away he went and got a passage south to Denmark. But when he got there every penny of his money was spent, and he had to beg for food both for his bear and himself. So he went to a bailiff of the king, whose name was Auki, and begged him to get him some food, that he might feed himself and the bear, which he meant to give to King Sweyn.

"Auki answers: 'I will sell thee food, if thou wilt.'

" 'I have nothing to give for it now,' said Audun, 'but I would be glad to hit upon some way of bringing the beast to the king, for it were great scathe if so precious a thing were to die on my hands.'

"Auki said: 'Ye'll both of you need much food before ye get to the king. And now I'll make thee this offer: I will feed both till then, but then I must have half the beast; and what thou hast now to look at is this—that thou wilt not have even half of it if it starves to death on thy hands.'

"Audun thought this choice hard, but still could see nothing better for it as things stood; so they struck a bargain, and he agreed to sell Auki half the bear, on condition that they started for where the king was at once, and should reckon the worth on both sides, first of the food which Auki gave him, and then of the beast; and that Auki should pay Audun so much as was over, if the king thought half the bear was worth more than the food. So they went both of them till they found King Sweyn. He greeted Auki, the bailiff, well, but asked the man who came with him who he was, for he did not know him.

"Audun answers: 'I am a man from Iceland, new come from Norway, but before that I came from Greenland. My errand hither was to give you this white bear, which I bought out there in Greenland with all my goods; but a great change has befallen me, for now I own no more than half the beast.'

"After that he told the king the whole story, and all that passed between him and Auki.

"Then the king said: 'Is this true, Auki, what he says?'

" 'True it is,' says Auki.

"Then the king said: 'And thoughtest thou it fell to thee, when I had set thee over my goods and given thee great place, to tax and toll what an outlander and a stranger had undertaken to bring me as a treasure—who gave for it all his goods, and that, too, when our greatest foes thought it good to let him go on his way in peace? Think, now, how faithless it was in thee to do such a thing, and see what a great difference there is between thee and Harold, when he gave him safe conduct. And now it were meet that thou shouldst lose not only thy goods, but thy life also; and though I will not slay thee this time, still thou shalt go away at once on the spot a beggar from the realm, and never come more unto my sight. But for thee, Icelander, as thou hast given me the whole of the beast, and that worth far more than the food which Auki sold, but which he ought to have given thee, I accept it, and ask thee to stay here with me.'

"Then Audun thanked the king for his words and invitation, and stayed there awhile, but Auki went away unhappy and lost great goods because he coveted that which did not belong to him.

"Audun had only been with King Sweyn a little while when he said he was eager to go away. The king was rather slow in answering him.

" 'What wilt thou do, then?' he asked, 'if thou wilt not be with us?'

" 'I will go south to Rome,' he says.

"Then the king said:

" 'Hadst thou not taken such good counsel, I had been very angry at thy eagerness to go away, but now thou shalt not be thwarted in the least.'

"So the king gave him much silver and settled all about his journey, and put him in the way of going in company with other pilgrims, and bade him to come and see him when he came back.

"So Audun went south; but when he was coming back he took a great sickness and lay long abed. All the money was spent which Sweyn had given him, and his companions went on and left him. At last he rose from his sickness and was quite thin and weak, nor had he a penny to buy food. Then he took a beggar's wandering and went along begging his food, till he came back to Denmark about Easter, to a town where King Sweyn happened to be. By this time Audun had his hair close cropped, and scarce a rag to his back, vile and poor in every way; and so he dared not show himself among the throng of men. He hung about the cloisters of the church and thought to choose a time to meet the king when he went to Nones; but when he saw the king coming and his train so bravely dressed, he was ashamed to show himself before their eyes. But when the king had sat down to the board, Audun went and took his meat outside under the wall of the hall, as is pilgrims' wont, so long as they have not thrown away staff and scrip. And now he made up his mind to throw himself in the king's way as he went to even-song; but, so bold as this seemed to him earlier in the day, just half so bold again must he have been to let the king see him now that they had well drunk. So, when Audun saw them coming, he turned short off and ran away to hide himself. But the king thought he caught a glimpse of a man and as he came out of church and all his train had come inside their lodging, he turned round and went out again, and called out with a loud voice as soon as he was out of doors:

" 'If there be any man near here, as methinks there is, who wishes to see me, and has hardly heart to do so, let him come forward now and let himself be seen.'

"Then Audun came forward and fell at the king's feet. The king knew him at once and took him by the hand and bade him welcome.

" 'And now,' he says, 'thou art greatly changed since we saw one another last, for I scarce knew thee.'

"So the king led him into the hall there and then; but all the king's train laughed at Audun as soon as they saw him. But the king said:

" 'Ye have no need to laugh at him, vile and mean though he seems to be to look on; he hath seen better to his soul's health than ye, and therefore to God's eye he will seem bright and fair.'

"Then the king made them get ready a bath and waited on him with his own hands and gave him afterwards good clothes and made much of him in every way. So Audun soon got back his strength and health, for he was young in years, and there he stayed awhile. He knew, too, how to behave himself among the crowd of men; he was an easy-tempered, word-weighing man, and not given to gossip. So all men liked him, and as for King Sweyn he was most gracious to him.

"So it fell out one day, when springtide was drawing on, that they two were talking together, and all at once the king said:

" 'Sooth to say, Audun, I have never yet repaid thee in a way thou wouldst like by a gift in return for the white bear. And now if thou wilt, thou shalt be free to stay long here with me, and I will make thee my henchman; and, at the same time, treat thee honorably in all things.'

"Audun answers: 'God thank you, lord, for your generous offer, and for all the honor you show me, but I have set my heart on sailing out to Iceland.'

" 'This seems to me a most wonderful choice,' said the king.

"Then Audun said, 'I can't bear to think that I am sitting here with you in great honor and happiness, while my mother tramps about on the beggar's path out yonder in Iceland; for now the time is up during which I gave her means to live before I sailed away from home.'

" 'Spoken like a good man and true,' answers the king, 'and no doubt thou wilt be a man of luck. This was the only thing which would not have misliked me if thou hadst asked leave to go away. But now stay here awhile with me till the ships are being got ready.'

"So Audun stayed. But one day, when the spring was near at hand, King Sweyn went down from the town to the landing-place, and then they saw men busy fitting out their ships for various lands—east to Russia, or to Saxony, to Sweden or to Norway. So Audun and the king came to a fair ship and men were hard at work on her; she was a merchantman of fine size.

"Then the king said, 'What thinkest thou, Audun, of this ship?'

"He said 'She is fine enough.'

" 'Now,' said the king, 'I will repay thee for the bear, and give thee this ship with a full lading of all that I know is handiest in Iceland.'

"Audun thanked the king as well as he could for this gift, but when time went on and the ship was ready for sea, they two went down again to the strand, King Sweyn and Audun. Then the king spoke:

" 'Since thou wilt go away from me, Icelander, nothing shall now be done to hinder thee; but I have heard tell that your land is ill off for havens, and that there are great shoals and risks for ships; and now, if things do not turn out well, it may be that thy ship goes to pieces and thy lading will be lost; little then will be left to show that thou hast met King Sweyn and given him a thing of great price.'

"As he said this, the king put into his hand a big leathern bag, full of silver, and said, 'Thou wilt not be now altogether penniless though thy ship goes to pieces, if thou only holdest this.

" 'Maybe, too,' the king went on to say, 'that thou losest this money also; what good will it then have been to thee that thou gavest King Sweyn thy treasure?'

"As he said this, the king drew a ring of gold from his arm and gave it to Audun; that was a thing of costly price and the king went on:

" 'Though things go so ill that thy ship goes to pieces and all thy goods and money be lost, still thou wilt not be penniless if thou comest to land with this ring, for it is often the wont of men to bear their gold about them, when they are in risk of shipwreck, and so it will be seen that thou hast met King Sweyn Wolfson, if thou holdest fast the ring, though thou losest the rest of thy goods. And now I will give thee this bit of advice, never to part with this ring, for I wish thee to enjoy it to the uttermost, unless thou thinkest thyself bound to repay so much goodness to some great man as to deem it right that thou shouldst give him a great treasure. When thou findest such an one give him the ring, for it is worth a great man's while to own it; and now farewell, and luck follow thy voyage.' That was what King Sweyn said.

"After that Audun put to sea and ran into a haven in Norway, and as soon as he heard where King Harold was he set out to find him, as he had given his word. So Audun came before King Harold and greeted him, and the king took his greeting kindly.

" 'Sit here now and drink with us,' said the king.

"So Audun sat and drank. Then King Harold asked, 'Well, how did King Sweyn repay thee for the white bear?'

" 'In that wise, lord,' says Audun, 'that he took it when I gave it.'

" 'In that wise I had repaid thee myself,' says the king. 'What more did he give thee?'

" 'He gave me silver to go south on pilgrimage.'

"The king answers: 'King Sweyn has given many a man before now silver to go south on pilgrimage, or to help his need, though he had not brought him things of price. What hast thou more to say?'

" 'He asked me,' answers Audun, 'to become his henchman, and to give me great honor if I stayed with him.'

" 'That was well spoken,' says the king, 'but he must have repaid thee with more still.'

"Audun said: 'He gave me a big merchantman, full laden with the best of freight.'

" 'That was a noble gift,' says the king, 'but I would have given thee as much; or did he give thee anything more?'

"Audun answers: 'He gave me besides a leathern bag full of silver, and said I would not then be penniless if I held fast to it, though my ship went to pieces off Iceland.'

" 'That was nobly thought of,' answers the king, 'and that I would not have done. I should have thought myself free if I had given thee ship and lading. Gave he aught besides?'

" 'Yes, lord, he did,' says Audun, 'he gave me this ring which I have on my arm, and said it might so happen that I lost all my goods and the ship too, and yet he said I should not be penniless if I still had the ring. He bade me also not to part with the ring unless I thought that I owed so much to some great man for his goodness that I ought to give it him; but now I have found that man, for it was in your power, lord, to take my bear from me, and my life too, but you let me go in peace to Denmark when no one else could get thither.'

"The king took the ring blithely and gave Audun good gifts in return before they parted. So Audun sailed to Iceland that very summer, and all thought him the luckiest of men."

Wanted—A Public Utility Commission *for* Illinois

by W · C · Jenkins

WHATEVER may be the views and attitude of managers and directors of public-service corporations in respect to regulation by commissions, the time has unquestionably arrived when state supervision of all corporations engaged in public-utility enterprises is essential to the common good. It is but the natural sequence of the regulatory laws respecting common carriers now successfully in effect throughout the nation, and its early adoption by all the states in some form is now regarded as certain.

In more than twenty states laws have recently been enacted whereby all questions concerning common carriers and public-utility companies are referred to a commission of non-partisan men who are trained in matters pertaining to corporations of this character—men who are familiar with the risks incidental to such business and who stand between the people and the companies without fear or favor.

That such a commission is needed in Illinois is evidenced by the futile investigations of the gas and telephone problems of Chicago during the past few years and which have accomplished practically nothing. If my article last month on the Chicago gas controversy needed any corroborating evidence to show the necessity of a change in methods, a brief analysis of the methods thus far pursued by the city of Chicago in the telephone investigation will supply the deficiency.

The present Chicago telephone ordinance, which went into effect December 1, 1907, is a twenty-year extension of a previous ordinance. It specifies schedules which are substantially lower than the rates which had previously existed, and gives the city the right to regulate rates at certain intervals.

The first period after the existing ordinance went into effect was to be two and one-half years. This was characterized a "trial period," during which time the city agreed to procure data for the purpose of making a real study of the telephone rate question.

In accordance with the agreement, the city employed Arthur Young & Co., accountants, and C. D. and W. B. Jackson, engineers, who had previously completed a very successful investigation of the Massachusetts telephone situation. The first duty of these investigators was to study the Chicago conditions and recommend the manner in which telephone accounts should be kept and what data should be furnished in order to determine equitable rates. They were to devise a scheme for studying costs which could be used as a basis for making a new rate schedule.

Finally such a plan was devised and the city ordered the Chicago Telephone Company to put the system into effect at once. The company complied with the order, and the new accounting scheme was allowed to operate for a year, and the results obtained were made the basis for a further report by the engineers and accountants.

The first part of the work was to determine the cost of services according to the accounting scheme which had been in operation. On May 1, 1910, a report was completed which showed the cost of furnishing the different classes of telephone service in Chicago.

Alderman Pringle, chairman of the Council Committee, confidentially expected that the report would show that the company was in a position to give cheaper telephone service; but this is what he learned:

That for the year ending March 31, 1910, after payment of interest and dividends, there was a deficit of $908,533.57. Not taking into account the interest or dividends, the surplus was only $890,984.99, or less than four per cent.

On the 9,854 flat rate business telephones the company lost $247,928 per year, the loss on each flat rate business telephone being figured at $25.18.

On the nickel phone service, which is guaranteed, the report showed a loss of $5.86 a year on each instrument. The total loss on these classes of service was $428,063.95 per year.

In the face of these figures the company announced its intention to apply for an increase of rate on these classes of service. Alderman Pringle, however, was dissatisfied with the report and caused the following announcement to be published in a Chicago newspaper:

> "There will be no increase in telephone rates while I am chairman of the gas, oil and electric light committee.
>
> William J. Pringle."

Such a declaration must be backed up by something, and the something was his opinion that an appraisement of the company's plant would show that it was being run at a big profit. He asserted that the reports of the accountants were simply a compilation of the book values of the company. Another excuse advanced was that the report could not be fair because the investigators had been the company's certified accountants for several years. As a matter of fact, the same firm had previously represented the city of Chicago in matters pertaining to the traction companies, and hence the declaration made by Alderman Pringle and his associates may justly be characterized as an excuse, not a reason.

The final result was that the $8,000 report, which had been made after a thorough examination of the company's books and property was cast aside and the city officials expressed their determination to take an inventory of the company's plant before telephone rates were either raised or lowered. It was announced that such an inventory would require the services of experts and would take nearly a year for its completion and in all probability would cost between $40,000 and $50,000.

A sub-committee of the common council was appointed to seek other experts to make a new investigation, and after canvassing the field recommended William J. Hagenah, chief statistician of the Wisconsin Public Service Commission. Mr. Hagenah began work with the understanding that he was to follow the practice of the Wisconsin commission in such matters, but he was quickly informed that he was to be the city's advocate against the telephone company and that he was expected to make the best possible case against the corporation.

From four to eight men were working under Mr. Hagenah. They were given the liberty to go anywhere they wished in the Telephone Company's offices, and they had free access to all the books of the concern. During the investigation they checked over two hundred and fifty thousand documents and over three million items. The report, which was completed early in December, 1910, was made in two sections. The first was an analysis of the company's investment and income, made to determine a basis for a rate schedule. This was made to find out whether the existing scale of rates was earning more or less than a sufficient return. In the capacity of city advocate, he reported that the company was carrying a small surplus of $216,168. In order to reach this figure he was obliged to include the gross revenue for the company's lines carrying business to and from adjoining states, but did not charge against this business any operating expenses or interest on the outside investment. In other words, he simply charged against this income the expenses within the city of Chicago.

Mr. Hagenah's report showed an investment of nearly five million dollars less than was shown by the company's books and by the previous report made by Arthur Young & Co. and D. C. and W. B. Jackson.

A commission of telephone engineers appointed by the city during Mayor Dunne's administration to investigate the company's request for an extension of its ordinance reported that the investment claimed by the company was very fair and reasonable, and that the plant could not be duplicated for less than twenty-five to thirty-five per cent above what the book investment account shows.

Mr. Hagenah's accountants admitted that the plant had cost the amount shown on the books, but his engineers said it should not have cost so much. Here was a matter of opinion only, but it served as a reason for Mr. Hagenah's conclusions, and as city advocate, this opinion served a useful purpose.

There are other features of Mr. Hagenah's report that might be seriously objected to by the telephone company with good reason. They are merely opinions of what constitutes investment and depreciation. The Jackson-Young report placed the value of the plant at about $23,000,000. Mr. Hagenah's valuation was $19,000,000. The former said rates should be raised; the latter said they should be lowered.

The position of the advocates of lower telephone rates in the council was indorsed to some extent, at least, by the Hagenah report, and the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, that Mr. Hagenah be instructed to proceed with the preparation of the schedule of telephone rates to be based on the analysis contained in the report made to this committee and that he reduce the rates to the extent of the surplus of approximately $216,000 where his last analysis shows the present schedule to be excessive or inequitable, and that said schedule of telephone rates be reported back to this committee for its final action."

The injustice of the resolution passed by the council cannot but reflect the dangerous position in which capital is placed when political methods like those resorted to in Chicago have full sway. The proposition to wipe out a mere surplus of $216,000, when the investment exceeds $20,000,000, would only have originated in the brain of a politician. A mere salary adjustment in itself would wipe out this surplus; in fact, such an adjustment of salaries did wipe out this amount from the company's income and that before the resolution had barely left the printer. Any one of a dozen occurrences, incidental to the telephone business in Chicago, might arise at any time, which would place such an amount in jeopardy. The resolution was a political move which does not reflect a depth of understanding so much as it does a malignity of design.

In my opinion the whole business was distasteful to Mr. Hagenah. He could not but realize that the position he was compelled to take in order to satisfy a political demand was untenable, and that should the cold and unsympathetic courts get the matter under consideration his reputation as an expert would suffer a disagreeable shock. Possibly, under such conditions, it would have been folly to expect anything but a blind obedience, and hence his friends must realize that, in the last analysis, the report savors greatly of a political account of the case, reflecting conclusions in which his better judgment had no concern.

The criticisms of courts are always more to be feared than the frowns of disappointed politicians; and if our American experts would keep this fact in mind, many so-called investigations would not border so dangerously near a farce.

Surely the Chicago Telephone Company has fared ill at the hands of the city of Chicago. When the ordinance was passed in 1907, it cut the rates twenty per cent, or $1,250,000 a year. The company, notwithstanding its industry and diligence, has not recovered from that drastic action which has been shown by the recent investigations.

The company has asked no general increase in rates, but it has urged that some classes of service, which are now being furnished at a heavy loss and which are, unquestionably, discriminatory, should be adjusted and certain items of needless expense abolished.

The second report of Mr. Hagenah was sidetracked, and he was instructed to proceed with the investigation of the gas company. While engaged in the gas company investigation, Mr. Hagenah had some difference with the members of the Council Committee which resulted in his tendering his resignation to the city. In the meantime, however, he had completed his telephone report, which is now in possession of the city as a repudiated document. The city has engaged Professor E. W. Bemis to make a further investigation, and has, in all probability, informed him as to the character of the report which is desired.

During all these proceedings the Chicago Telephone Company has probably spent $100,000 in expenses gathering data and working with the city's experts. On account of interference with the work of the several departments during the investigation, the indirect cost would greatly exceed this figure. The city has, undoubtedly, spent a large amount and as a result of this enormous expenditure of money, what has been accomplished? NOTHING!

It remains to be seen whether the state of Illinois will, when the next legislature convenes, pass a public-utility commission law and free itself from an obnoxious political system which intimidates capital seeking investments in public-utility ventures, or will it permit the politicians to continue the fight against the corporations?

Chicago has had bitter controversies over the public-utility problem. True, it has worked out a creditable settlement of the street railway franchise matter, a settlement providing for a board of supervising engineers to guard the interests of the public; but the board does not pretend to control all aspects of the transportation problem that call for regulation. The rates for gas, electric light and telephones are fixed by the council, but otherwise the public regulating of these companies is desultory and ineffective because there is no adequate supervision over the service. The state of Illinois does not provide the desired regulation, as do many of the other states, and there is a strong popular feeling that state control of public utilities is sadly needed in Illinois. The weak and inefficient system of regulation in Chicago is unsatisfactory to the people and to the companies engaged in utility enterprises.

As a reason for the establishment of state commissions it has been urged that a period of exorbitant charges and overcapitalization on the part of public-utility companies has necessitated radical changes in the methods of dealing with the public. While there may have been isolated cases of excessive capitalization and imprudent management, the true necessity for supervision by a commission arises from other causes. The average citizen has become tired of seeing the street railway, gas or telephone matter form the principal question at issue in each successive campaign. He has lost faith in the promises of politicians to reduce rates, because the courts have repeatedly declared the work of the councils to be confiscatory. He has seen capital intimidated and industry wane as a consequence of ill-advised political performances, and he has come to the conclusion that fancies instead of facts predominate in the effort to arrive at conclusions. He believes that body of experts, thoroughly versed in public-utility affairs —men who would not be swerved from the path of duty by political clamor— is more competent to determine what is reasonable than a body of aldermen who have no other object in view than to carry out pre-election promises. He knows, too, that the people have often suffered from poor service as a consequence of fights between the cities and the corporations.

There is a distinction between state and municipal commissions. In case of telephone companies the municipal commission would be of practically no service because the sphere of operation of these companies is not confined to the cities; their lines extend to the adjoining towns and villages where the city commission would have no jurisdiction. Telephone service is seldom confined in its scope to the territorial limits of particular cities, towns or counties. The city forms a nucleus in and about which centers a larger community bound together by business and social ties and often embracing a large area. Neither a city council nor a city commission drawing its authority from the state or city can adequately supervise or regulate under such circumstances, and what is true of telephone companies applies also to gas, electric and transportation services. The intercommunity aspect of the telephone service precludes any satisfactory results from city commissions.

A state commission having jurisdiction over all the telephone companies of Illinois would contribute much toward proper development of the service throughout the state. No effort would be spared by such a commission to encourage a complete state-wide system which would insure safety to the many investors and also friendly relations with all the people of the state.

Any undertaking of this character must be state-wide in its application. The smaller political sub-divisions of the state, such as city, town and county, are too restricted in territory for the successful workings of the commission system. Local commissions would be nothing more than additional numbers of the council or board of supervisors, subject to all the influences of party or faction and whose tendency would always be to appease the popular clamor. Politicians, as a rule, are theorists, while corporation representatives are men of business. The one class talks about money; the other handles it. The state commissions eliminate feuds between the people and the public-utility companies. Passion and prejudice cannot influence agreements or the policy of the corporation. The commission elevates the plan of the utility business by promoting mutual respect between the companies and their patrons. It abolishes unjust and unreasonable discriminations by relieving the companies from improper political influences. It places the company upon a sound basis and eliminates all unnecessary friction between the public and such concerns. These misunderstandings generally arise from ignorance of the economic status of public-utility companies and their moral and legal relations with the people. The economic features of the commission law are the result of considerable study, and the results obtained in states that have adopted the system have been generally satisfactory to the public, the utilities and the investors who hold securities in such concerns.

The public-utility commission has many features that form an interesting comparison to the Constitution of the United States. Both sprang out of distresses that required radical departure from established customs, and each was bitterly attacked and characterized as weak and inexpedient. In the case of the Constitution, for the first time in history, this country presented the spectacle of a government designed to be conducted in accordance with strict written rules and with powers within certain prescribed bounds.

In the case of the public-utility commission, we have for the first time in history given sanction to a system of supervision and regulation of invested capital, not by its possessors, but by a body of men who were not, to the slightest extent, interested in its creation or ownership.

The philosophers and statesmen of the Old World were amazed at the novelty and boldness of this country's constitutional experiment, and for more than one generation scarce a solitary voice proceeded from across the Atlantic which did not prophesy its speedy failure. The men to whose labor, wisdom and patriotism we owe it, themselves looked upon their work rather with hope than confidence, and those to whom it was recommended for adoption long hesitated before acceptance. The public-utility commission has, practically, an identical history. Both the Constitution and the commission system were at first viewed by great and good men with unqualified distrust. The Constitution was denounced in Maryland by Luther Martin with all the resources of his splendid intellect. In Virginia the thundering assaults of Patrick Henry's unrivalled eloquence shook its very foundations. The public-utility commission system has likewise been bitterly attacked by prominent and able men in every state in which it sought an introduction.

The antipathy with which both the Constitution and the commission system were received in their early stages bears an interesting and curious resemblance. In North Carolina the Constitution was actually rejected. In Rhode Island it was not even considered, that state having refused to join in its formation. In practically all the states it met with persistent and violent opposition.

In the same manner was the public-utility commission system treated. It had its birth in Massachusetts, a quarter of a century ago, and for years the plan was ignored by the people of every other state. Its principles, like those of the Constitution, however, are today declared to be unassailable. Its fundamental features are the creation of the best brains of America, and while the plan is now in operation in nearly thirty states it was not until two years ago that New York, Maryland and New Jersey adopted the system, and the great state of Illinois has thus far neglected to enact such a law.

It is true that both the present Constitution and the public-utility commission law are not the instruments framed at the beginning. There have been amendments and revisions; but viewing the propositions from their original source we perceive the strange anomaly of a people whose mode and form of government and methods, calculated to secure the highest degree of efficiency in public-utility operation, have been secured against strenuous, and for several years, continuous opposition.

Public control of street railway, electric light, gas, and telephone companies by permanent commissions is today firmly established. Whatever deficiencies may be found in the systems of the states which have adopted it, the theory of control or regulation exercised by a commission seems to have fundamental principles that must ultimately solve the vexed problems of public-utility service.

In promoting proper relations between the public and the utility companies it has been determined that the interest of the public can be best cared for by the state because it represents the people in an organized capacity. The duty is incumbent upon the commonwealth to do all in its power to effect proper relations between the companies and the people. The feeling is more general now than ever that it is proper and desirable for the states to assume the office of peacemaker and to undertake, in a friendly way, the correction of abuses that have crept into systems of public service during the periods of unbridled political debauchery.

The oldest public-utility commission in the United States is the Board of Gas and Electric Light Commission of Massachusetts. This commission was organized in 1885 under authority of a legislative act of that year. It originally had under its authority only gas companies, but in 1889 its supervision was extended to electric light companies and it has the same powers respecting both classes of corporations. It consists of three men appointed by the governor of the commonwealth each for a term of three years, and the terms are so arranged that one appointment must be made each year. The expenses of the commissions are paid by the state, but are recovered annually from the companies by a special tax levied upon them in proportion to their respective incomes.

In accordance with the usual Massachusetts policy of reappointing efficient public officers, most of the men who have been members have served for several consecutive terms. By this policy the board has become practically a commission of experts upon the subjects under its control, and its administration has been free from political or party influence of any kind.

State railroad commissions have been in existence for a great many years. The Interstate Commerce Commission is about a quarter of a century old and in our American system of government it is recognized as a permanent feature.

In those states in which the plan was in operation on January 1, 1911, the commission consists of three members, with the exception of New York and Georgia, where the commissions are composed of five members. The Interstate Commerce Commission has seven members.

In ten states the governor appoints the commission, while in nine states it is elected by the people. The members of the Interstate Commerce Commission are appointed by the President. The salary of the president or chairman of the commission ranges from $15,000 in New York to $1,500 in South Dakota. Georgia, Oklahoma and Washington pay the chairmen of their commissions $4,000 a year; Wisconsin pays $5,000. Maryland and New Jersey pay $6,000 each, and Pennsylvania pays $8,000.

Most of the states either elect or appoint the commissioners for six years. New York and Pennsylvania, however, have adopted a five-year period.

All the states provide that members of the commission shall not hold stock or bonds in any of the corporations which come under their jurisdictions.

The jurisdiction of the commission varies considerably in the different states, but railroads, street railroads, common carriers, gas and electric light and power companies and telegraph and telephone lines are included in nearly all the states. In addition the Massachusetts commission has supervision over the highway, bridges, ferries, canals and automobiles.

The general work of the commissioners is to examine into the affairs of the companies and corporations which come under their jurisdiction and keep informed as to their general condition, their capitalization and franchises and the manner in which their lines are managed, with power to fix rates.

In most states the commissioners demand a uniform system of accounting. This facilitates the matter of reports and enables the various companies to determine accurately whether they are operating with a gain or a loss. This alone has been of great benefit to investors in public-utility companies who have been betrayed time and again by certain individual methods of accounting which could show gain or loss at the will of the management. The commissioners have also been helpful in establishing a system of valuation of public-utility properties.

There have been many different opinions regarding what constitutes the physical and unseen assets of public-utility companies, and almost endless discussion and litigation have left the question unsettled. The method pursued by the various commissions, which are alike in most of the states, seem to come nearer solving this perplexing problem than any plan which has heretofore been tried. Only upon a knowledge of the value of a certain corporation can a rate for service be established, so that such rate will bring to the stockholder a reasonable return on the investment.

The tendency of the commission system is not only to separate questions of business from politics, but to protect the innocent investor who buys the securities of public-utility companies. In practically every state where the commission system has been adopted permission must be obtained from the commissioners before stocks, bonds, notes or other evidences of debt, payable more than twelve months thereafter, can be issued. This is intended to prevent over-capitalization and to guard against the issuance of watered stock.

There is a relationship between the physical assets of a public-service corporation and its intangible values which our modern reformers are not willing to recognize. The value of what they see, or the cost of reproduction, is all they care to recognize, when, as a matter of fact, the expense incidental to creating intangible values has, in many cases, cost fortunes. These intangible values embrace interest during construction, engineering charges, supervision charges, and the tremendously large sums expended in developing the business and in educating the public and creating a demand for the commodity. Then there are the legal expenses of organization and putting the enterprise on its feet, the discounts on securities sold, or brokerage paid for finding the capital to conduct the enterprise; and in the case of the older companies, the immense sums spent during the early days when experimentation was continuous and costly. Discarding workable machinery long before its life had been exhausted for the purpose of keeping pace with the times and serving the public in a more efficient manner has cost the public-utility men untold millions.

The capital that is employed in the construction and operation of public-utility companies is today obtained largely from experienced investors. The smaller and inexperienced investor has, during recent years, kept aloof from these investments because of the hostile attitude of politicians toward such enterprises. Under a system of state regulation and supervision these smaller investors will have more confidence in utility undertakings and their securities, and as a result the available capital for such enterprises will be largely increased and the best interests of all concerned will be promoted.

Large expenditures for expert service have, in many cases, been wasted as the facts thus acquired have been ignored, and action taken which was prompted by prejudice to carry out certain pre-election promises. This has generally been followed by litigation of a long and costly nature, and in the end the burden of the expense has fallen upon the people.

The commission system contemplates that the commissioners shall be men whose duty it will be, and who will have the desire, to familiarize themselves with the problems incidental to the work. It must be governed only by the equities of each particular case. There must be a distinct understanding that supervision does not mean control, and that regulation does not contemplate management.

Under state supervision, properly conducted, recognition is given to companies maintaining the highest possible standard in plant and efficiency; economy in operation and rate are allowed that warrant the best possible service to the public. It also prevents all abuses of capitalization, overcharges and unreasonable profits to the investors.

Under state regulation and supervision a public utility giving good service at fair rates will not be subject to competition at unfair rates. Not that competition should be suppressed, but that it should be permitted only when all interests are best served by its existence. Under such circumstances the promotion of unnecessary duplication which gives no additional facilities would not be permitted.

Under a progressive system of public regulation and supervision there will be no incentive to apply state or municipal ownership because it is conceded that private management is always more economical and progressive; and when the public is assured that no excessive capitalization is being created or exorbitant rates charged, there will be no clamor for municipal experiments, the outcome of which would, in any event, be doubtful.

The necessity of a change from the old system is apparent when it is realized that in several states the cloud of uncertainty which has rested upon the public-service corporations has grown blacker and more heavy each year. Charges were manufactured against them by wholesale, and testimony to suit the requirements of corporation haters was bought and sold with comparative ease. No facts presented by the public-utility companies were so clear and well established that they could not be controverted by a troop of hired "experts," and the testimony of one political theorist often outweighed the evidence of the careful reports of trained observers. In the general excitement the corporation believed their opponents unscrupulous and under the plea of self-protection were tempted to resort to any method of defense.

"We have to fight fire with fire," said the president of a Western street railway corporation, and the metaphor aptly applies.

Men who had invested fortunes in street railway, gas and electric light companies saw the imminent peril of their savings with a dread which obliterated all considerations of abstract morality. They have pleaded for a termination of these never-ending conflicts with the politicians. They want to serve the public honestly and effectually and are willing at all times to treat with a trained body of men who are broad enough to realize the difficulties and co-operate whenever possible in establishing improvements that are alike beneficial to the corporation and the public. This is the spirit among the Illinois public-utility men, and they are hopeful that the legislative committee, which is now studying the systems already adopted, will make a recommendation in favor of a commission for that state.

* * *

MONTE VISTA

The Land of a Hundred Lakes

By

GARNAULT AGASSIZ

IT HAS been well said that if once a man has had the soil of Florida on his shoes he will experience sooner or later an irresistible desire to revisit the hospitable shores of that wonderful state—drawn, as it were, by a magnet, much as the gold seeker is attracted to the frozen waters of Alaska, long after he has, to his best belief, cast the snows of the frozen North from his shoes for the last time.

There is, indeed, a peculiar, latent charm to Florida that clings to one in spite of change of surroundings and change of conditions—a charm that has in it an echo of exquisite music, like that which Longfellow's Evangeline left in her wake as she passed up the village street.

That climate, those orange-trove trade winds, those beautiful magnolias and live oaks, those almost-never-clouded summer skies, those glorious sunsets, that never-tired king of songsters, the mocking-bird, those ever-greedy fish—they are, indeed, a call that cannot go unanswered.

Thus it was with the writer.

When, a few weeks ago, he chanced across Mr. L. A. Hagg, president of the Hagg Investment Company of Kansas City, and Mr. John C. Hartman, the energetic secretary-treasurer of that organization, he had not the slightest idea of paying even a flying visit to Florida for some time to come.

"Come down to Monte Vista, the Paradise of Florida," said Mr. Hagg, "and we will show you Florida as perhaps not even you have seen it. We will show you a land of a hundred lakes—a land with a rolling, picturesque landscape, in a thousand moods."

"And fishing," concluded Mr. Hartman, "such as can be found, I believe, nowhere else in the country."

"Fishing"—that was my weak point; Florida and fishing—my surrender was complete.

When our party left the hustling city of Jacksonville, the commercial metropolis of and the gateway to Florida, for Clermont, the nearest railroad point to Monte Vista, I felt much as the schoolboy feels when starting for the fishpond or swimming hole—and vacation time two months away; but as the shores of Lake Mineola receded rapidly behind us, I looked out on the ever-changing panorama inspired with a genuine enthusiasm, and like the schoolboy, with his point of destination in close proximity, quite forgetful

A CLUSTER OF FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT

A SPLENDID PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL CRESCENT

of duty's path or the consequences of a tomorrow.

Passing from Lake Mineola to Lake Palatlakahaw, through one of the numerous canals that comprehensively interlink many of the larger lakes and streams, making this region an ideal one for the sportsman besides affording a unique system of economical and rapid communication to the settler, we crossed that magnificent body of water, and passing through yet another channel, entered beautiful Lake Minnehaha—"Minnehaha, Laughing Water," iridescent in the sunlight of a beautiful Florida afternoon; ever sparkling, ever changeful Minnehaha—Minnehaha well named!

The trip across Lake Minnehaha ended all too soon, albeit we were bound for an inspection of the Compton Grove, one of the finest citrus groves in the lake region of Florida.

Always an inspiring sight, a Florida citrus grove is especially interesting in the month of June, when the new fruit, just beginning to attain to appreciable size, the June blossoms, and here and there a last season's orange or grapefruit still radiant in its golden glory, all hang from the same tree in perfect harmony—a pleasing picture of the complete symphony of nature.

It was a scene that invited us to linger, but we must hurry on, and once again the vessel's prow was turned toward Monte Vista.

Passing through the canal that connects Lake Mineola with Lake Crescent, we came, suddenly, and with one long, last sweep into full view of the heights that give Monte Vista its name.

It is no stretch of the imagination to say that none of us was prepared for the magnificent kaleidoscopic view that was so suddenly silhouetted upon our horizon, a view that not even the enthusiastic Mr. Hartman had been able to conjure up in our minds.

But if my first impression of Monte Vista was the impression that one gains from any particular scene of enchantment, my second, received just before the morning sun rose up all-powerful over the kingdom of the night, is one that I, with

AN IDEAL GARDEN IN THE FARM

LAKE IN THE LAND OF A HUNDRED LAKES IN FLORIDA

my limited abilities, could never adequately describe.

Looking southward from the window of my bedroom, where I had slept a sleep that I had not known for many months, unprotected from the mosquito by either screen or bar, and yet as unmolested as in the Canadian North, I viewed a scene that would inspire even the most unromantic to song. As far as the eye could reach, lake and river, and river and lake stretched themselves to the land of the rising sun. Never did the lakes of Killarney, even, show to better advantage than did Monte Vista on this beautiful June morning. It was Switzerland without her mountains, but a Switzerland with a charm equally as inspiring as that which the rugged mountains of the Canton de Vaud give to that most picturesque of all the countries of Europe.

"Are you up?" It was the voice of the indomitable Hartman, all prepared for the great onslaught that we had planned to make on the fish kingdom that beautiful June morning. Was I up? Well, yes! so was Mr. Hagg; so was Mr. George W. Miller, the congenial general manager who, with his charming wife, did so much to make our stay at Monte Vista a memorable one.

It was with a certain feeling of sorrow that I, at least, with casting rod over shoulder and bait-box in hand, started toward the lake on that never-to-be-forgotten morning; sorrow for the many members of the fish family who before many hours would be bewailing the loss of some close relative or near friend.

"Your sorrow was all in vain," I hear some reader remark, but I am going to disappoint him—even a fisherman can be truthful sometimes. How many fish we caught or what their weight I refuse to tell, knowing that the Ananias Club is still open to membership. But I will say that fish never seemed to have a more piquant flavor than at that, my first breakfast at Monte Vista.

Breakfast finished, we repaired to the landing for a trip to some of the beauty spots of Monte Vista.

Lake Crescent—with its beautiful beach of white sand, sparkling in the sunshine;

REGION OF THE LAND OF A HUNDRED LAKES

its tree-fringed, irregular shore lines, reflected in an almost perfect mirage; its giant cypresses, in their somber garb of Spanish moss, standing sentinel at the very water's edge, as if to challenge and halt the approach of the iconoclast; its crystal waters undisturbed, except when, ever and anon, a hungry fish, attracted by some delicately tinted butterfly or other gaily bedecked insect, hurled itself headlong at its prey—appeared to particular advantage that day, and made one intuitively conjure up in his mind the vision that would be presented when the palm-shaded boulevard that is to be built around the lake is completed, and the heights of Monte Vista are graced with many winter homes.

BEAUTY SPOTS ARE NUMEROUS IN THE LAND OF A HUNDRED LAKES

Not the least pleasant part of this trip was a pleasant journey through the river to Lake Susan. This stream is unquestionably one of the most beautiful in South Florida, winding in its tortuous course through a riot of semi-tropical vegetation. Its waters are nearly hidden by water hyacinths; at times, indeed, its channel is navigated only with difficulty, so thickly do these beautiful lilies grow. But they are an inspiring sight, and one regrets that the inroads of commerce will erelong compel their removal.

At one point in this pretty river we stopped for a few moments fishing. Our delay did not go unrewarded, for there are few streams in Florida that have been less fished. Mr. Hartman cast his Dowagiac minnow on the bank and was much perturbed. It fell off into the water ultimately, however, and a big, accommodating bass attempted to digest it. No one was more surprised than the indomitable Mr. Hartman, who, wild with excitement, dropped his rod into the river and pulled the fish in hand over hand. Since that time Mr. Hartman has been willing to tell anybody even without an invitation about that wonderful cast, and woe betide the one who dare suggest that he did not know that that fish was lying under that very point in the bank when he (Mr. Hartman) made that "wonderfully scientific" cast.

"We did not come here to provide food for a charitable institution," said the Captain, "and we have a long trip ahead of us," so with reluctance we reeled in our lines, looked regretfully at the river banks and condemned the ill luck that prompted that big fish to strike just after we had laid our rods away and our boat was moving sinuously up the river.

SNAP SHOT TAKEN AT RANDOM NEAR MONTE VISTA

Passing from the river to the south shore of the lake, we then headed our course to one of the most unique little lumber mills in Florida. There is nothing unique about the mill itself; it is just an ordinary circular saw mill of small capacity; the unique thing about it is its operator—an old gentleman of more than eighty summers, and yet as hale and hearty as a man of fifty.

I had a talk with him. He told me he had come to Monte Vista from New York over thirty-five years ago; that he had lived there continuously ever since, and for the last decade all alone—his family having all preceded him to the grave. Would he go back again? No, Monte Vista spelt home to him—the best home, the freest, the most healthful and the happiest he had ever known. To him at least it was the garden spot of the universe.

And yet that old gentleman, with his one horse and single wagon, fells and hauls his trees, trims his logs, manufactures his lumber and delivers it. Truly a lesson with a moral for everyone.

Leaving the sawmill behind us, we crossed to the other side of the lake for a visit to another typical Florida institution —a turpentine still.

On our way there we were confronted with an unusual sight—a barge being loaded with watermelons, one of the money crops of this section of Florida. The unusual part of this scene was the fact that the mule wagons were driven out into the deep water and the melons loaded by hand from the wagon to the barge. I was told that this had been the custom there for many years. This method necessarily must involve a great deal of extra time and labor and makes one feel what a saving a wharf, which could be built so economically in that section of the country, with its inexhaustible supply of lumber, would effect; and yet it shows, too, the great possibilities of a Florida farm, when the native farmer, with his old-time methods, can make such extraordinary profits.

ONE OF THE MYRIAD CAMPING SPOTS THAT MAKE MONTE VISTA AN IDEAL SPOT FOR THE SPORTSMAN

IN THE FAMOUS GRAPEFRUIT GROVE AT MONTE VISTA; MR. HAGG ON THE RIGHT

After a visit to the turpentine still we started homeward, reaching the clubhouse in time for a good dinner, for which it is needless to say our appetites were well prepared.

Lake Nelly—perhaps the best fishing lake at Monte Vista, the grass which grows so prolificly around its shores providing excellent feeding grounds for the bass—was selected as the site of our evening campaign.

As usual, Mr. Hartman and I found ourselves in the same boat. "Stern or bow?" I asked Mr. Hartman.

"It does not make any difference to me," he said, although suggesting that I take the bow of the boat as my feet were a surer foundation in case of a sudden tilt. Finally we approached the proven ground.

"There is the spot," said our guide, pointing to a clump of grass that stood out from the water a hundred feet from shore and fifty feet from the boat. Bang! We both let fly together. "I have something," said the indomitable Hartman—he had, my line. We both started to reel in hurriedly, each contemplating the other with that air of honest criticism that is the natural heritage of every "born fisherman," when suddenly without warning a fourteen-pound bass accommodatingly undertook to disentangle our lines—a courtesy for which I with the solid foundation above referred to was unprepared. Those who witnessed it, however, do say that I took a peculiarly loving tumble into the arms of Lake Nelly—and—the irony of it all—Hartman declares to this day that that fish was on *his* bob. I could not prove otherwise—it got away—the largest fish invariably do.

GOOD ROADS AND PRETTY ROADS ARE THE RULE

But we had great sport all the same, and but for the darkness which came upon us all too soon might have broken every angling record in America.

Mr. Hagg did not catch as many fish as some of us, but in excuse strongly intimated that his prowess as a fisherman had superseded him; that the wiser fish had hurried with their families under cover, and that the reason for our luck lay in the complacency of the fish in having outwitted the great angler, Mr. Hagg—our boat following some hundred feet astern.

On our way back to the clubhouse, which, by the way, was built and designed by a Philadelphia nurse who had selected Monte Vista for its peculiar healthfulness—Mr. Hagg and Mr. Hartman dilated at length upon Monte Vista and its fishing.

"Now did you ever see any better fishing in Florida than this?" said Mr. Hagg.

"Well," I replied, "I believe Lake Okechobee has this beaten. All we do there is to put cayenne pepper on the surface of the water, and when the fish come up to sneeze, we knock them on the head with the back of an oar."

"Fishing must be better there than anywhere," said the ingenuous Mr. Miller.

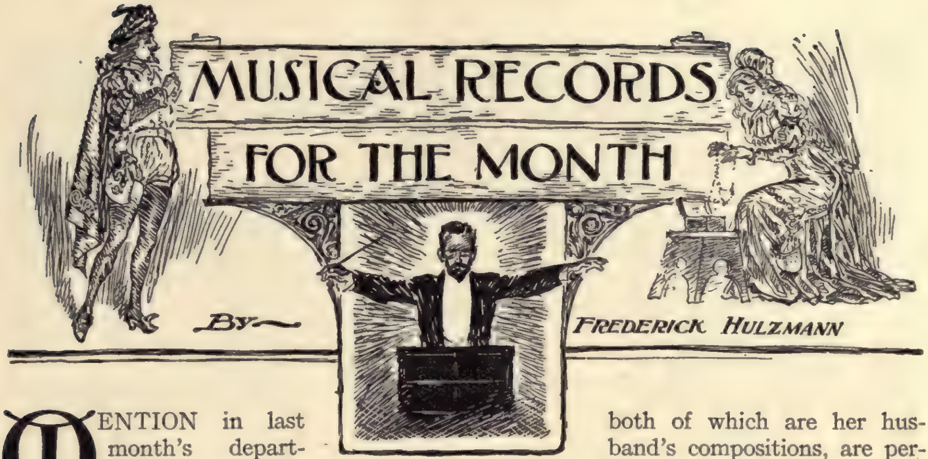
"Well, yes," I replied, "anywhere I know of except in western Canada. There we drive a hole in the water with a stick, and when the fish come up to breathe, loop them around the neck with a lariat."

The next morning, at sunrise, Mr. Miller and I were up again. Mr. Hagg and Mr. Hartman are Kansas City bankers. Poor Mr. Miller—how I kept him working. I fished, he rowed; he rowed, I fished. There was never any change in the routine. Mr. Miller: my thanks!

But every day of pleasure is bound at last to have its ending. So it was with me and Monte Vista, for a few hours later I was on my way back to work and all that that word spells.

But Monte Vista, my heart is with you still. Always, I hear your insistent appeal. Your hundred lakes, your rolling, picturesque landscape in a thousand moods, your king of songsters, the mocking-bird, your orange-trove trade winds, your cypress, magnolia and live oaks—all intermittently silhouette themselves on my horizon. Your ever-greedy fish, forever they are tempting me to their lair. Fishing, that is my weak point. Monte Vista, your call will not go unanswered!

COUNTRY VIEW NEAR MONTE VISTA



MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

MENTION in last month's department of the talking machine's adaptability to boat-trips called forth several letters from readers who commented on a more advanced step—the talking machine on trains. An Eastern man writes enthusiastically from the coast concerning his trip on a Rock Island train, where a Victrola furnished music to the delighted passengers. He says that every moment of the tiresome journey was made a pleasure with the novel entertainment provided by the records.

* * *

Another of the Metropolitan Opera singers is added to the Columbia list by the contract of Mr. Cecil Fanning, baritone. Little need be said in regard to the work of Mr. Fanning, who has had the endorsement and commendation of critics from all parts of the country. His introductory Columbia records are double-disc, ten-inch, Nos. A1027 and A5308; the selections, "Dedication," from Schumann's "Widmung," and Hatton's "Bid Me Live"; "It Was Not So To Be," from Scheffel's "The Trumpeter of Sakkingen," and Carrie Jacobs-Bond's late success, "A Perfect Day."

Besides Mr. Fanning's classical records are those of a new vaudeville Columbia acquisition, Miss Dolly Connolly. In private life Miss Connolly is Mrs. Percy Wenrich, the wife of the popular song writer. Mrs. Wenrich is best known on the stage as a ragtime singer, and her record, No. A1028, double-disc, is an example of her inimitable style. "My Hula Hula Love" and "Red Rose Rag," both of which are her husband's compositions, are perfectly adapted to her deep contralto voice.

Summer time hits have been grouped on three ten-inch, double-disc records: No. A1033, "Any Girl Looks Good in Summer," sung by the Columbia Quartette and "Summer Days," duet rendered by Edith Chapman and Henry Burr; No. A1032, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," duet, sung by Harlan and Collins, and "It's Nice to be Nice to a Nice Little Girl Like You," Ada Jones; No. A1029, "Some of These Days," sung by Miss Elise Stevenson, and "Dixie Gray," by the Columbia Quartette.

Prince's Band offers a charming record, No. A1025, double-disc, with splendid renditions of the "Washington Grays" march and the "National Emblem" march.

Minstrel records are always popular, and Mr. Arthur Collins is a master hand in that line. He and his able chorus have done themselves proud on record No. A5309, which includes some "coon" songs and darkey banter. Facing this merriment is a novelty selection by the Columbia Quartette entitled "At the Telephone."

* * *

The recent observance of the hundredth anniversary of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's birth has brought with it a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—if, indeed, the book is ever forgotten long enough to need revivifying. People are taking their well-worn copies of "Uncle Tom" from the library shelf for re-reading; stock companies are playing "Uncle Tom" to crowded houses, and now the Edison people offer an "Uncle Tom" record. The author of this novel composition, Mr. Lampe, calls it "A Dream Picture of the Old South." Snatches from familiar Southern songs are included, and a vision of better days makes a happy finale. Records of this kind are always desirable in the family circle, and No. 765 is both original in idea and excellent in reproduction.

A new Edison artist, Miss Anna Chandler, is introduced with a most hearty commendation by the Edison Company. Miss Chandler is a new vaudeville "find," and her future success is paralleled to that of Miss Ada Jones. This will be "going some," as they say, but Miss Chandler's two records on the September list rather justify the prophecy. She sings two of the season's successes, "I Want Everyone to Love Me," No. 770, and "When I'm Alone I'm Lonesome," No. 784.

Mr. Charles D'Almaine's violin selection, "Sailor's Hornpipe Medley" is a lively jig and reel combination that is admirably adapted to a parlor gathering. There are many good instrumental records, among them No. 789, two-step, "The Winning Fight," National Promenade Band; No. 786, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," Venetian Instrumental Trio; No. 10511, concert galop, "The Lion Chase," Sousa's Band.

Sentimental numbers have also a prominent place on the September list. One of the best of these, "I Think of Thee, Sweet Margareta," is sung by Mr. W. H. Thompson, the favorite baritone. "The Vacant Chair," by Miss Elizabeth Spencer and Chorus, will appeal to the legions of those who love old-time songs. Along the same line is Mr. Oakland's rendition of "Stick to Your Mother, Tom" and a new sentimental ballad, "Wanted: A Harp Like the Angels Play," sung by the same artist. There is a most artistic accordion solo by Guido Deiro and a medley, "Bits of Remick's Hits," by the New York Military Band.

* * *

The great success of the "Pinafore" revival in New York has caused an insistent run on the music of that opera. To supply these demands the Victor company offers on its September list a second edition of "Pinafore" gems, No. 31835. The selections included are "The Gallant Captain of the Pinafore," "When I Was a Lad," "The Merry Maiden and the Tar," "Carefully on Tip-toe Stealing," "Baby Farming," "Farewell, My Own" and "For He is an Englishman."

It is a pleasure also to find on the list the charming madrigal "Brightly Dawns Our Wedding Day" from "The Mikado." It is difficult to say whether "The Mikado" or "Pinafore" is the favorite among the popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

A piano record with orchestra accompaniment seems like a reversal of things as they are, and the Victor Company announces Mr. Frank La Forge's "Adagio from A Minor Concerto" with an optimism that never fails to materialize when a "novelty" selection is announced. One might wonder after having listened to this movement from the Grieg "Concerto" so rendered, why the plan had never been tried out before. The effect is wholly delightful, the sympathetic Victor accompaniment furnishing the proper support to Mr. La Forge's excellent work.

Montgomery & Stone draw again upon "The Old Town" in their selection for the month. "Moriah" is the Scotch medley which so enlivened "Old Town."

A sextette of special September hits should prove interesting. Most of the six selections are already being whistled on the streets: No. 16908, "The Oceana Roll" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band"; No. 16909, "Woodman, Spare That Tree" and "You Can Lead a Mule to Water, But You Can't Make Him Drink"; No. 16910, "You'll Do the Same Thing Over Again" and "My Hula Hula Love."

No Victor list would seem complete, tritely speaking, without at least one record from Victor Herbert's Orchestra. Many have pronounced "The Dagger Dance" the most striking number of "Natoma," Mr. Herbert's new opera.

Among the Red Seal records are admirable renditions by Mme. Tetrazzini, Mr. McCormack, Mme. Gluck, Mr. Riccado Martin, Mme. Gerville-Reache and Sammarco. Miss Maud Powell's violin selection of that beautiful old negro melody, "Deep River," is sure to appeal to all lovers of violin records.

WM F GROENER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

"THE British Constitution," said the questioner, "where can I get a copy for reference?"

"There is no written British Constitution," said an American-Canadian friend. "There never has been any complete instrument of that kind."

"It seems to me I've heard summat like that afore," said the questioner, parodying Kipling's Ortheris, "but I'd forgotten it until now. But how can it be explained to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, who want to know, you know?"

"Well, scattered through Acts of dead and gone Parliaments, and records of concessions freely made by the heads of church and state, or forced from their unwilling mightiness by the demands of feuded lords, or an united people, or embodied in ancient customs and long-continued privileges, well-worn maxims and continued use, some of them dating back into a vast antiquity, may be found the British Constitution, strong and somewhat conservative in ancient acceptations, yet at the will of Parliament capable of flexible application to modern conditions.

"Some have said," he continued, "that the will of the House of Commons is in the last resort the British Constitution, for the Reform Bill of 1832 made is the final keeper and arbiter of the nation's sovereignty, deposing the House of Lords from that superiority which under the will of the reigning sovereign it had held for centuries.

"Today the House of Lords, like your own Senate, has only an equal power of accepting or rejecting a proposed measure and even that is threatened by proposed measures. Indeed it seems as if in both countries the people are disposed to eliminate the upper House as a conservative brake upon the action of the immediate representatives of the people."

"But surely," interrupted the questioner, "this can never be done so long as the House of Lords refuses to confirm the acts passed by the Commons, just as our Senate can, if it chooses, prevent the people from electing senators by a direct vote."

"It's different here, you know," he replied grimly. "If the House of Lords insists upon defeating a preferred change in the Constitution which has been practically demanded by the majority of the British people, the House of Commons can have a sufficient number of new peers appointed to carry out its determination."

"But surely the King would refuse to appoint peers under such circumstances, and would veto the bill."

"He might," said the Canadian friend, "but I doubt if he would. It hasn't been done by an English King or Queen since 1707, and hasn't been a common practice since the time of Charles I. You Americans don't seem to comprehend that your President has power that the British nation does not expect to see exercised by their sovereign."

* * *

APPRECIATION of expert work in the government service is evidenced in the German empire, whose well-organized governmental bureaus are envied by many other countries. At this time the German Government has fourteen commercial and technical experts stationed at its consulates in Calcutta, Johannesburg, Sydney, Shanghai, Yokohama, Lima, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Bucharest, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico, Chicago and two in New York.

Besides these, Germany has also nine agricultural experts at the following cities: Copenhagen, London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome, Chicago, Montreal, Buenos Aires and Cape Town.

The work of these German experts has proved so beneficial that the government is increasing the force from year to year. They are salaried liberally, have ample funds for expenses and investigation; their employment is permanent and when they become invalids or old they receive pensions for life.

* * *

BICYCLE riding has ceased to be a fad in most parts of America, and it has been noted that many of the former bicycle manufacturers have turned their attention to the making of automobiles. Even the English ardor for bicycle parties has become dampened of late, and the bicycle is now used only when a convenient means of transportation for the individual is required.

It is interesting to learn that some sixty thousand bicycles have been sold in Denmark in a single year. In fact, the Danes have never ceased in a regular demand for the bicycle. English and American wheels were formerly the most popular makes, but German products have conquered the market the past decade, and to Germany, at the present, is given Denmark's sizable order.

* * *

RANDOM excerpts from the publisher's mail—some about the NATIONAL, some about "Heart Throbs," "Heart Songs" and "Happy Habit"—some about both the magazine and the books:

I prize "Heart Songs" more than any book of songs that I have. I can sit down and turn the leaves and find so many of the old, old-time songs which I love more than later music. I sent three of my favorites, and they are there, with the tunes of years ago. I hope you will publish another book of favorites.—*A. L. F., Osakis, Minn.*

The selections in "Heart Throbs" are of the very best, and justify the title. In every way "Heart Throbs" is worthy of the highest commendation and should be found in every home.—*R. S., Keosauqua, Iowa.*

I have read several issues of the NATIONAL and find that it has a style all its own. It is brimming over with good cheer and a person feels the better for reading it.—*E. M. S., Sacramento, Pa.*

Myself and family have read "Happy Habit" and enjoyed it, and appreciate because it was written from the soul.—*E. R. L., Gadsden, Ala.*

You do manage to put out the most interesting magazine of any which arrive, and I congratulate you upon your increasing and deserved success.—*F. C. S., Washington, D. C.*

I cannot remember when I have spent so pleasant an evening as in glancing over the pages of "Heart Throbs." It was like the meeting of many old and staunch friends.—*Mrs. R. J. R., Winston-Salem, N. C.*

My copy of "Heart Throbs" came this afternoon, and the book has been in my hands almost every moment since. I find in it songs that my mother and father used to sing and that I had bever seen in print.—*Mrs. M. B. C., Concord, Vt.*

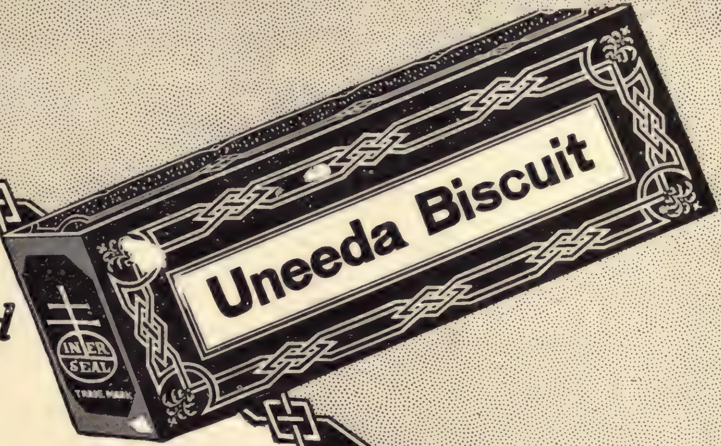
I am much pleased with the book "Heart Throbs," and am sure all book-lovers should have a volume to complete their library.—*Mrs. C. B. C., Mendon, Ohio.*

I never grow weary of reading it ("Heart Throbs") and I certainly think the public owes you a debt of gratitude for placing before it two such charming books as "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs."—*R. A. H., Montgomery, Ala.*

* * *

LEGAL decisions in the high courts of Germany often reverse the rulings of the lower courts, as in the United States. An American in Germany cites a recent case of this kind in connection with sale of pledged bonds.

A merchant had given to a creditor 27,000 roubles bank stock as security for a debt. Later on he requested the creditor to sell this stock in satisfaction of the claim, but the creditor only complied after three years charging full interest up to the time of the sale. In the meantime the market price of the stock had declined about 5,000 marks (a mark is twenty-four



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cents). The courts sustained the creditor's defence that it was not his duty to comply with the request to sell before the expiration of the term of the debt, which was three years. But the case being appealed to the "Reichsgericht," the court of last resort in Germany, that tribunal reversed the decision and held the creditor liable for the amount of the depreciation in the price of the pledged stock, as also for the interest charged.

* * *

IT is refreshing, in these days of highly-wrought romances, to take up a book like the late Robert D. Benedict's "Stories from the Old French Chronicles" (Richard G. Badger, Boston). The stories range from the middle of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century and include incidents in the life of King Henry IV and of the Chevalier Bayard. The faithfulness of the translations is seen in the plain, exact statement of facts, and the simplicity and directness of the narratives, which are as quaint, and in their way as picturesque, as the "Canterbury Tales," giving one a vivid sense of the life of those days in camp and court and home. The book would be admirable for supplementary reading in connection with the study of French history.

Since failing health, some four years ago, compelled Mr. Benedict's retirement from active life, he has lived quietly in his native Burlington, Vermont. Death came to him suddenly, at his home, on the afternoon of July 29. During his residence there he wrote the two touching poems, published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE—the first, "Floating," some two years ago; the second, "He Knows," in September of this year. They show his trust in God—the trust which Whittier expressed in the lines:

"I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care."

Mr. Benedict was a man of rare ability, excellence and culture, and his memory will be cherished and honored by all who know him.

* * *

ANOTHER little volume of the Hour-Glass Series comes with "The Return of Caroline"* by Miss Florence M. Kingsley. Most of us are familiar with the story of the country girl, who after her "finishing" at a fashionable boarding school, scorns her country home and the lover of her early girlhood. The reconciliation, with Caroline's return to life as life is, has been well handled by Miss Kingsley. This little story should be enjoyed by many young girls.

---

*"The Return of Caroline." By Florence M. Kingsley. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price 40c net.

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>
> *—Shakespeare.*

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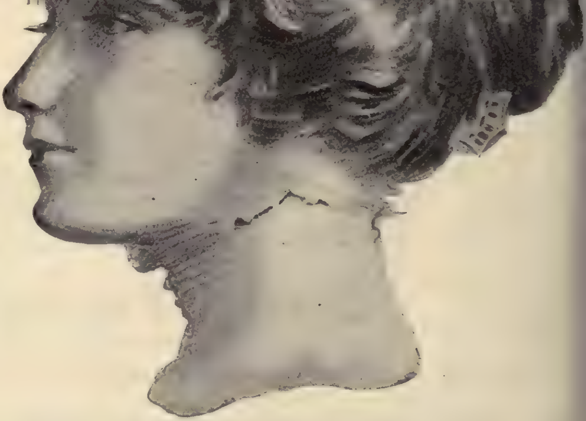
THE HOME

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

FALL fashions—hats, gowns, suits, cloaks—fashion of all varieties is the leading note in correspondence this month. Some would know the favored colors for fall wear, some the "last word" on the narrow skirt, others ask if last season's hat can be "touched up" for wear until 1911 styles are really "set."

That coiffures have changed will necessarily have an effect upon hat-shapes. Low dressing of the hair is favored by Paris, we are told, and one of the leading coiffures is the simple style of fifteen years or more back—hair parted in the middle and drawn back into a coil. All other dressings seem to be only an elaboration of this. Ornaments were never so popular, and look particularly well with the low, heavy coil. Curls will be worn in evening coiffures, and puffs will still be in favor with women who find the severe dressing unbecoming. The favorite fall coiffure is sketched herewith, and may be varied to suit different faces.



TO shine or not to shine—that is the question"—thus queries Miss Emily J. Others are saying, "With points or not with points, *that* is the question." All of which simply relates to the proper

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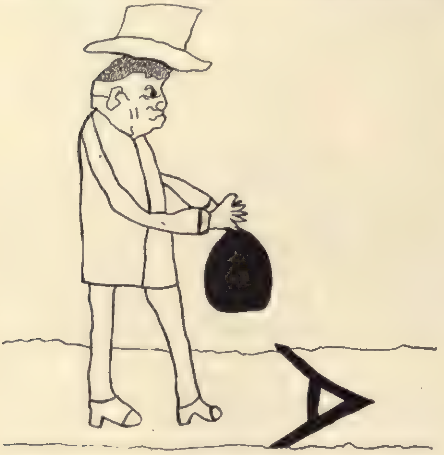
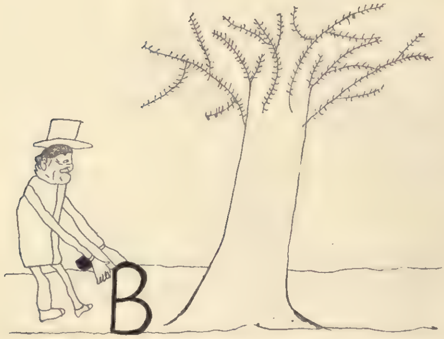
grooming of one's fingernails. For there are "fashions" in fingernails as well as in hats and in gowns, and Miss Emily is impatient to know "the latest." She has always thought that the well-groomed fingernail should be thoroughly buffed and left shining before a manicure was complete, but she finds that "a well-known city manicure says polish ruins the nails," and that "good taste today is reflected in the nail of dull finish."



Miriam C. Shope,
111 S. Walnut St.,
Mechanicsburg,
Pa.



I should be inclined to take exception to this decision. Fingernail polish of reliable make is quite harmless, and if properly used, has no ill effect upon either nail or cuticle. Certain polishes which give a high luster are sometimes responsible for hang-nails, if the nails are not scrubbed lightly with a soapy brush, and then rinsed, after the polish has been put on. Many prefer the polish that comes in cake form, which is both convenient and economical. I am quite sure that Miss Emily's "good taste" will never be impugned if she continues to administer a good polish to her nails.

As to "pointed or rounded," it is generally accepted that the society woman alone may wear pointed nails, because it is quite impracticable "for general use." There is this much, however, in favor of the pointed nail—the finger will seem to taper and appear longer. But the rounded nail is always in favor and Emily need not fear ostracism from society if points annoy her and she prefers that her nails follow the rounding outline of her finger-tips.

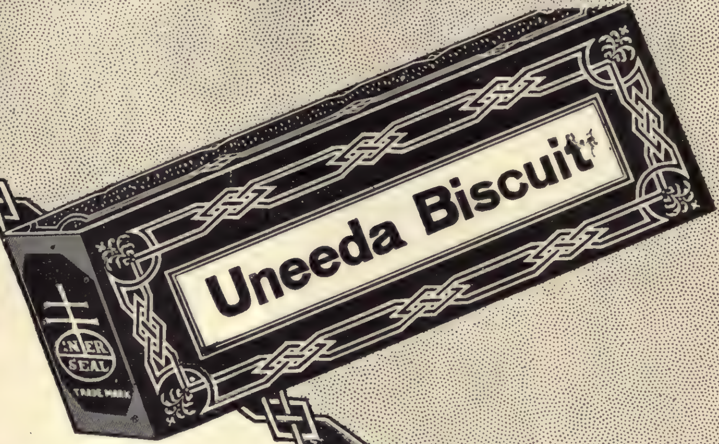
* * *

THIS month we are reproducing four of the prize "Alphabet" drawings, so that all our boy and girl contestants may see the efforts which won an award. Little Miss Shope, who lives at Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, is just entering upon her first term in grammar school, and began her drawings in vacation days. Miss Collins shows decided talent for a girl of seventeen. Some of the other work submitted shows great promise for little folk, and I am glad to see that so many of our boys and girls intend to draw the complete set, from A to Z.

Let our young artists work this month on H and I.

And then he saw two upright posts, with a
big bar across,
"Ho, ho," he said, "this great big thing right
in the bag I'll toss,
Come on, my friend," Old Ketchum said,
"I'll take you with me, too,"
And what else do you think, now, was poor
cross-barred H to do?

And as Old Ketchum strayed along again
what did he spy
But an old post in yonder field—the tall,
straight letter "I."
It took him but a little while to dig it from
the mud,
And it fell down among the rest with a dull,
heavy thud.



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THE HOME

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

WHEN I was in New York recently I saw a play that I wish many of our "Home" readers could have attended. It was a domestic play, with Miss Henrietta Crosman in the title role.

A very pretty little mother becomes so domestic in her care of her house and her wee boy and girl that she has no time for recreation. It happens that she doesn't want it, and that she takes a savage sort of happiness in slaving all day and sewing all night. She doesn't have time to join her husband in the tennis court, on the golf links, or even to go to the theatre with him, and she urges in her stead a bright schoolgirl neighbor who becomes known as "Mrs. Grayson's Understudy."

And this is the way matters stand when Mrs. Grayson's widowed sister, who is Miss Crosman, comes to make a long-promised visit. She notes conditions as they are, and foresees them as they will be, and she proceeds to draw her weary little sister out of the domestic rut into which she has fallen, and to set matters right in general.

It is a very human play, and its characters are everyday Americans, confronting a problem that has in one form or another presented itself in many a home circle.

The audience at Maxine Elliott's that night looked thoughtful as they passed out into the wet streets—New York was having an advance equinoctial—and many a woman seemd to be fitting to her own case the conditions so vividly portrayed in "The Real Thing."

* * *

A FEW days ago I received a most delightful note from a new NATIONAL reader, Mrs. F. J. McC. of Biloxi, Mississippi, in which she said:

"I must express my thanks for the 'little help' entitled 'A New Toaster.' I have already abandoned the toasting fork for toasting bread and will use the corn-popper in the future."

Such little notes are most gratifying. We try to confine our "little helps" to unique suggestions, and we know that many of them are original with our contributors.

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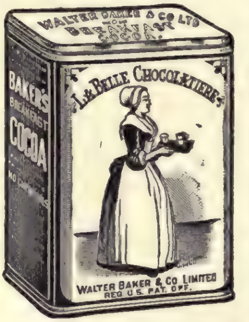

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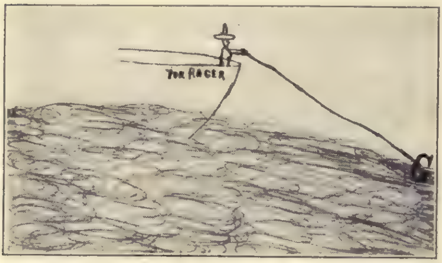
IT seems that some of our boys and girls, in noting the drawings for which the October prizes were awarded, have concluded that they must follow the style of that work in order to earn a prize. Now we all see with different eyes, and Old Man Ketchum doubtless looks different to each of us. So our young folk must not be influenced by the work of others. Let us have some "extra special" effort on our Christmas drawings. Prizes of one dollar will be sent for the best illustrations of "J" and "K."



DRAWN BY MISS ALICE B. HASKELL OF PHILADELPHIA, TEN YEARS OLD

And still Old Ketchum wandered on, and
in his lucky way,
He came across the meadow to a bright and
shiny "J."
The elephants had used it as a ladle for
their soup,
And Ketchum quickly took it up to add it
to his group.

Now he was somewhat tired so he sought
a stack of hay,
And there he found, a-sleeping sound, a
shiny letter "K";
He didn't even wake it up; it didn't even
peep
When Ketchum placed it in his bag to finish
out its sleep.

Ann Randolph

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

WORTH KNOWING

By A. W. L.

If you want a meringue which will almost equal whipped cream, add about one fourth of a teaspoon of cream of tartar and one full tablespoon of sugar to the white of one egg after whipping awhile, then whip again until creamy. Flavor, then color with fruit coloring if desired; do not cook. Fine for any kind of pudding or pie.

Bean Loaf

Soak beans over night, then cook in soft water until hulls and meat separate when pressed through a colander. Drain off the water and season the strained beans with chili sauce and butter or fresh drippings. Salt to taste, mold in a loaf and bake until brown.

Rhubarb Sauce

Wash the rhubarb and cut into crosswise pieces without peeling. Place in a granite pan with alternate layers of sugar and fruit, cover closely and bake slowly in moderate oven. Use but very little water, better without any.

A good spring tonic is the juice of half a lemon and level teaspoon of salt in one cup of hot water taken a half an hour or more before breakfast every morning.

A cupful of well-mashed potatoes makes cakes or muffins light and fluffy.

A grated apple added to the stiffly beaten white of an egg, sweetened and flavored, makes a nice dessert.

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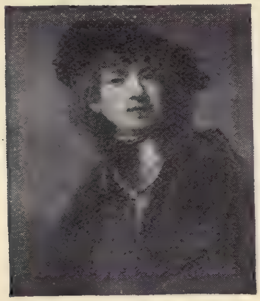

Rembrandt's Portrait
Pitti Gallery, Florence

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AMERICAN ART EXTENSION CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y

"AND did you have a good visit?" her husband asked, as they seated themselves in the suburban train. She wore an expression of pained resignation.

"For three solid hours, Henry," she declared, "I've listened to Rose's talk about that child—as if he's any different from any other two-year-old!"

Several fellow-passengers looked sympathetic. "*Hugh* did this, *Hugh* did that," she went on wearily, "just the same things every youngster did in his day. Why can't Rose realize that all children are alike?"

One was perched on the back of a seat devouring a huge pear while she tweaked the pigtails of her older sister for amusement. "Vivian," commanded her mother, "give your sister Lillie that pear."

"Won't—*won't*," she piped shrilly; "*my* pear!"

Her parent looked toward the little figure which sat quietly by the window. "Grace," she said, "give your pear to your sister Lillie."

"Mine is—gone," stammered a weak little voice.

Ophelia Collins
Ophelia Collins

DRAWN BY OPHELIA COLLINS

"All alike, dear?" Her husband smiled. "Don't you think children are entitled to some individuality?"

"Children are children," she replied, "and they're as alike as peas in a pod—"

"Which sometimes are very different. It's just like saying 'men are men,' or 'English are English'—but there's as much difference between children as men, or Englishmen."

"That's just right, sir," spoke up a portly matron who, with four sturdy tots, occupied the section ahead. "I have nine children, sir, nine—and do you think they're all alike?

"Madam," pointing toward two mites of girls, "these are twins."

"What did you do with it?" severely.

"I gave it—to Lillie."

The Suburbanite was still smiling triumphantly as he helped his wife to alight at their station.

* * *

DON'T you think he was right—he and the mother of nine? Are your children like other children of the same age? You don't think so, but you say so because other people do—those people who look bored when you tell them how little Georgie cut the mane from his rocking-horse because the weather was warm, and remark, "That's just like a child." Recently a writer for a mother's publication

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begged her readers if they would not be shunned by visitors, to refrain from detailing the little sayings and doings which incline the hearer to say wearily, "just like a child." "Mothers," declared this writer, "are supreme egotists—for their children."

Who that follows this writer's creed can put it to the test she advises, thus: "Here is my three-year-old-boy. He is a child, a normal child whose brain is undeveloped—in short, an average child, and *like most other children*." It sounds well, does this declaration, and in my mind I would put aside my small cousin with such theorizing. But immediately a score of little incidents come to mind, words, thoughts, actions, peculiar to this one very active tot. I will not agree that Miss Rita is like any other child. Let me cast my "yea" or "nay" on the ballot with Mr. Suburbanite and the mother of nine.

* * *

PAPER-BAG cookery—how fascinating it even sounds! Cookery revolutionized it surely is. No pots and pans, no "shrinkage" of meats, no germ-haunted cooking utensils, no smell of cooking—all this is claimed by M. Nicolas Soyer in setting forth the principles of "Paper-Bag Cookery."* M. Soyer is the chef of the Brooks Club, London, and his book is the result of long experience and final achievement. England is now engaged in putting his system to the test, and that Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van de Water recommends it to the American housewife is sufficient proof of its practicability.

Let us see what is necessary to try out this new way of cooking. "No patent stove," says M. Soyer, "no patent oven or apparatus, no patent or expensive appliances of any kind are required." One is simply to place the food to be cooked in the paper bag, to put the bag on an ordinary broiler, and set in the oven. Of course a special kind of bag must be used, and these may be obtained from designated agents in nearly all of the principal cities.

Just the way to proceed, the dangers to be avoided, how to know when the food is cooked, and many "true and tried" recipes are explained in detail by the author. Then follow most interesting chapters on "Breakfast Dishes," "The Bag and the Bachelor" (which, of course, means also the bachelor maid), "A Week's Dinners for a Working Man's Home," "Invalid Cookery," and the paper-bag method from the health standpoint, as viewed by a doctor.

Cooking in paper bags promises to be a boon to the dweller of the small flat or to women in single rooms. In fact the allurements of this new system appeal to the most steadfast devotee of present-day cooking methods. Will not those readers who make experiments with Paper-Bag Cookery write and tell what success they had and the recipes used, so that we may know the merits of M. Soyer's method by actual test?

Ann Randolph

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*"Paper-Bag Cookery." By Nicolas Soyer. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. Price 60 cents.

* * * *

LITTLE HELPS

A GOOD PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

By Fannie E. Foster

Should flat-irons smut, appear rough, or be slightly rusty, just before using them on either white or colored starched clothes rub freely across fine salt, and then on green sprays of freshly gathered cedar. The hot flat-iron presses the natural oil out of the cedar, and thus prepares it for this troublesome branch of woman's work.

TO MEND AN UMBRELLA

By Mrs. F. A. Richardson

To mend an umbrella that tears loose from the rib at the point, when you are on the street and needle and thread not available, close it and bringing the cloth in position, insert a small hair pin in the hole of the rib, and wind securely around cloth. This "first aid to the injured" is so efficient you will be tempted to leave it permanently.

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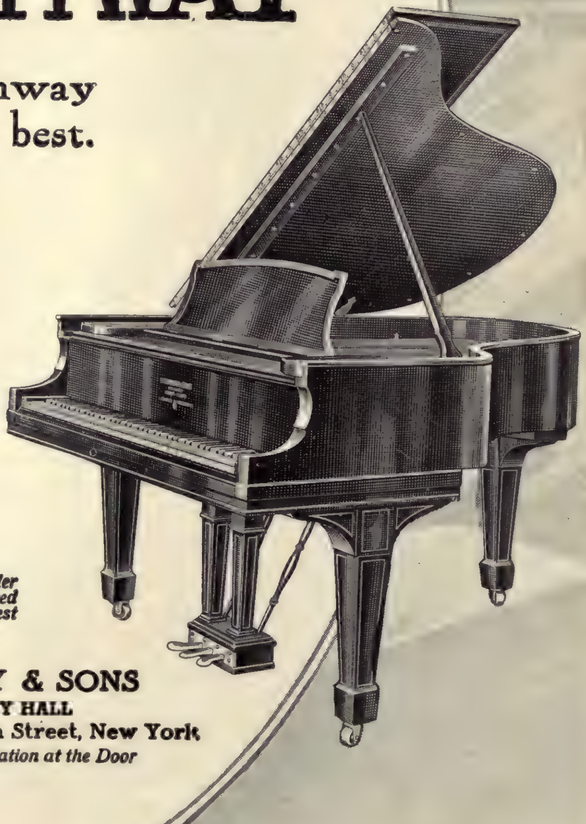


HOME-MADE FURNITURE POLISH

By Mrs. F. K. Page

I have a receipt for cleaning and polishing furniture that can easily be made by anyone, and I never bought any I liked as well.

I read that to care for leather and keep it nice you should use one part olive oil and four parts refined benzine. I had no benzine, so substituted *gasolene* and used *salad oil.* While using it for the leather, I tried it on the mahogany and found it gave a beautiful polish; I tried it on a mahogany table and it put on so bright a polish that a vase standing on it was reflected; but I found I had changed the dull finish to the polished and my daughter preferred the dull finish, so one must be careful and only use where the luster is desired. I tried it repeatedly on the dresser in my room to see if it would injure it, and finding it did not, and enjoying the use of it so much myself, I am passing it on to the NATIONAL readers.

GASOLINE FOR BRUSHES

Mrs. A. P. Miller

Do the Home Makers know that washing brushes and combs in gasolene is a very quick way to make them clean and will not injure the back of the brush as ammonia or soda?

Mock Cherry Pie

Chop together one cup of raw cranberries and one cup of seeded raisins; add one cup of sugar, two small tablespoons of flour and one cup of hot water with two teaspoons of vanilla; put small pieces of butter over top and bake with two crusts. Very fine.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE

By Mrs. S. C. M.

Cream together one cup of sugar and one and a half cups of butter, one saltspoon of salt, one and a half of a teaspoon of cloves, the same of cassia, little nutmeg, one cup raisins; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and then stir it into one cup of sour apple sauce, letting it foam over the other ingredients. Beat all thoroughly and add one and three-quarters cups of flour. Bake in a loaf tin forty-five minutes. Very rich, moist and delicious.

USE FOR LEMONS, ORANGES AND GRAPE FRUIT SKINS

By H. L. S.

Cut the skin from oranges, lemons or grapefruit in small strips and boil four or five hours in plenty of water, changing three times. Drain and add as much sugar as you have peel, using enough water to dissolve the sugar. Cook a short time and when cool put through the food chopper and use in fruit cake, fruit cookies and mince meat, also tomato mince meat. It is fine.

TO COOK FOWL

By Mrs .J. J. O'Connell

The French cooks have a way of making a year-old fowl as tender as one-half the age by wrapping it in brown paper when it is put in the oven and letting it cook in this envelope until it is nearly done. The paper retains the juices and lets the fowl cook slowly and evenly and grow tender before the fowl is browned. At the last the paper is removed enough to bring the surface of the bird to the desired color. In the same way young mutton can be brought to lamblike tenderness and roast veal may be cooked thoroughly without the risk of the hard outer crust, which sometimes spoils this meat when roasted.

An Eye Opener

Always have a glass medicine dropper and a bottle of rose water in the medicine chest and in your traveling bag. Then when you get a foreign body in your eye you will be spared much pain and discomfort if the following very simple and harmless method is pursued: Put into the medicine dropper six drops of the rose water. Pull down the lower lid, float the liquid on the surface of the injured eye. After the rose water has been in the eye for a few seconds use the empty medicine dropper to suck out the liquid and the foreign matter will come with it.

For the Mother

Every mother should keep a supply of lint and boracic ointment in the medicine cupboard, and when an accident occurs, such as a cut finger, it may be used. Spread a little of the ointment on the lint and lay it on the injured part, after it has been washed thoroughly in hot water. Cover the lint with a soft rag and tie up.

BANANA CAKE

By M. L. H.

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one egg, two cups of flour with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in twice; bake in three shallow tins; while it is baking peel and slice quite thin three very ripe bananas and squeeze the juice of half a lemon, with a little pulverized sugar over the bananas. As soon as you take the cake out of the oven spread the slices over two parts and ice the top, although it is good without the icing.

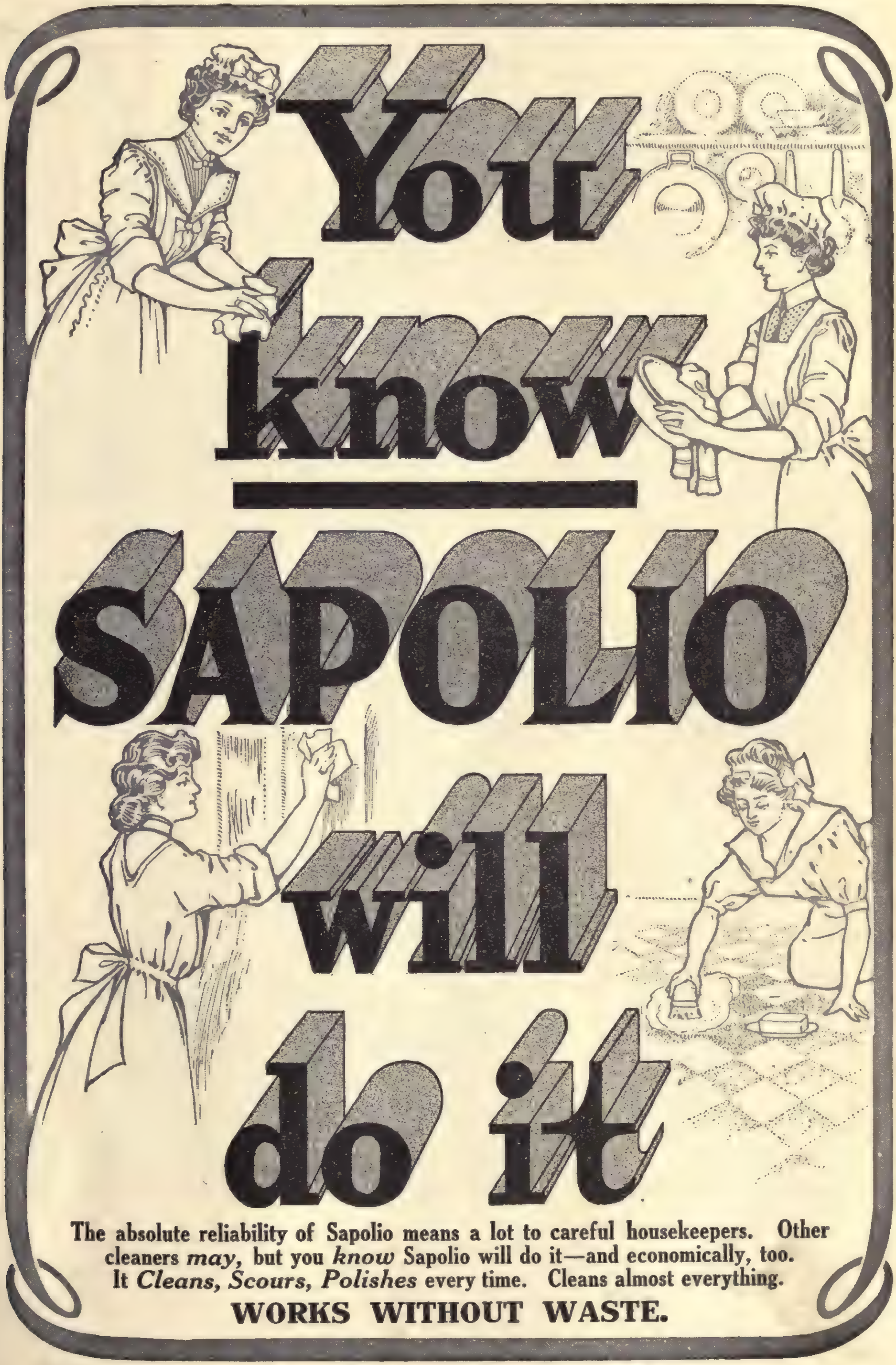
A GOOD SILVER POLISH

By Floyd Van Denburgh

I have found that worn-out gas mantles serve as a very good silver polish.

Lard for Warts

Pure lard applied to warts will remove them.



The absolute reliability of Sapolio means a lot to careful housekeepers. Other cleaners *may*, but you *know* Sapolio will do it—and economically, too. It *Cleans, Scours, Polishes* every time. Cleans almost everything.

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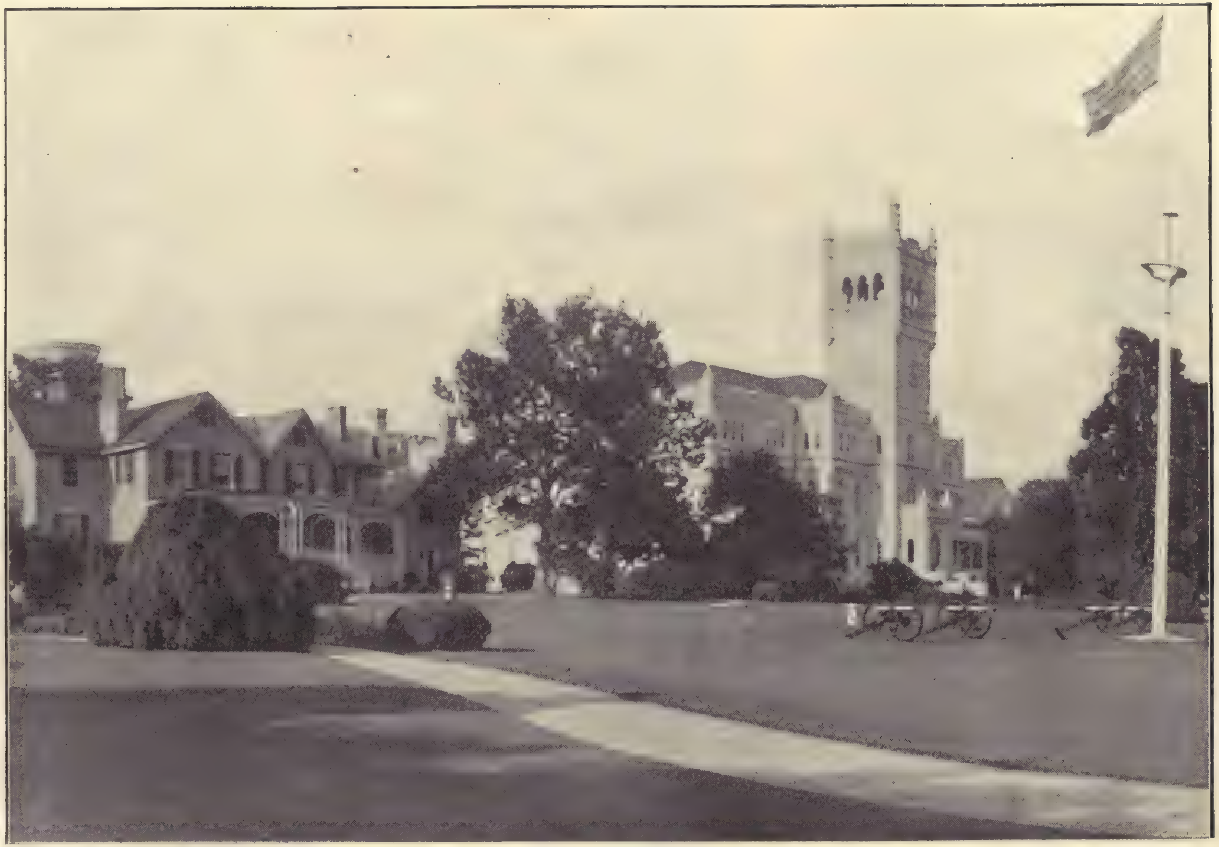


COTTAGE OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN DURING THE SUMMERS FROM WHICH HE WENT TO VIEW THE ATTACK ON FORT STEVENS IN GENERAL EARLY'S ATTEMPT TO SEIZE WASHINGTON. THE TOWER IS ON THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1911

Affairs at Washington

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

A TRADITIONAL Thanksgiving courtesy is always apparent in Washington as November rolls around, and one philosopher insists that only a kind Providence could have provided such an atmosphere following federal elections. Never in the history of the republic has the tide of fortune or misfortune averted the issuance of a Thanksgiving proclamation. This one message of the President of the United States escapes even the suggestion of criticism. The phrases handed down from the earliest days of our sturdy colonial forefathers are still heard with reverence, and no political rancor can diminish the fervor with which the President asks the people to offer thanks to the Creator for the year's bounteous blessings.

* * *

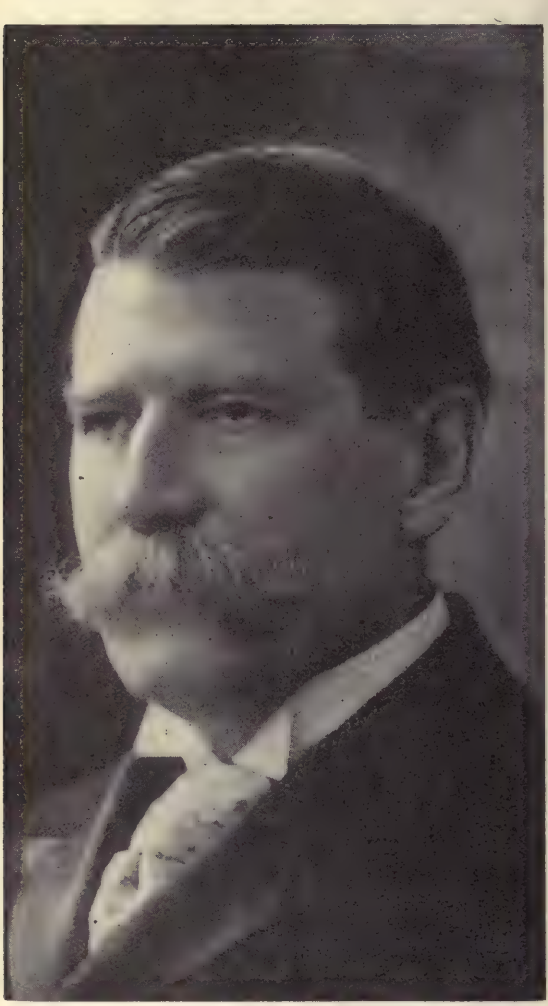
A dinner—a home-coming—what could more appropriately typify the fundamental democracy of the nation than this annual public expression of gratitude? Men's minds are diverted from the intentness of self-centered interest and partisan policy. Reciprocity among folks at home is not dependent upon the sordid ballot. Peace with our northern neighbor, despite the nebulous specter of annexation, and peace with all nations of the earth, is assured.

The fine lines that follow the pen of President Taft's signature are given an extra flourish as he signs the Thanksgiving proclamation upon the completion of his tour in twenty-four states, where he looked upon the great fields and prairies and saw the people and those things for which a great nation may truly be thankful.

* * *

WHEN Congress convenes the peculiar distinction of each member is brought forth and reburnished in print with a special eye for the spectacular. It looks as though Representative Henry T. Rainey of Illionis would go down to Congressional fame for carrying through a fight for bones. Through his indefatigable efforts, the bones of John Paul Jones, the American naval hero, were brought back to rest in the land for which he so valiantly fought. The investigation was prompted some years ago by General Horace Porter, then American Ambassador at France, whose work made possible the success of the redoubtable Rainey in his effort to reclaim the ashes of the father of the American navy. Things looked discouraging at first, but the Illinois fighter would not be thrust aside, and he did not relax in his efforts until the bones of Jones rested in their noble mausoleum at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Some unkind souls poked fun at Mr. Rainey for his zeal in this matter. They called him the Congressional end man, and when he arose to speak, there was a whisper in the aisle, "He'll soon rattle the bones of Jones." But Congressional humor only served to help the cause, and Mr. Rainey had a real out-loud laugh when he won in the hard-fought campaign. He had rattled the appropriation bag and made it give forth.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER
Who instituted the fight to have the remains of John Paul Jones brought to America

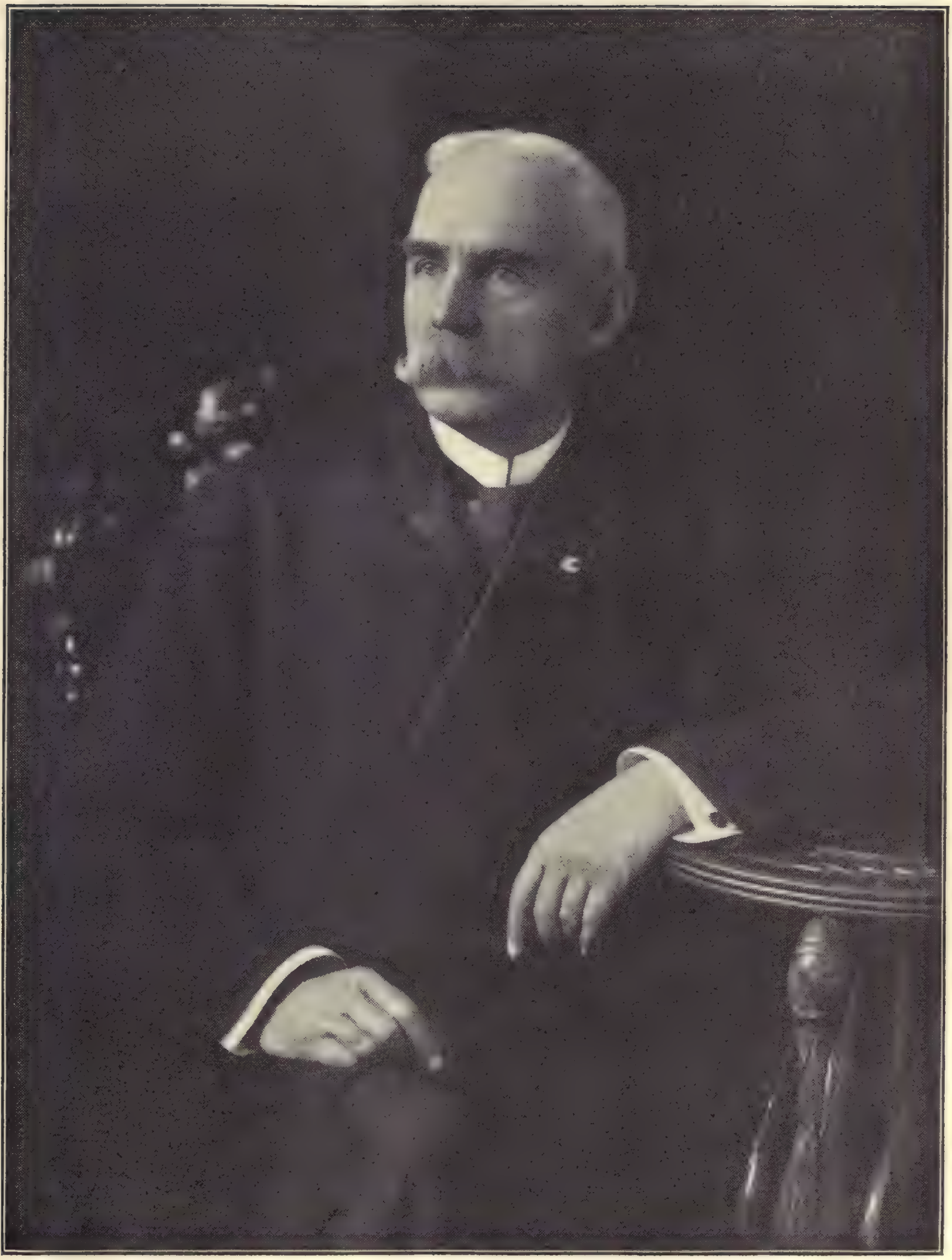
ONE curious student of public affairs has been industriously spending his vacation in studying the pages of the Congressional Record. His transcript of the colloquies and dialogue of the extra session and the amount of space consumed on unimportant and inconsequential debates would make the average American frantic at the consumption of time and expense in ordinary congressional procedure. But all of these apparently useless details have a part to play in filling in the time, and time is just as essential in making laws as in the making of butter or any other product.

In order to prove that what he said was right, a section of the Record was shown where seven pages were consumed discussing "pairs." One sleepy spectator in the gallery insisted that it was better than a horticulture show, and the decision was a draw whether it was Bartlett pears or Pears' soap that caused the trouble. Anyhow it was pairs.

* * *

THERE were reflections of the Maine State prohibitory election at the Weather Bureau at Washington when the bulletins were issued as to the results of the battle of ballots. "Now wet"—"now dry"—it seemed just like a pendulum. First there was a small majority for wet—and the tables turned—'twas dry. The next day it was sort of an "off ag'in, on ag'in."

Things were certainly stirring down Maine way, and the declaration was made by Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, head of the W. C. T. U., that the Maine campaign was the beginning of a national and even an international prohibition movement. The "wets" also insisted that the wedge they made in the large prohibition majority was an indication of the trend of popular thought in their direction. The

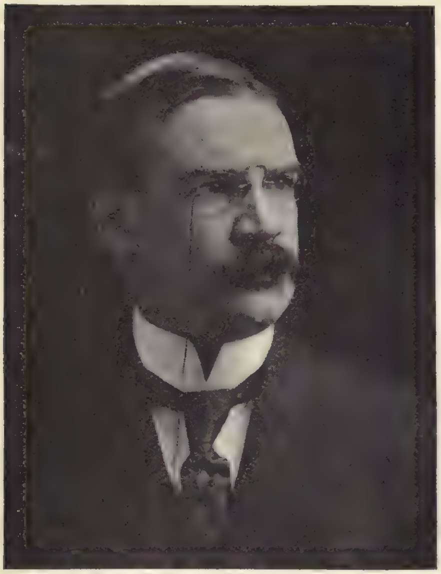


DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD, WHICH HAS JUST CELEBRATED ITS QUARTER-CENTURY MARK vote was so close that Governor Plaisted ordered a recount. Wet or dry, the election in Maine shows that there is no lassitude among the people of the Pine Tree State in expressing their sovereign rights at the polls.

* * *

THE coming session of Congress will find Representative John J. Fitzgerald, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, an important factor in federal legislation. Although there was little demand upon this committee at the extra session, this winter it will play an important part in the affairs of the nation, and the Democrats are depending upon Fitzgerald to act as a veritable alarm clock of the Treasury, and keep down expenses.



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CONGRESSMAN JOHN J. FITZGERALD
Of New York, the chairman of the Appropriation Committee and a past master of parliamentary points

Congressman Fitzgerald's thorough knowledge of the House rules have long made his services vital. Nothing pleases him better than to sit in the House watching parliamentary points, and while his main work in the Sixty-second Congress will be on the Appropriations Committee, yet there will be many a hurry-call for Fitzgerald when a parliamentary tangle is imminent. Like his ancestors, the Congressman from New York dearly loves an occasional scrimmage to stir up enthusiasm and make the blood tingle.

* * *

THE old chum of Bill Nye, the inimitable Bill Barlow, has passed, but we have the book, "The World of Just You and I," published by his wife at Douglas, Wyoming. The pages bring to mind that genial soul whose philosophy was so welcome; for Bill certainly did "pick the posies" that grew along the pathway of his life, and always kept in mind his well-known lament on the mummy that "hadn't had no fun for more'n five thousand years."

MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS
President of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Stevens predicts that the Maine prohibition fight is the beginning of an international prohibition movement

There is an intensity about some of the paragraphs that you might not want to put in the hands of Sunday-school children, and it seems that the book does not contain all of Bill Barlow's best. Yet the book on the whole is a human document, and has all of that breezy and hopeful air of the Sagebrush country which Bill Barlow loved and which he never deserted, even in the hours of fame, for the environment of the more effete East.

A NOTABLE characteristic of the present administration has been the crystallization of the Peace idea. Close upon the heels of the arbitration treaty comes a proposed celebration of the hundred years' peace between the United States and Great Britain. The committee in charge of the movement has already prepared to ask President Taft to take the honorary presidency.

The idea of celebrating a century of Anglo-American peace is the outgrowth of a discussion at the Mohonk conference held last May, when a joint meeting of representatives of Canadian and American cities was held on Canadian soil to organize a society which should observe the centennial commemorating the signing of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814. It is proposed to have the celebration in 1915, which promises to be a notable year, since it will witness the completion of the Panama Canal and the San Francisco exposition.

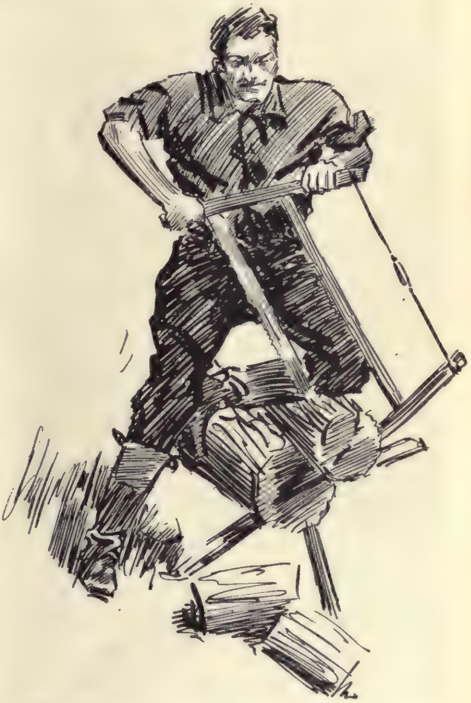
* * *

THEY were about to celebrate a great political victory. Material for an immense bonfire was collected for a regular Fourth of July celebration. For days previous the sound of the sawbuck was heard in the land, as choice timber from the nearby forest was made ready for the pyrotechnics. The Congressman had received a handsome majority and an old-fashioned ovation was to be given in his honor. Now the successful statesman and his adversary were the best of friends, but the enthusiastic constituents of the victor insisted upon a joke, and it was arranged to have the festivities in front of the defeated candidate's office, which was a printing plant and boasted an array of fire extinguishers that would have gladdened the heart of an insurance inspector.

When the boys over in the adversary's office learned the plans, they framed a little joke. Just as the fireworks started they were to run out with the fire extinguisher and play havoc with the blaze that was to herald the victory. Chuckling to themselves, they stood by the guns, ready to rush out at the appointed time and stifle the ambitious blaze with the tubes that encased extinguishing chemical.

Just as the surrounding sky began to glow and the band played "Hail to the Chief" while the successful Congressman launched into the heights of oratory, the signal was given and the battalion rushed forth with extinguishers. Throwing it upon the flames, they waited expectantly to see the fire die away like the mist before the morning sun. But alas and alack, it blazed up like a skyrocket, fast and furious.

They stood aghast as the flames rose in increasing glory, and the victor concluded his speech amid rousing cheers, and gracefully thanked his adversary's camp for the part they took in doing him such great honor.



"Choice timber from the nearby forest was made ready for the pyrotechnics"

Not until some days later was the mystery explained. The plot to put out the bonfire had been detected in time, the chemicals were removed and full charges of high grade benzine thoughtfully substituted. "Consequently," mournfully commented the defeated candidate, "the unexpected happened again."

THE President's veto message upon judicial recall has further interpreted the Constitution along the lines laid down by Chief Justice Marshall in years gone by. President Taft believes that constitutions are effective checks upon the hasty action of the majority, and that they are a self-imposed restraint upon ill-considered legislation.

Echoes of the President's vetoes had scarcely passed at Washington when the people of the new state were busy with an amended constitution that would enable them to secure statehood "on terms mentioned." The declaration is frankly made at political conventions in the new state that this change is only temporary until statehood is secured, and then Arizonans will recall their recall with a vengeance.

DELEGATE RALPH H. CAMERON
of Arizona

The election campaign in the proposed new state proceeds at a lively pace, and Delegate Cameron pursues the "bright angel trail" of fame, on his way to senatorial honors, with all the energy with which he blazed the trail into the Grand Canyon of Arizona in years past.

* * *

NO less an authority than John Stuart Mill stated that "what seems to be the height of absurdity to one generation often appears to be the height of wisdom in the next." Even in the space of one decade the point of view changes so radically that one does not wonder at the uncertainty of view on any one question from decade to decade. Like everything in nature, the point of view seems to be restless and perpetually in motion. How strange it would have sounded to the ears of Lincoln or even President Grant to hear the ceaseless honks of the automobiles about the streets of Washington as they fly by today. And to contemplate looking skyward upon the heavens filled with flying-machines, as in the recent aero meet in Chicago—"Shades of our ancestors!" exclaimed a Congressman, who became greatly excited at such a prospect.

Washington pedestrians insist upon their rights and upon keeping the automobile owners in proper subjection. They must know what constitutes a real, legal "honk-honk," and now comes the question: What shall be the signal of an airship? Shall it be like the caw of a crow or the hoot of an owl? The argument is still in an embryonic stage, but there are many well-defined ideas on the automobile question. No longer must the honk-honk of the motor car sound like a passing tugboat or a German band. The Police Department in Washington has insisted on regulating automobile horns. An interesting session was held in one court, where the official and standard honk of a Washington automobile was definitely determined, so at least it is said, for all time.

One grim satirist who grew weary of the tuning process of the auto horn insisted that the world was not moving forward in this line at least, for the honk-honk of the auto reminded him of the braying of the animal which the Good Book tells us Balaam used to own in the long ago.

IN a snug little office on the top floor of the War Department Building, Miss Mabel Boardman conducts the work of the American Red Cross Society. Even during the summer she was busy with plans to complete a two-million-dollar endowment fund for the American Red Cross. Ever since Miss Boardman took charge of this great work her purpose has been to found an organization that can provide immediate assistance in case of emergency, whether on the battlefield or in any disaster. The work of the Red Cross is not confined to the field of battle, as in the days of Florence Nightingale; oftentimes in cases of accident, cyclone, flood, fire and earthquake there is more imperative need of Red Cross assistance than in war times. With a two-million-dollar endowment it is felt that there will be sufficient funds to secure relief at any time of catastrophe and obviate a situation that must be faced if the Society is not properly financed to meet immediate demands.

MISS MABEL BOARDMAN, THE MOVING SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

Eminent physicians in all parts of the country have generously given their services to the Red Cross without remuneration, and trained nurses have given their time for little or no salary. In the past six years, during the time that Miss Boardman has had charge of the work, her plans have so thoroughly materialized that nothing can prevent making the American Red Cross an institution that will be the pride rather than the humilia-

K. K. KENNAN
Member of the Tax Commission of Wisconsin, whose recent book on Income Tax has attracted wide-spread attention

tion of the American people when compared with that of other countries. Its scope has been broadened out and the new endowment fund will be extended to the entire industrial world. Preliminary to this great work, a book has been prepared giving valuable remedies and instructions to be followed in case of accident. The initial purpose of the Red Cross is to provide first aid for the injured, and to this end Miss Boardman is working with indefatigable vigor.

Although Miss Boardman enjoys the closest friendship of the President and Mrs. Taft and is a leader in Washington society circles, her real delight is in the work connected with the Red Cross. Each week she enjoys an "at home," which has become a sort of congressional salon where the country's statesmen gather to talk about things—not overlooking the work that is growing under the Red Cross. When one sees Miss Boardman at work in her little Washington office, it is not hard to understand where her true interest is centered.

* * *

THE ingenuity of Secretary Charles D. Hilles in meeting the exigencies of travel is often the subject of conversation among his legion of friends. The following story regarding Mr. Hilles' method on one occasion was told by an acquaintance who made one of a famous Hilles party.

It was at the time of the exposition at Portland, and a number of people bound for the Pacific Coast stopped off to view the glories of Yellowstone Park. Mr. Hilles was then touring the same section of the country, and the hotels all along the way were so crowded that it became necessary to get in advance of the regular party, if any accommodations were to be obtained.

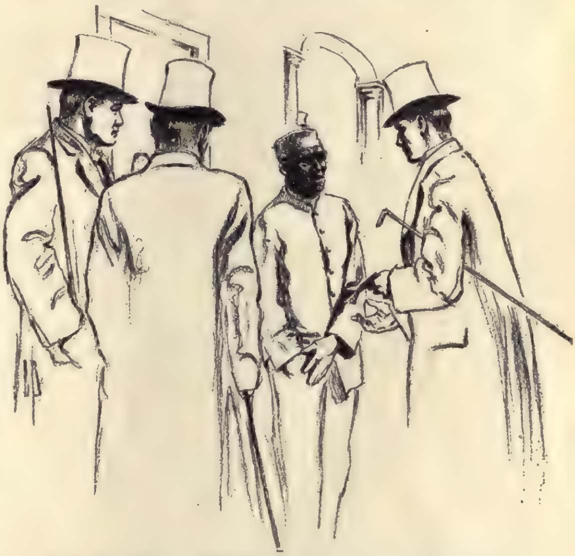
A corps of eleven people, the required number to fill a coach, was collected by Mr. Hilles, and the party started out. Among them was an English gentleman and his son visiting America for the first time, and both were most enthusiastic over America's great national park. Mr. Hilles was naturally the leader of the party, and all were surprised and delighted, as different hotels were reached, to find themselves promptly given the best in the house, and accorded a deference by all the guests such as Admiral Togo could hardly claim. Even the bell-boy hastened to do service when there was a bill to be changed.

Not until the last day was the secret out. Mr. Hilles was discovered at the clerk's desk talking confidentially. He hoped, he was saying earnestly, that they would be able to take care of the party, but more especially he sought accommodations for Sir Edwin Crowley and son, with whom they were traveling.

"The joke of it was," concluded the story-teller, "that the plain, ordinary, every-day Englishman never knew he'd been knighted to meet the exigencies of American travel."

* * *

AS the chill of late fall sweeps down the avenue, interest centers in the Mills Building, where the Isthmian Canal Commission is located. The past year has witnessed wonderful development on this great project, and now an interest has been awakened in the Canal Zone as a winter resort. An American woman living on the Isthmus writes joyfully of having at last found a place where there are no spring fashions, and where there is no such thing as different houses, different furniture or different food from other people's. Everybody who draws the same salary has the same kind of house and food, and thus the worry of social rivalry is eliminated.



"Even the bell-boy hastened to do service when there was a bill to be changed"

More than thirty thousand people constitute the colony who comprise Uncle Sam's housekeeping plant in Panama, and more than five thousand of these are American citizens living on the Isthmus with their families.

But with all its advantages, there are indications that the seemingly ideal condition of having everything provided and all things conducted on a novel plan has not resulted in a modern Utopia. Among other things, the joy of shopping has been eliminated. There are no bargain sales, and how dull must Monday seem to the women from Northern homes.

Uncle Sam is a shrewd housekeeper. He insists upon the best and at a standard price. A fleet of six ships belonging to the Panama Railroad service bring in cold storage supplies every week, and even the luxury of pastry and New York ice cream may be enjoyed by Uncle Sam's people in Panama.

"Regretful memories were reflected in his eyes"

But while all this seems like a dream to the American housewife, Panama has its drawbacks. Think of a climate where gloves will mold if put away for a few hours in the bureau drawer. Leather books have turned green over night in the rainy season, and to prevent mildew all damp clothing must be put in a "dry room" which is tightly sealed and fitted with electric lights.

Considering the natural conditions in Panama, it is hardly possible that the Canal Zone will ever be a permanent place of residence, although Uncle Sam has done his best to make it an ideal winter resort of the tropics.

* * *

REGRETFUL memories were reflected in his eyes. He had just come from the police court where he had left a fat fine for speeding—and his was not a joy ride, either. While he mourned his fate and railed his state—although he was not poetic—a bystander whispered that soon the abused autoist might be under the direct authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission rather than of his state. The unfortunate one brightened perceptibly and went on his way rejoicing, for he was a railroad man.

If action is taken upon the federal automobile license bill which was reported to the last House, automobile manufacturers and owners using public highways may in the future find themselves subject to the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The bill was recommended as one which would lighten the burden to which automobile owners are subjected by the various state laws. Many insist that the Commission should control the automobile business as it does the various railroad interests.

The tendency toward including under government control steel companies, coal companies and all railroad and allied industries, bids fair to make the Interstate Commerce Commission more powerful than any branch of the government. Especially will this be true if the commission is given full swing over the omnipresent automobile, which will include the regulation of taxicab rates. That, observes the optimist, will mean hearings, investigations and possible changes. The taxi rates in some cities have soared to a height that makes aviation journeys appear economical.

THERE was something intensely human in the action of Senator William Alden Smith urging the Senate to retain on its payroll the name of "Old Black Joe" Jones, the former bodyguard of President Jefferson Davis. A hard fight was engaged in, and the Senate committee's decision to discharge "Old Black Joe" was overturned by the words of the Michigan Senator.

Very eloquently Senator Smith referred to the fact that the most urgent plea he ever heard was from former Senator McCleary of Kentucky in behalf of a Northern widow's pension. Time and again the Senate has witnessed a Southern Senator urging pension rights for Union veterans. Senator Smith made the air ring as throwing back his head he rolled out the "Sir" in the good old Patrick Henry fashion. "Sir," he declared to the chair, "the Southerners have cared for their wounded and suffering, they have asked no pensions from the government against which they rebelled. With a solicitude which we may well emulate, they have bound up their own wounds, nursed their own sick and dying and cared for their dead, rebuilt their devastated states and voluntarily burdened themselves that we might pension our heroes and house them in comfort in their declining years. I think it is little less than pusillanimous to object to a simple recognition for an aged negro."

There was a roll-call, and by a vote of thirty-seven to eighteen, "Old Joe" was retained on the payroll of the Senate. One Senator averred that the word "pusillanimous" carried the day for William Alden. But the Senator from Michigan only smiled, and after the merry war he strolled down the Senate corridor in front of the Marble Room whistling the refrain of "Old Black Joe" at a lively tempo.

* * *

MISS ALICE NIELSEN
The famous lyric soprano, who "hushed" the King of England

A Canadian friend is relating various versions of a good story of Miss Alice Nielsen, now of the Metropolitan and Boston Opera Companies, who is this month making a concert tour with her own company through Canada and the Middle West.

It is already known that Miss Nielsen, when at the height of her success as a light opera singer, ended her engagement in "The Singing Girl" in London, and began serious study for grand opera. Within a short time, through the friendship of Paolo Tosti, opportunities offered to sing at various houses of the nobility, for Signor Tosti was master of music for the members of the royal family, and arranged all the private musicales and concerts for them.

One evening the Duchess of Manchester entertained in honor of the late King Edward. Miss Nielsen was present and sang. Among others there was a request for Tosti's "Good-bye to Summer," then in the first flush of its great popularity.

With the composer at the piano, the first stanza went with no strange or unusual occurrence, but while Tosti was playing the soft interlude leading to the second stanza, the King turned to one of his party with some remark, and his sonorous bass sounded out sharply through the room against the soft harp-like chords of the piano.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR FISHER
Who is back at his desk in Washington following an Alaskan tour of investigation

With exquisite daring, Miss Nielsen looked straight at His Majesty and began the line: "Hush"—then an ominous pause—"'tis a voice!" By this time the Royal listener was all attention and looking straight into a pair of eyes dancing with ill-suppressed merriment. There was a moment of suspense, when the King saved the joke by starting the laugh in which the company joined. The Royal guest took his gentle reprimand with true gallantry.

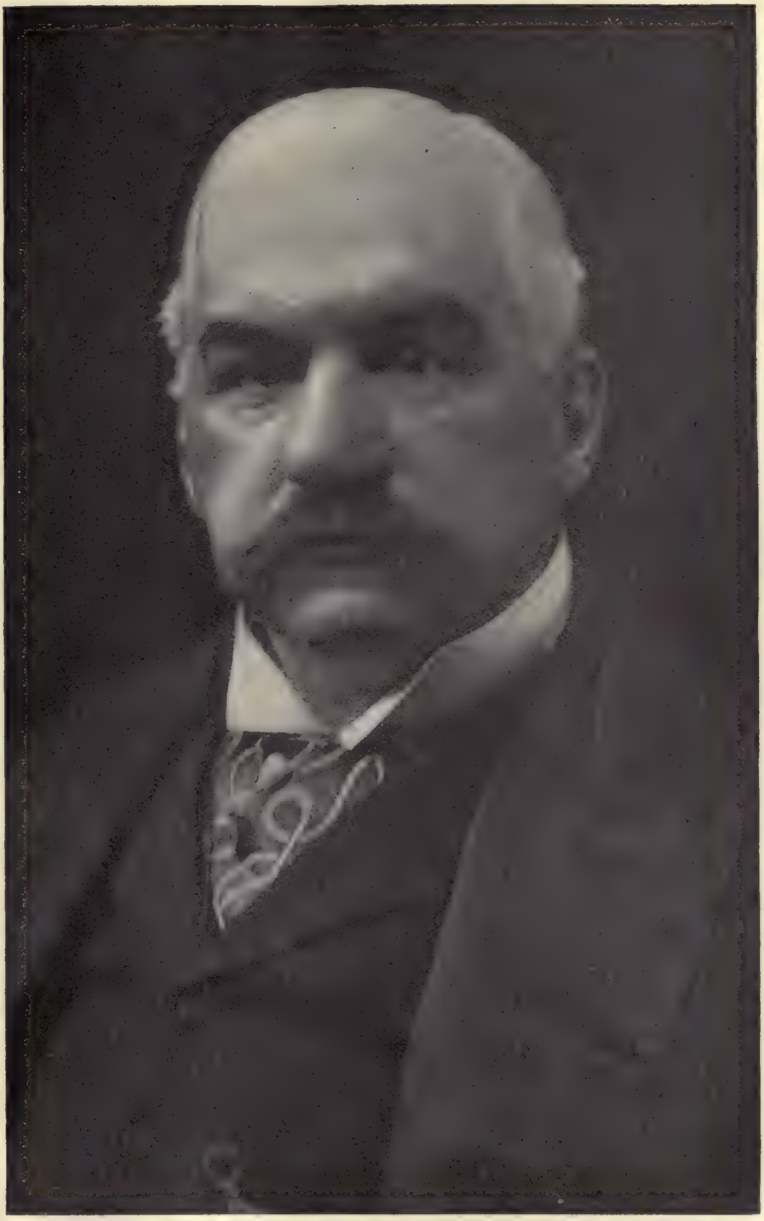
FACTS gathered first hand by the Interior Department promise to furnish interesting matter for the congressional grist this winter. Secretary of the Interior Fisher has spent some time in Alaska personally going over the situation there. Mr. Gifford Pinchot has also journeyed to the peninsula to secure further details, and an interesting sidelight revealed in the records of the Interior Department reports Richard A. Ballinger, then Commissioner of the Land Office, warning James A. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior, that a number of transportation companies were sedulously securing a terminal foothold at Controller Bay upon the area about to be reserved. Now the question comes, why was not this information given out by the Forestry Bureau at the time when all the subsequent trouble might have been quietly and effectively stopped, thus precluding the thrilling chapter of Alaskan history that followed? Some time the Alaskan question will reach the stage where development may proceed under conditions that will reap results for the people of the United States, and not make Alaska altogether a football for political aspirants.

* * *

ECHOES from England indicate that the impressive financial influence of J. Pierpont Morgan is still in vogue. Eminent English bankers declare that Morgan's brain must be built on a different plan from other men's. He seems to decide things quickly from an unfailing intuition and from absolute, unswerving faith in a proposition rather than from the reports of accountants or experts.

A favorite story among the English deals with a matter connected with enormous traction interests. One of Mr. Morgan's partners had been working on the proposition for a long time preparing details and a statement. When all was in readiness, the partner went to Mr. Morgan late in the afternoon and asked if he was ready to go into the matter in the morning. "It will take some time," he added.

"I'm going to Washington tonight," said Mr. Morgan, "but get into my carriage and we'll talk it over as I drive



J. PIERPONT MORGAN

THE AMERICAN FINANCIER WHOSE BUSINESS METHODS ARE THE ADMIRATION OF ENGLISH BANKERS home." When they reached his Madison Avenue residence the veteran financier had solved the knotty problem on which his firm had labored for weeks, and gave the answer with as little ceremony as if he were asking the coachman to call at eight.

* * *

SOME friends in Washington were surprised to find me there during the dull days when "everybody was away."

" Everybody was away "

The city at that time seemed like an empty playhouse, but Washington in all its phases is most fascinating. As there are times at home when we want to be alone and just ramble around the empty rooms in quietude, so Washington has its delights when the nation's solons are absent.

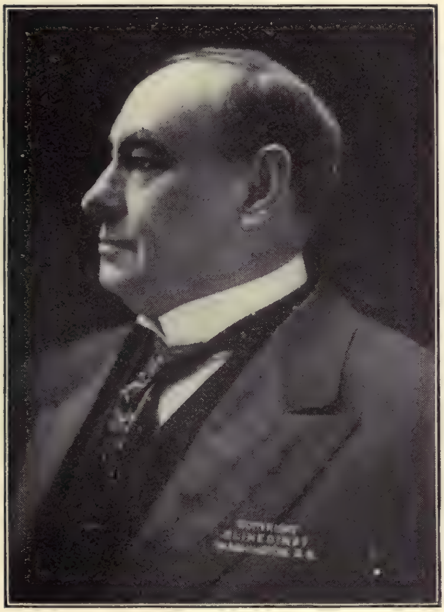
The endless tide of tourists and the marble office buildings going up on every hand indicate business stability and an activity in the Capital City that makes a summer visit enviable. Towering skyscrapers such as the Southern Building and other handsome office structures emphasize the fact that private as well as public investment is building up the "city beautiful." The parks are the pride of the nation. Although on the streets one may miss the familiar figures of men prominent in public life when "everybody is away," this is but a reminder of the quick shifting of the stage of official life. Well-known faces of a few years ago are no longer seen on the Avenue. They pass away, and whether in death or in public oblivion, it all seems the same when Washington forgets. New men have come to take up the burdens, and Washington must "ring out the old, ring in the new," like Tennyson's bells. There is not a month, dull or lively, that the pictures do not move, and all the kaleidoscopic phases of Washington are interesting in the study of life.

* * *

DURING the days when "everybody was away" from Washington, in trooped a great convention of "Veiled Prophets." Bands were playing and brilliant uniforms, from flaming red oriental robes to brilliant green zouaves, flashed on the Avenue with all the gorgeous pageantry of an inaugural parade. Everyone wore a "fez" and the fierce military demeanor of the "Prophets" was looked upon as an omen of approaching hostilities. The Turkish embassy was saluted by the turbaned paraders as they passed.

An old Washington resident, who stood on his veranda watching the procession, remarked that on this same avenue years ago he had watched the victorious troops march at the close of the Civil War, grim, bearded and dusty, with little flash of color except in the tattered flags and guidons under which millions had marched and fought, and hundreds had fallen in battle.

To the old gentleman it was a striking contrast, for he had seen in his young manhood the great army of the East and West parading in all the consciousness of veteran strength the streets of the Republic which their blood and sweat had cemented together anew, after nearly five years of warfare with a foe whose courage and endurance had no superior, IN the Cosmos Club at Washington hangs a painting of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, on which the light is never dimmed; there is sunlight by day and electricity by night. Dr. Wiley is the president of this club, for many years the rendezvous of men of literary and scientific bent. On evenings these fall days the members gather about the tables in the reading room and discuss the latest edict from the honored Doctor, whose attention has now been turned to the high cost of living. He declares that high prices are largely due to the fact that canteloupes sold on the farm for one cent and sold to the consumer for fifteen cents makes a margin between consumer and producer that ought to be reduced. Now Dr. Wiley is not one of those reformers who criticize without suggesting a remedy. He advises that the government provide storage warehouses where food can be secured at a minimum cost. The idea was frowned upon as a stride toward socialism, since what Dr. Wiley advocated for the government employes would soon have to be extended to all parts of the country. "It's all very well for the government employe to talk of hard times," said a man from Kansas already on the ground for a job in 1913, "but it's the wage-earner in the factory towns who has to take his ups and downs in business. Dr. Wiley is a real conservationist all right, but if some of the useless agitation could be regulated, we see confidence restored in business, and good steady wages would furnish the most substantial solution I know of now."



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY
Who is turning his attention to the "cost of living" problem

"TAMA JIM" WILSON
The Secretary of Agriculture, the best "copy" man in the Cabinet

* * *

AS the members of the Cabinet and the different government officials pass in and out of the White House they are greeted in a chorus by the newspaper men, "What's new?" and the answer is "Nothing of importance." Now it is proposed to have phonographs perform this function, as they announce trains in the Grand Central Station, New York.

When the Cabinet holds a meeting it is said that the member who had nothing of importance in his department discussed during the meeting is delegated to meet the newspaper men. As he looks them straight in the eye he can then say with veracity "nothing of importance." It is an unwritten rule that a member of the Cabinet shall not discuss matters in another department. Consequently the Cabinet spokesman is adhering rigidly to traditions and at the same time telling the truth when the echo comes "Nothing of importance."

The energetic Secretary of Agriculture has been the most frequent target for the newspaper men. He has a soothing way of saying the familiar words. He does not snap "Nothing of importance" as former Senator Beveridge and others were wont to do. Taking off his spectacles in a contemplative manner, with a far-away look, he thinks the matter over carefully before he utters his answer with great deliberation. There is no better "copy" man in the Cabinet than "Uncle James" Wilson. He knows news and how to give it out. The members clamp the Cabinet bit. His long service in making out pension records has taught him how to meet the searching interrogations of those in quest of news.

VICTOR EMMANUEL III, KING OF ITALY
Who just at the present time is having troubles of his own subduing the "Terrible" Turk

* * *

MUCH weight has been put upon the suggestion that the old wooden warship "Portsmouth" be the first ship to pass through the Panama Canal. The "Portsmouth" has had an interesting career. One of her first trips was to the port of California, where in 1846 she hoisted the American flag, an important step toward bringing that state into the Union. Later the "Portsmouth" played an important part in suppressing African slave trade, and in 1856 she did gallant service in Chinese waters under Commander Foote. During the Civil War, Admiral Farragut found the "Portsmouth's" service most essential when at the mouth of the Mississippi.

The good old wooden "Portsmouth" has survived many of the so-called "iron-pots" that have gone to the bottom, and her many friends propose to urge her historical right and give her the distinction of being the first ship to pass through the Panama Canal. They would not have her sent to Norfolk to become a "fever ship," but would dispatch her to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the town for which she was named, and after much-needed repairing, would have her triumphantly sail to the Panama Canal, thence to San Francisco, with the honor of being the first ship to pass through. Then her career would have had a fitting close, and she could glimmer with "Old Ironsides," which still floats the ensign under which she fought in 1812.

* * *

SCORES of visitors pass through the President's office every day during his absence and look in every nook and corner. Many carry a pad and pencil with which they try to jot down details, so that they can satisfy the folks at home with a good description. There is always a clamor to sit in the President's chair at the head of the Cabinet table, and to see on his desk the pens which have signed many famous measures. The pictures on the wall and the globe in the corner are carefully noted, and many "Ohs" and "Ahs" are heard as little indications of "presidential taste" are observed.

One day there was found a quotation from Lincoln which seemed to express the President's sentiments of the tide of newspaper criticism. The picture of Lincoln on the wall seemed to illuminate the text of his statement:

> "If I were to try to read, much less answer all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said about me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

JOHN C. MANN
Proprietor of the Douglass House, Houghton, Michigan

The little tribute to golf on a brass tablet, the cheery fireplace and the outlook over the White House grounds, the heavy draperies, the books and the stray papers left on the desk just before the President started on his trip—all of these make up a never-to-be-forgotten picture in the minds of young people who are passing through the great rooms of the White House on their first visit to Washington.

Many insist that the real time to come to the Capital is when Congress is not in session and the President is away, for then there is a better opportunity to see the environment of the nation's legislators and Chief Executive.

Photo by Marceau, Boston

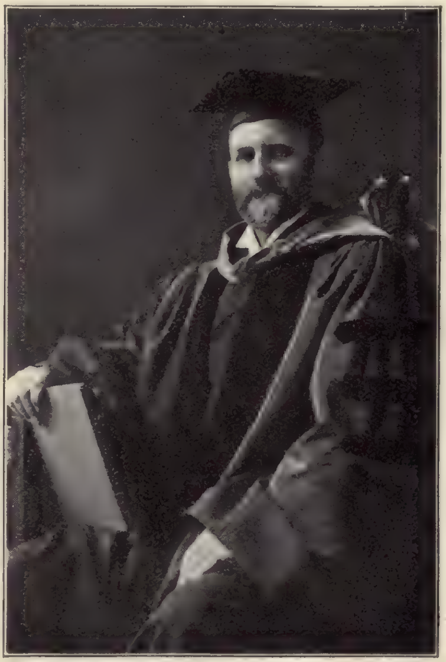
REV. GEORGE WOOD ANDERSON
Of St. Louis, Mo. One of the popular speakers at the Associated Advertising Clubs of America Convention at Boston, August 1-5, 1911

THE good old biblical name of Obadiah has been preserved for the rolls of the United States Senate. Heretofore it has been snugly tucked away in the "O" of Senator Frank O. Briggs' signature. Now comes a real Obadiah. Senator Obadiah Gardner of Maine has for years led the battles of democracy in that state as candidate for governor, and now reaps his reward in the appointment from Governor Plaisted to fill the vacancy occasioned by the passing of the late Senator Frye.

Senator Gardner has been prominently identified with the grange movement in the Old Pine Tree State, and will challenge the claim of "Farmer Jim" Martine of New Jersey as the only real farmer in the Senate. New Jersey thus becomes the rival state for the new Senator from Maine, one of her Senators claiming a part of his name and the other his occupation. Nothing daunted, the new Senator who hails from the "wet or dry" or "dry or wet" state will claim distinction with his name as well as his career.

HON. B. S. CABLE
Assistant Secretary Department of Commerce and Labor

OUT in Leavenworth, Kansas, there lives a newspaper man whose official title reads "Hon. Daniel Read Anthony, Jr., M.C.," and he has an office with a brass plate on the door in the House Office Building at Washington. This stalwart and handsome young fellow is "Dan" to all the home folks, and he is "one of the family" in the surrounding towns. Speech-making in the schools, conventions and fairs "out home" is one of Congressman Anthony's chief delights, and another is making things pleasant for his friends in Topeka, Atchison and all other parts of his district. The personal popularity of Congressman Anthony at home strongly impresses the visitor who travels about in that part of Kansas. Everyone seems to know and like him, and he keeps in direct personal touch with his constituency through the columns of his paper, the *Leavenworth Times.* One of his noted constituents is the redoubtable Ed Howe, the *Atchison Globe* man, who reels out philosophy like a Greek sage, from his home on Potoloe Hill. "Dan" Anthony is one of the good old-fashioned Congressmen whose friends will throw up their hats for him and give expressions of affectionate regard without being asked. "He's just got real common sense," said an old farmer to me in the Atchison depot, "and when we sent him to Washington we knew he was level-headed and square. Dan doesn't worry about political fads."



HON. JOSEPH E. RANSDELL, LL.D.
Member of Congress from Lake Providence, Louisiana, and candidate for United States Senate, 1913 term

"Isn't he the fine cuss?" chuckled the old constituent proudly as the tall form of Daniel shambled down to take the train for Leavenworth.

* * *

LONG before the opening of Congress the members of the Cabinet assembled in Washington, forgetting the long, hot days of early summer. There were smiles as the different members referred to their "vacations," for few of them could leave their desks long enough to enjoy a good fishing trip. Those who sojourned abroad were busy studying conditions on the continent, and comparing American and European methods.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer spent a busy summer in Europe investigating naval conditions. Few men in public life have given more thorough, conscientious attention to the questions before them than Secretary Meyer. This is characteristic of the man, whether he serves as city councilman or Secretary of the Navy. When President Taft bestowed this last honor upon Mr. Meyer, there were some who spoke cynically regarding his fitness for the post. George von L. Meyer was not a real "naval" man, but when he entered upon his new duties he began a systematic study of matters naval, and is now recognized as an authority.

HON. GEORGE von L. MEYER
Secretary of the Navy, who studied naval conditions in Europe during the summer

Since Mr. Meyer became Secretary of the Navy, notes filled with question marks have been flying here and there to the different officials in the department, for the Secretary feels it a duty to find out things, and he thinks that asking questions is the proper way to learn. Business methods were inaugurated in every branch of the navy, and system was applied to every transaction.

Work and study have characterized Mr. Meyer's career. He has the faculty of asking intelligent questions and assimilating answers. A graduate of Harvard and a director of many large institutions in New England, he has never been too busy to give his time to public affairs. He served in the city government of Boston, in the Legislature of Massachusetts, as national committeeman to the Republican convention, as Ambassador to Italy and to Russia, and as Postmaster-General, and few men have a record of public service more replete with results.

HON. HENRY L. STIMSON
Secretary of War

In the morning Secretary Meyer always enjoys a brisk horseback ride, and when he arrives at the office his blue eyes are sparkling. He is a concentrated enthusiast in whatever matter is before him, and his administration of the Navy Department promises to be as notable as that of any other position he has filled.

A striking example of American initiative and effective executive management, Secretary Meyer is the type of public official that sets a high standard for those who are to follow.

* * *

DASHING down the avenue in Washington a squad of artillery army mules made a picturesque procession. A retired army officer who was looking on called my attention to the fact, in a pathetic, reminiscent way, that in a few years the army mules would be no more.

"No more, I said," he fairly chuckled. "Those confounded autos are supplanting everything that has legs. They'll soon be having a cavalry squad of goggled cyclists and heavy artillery astride automobiles. There's no telling where this thing will stop."

"But after all," he mused, "what can take the place of the old-fashioned army mule? Patient and rugged, he has been associated with many a hard-fought campaign. What a picture it would be to see a military parade, with the cavalry dashing by with a honk-honk and the gatling guns astride a red-devil racer, while the brass band was stowed away in a sight-seeing auto, trying to preserve the dignity of Barnum's early processions. Then fancy the bespectacled orderlies scouting up and down the line—not on prancing chargers, no, sir—but in scooting airships, flying their signals amid the dazzling whirl of propellers.

"Yes," concluded the old veteran, tugging at his goatee, "you may as well go on and dream things, for you can't tell what will happen in these crazy days. Everyone's daft, sir, except my few old cronies, and even they're beginning to act strange."

"PARRAMATTA" THE SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT TAFT AT BEVERLY

* * *

WHILE the election fever in Canada was at its height and the dire clouds of annexation were threatening the Dominion, a vigorous search was made throughout the United States to find an individual who ever thought seriously of such a thing as annexation. Speaker Champ Clark, whose words on the subject created such a stir, used the phrase only for political effect. And it truly had an effect, politically and otherwise.

The files of the Conservative newspapers of Canada would make interesting literature if ever the subject of annexation should be brought up again in the United States. If such a thing should in future years be ever dreamed of, in isolated cases, the reprinting of certain Canadian editorials and news notices would kill the movement before it had a chance to creep across the border.

* * *

THERE is a tradition that the original United States Marine Band was kidnapped and carried off from sunny Italy. The story goes that the captain of a Yankee frigate was cruising the Mediterranean and longed for the sound of band music on board ship, such as he heard in the picturesque islands along the way. At one port in Sicily he heard a little Italian band that played as if it was preparing for the descent of the archangels.

Those on board were completely carried away, and the players were invited on the ship to furnish their best to the Yankee marines. With dreams of American gold, the Sicilians accepted the invitation, but while they were dashing through the allegretto, the captain pulled up anchor and embarked. He informed the frightened Sicilians that he must hurry away on his return to the United States, and grimly requested them not to stop the music. They were taken to Annapolis, and this remains one of the historical stories concerning the origin of the great Marine Band.

The records of the band were destroyed when the public buildings in Washington were impolitely burned by the British in 1814. John Adams was the first President to establish a provision for the Marine Band of Drums and Fifes Corps, sixteen fifes and sixteen drums. This constituted the Marine Band until the kidnapped Sicilians arrived to make merry music on the Potomac.

The renowned John Philip Sousa was chosen leader of the band in 1880. He had entered the band with his father, whose real name in Spanish was Souacca. John Philip Sousa won great fame as the composer of the famous "Washington Post March" and the universally whistled "Stars and Stripes Forever," both of which gave vogue to the popular "two-step" on the ball-room floor. Sousa has given American band music a special distinction, and the tours of his band abroad have made his compositions recognized as real American music.

CONGRESSMAN W. W. WEDMEYER
Of Ann Arbor, Michigan, whose defense of the State Department in the Day Portrait case gained nation-wide attention

The present leader of the band, Mr. William Henry Santelmann, completed his musical education in Germany, and enlisted in the band in 1895. Mr. Santelmann has built up an organization of which seventy per cent are Americans, and the tours and concerts of the Marine Band are notable events in social Washington.

Although subject to military discipline, rehearsals are held every day, and the Marine Band holds high rank as one of the best known musical organizations of the country. At all the White House receptions, inaugural balls or other prominent official functions, the bright scarlet uni-

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ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

THE HERO OF MANILA, WITH WHOM THE JAPANESE ADMIRAL TOGO VISITED WHILE IN AMERICA forms of the "President's own band" lend a distinctive touch of color to the scene, while their music has a rare charm of distinctive quality.

* * *

ON the last days of his brief summer stay at "Parramatta," the President renewed acquaintance with the Chinese admiral, whom he met some years ago in the Orient. Admiral Kwang, clad in natty naval uniform, was a most appreciative visitor. He had come across from the Celestial Empire in his own ship, *Hai Chi,* to pay his respects to President Taft, and he went home well satisfied, feeling that his vacation had been well spent.

His visit followed that of the Japanese Admiral Togo, who declared upon returning to the Flowery Kingdom that he had had "the time of his life" in his trip to the United States. While the distinguished Japanese admiral and diplomat was being entertained with American banquets and gatherings of public officials, the speeches and paragraphs on "war with Japan" were transferred to the funny page.

Like all great warriors, Admiral Togo prefers simplicity in time of peace. All the postprandial honors thrust upon him did not seem to affect the modesty of the man. He entered into the spirit of things with a royal good will, and was honored to be the guest of so many notable Americans. He was especially eager to meet Admiral Dewey. As he listened to an account of the reception given the hero of Manila upon his return to the United States the Japanese warrior smiled understandingly. It is said that the first English words he uttered were to Dewey after he had heard the story—"*How long did it last?*"

* * *

THIS time it is a retirement for keeps. Senator Bailey has announced emphatically and finally that he has resigned from the Senate. For many years it has been agreed that he was one of the ablest Democrats in the Upper House, but somehow he has not been able to maintain his logical position as leader.

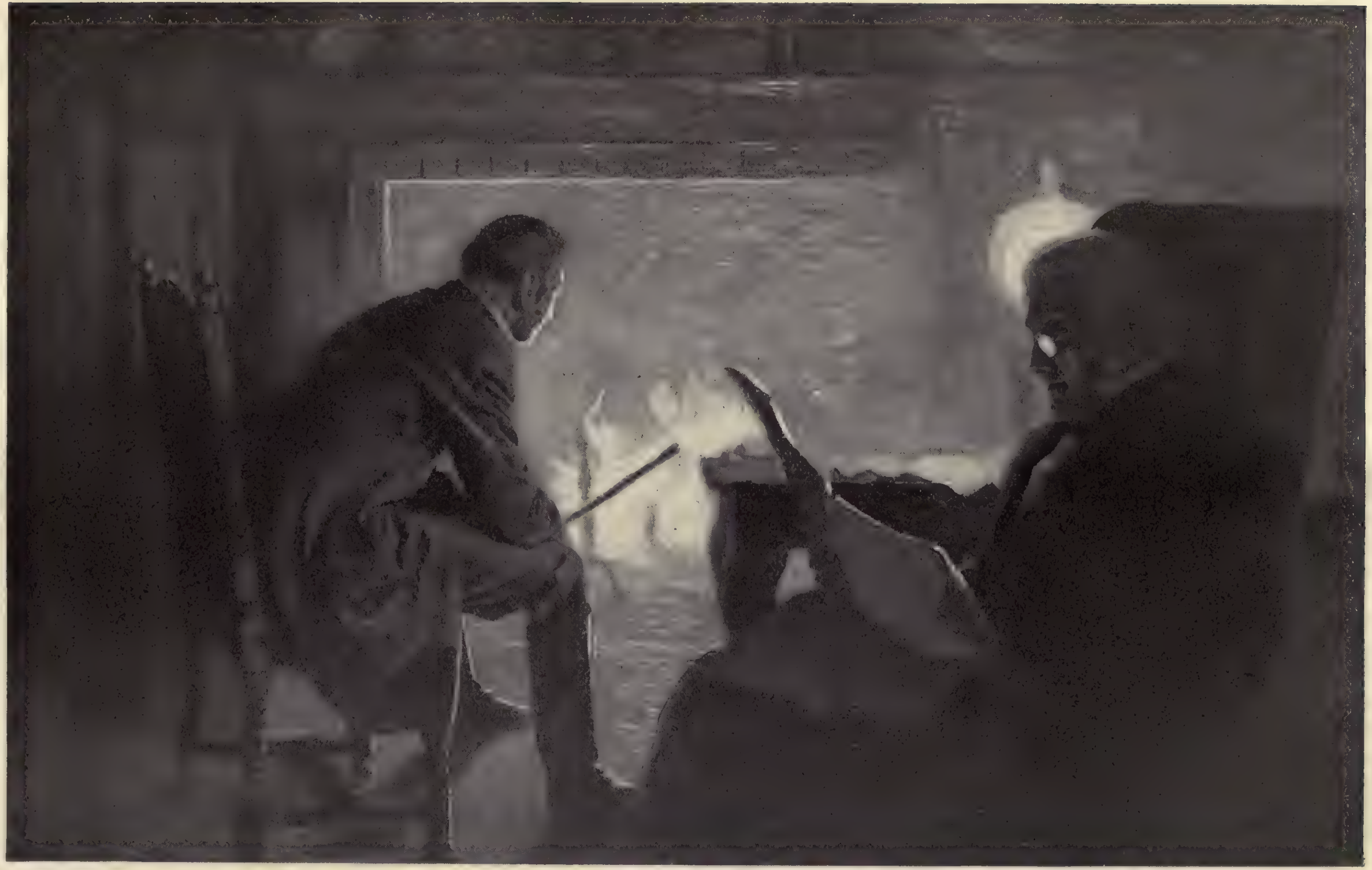
Few members have been more forceful in debate or more keen in repartee, and when Bailey shook his locks, there was an oratorical flow. Although born in Mississippi, Senator Bailey went to Texas as a young man, and has left a record for ability that reflects credit upon the great state which he represented. After his last hard-fought victory for re-election, which his friends considered a complete vindication, it was thought he would retire and enter work more congenial to his taste.

ADMIRAL TOGO

The Japanese naval warrior, who declared he had "the time of his life" during his recent visit to America. He was entertained by President Taft, and was banqueted and feted in all parts of the country

Amiable and magnetic, versatile and loyal to his friends, "Joe" Bailey will be greatly missed from the United States Senate. It does not seem so long ago before the whole country's attention was centerrd upon the young Mississippi Congressman who refused to wear a dress suit. Even in those days, his prestige as a constitutional lawyer was recognized, and a brilliant career prophesied, but he had the immediate distinction of being the handsomest man that ever appeared in evening dress in Washington.

The Congressional Record contains no more interesting pages than the famous colloquies and outbursts in which Senator Bailey participated.



"Meanwhile, as the days went by, the old knight gave many a sly glance at his son"—Martello

MARTELLO

A Little Hero of Solitude

BY RALPH HERBERT WHITE

CHAPTER I

AT INTERVALS along a particular part of the English coast are to be seen to this day thick, isolated turrets of stone, erected a century ago to intimidate the French—Martello Towers, they were called—and from them, my grandfather's property lying in that part of the country, our estate was named, and they also suggested a feature of the family crest.

From this it may be inferred that the Broughtons were a new race in the world, as the expression is used, but not so. For four centuries they had inhabited a pretty, spacious domain not far inland from the coast of Kent and the Martello Towers, where the Stour passes for a way among the hills of Wye; but in those days we were plain country folk, holding our heads pretty high, doubtless, if we did bear no higher title than Squire, and there was plenty of good ale in the kitchen and tolerable wine in the cellar, with abundance of mutton and veal, if but little ready money. However, squires as we were, and with all our rough plenty, those were our plodding, humble days. The landlord of the inn at Ashford was, to be sure, our very humble servant, and the burly squire from the rambling old Manor House on the Stour when he pulled up beneath the swinging sign of the "Twin Rams," was briskly attended by the hostler and worshipfully welcomed by the jolly fat host; but much beyond there his importance dwindled with every mile, and a half day's jogging would have reduced his considerability to a nonentity, I am afraid. From this it will be seen that up to the time of the erection of the Martello Towers on the Kentish Coast, the Broughtons were big frogs in a puddle of moderate size.

It so happened that in a particular generation, the young heir of the squiredom became addicted to romance and glory. The accounts of great battles in Europe fired his blood, and the restricted sphere of rustic life at the Manor grew irksome. However much his ancestors had found congeniality in riding about on a stout cob and receiving the "Your Honors" of the tenantry, attending the county fairs and criticizing the points of sleek, stolid oxen, dropsical sheep and gluttonous pigs, with a flagon or two and a fresh baked churchwarden at the "Twin Rams" afterwards,—to him these rational diversions seemed contemptible enough, insipid beyond endurance, and finally, making interest where he could, he celebrated his departure from good old Dr. McCrillis' school by a pretty convivial dinner tendered to his mates at the coach-town of Paddingford, where he grandiloquently announced his success in having procured a civil appointment under the great East India Company.

His connections anticipated no great things from the young man's venture; by one and all he was regarded as a harum-scarum fellow, a veritable rolling-stone, who might prove of some benefit to society at the Cape, in the Australian bush, or even in India, where he was now bent upon going, but never in England. His father considered him little better than a fool; but presently, when the youthful adventurer, after exchanging from the civil into the military service and glowing reports had reached the Manor House, first of ensign, then of captain, then of major and finally of Colonel Broughton's phenomenal and—here lay the charm—prodigiously lucrative achievements, the family unanimously joined in addressing to him a memorial couched in the most fulsome and laudatory style, so that in one mail the young officer—he was still little over forty at the time—received more testimonials of his family's and kinspeople's disinterested esteem and admiration than he had in all his lifetime before.

India made our fortune, and all that in there is, for Colonel Broughton, having performed a signally daring and decisive feat of arms against one of the hill tribes on the border, came home to receive knighthood, and a liberal grant out of the exchequer, which latter the sly fellow accepted as decorously as if he were not already a nabob. From that time all was changed; the estate of the squires was augmented; the big, rambling, red-brick Manor House with a parcel of land was allotted to a substantial tenant, and on one of the slopes rising from the Stour rose Martello Hall, a pretty extensive and imposing pile, with spacious terraces breaking the descent to the stream.

When the nabob died, leaving Martello Hall, the house and the acres, at the very height of perfection, with the new park timber well started in growth, the tenants—and they were a host now—prosperous and contented, with a brand new village, forge, church, apothecary, ale house, and all created and snugly ensconced in a corner of the estate, a very young Sydney succeeded, who, in time, by some very potent political partisanship, received also the degree of knighthood.

Under his regime prosperity continued to abide with the fortunate nabob's race. When the second Sir Sydney had reached manhood he discovered most exemplary traits. To be sure he had had his fling in London, was out more than once in Leicester Fields, had ruined two or three young scapegrace noblemen neither so rich nor so skillful as himself at play, had patronized a pretty opera singer, and made scandal generally, and laughed at it, both at Bath and Tunbridge, and for two seasons had conducted himself in the fashionable throng with a due regard for "When in Rome," etc., or worse.

However, with all his wild pranks and dissipations, he still remained a man of honor, and when his effervescence subsided, he settled permanently down upon the estate, his escapades were soon forgotten, or at any rate remembered only to be cited in contrast with the benevolence and probity of his later years. From the lodgekeeper to the grave Swiss butler, from the apothecary to Vicar Thorpe at Paisley Holl, and his curate at Sir Sydney's living in Martello Village, the knight was universally beloved and respected, too.

About this time Sir Sydney, or my grandfather, as I may as well begin to call him, took to himself a wife who brought him, besides her own sweet and gracious person, a good deal of contiguous land. With her he lived happily until a son was born, and with the flicker of the new life the older one was snuffed out, and the fond, doting husband was left an inconsolable widower.

As is sometimes the case, my grandfather, deprived of his beloved wife, transferred her portion of his affections to the child she had borne, who, as it chanced, was another Sydney. During my father's infancy the inordinate love of my grandfather was not so liable to operate disastrously to its object as it was when the infant merged into boyhood and youth, when such partiality and really fatuous indulgence might well be criticized as likely to demoralize the growing character; but though Sir Sydney was a man ordinarily perspicacious and of sound sense, yet so vernal ever was my grandmother's image in his mind and his love for her in his heart that he seemed quite unable to restrain his affection for his child within reasonable bounds. He fairly doted on the child, could or would deny him nothing, forbade all authority over him save his own, which was almost *nil*; in short, spoiled him by every conceivable means, and took cognizance of his offspring's acts of mischief and arrogance with an eye habitually blinded to the child's defects.

Good Mr. Thorpe, the vicar at Paisley

Holl, had unhesitatingly remonstrated, but to use his own nautical figure—he had been the incumbent of a naval chaplaincy in his younger days—"you might as well attempt to lay a frigate back by a puff of your breath."

Besides the vicar there were none who dared tender Sir Sydney advice, for the knight, in every regard save where his son was concerned, was prone to be choleric, and very touch-fire at taking offence, and hence my father continued to be nourished under conditions that could not fail to aggravate every defect of his nature, rendering trivial flaws into glaring blemishes.

There were occasions, however, when the listless current of my grandfather's indulgence to my father's whims and caprices would become ruffled by the periodical returns to a consciousness of the injustice and peril of his overweening affection. At such times he would evince a discernment and firmness that ordinarily were natural to him, and seek to temper his conduct toward his son by a wisely exercised and wholesome discipline. Unfortunately, these sporadic efforts generally proved ephemeral, succumbing to the artful remonstrances they provoked from his confident son, who would immediately usurp still greater license. It followed, as a very natural consequence, that my father soon became addicted to indulging the complacent belief that he possessed the ability to wind the old knight around his finger on any desired occasion. Thoroughly imbued with this foolish notion, there was no fear of invincible paternal displeasure to act as a deterrent and restrain him from the commission of any act his impulses suggested.

All would have been well if this idea had been correct, and if it were not possible for some circumstances and occasions to arise wherein Sir Sydney would exhibit with surprising vigor a very unexpected and indomitable resolution. In common with the meanest and the greatest, Sir Sydney had a master passion, and it was as obstinately rooted as a back tooth. This master passion was pride in the untarnished luster of the ancient family name, especially since its embellishment, and, like dynamite, it lay quiescent and unobtrusive, until some sudden jar gave it destructive animation. The leniency which endured my father's incorrigible follies, extravagances and indiscretions was not proof against an act which smirched the family name or bid fair to deteriorate the family posterity. Any such proceeding would be a fulmination sufficient to explode the dynamite with disastrous and stupefying effect.

Chapter II

Some fifteen miles from Martello was situated the town of Paddingford, already mentioned, a thriving community of great complacence and pompousness, inasmuch as it was both a coach and a market town. A great rambling inn fronted the white highway, the same wherein the nabob had initiated his Indian career. The popularity of this establishment was by no means solely confined to the inhabitants of Paddingford. Its repute for good cheer was spread the country over, and from far and wide the gentry resorted thither for conviviality and intercourse. It had in time become tacitly recognized as a sort of club or rendezvous where, on specific evenings of each week, one would be sure of finding congenial company.

At length, however, circumstances arose which brought a new and unknown proprietor to the hostelry, and with him certain innovations which provoked the frowns and animadversions of the better class of the county families. The former innocent, though sometimes boisterous festivities began, under the administrations of the new host, to partake of a more uproarious and less reputable character, and it was common gossip that nocturnal orgies had taken place there at which Mr. Richardson might well have inveighed, though how or whence the meretricious disturbers had come, or who they were, no one was the wiser.

As a result the more elderly country gentlemen withdrew their patronage altogether, and confined their evenings' entertainment to their own halls. The young bloods, however, with the usual tough sensibilities of youth, persisted in frequenting, though as clandestinely as possible, the old tap-room and comfortable back parlor; and it was maliciously asserted that a pair of black eyes and trim ankles were not without responsibility for the continuance of their visits, in spite of parental interdiction.

These physical blandishments belonged to the daughter of the host, and the banefulness of their charm was augmented by various other perfections of face and form which she possessed. As the clearest water will derive a turgid semblance if the bottom be muddy, so the character of this young woman suffered from the ill repute of the inn. Moreover, as all admitted, Nan Halford was a lovely little creature, arch and sprightly, and altogether irresistible.

Among the admirers of Miss Halford there were none more ardent than the young heir of the proud and aristocratic Sir Sydney Broughton. As yet gossip had not connected my father's name in any degree with that of the inn-keeper's daughter, probably because his attentions, though equally assiduous as his rivals', were governed by a rather vulpine discretion. That my father speedily succumbed to the fascinations of this delightful young woman there is no doubt; indeed, to so great a degree did his passion prey upon him that he forsook many of his idle and unprofitable ways and became quite seriously disposed and abstracted. This change in his demeanor was not unremarked by my grandfather, who was pleased to attribute it to a realization of manhood and an intent to steady down—a delusion which secretly gratified the old man and intensified his affection for his son.

Such an intercourse as now existed between my father and the landlord's child, however discreetly carried on, was sooner or later bound to transpire. It was, accordingly, not long before the rural gossips were busy linking the name of the proud Broughtons with the plebeian appellation of the people at the inn. As is usual in such cases, the reports that were bruited about did not reach my father's ears until long after they had become the common property of the neighborhood, including my grandfather; and thus, while my father pursued his courtship in fancied security, the town was aflame with hearsay, and speculations were rife as to his intentions.

Sir Sydney, as had been said, had been a young man of the world in those days, long ago, before the glamour and allurements of London had inclined him to the quiet and rational tenor of rural life on the family estate, to which, at this opportune time, he succeeded.

It is not to be wondered at that the old gentleman attached to the stories which began to reach his ears concerning the relations between his son and Nan Halford, anything but their true significance. He chuckled to himself, muttered that a young fellow must have his fling, and dismissed the matter from his mind as an escapade to be condoned and winked at. The thought that the son of Sir Sydney Broughton, with all the dazzling pride of lineage and position which the ancient name implied and the nabob's phenomenal success had enhanced, could so far forget himself as to marry the daughter of an inn-keeper, and particularly of an inn-keeper whose repute was like the fading day, never entered his head.

My father, with all his faults, was incapable, I am sure, of going out of his way to pervert innocence, or to accelerate the progress of any unfortunate already on the downward path. He was capable of a strong and enduring, even obdurate affection, but in the present case it is to be feared that it was the emotion which physical loveliness engenders that enthralled him, though doubtless he considered himself very earnestly and beautifully in love. At any rate, he was at this period but nineteen years of age, and moreover, predisposed to those romantic convictions and inflated ideas of chivalrous honor that, far more than stubbornness, compel a young fellow into some hasty and ill-assorted entanglement of wedlock wherein, alas! too often "the sweetest little woman in the world" demonstrates herself to be but a very prosaic and effective millstone, or an unruly skyrocket, whose scintillating career is so benumbing to honest and ingenuous ambition.

Meanwhile, as the days went by, the old knight gave many a sly glance at his son. "Hypocritical young dog," he would grimly say to himself, "to conceal his elation at his success with that pretty jade by assuming all those meditative airs! Hm! I'll twit him some day, just to teach him that his father isn't blind to his larks. Gad!" he would exclaim with a manner like Sir Anthony Absolute's, "I wish I were his age again myself; but, nonsense, nonsense! those days are gone by," and the old, white-haired patrician, an honest and kindly old gentleman, despite some rather free notions, which, after all, were the fault of his age rather than of himself, would stalk off about his broad acres, his tall, slender and erect form impressing one with that dignity and grace of carriage which seems to be so peculiarly a distinction of superior birth and breeding.

A country town has wonderful eyes, wonderful ears and tongues that passeth understanding, and Nan Halford, to her sorrow, soon found this out.

Now the innkeeper's daughter was sweet and lovable, if perhaps a little unconventional, as is not to be wondered at considering her environment. The delicate enamel of innocence is likely to suffer some mars and scratches when a young woman is serving in the train of Dionysus. If we will all be honest for a moment I think we can but admit that if Nan Halford's honor suffered no greater wounds than abrasions from her surroundings, she must have been a little abnormally constituted. You think not? Do not be too sure of yourself. A flag will fly forever without being torn where there is no wind, but poor Nan's bunting was continually whipped about by a pretty stiff gale. Nan had no home advantage, for both her father and mother chuckled complaisantly as they saw how their daughter's charms made the inn's best wine flow from the spigot.

One fine morning Nan Halford woke to find herself uncomfortably notorious. The name of a certain prosperous young farmer of the neighborhood was jingled with her own. Rumor left her roost in the morning and by noon had hatched a fine, lusty brood, and scratched the poor girl's reputation to shreds. Paddingford was as pleasurably elated as is usual in such cases, but, of course, it was some days before the countryside was enlightened, and in those few days young Sydney Broughton's love had burst all bounds, flooded, as it were, by several bottles of good wine he had consumed, glass after glass, with Mistress Nan Halford as Ganymede—a glass to her eyes, a glass to her lips, a glass to her cheeks, a glass to her brows and hair, and so forth, as gallant young fellows did in those days, and finally rising and taking her in his arms, he declared his love and its purpose.

When the young heir of Martello reached home that night, Sir Sydney, his father, had a daughter-in-law, a fact which, of course transpired in due season.

Chapter III

The opportunity for twitting my father soon came. One afternoon my grandfather encountered his son in the stable yard, as the latter rode up on his return from Paddingford, and a visit to Nan Halford. It was quarter day at Martello, and Sir Sydney was disposed to be particularly merry, for he was in receipt of goodly rents, and what man, despite many philosophical protestations to the contrary, is insensible to the comfortable contact of gold? He greeted his son with a sly smile and a knitting of his bushy gray eyebrows.

"Whither from, Sir Amdais, and how bides the lady fair?" he cried. "Does she relent, sir, eh; does she relent? Is Daphne soft and tender, or does Strephon pine?"

My father was in the act of dismounting when these words, so innocently meant, but so ominous to him, met his ears. He turned a glance, half quizzical, half startled, toward his father, as he drew his foot from the stirrup and handed the bridle reins to the stableboy. Was Sir Sydney cognizant of the truth, or did his words portend only a disposition to ridicule? At any rate, the realization of his guilt swept all presence of mind from my father and he stood there silent, unable to speak a word.

"Tut, tut, lad; why so glum at being caught?" my grandfather continued good-naturedly. "Tush!" he exclaimed, "I have been a youngster myself.

My father was chivalrous and hot-blooded, and he hesitated not a moment in repelling this innuendo and boldly declaring the real nature of his sentiments, though he said no word of the bond he had secretly contracted. "You are mistaken, sir," he said. "Since when have my actions, idle though they may have been, warranted such a construction? I tell you

you are mistaken!" he continued hotly. "I love her honestly and well."

"By the gods!" almost shrieked the astounded old man, "have I bred a fool? Love! The lad is crazed by a pretty face, and knows not what he says. Harkee, sir," he cried, "tell me you don't mean what you said, that your words were uttered in haste and hot young blood! Tell me that, sir, and we'll say no more of the matter."

My father was now cool and collected, and he spoke with calm decision, ejecting his words as if he was spitting them out of his mouth. He thought he was right, that the dictates of honor compelled him, and then there was something romantically heroic in the braving his father's anger and risking all, for what?—the girl he loved, or thought he loved! Undoubtedly as he stood there, his slight frame quivering indignantly, his brown curls flung back from his brow, his eyes flashing, and the blood fluctuating in his cheeks, he thought he was downright superb, but alas, how pitifully absurd it all was! The girl he loved! Pshaw! Love! Love! A royal sentiment, indeed, but about as familiar to boys as side pockets are to pigs. The magnificent and ingenious orchid is propagated in rich and mellow soil, matured and proper; the exquisite bloom of love springs not from the poor, thin soil of the heart of a boy. Years must mellow it, suffering and adversity must harrow it, before such a flower burgeons in the heart of man. Nevertheless, he thought he was right. Youth doubts not its own wisdom. He thought he was right; he thought he was actuated by principles of high honor; but a pretty face and a pleasing form were back of it all. "I cannot retract, sir," he said, low and earnestly, and in truth he looked and his utterances sounded noble enough; only an ass is still often met braying in a lion's skin. "I meant what I said; I love her, and I would die for her!"

"Fool! Dolt! Idiot! Monstrous birth of a perfect wife! Fool! Dolt! Idiot!" my grandfather roared, the tiny cordage of veins in his face swelling and turning purple. "Love her! Die for her! Marry, too, I suppose, eh, sir, eh?"

"Aye, marry her too," my father replied with a fine theatrical ring to his voice, "and already is the thought father to the deed."

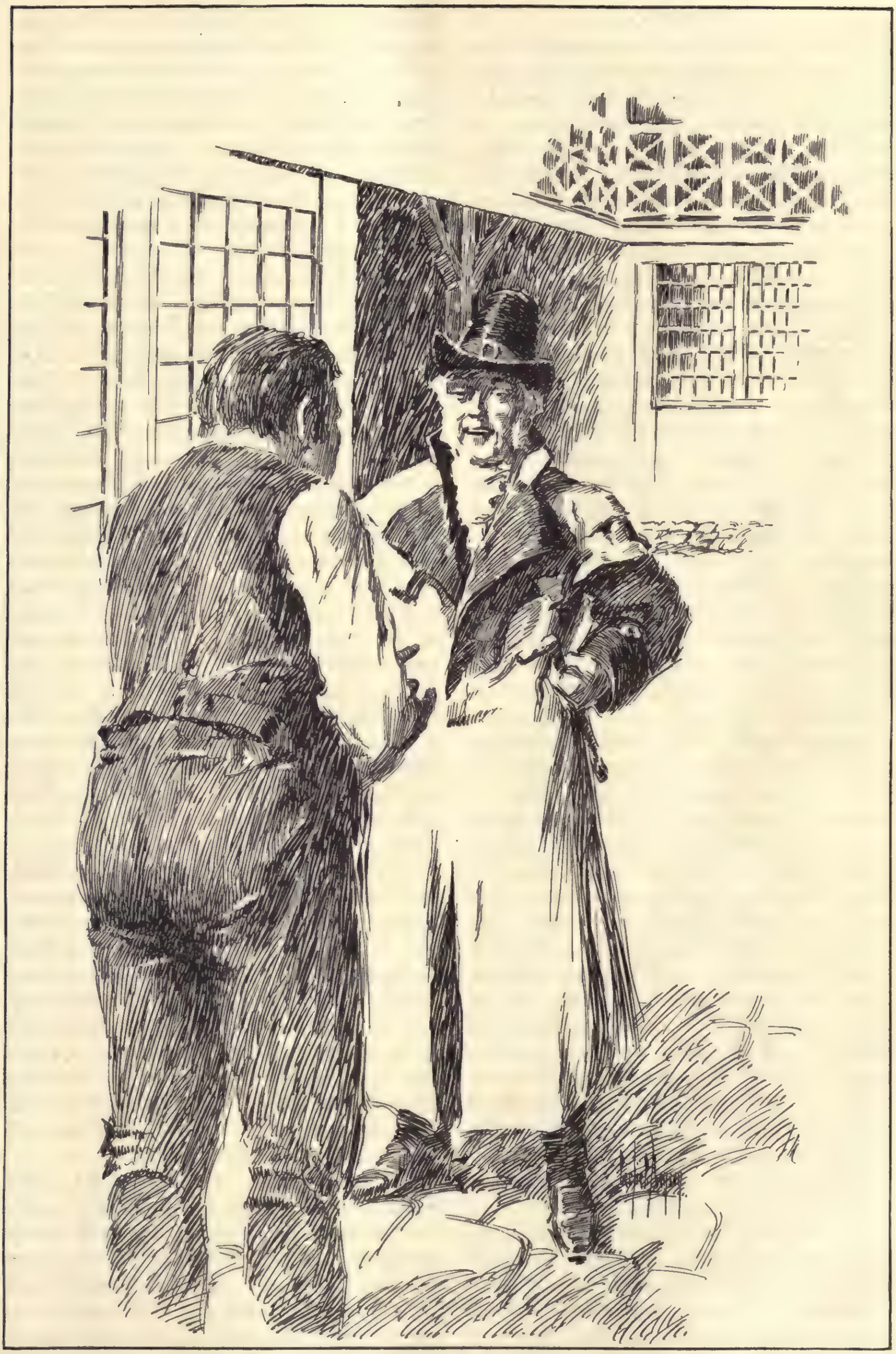
"Then, sir, I wish you joy, but beware lest you find too late that you have taken to yourself, with a wife—eh, do you understand? I have but a word more to say—from this moment I cast you off. Thank God all but the old Manor is free of entail. Martello shall never shelter the vile spawn which you may live to breed. And now begone! The very sight of you smarts my eyes."

No one can realize the frightful doom of such a sentence issuing from a father's lips, who has not bowed beneath it himself. No one can realize the humiliation of so departing from the old home, from the old familiar faces—faces which sorrowfully and mutely gaze upon him as he passes away. No one can realize the hopeless immensity of the void into which he is thrust, who thus follows a father's anathema through the doors of his old home.

My father did as he was bid, and, returning to the inn, kissed his wife good-bye and set out to find among strangers some occupation to support his new responsibilities. He wandered here and there, unsuccessful and disheartened, for he had been bred to nothing, and was as helpless as a child.

After seven or eight months he returned, dejected and broken down. His wife, too, had changed. She had become wan and haggard, and her vivacity was gone. He had not been long with her when the ugly rumors that had buzzed about so long belatedly came to him. His father's uncompleted, but all the more significant warning, again rang in his ear. He gazed on the changed appearance of his wife, on the face where the light had faded and where a hidden sorrow day by day dragged its lengthening course. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind. That night, with the fury of a maniac, he confronted his wife. Terrified, the poor creature, more sinned against than sinning, dropped on her knees and what there was to tell she told.

The next morning a terrible discovery was made—a young farmer living nearby was found dead on his hearth, shot through the head, and my father had disappeared.



From the lodgekeeper to the grave Swiss butler. . . . Sir Sydney was universally beloved and respected

CHAPTER IV

In due course of time I was brought into this world, my father dead, as was supposed, and my mother broken down by the tragic end of her short dream of happiness. So far as I know she ministered to me with all that fondness and anxiety natural to a mother of whatever condition; but her tender and loving offices were soon to cease, for grief, though it is popularly supposed to be innocuous, is yet sometimes nearly as bad as smallpox.

When I was three months of age she died and I was left to the tender mercies of my maternal grandparents. Of the sufferings of those infantile months I, of course, know nothing. I was often hungry, as I suppose, and I know positively that I had but little care. The nine days' wonder of my father's disappearance and the awful circumstances connected with it threw such a gloom upon the inn that nothing could dispel and all business presently ceased, and after a while the landlord and his wife departed for a more promising field, taking me with them. Adversity accompanied them, and I was hated as an encumbrance.

At length the worthy couple determined that I should no longer be a charge upon them, and, accordingly, one winter's morning I was brought back to the place of my birth and from thence to my grandfather's estate. The old knight received us, not knowing at first who his visitors were, but he was soon informed. My mother's parents took little ceremony. There were high words, much flinging about and stamping of foot on the part of my grandmother, a voluble emission of eloquent Billingsgate from my grandfather—that is, from my maternal grandfather—and before Sir Sydney could utter any remonstrances, I was deposited on the sofa, and the innkeeper and his wife had flounced out of the room, and I was left, a helpless infant, at Martello.

My grandfather stood fuming with impotent rage and chagrin until his eyes fell on me lying there on my back, with a smooched face, all unconscious and so helpless, gazing wonderingly at two cherubs hopelessly entangled in a wreath of vines and flowers. He was stupefied, but my condition awakened in that iron breast no kindly sentiment. What was he to do? I was, after all, human, and in a civilized land. I could not be tossed out of the window. Besides, I was of his blood. One scapegrace was enough in a family. I had better be cared for and not repudiated and left to grow up haphazard, with strong chances of superinducing upon the memory of a worthles sson the shame of a criminal grandson.

The housekeeper was called and of necessity was made acquainted with the circumstances. She was directed to procure a nurse for me, and one was found in the person of a Mrs. Andrews, wife of one of the tenants, the latter a surly, often drunken wretch, whose brutality, it was said, was indirectly the cause of the death of the infant which his wife had borne him.

She had become humbled through her fear and dread of her boorish husband, and nothing could prevail on her to relate the nature of the violence that had occurred and which, it was supposed, had resulted in the baby's death. This circumstance redounded greatly to my benefit, for the poor, cowed soul transferred to me the love intended for her own little one. Mrs. Prouty, the housekeeper, was directed to superintend my existence. I was to be relegated to a distant portion of the mansion, out of my grandfather's way; furthermore, I was not to be mentioned to him.

As the next few years of my life contain, for the average person, nothing of greater interest than a going to sleep and a waking up, with interims of deep contemplation of vacancy and tumultuous wailing, then teething and chickenpox and measles, it will suffice to present myself before my readers—if readers I ever have—at the age of five, and describe the microcosm in which I existed, the physical and mental horizon of which I innocently deemed the limits of the habitable globe.

To appreciate my state of mind it must be known that up to this period of my life I had been regarded by my grandfather as an animal, as one of his horses, or one of his dogs, only the favor which was bestowed upon them was not dispensed to me. I met with no cruelty, for my grandfather was too well bred to act the ruffian. I was tolerated, but quite ignored. The nurse from whose breasts I had drawn my sustenance was, of course, long since departed, and I had devolved upon the care of Mrs. Prouty, the housekeeper. Her superiors called her Prouty, conforming to the usual custom; but though I—as the only son of my grandfather's only son —was primo-genitary heir, to the old Manor at least, I was not a superior.

I can form no conception of parental love, for I never knew it, but I ever deemed myself fortunate as the object of Mrs. Prouty's solicitude. From the first, when, so helpless, I was consigned to her care, her compassion was shed upon me as a gentle radiance. I was studiously avoided by my grandfather and as diligently kept out of his way. I seldom, if ever, saw him, and if I ever did it was not to know him. My world was Mrs. Prouty, the subordinate house servants, Dorsey, the coachman, and the gardener. It never entered my head that other beings existed, or that, far beyond the range of my young eyes the broad expanse of empires absorbed the warmth of our sun, and woke to the same waves that lulled me to sleep. The talk of the servants, their allusions to other things than I knew of, was far above my ability to comprehend. I knew no playmate, for the tenants' children were forbidden me. Indeed, I was, after all, but a prisoner. I never thought, nor seemed to wonder, for there was nothing at which to wonder. At five years of age precisely the same objects, the same landscape met my eyes as when I first opened them with capacity to perceive, and I had never seen anything else. My situation was much as if I had been, at my birth, forsaken on some uninhabited island, and as I grew, seeing nothing else, and knowing nothing else, aspired to nothing else.

Mrs. Prouty's duties were exacting, and I was necessarily left much to myself. A small walled area, extending from that wing of the house to which I was confined, was my only playground. Here as a baby I would crawl about in the mellow sunshine, and regard with serious intentness the trembling foliage of the few fruit trees that grew there, or laboriously and solemnly endeavor to poke the elusive sunbeams as they dropped through the fluttering leaves and fell about me like golden arrows. Later on I can remember watching the pointed and ghostly shadows mount so slowly and steadily the wall until they seemed to vanish headlong over the opposite side. I remember standing at the gate, always closed to me, and surveying, through the lattice work, the broad extent of grassy slope rising from the stream that flowed so listlessly a hundred paces beyond me. Yet I never was conscious of a desire to pass that gate and examine more closely the details of the quiet scene. I presume, if anyone had always been confined in prison, he would not pant much for liberty.

However, I was still but a young child, and but a short time was to elapse before circumstances should awaken the stunted intellect to quicker incubation, until at last all of those mounting emotions of youth and its generous aspirations should be common to me as they were to others. I lived with Mrs. Prouty in her rooms, and as she could spare no time during the day to be with me, I was permitted by her to sit up in the evening until eight o'clock. At five our tea was brought to us by one of the maids, after which we would often descend to the courtyard, where Mrs. Prouty would enjoy the freshness of evening after the vexations of the day.

This was my happiest hour, and my simple, quiet play assumed an added pleasure when indulged under her commiserating eye. I would speedily exhaust myself, and the good soul would then take me up in her comfortable lap and tell me stories. I remember how my stunted imagination was quickened into a perfect hurly-burly of scenes and characters by the marvellous things she related of Merlin, Sir Lancelot, Tristram, Guinevere and the wonderful brand Excalibur. While she spoke I lay and snuggled against her breast, scarcely breathing in my wonderment, with my eyes fixed expectantly on the sunset glow over the top of the wall, as if any minute a knight in flowing plumes and gleaming armor were likely to charge pell-mell out of the gold-edged clouds and come careering down through the crimson sky, pop over the gate and into the area. And then in the morning how I would hasten, after my milk and muffin, to my post at the gate grating, to patiently wait and watch for the appearance of some of the wonderful creatures that, from her accounts, I supposed really dwelt in the world.

It was on one of these vesper occasions that she informed me of a little girl who was coming to live at Martello, and that perhaps I should have her for a playmate. Now, my sole knowledge of children was but the knowledge of myself. All that I had ever seen were the tenants' children, when sometimes a troop of them would appear on the opposite hillside, a tremendous distance away to me, while I was standing by the barred gate of the court. So it may be imagined that for once in my life I should express curiosity. I pestered Mrs. Prouty with a thousand questions. "What is a little girl like? What do they do? Do they eat and sleep as I do?" Alas! I cannot, at this age, repass the gulf that separates me from that past. I cannot now realize my pitiful simplicity then, and I find it futile to attempt to describe the feelings I then experienced, and the artless and persistent efforts I made to picture to myself—a girl. Ah! after all, my treatment was cruel, for the soul of the child of similar substance in all was circumscribed and its elasticity forever diminished by the compression of those days. And I say alas! for how gladly would I now embrace the refuge and animated oblivion of that very simplicity, cruel though it was—from the effect reverting to the cause, for solace.

CHAPTER V

The little girl came, but not to me. My grandfather at this time had, I verily believe, forgotten me. His time was much occupied in conducting the affairs of his land, the more so as he relinquished no details to vicarious hands. He had no son, and the double duties of administration and of hospitality thus devolving completely upon him, made him, for a country gentleman, an exceedingly busy man; so, as there was nothing to cause his memory to revert to the infant which had been saddled upon him on that memorable day when the torrential and combined eloquence of my mother's worthy parents had so ruffled his dignity, and much to distract it, I cannot, perhaps, wonder that I was forgotten, and that it never occurred to my grandfather that he could have enlivened my childhood with the companionship of this little girl who was now come to live with him.

From Mrs. Prouty I learned that this child was the daughter of the only son of my grandfather's brother, and being left unprovided for save in a modest degree by her parents' death, had been immediately sent for. She was the last of the race, for I did not count. She was to inherit all but the inalienable Manor, and it was fitting that, in view of her prospective position in life, she should be more suitably educated than was compatible with the younger brother's competence, which she had inherited. Of course Mrs. Prouty did not tell me that this little girl was my cousin, for it must be remembered that I did not yet even know that it was my grandfather's roof that sheltered me. I had gradually come to harbor the impression, which Mrs. Prouty had not sought to dispel, that I was somehow or other dependent upon her. The idea of ever having had a father or mother found no place in my mind. I had no analogy from which to reason. Had I been acquainted with other children, had I seen their mothers and fathers and understood relationship, then I might have wondered where were mine? I was thoroughly immured, mentally stifled, though I knew it not. The process by which all save my physical being still remained in the embryonic state of infancy, would, if sufficiently prolonged, have resulted in the development of a mere human animal, content with the gratification of natural physical wants. Fortunately, it was destined to be checked, and a new system inaugurated, wherein my mind might gain expansion and my solitary days companionship.

Of a Saturday afternoon it was the custom of Mr. Thorpe, our vicar—whom, of course, I had never seen, though I say "our"—to repair to the Hall, and, accompanying my grandfather in his peregrinations over the estate, discuss matters of local polity and economy. It had come to pass, in time, that throughout the countryside Saturday was recognized as a day peculiarly the property of the vicar, that is, so far as my grandfather was concerned, and it had come to be considered a breach of good manners to intrude at Martello on that day from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. But an event now occurred which, to the no small regret and disappointment of the vicar, was to redound to my own advantage. My grandfather was taken ill. For years he had superimposed on the shock of his son's miserable end the steady strain of diligence in affairs, which, combined with late hours and a too generous living, had undermined the vigor of his later years, and a resulting nervous collapse ensued. He was ordered to the higher and more salubrious altitudes of the Alps and he took the little girl with him.

The following Saturday the vicar, from pure force of habit, found himself deliberately wending his way to Martello, to enjoy, as usual, the afternoon with my grandfather, when, suddenly bethinking himself, he smiled at his momentary aberration, and was about to retrace his steps when, tempted by the invigoration of the day, he decided to keep on and refresh himself with a glass of wine.

It so chanced that Mrs. Prouty had that morning given absence to the servants that they might take advantage of my grandfather's being gone and enjoy a day in the adjacent town, whence Dorsey, the coachman, had driven them. The good creature seized the opportunity, also, of treating me to a holiday, and actually led me with her to the different apartments she had occasion to visit and thus, for the first time in my life, I went beyond the narrow precincts of Mrs. Prouty's room and the courtyard. She would not have dared to take me with her had my grandfather been at home, for the fear of his encountering me. We had but just entered the great hall and I stood gaping at the new and unusual objects about me, when the bell rang and Mrs. Prouty hastened to open to the summons.

It was Mr. Thorpe, the vicar. He entered with a pleasant greeting and smiled benignantly as Mrs. Prouty explained the absence of the servants by the privilege of a holiday. He then caught sight of me, as I stood looking at him with great, wondering eyes, for I had never seen the like of him before, and I wondered which of King Arthur's knights he was. "And whom have we here?" he inquired.

Mrs. Prouty scarcely knew what to say, for she could not, before me, reveal to the vicar my identity. She was visibly perturbed, which only increased his curiosity, which must have been aroused by my odd way of regarding him, and the timidity I evinced at the sudden presence of an unknown face. Without waiting for Mrs. Prouty to evolve a plausible reply, therefore, he addressed me.

"And what is your name, my fine little lad?"

Being so pent up in the quiet of the great house and the no less quiet of my playground, my voice was low and soft, like that of a person deaf. I believe I had never shouted in my life, having never had occasion to do so, for I was not very active or merry. The vicar almost recoiled a step as I answered, falteringly, "Dearie."

"Dearie?" persisted the vicar. "And who gave you that pleasant name?"

"Mrs. Prouty," I replied, with a shaking hand extended toward her.

Mrs. Prouty saw that she must interpose or the situation would advance beyond her control. Accordingly, she begged that the vicar would be pleased to enter the library and take a glass of wine, which, being the object of his visit, he readily assented to.

Mrs. Prouty departed, taking me with her, and leaving me safely in the court, returned hastily to the vicar with his wine. Mrs. Prouty rather hoped that he would question her concerning me, for she was not by nature reticent, and good might come of it to me. Mr. Thorpe, as she knew, possessed much influence with Sir Sydney. Indeed, he enjoyed much prestige among the village folk as being the one person who not only dared to controvert the master of Martello, but who often gained his point as well. Hence she was secretly gratified when the very first words the vicar uttered were, as he poured himself a glass of wine, "And pray, Prouty, who is that odd little lad?"

"Why, sir," replied Mrs. Prouty, "he is the child of the young master, God rest him, which his mother's folks flung, as you might say, at Sir Sydney's feet."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Thorpe, "and

that is the child? I had clearly forgotten the circumstance. I recollect now there was much aimless and exaggerated wagging of tongues among the village gossips at the time, but as the child was never seen, he soon died out of mind. In fact, many after a bit doubted altogether if he had been brought here. I presume he has lately come, for I have never seen him before."

"No, indeed, sir," replied Mrs. Prouty. "He has been here from the first." Mrs. Prouty then enlightened the vicar with the circumstances of my arrival and existence and concluded by observing, "So you see, sir, he has been kept pretty close. Too close, more's the pity. Little was ever said of him by the people here, partly because they saw little of him themselves, and partly out of fear of the master, for he warned all that not a word was to be uttered on pain of losing their places, and, sir, such places as they have here are not easily found."

"You are very right, Prouty; Sir Sydney is a kind and indulgent master to those who serve him as the Lord would have us all serve, with diligence and obedience. The servants have been discreet indeed, and are to be praised. Familiar with them as I am, never have I heard a word regarding this child; he seems to be a fine little fellow, and I doubt not Sir Sydney thinks a deal of him, though, oddly enough, now I think of it, I don't remember ever to have heard him mention the child."

"As to that, sir," replied Mrs. Prouty with mild sarcasm, engendered, in spite of the reverence she bore my grandfather, by her affection for me, "as to that, sir, I can't well say, unless never seeing the lad, nor even so much as ever asking of the lad, be thinking a deal of him."

"Is that indeed the case, Prouty?" questioned the vicar, somewhat gravely. "But perhaps we are unjust. 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' Sir Sydney is a proud, though as a rule a kindly, man. Doubtless he yet feels the disgrace attached to his son's marriage, and avoids the child as a painful reminder of the event."

"Maybe, sir," said Mrs. Prouty, a little sadly. "Maybe so; your Reverence knows best, but little is it likely to profit the dear little bairn. Ah, sir," she continued earnestly, "whatever you may say, the child is of the blood, without a sinister bar. He is innocent of all wrong. How can he be blamed for his mother? Why, then, should he be treated as he is, not knowing that he ever had a father or mother, not even having a name; but he has a soul, sir, and it is being crushed and stifled! The lad is today at seven years old as much of an infant in all save size as when he was born. He has a soul, sir, he has a soul, and that soul is God, as your Reverence yourself has said."

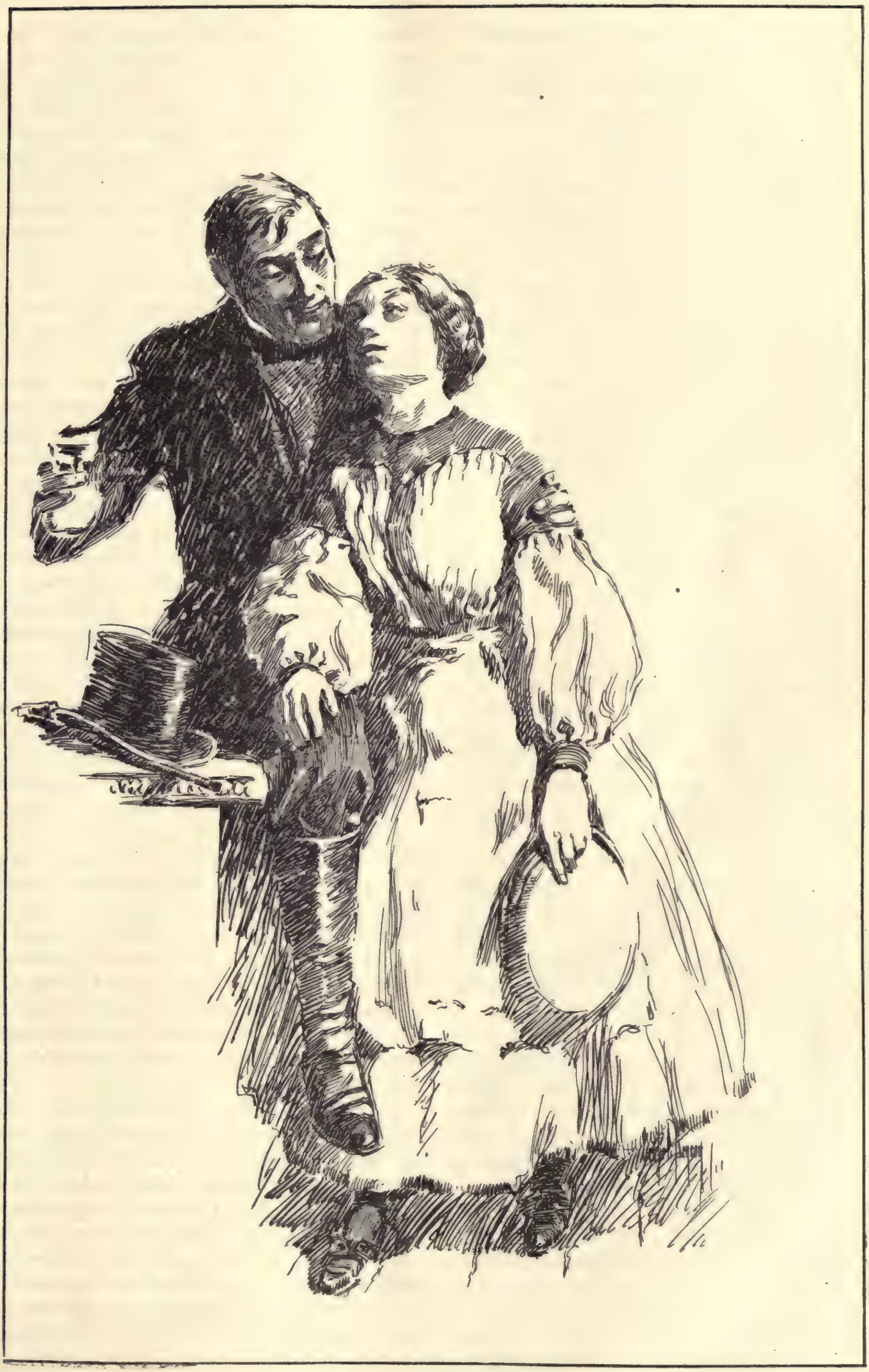
The tears were trickling down Mrs. Prouty's face. Her words had flowed with the vehemence of the heart. The vicar was moved, more so than he cared to show. He said no word, but poured himself a second glass of wine and drank it slowly and thoughtfully. Mrs. Prouty feared lest the vicar might feel inclined to consider the warmth of her words as presuming, and, while drying her eyes, she hastened to apologize. The vicar, however, rose and interrupted her.

"Prouty," he said kindly, "you are a good woman. Take care of the little fellow; and now good-day to you, for I must return to the vicarage."

CHAPTER VI

The good vicar did not hastily retrace his steps. The afternoon was a lovely one in the early spring when those hackneyed expressions of "balmy," "the air redolent with the fragrance of lifting blooms," "the gentle breeze so gladly bearing the blithe caroling of the birds," "the fresh tinge of the cool verdure," and "the steadfast heavens," so very threadbare, are yet so very apt and true. It was such a day, the influence of which we have all felt. The jaded spirits seem to revive and the tugging age to relinquish its grasp. Memory reverts to youthful days and youthful hopes and buoyancy and the recollections imbue us with a little of that former gaiety of heart, though but a pitiably little, pitiable for its utter transiency.

The vicar, beneath the insinuating effects of the day, fairly glowed with good will toward men. He longed for a good deed to do. He longed to bring a smile



"And taking her in his arms he declared his love" to some poor face of woe or desolation, to shed a little of his happiness around others, and welcome the twilight upon a day not vainly spent. He thought of the little child without a name, back there at the Hall, shut out from all the world, and from all love and kindness save that of the good housekeeper. So cheerful the little face had looked, despite the loneliness and lack of companionship. And then came the thought of the boy's utter ignorance of a relative, of a father, of a mother, of a God. He thought of the little soul stagnating while the mere body grew and thrived with eating and sleeping. Sir Sydney was, unthinkingly, committing a serious wrong. He would speak to him on his return and urge him to a sense of the harm being done. "Yes, yes, Prouty had spoken well—the lad had a soul, and its wants must not be neglected." And so, with a good resolution, he entered the vicarage, carrying the delight of the day with him.

Let us not intrude on the home-coming of the good man, but confine our vision to the outward scene and lend our attention to a brief sketch of the vicar and his wife. The house was of stone and tiled; more we cannot see, so shaggy is it with ivy. An evergreen hedge surrounding the immediate precincts encloses plots of enameled turf, so common to Kent. Clumps of shrubbery, now in full bloom and a few large trees combine to lend a cool, sequestered shade. The little village of Paisley-Holl lies just beyond, dimly discernible through the trees, while in all other directions the eye meets with the quiet and pastoral beauties of this portion of England.

As to the vicar, he was one of those men less often encountered in the English Church than in the denominations so much more numerous in America. He had taken orders out of a deep, settled purpose to bring his religion, so fast becoming obsolete in utility if not in practice, before the observation in a newer light, freed from many antiquated trappings, and drive home those truths, which, rendered fantastic and feeble amid the voluminous folds of their ancient and hindering drapery, were susceptible of fresh potency and vigor if disencumbered and clothed in a more rational and modern garb. He was wont to say, sometimes, jokingly, that religion was like a soldier who, if the war office did but know it, could fight much more efficiently in a frock than when padded and belted and squeezed and staggering under the highly ornamental but certainly very superfluous and encumbering accoutrements that are thought necessary.

The vicar had succeeded in a large measure in his adjurations, and as the result there was less of spirits drunk at the ale house at Martello and the Twin Rams at Paisley-Holl, and more of bread eaten by children. His living was not in the gift of my grandfather, the local magnate, though the little church at Martello where Mr. Thorpe's curate officiated was, and hence he was free of those eleemosynary conditions that hamper and humiliate so many of the rural clergy of England. For twenty years he had held spiritual jurisdiction over Paisley-Holl, his helpful sway secured by mild persuasion rather than severe exordium. It seemed as if the vicar had been so completely filled with good qualities that when it came time to insert the bad ones there was absolutely no niche or crevice in which to tuck one away. He enjoyed hugely to be alive, though it was not the boisterous exultation that seeks to find vent in violent action—he was no hard-hunting and hard-drinking parson—nor was his keen relish of existence expressed in uproarious good-humor and jollity. His delight was quiet, and found its source in the smiles of Nature, the flowers and brooksides and fields of emerald grain, the simple hearthsides of the village and the content of those around them and in the serene domesticity of his own life.

He had married young and fortunately. His wife was prosaic enough to discover no more pleasurable way of spending her days than in identifying herself completely with her husband's aspirations and co-operating heartily with him in all the multifarious little duties connected with a county parish. And now, in middle life, both were amiable and interesting, and consequently, useful. No children had blessed them, but as the good vicar would stoutly maintain, it would be ungrateful to be forlorn for want of a five pound note when the broken teapot was overflowing with shillings; and besides it was best as it was, for they would be sure to quarrel desperately as to who loved the child the more.

Twilight has already fallen and the vicar is seated at the tea table beaming at his wife and descanting on the loveliness of the day and the refreshment of the vernal aspect of the country after the tedious length of the winter. He has it in mind to seek counsel with his wife regarding the lone little lad at the Hall, but the flitting in and out of the maid-servant renders it expedient to defer the pleasing topic until later. The vicar likes to sit over his tea and unreservedly chat and exhibit his budget of news, but tonight he abandons his custom and withdrawing with his wife, unleashes the subject nearest his heart.

"You remember, my dear, the stir in the village when Sir Sydney's son disappeared and later the speculation that was so rife regarding his child?"

"Perfectly," was the reply. "Some declared the boy to be at the Hall with his grandfather, and some insisted that he had been taken away with his mother's parents when they sold out the tavern and removed."

"He is at the Hall, my dear, and I saw him today."

"Indeed, my dear; and when did he come there, pray?" she asked.

"He has been there all these years, my love," replied the vicar. "Sir Sydney has, I believe, quite forgotten that there is such a being on the premises. The lad is in charge of Prouty."

"But how could it possibly be that he could have remained there so long and no one the wiser?" observed Mrs. Thorpe.

"It is not so remarkable, my dear, when one considers a little," said the vicar. "Martello suffers few intruders and the child is confined to the wing containing the housekeeper's apartments. You remember a little walled court connects with them, which is his playground. My impression is that he has never until today been beyond those narrow limits. I judged from what Prouty said that the lad has come in contact but little with anyone but herself. Her rooms are quite isolated, his nights have been passed in them and his days in the court. These have been his world from infancy, and he knows nothing else."

"But Sir Sydney," exclaimed Mrs. Thorpe, "surely he cannot be unmindful that a child, especially a boy, requires other than the constant companionship of an elderly woman, be she never so faithful and gentle! The boy will grow up an anomaly."

"I am afraid he is one already," the vicar resumed; "but as I said, I think Sir Sydney has really forgotten him. You know how singular and eccentric the old knight is. Undoubtedly, at first he labored under a strong antipathy to the child and deliberately set himself to banish all subsequent recollection of him from his mind, considering his duty done by arranging for the child's kind treatment and supervision, without realizing that the infant would grow and the nascent mind require different environment. I presume that when Sir Sydney occasionally chances to recollect that unpleasant day, so long ago, he still regards the child as he saw him then, a puling, almost new-born baby, and the object of his decided aversion. I do not think Sir Sydney is, or would be, deliberately cruel or remorseless to an innocent being, but, according to Prouty, the lad has been completely immured and kept from his grandfather's sight. It is not so strange, therefore, that Sir Sydney, so completely occupied with the dispensing of a lavish and perennial hospitality and diverse social functions, should scarcely ever refer to an event so extremely obnoxious."

"That is all very well, my dear," persisted Mrs. Thorpe, "but it alters the poor child's condition not a whit. He will, maintained in this manner, develop into a fool or a knave and if he does all his singularity and eccentricity will not relieve his grandfather of a full responsibility."

"Precisely," assented the vicar; "and, consequently, I purpose broaching the matter to Sir Sydney and endeavoring to make him conscious of his obligations."

CHAPTER VII

The autumn had come and my days followed one another in the same routine. From morning till night I enjoyed the warm, hazy days in the courtyard. The air resounded with the dull concatenation of the flail and toward eventide the lowing of the cattle across the stream on the hillside lulled my childish ears. As twilight settled, the portly frogs amid the rushes that fringed the Stour gave forth their guttural accents, while the distant boom of the bittern sounded weird and mysterious.

These days had brought a new sensation. Hitherto I had been quite content with the meager tenor of my ways, but now as I stood by the gate and peered through at the placid water and the inviting slope beyond, I was seized with a longing to wander by the banks of the stream and explore the country as it lay before me. But the high walls of the court and the lofty gateway were insurmountable, and had they not been, I doubt if I should have attempted them, for I was very docile then and my spirit much subdued, and I should scarcely have ventured to disobey the kindly spoken injunctions of Mrs. Prouty, which she felt in duty bound to give me.

In the evening I would sit on the doorstep with her and listen quietly to her when she spoke, or hover close about her side as she would relapse into vacant thought. I seldom spoke, for her words were really spoken as if addressed to a third person. She never allowed herself to utter a syllable which could possibly elicit from me any question to answer which would be to run counter to her fidelity to my grandfather. We were never joined by the house servants, as Mrs. Prouty naturally held herself a little aloof from the menials she directed. She was to all intents and purposes the mistress of the house, and she supported her position with a quiet dignity that secured ready and willing service from those about her.

It is extremely difficult to give the reader any adequate idea of my solitary life and its effects upon me in retarding all mental growth, and it will, doubtless, seem incredible to him that, at the time of which I write, any child could possibly be immured as I was. But it must be remembered that at the Hall every detail of the environment; the situation of Mrs. Prouty's rooms at the very end of the long building, remote from all the other inmates; the circumstance of the walled court to which access by the house was only through her apartments; the fact that no one was interested in seeking me out and that the servants, taking their cue from their master, regarded me on the few occasions I encountered them with indifference; and that the house servants seldom or never went to the village, but preferred aggregating their leaves of absence into one grand occasion of a visit to Paddingford, and, consequently, that there transpired no fresh items of news concerning me to keep the village gossips alive; all together conspired to facilitate my situation. The only way I could possibly have been suggested to the consideration of my grandfather would have been through Mrs. Prouty, and she knew the requirements of her place too well to venture to presume.

When Saturday came round again it brought the vicar with the information of having received a letter from Sir Sydney, containing an account of improved health and the news of his homecoming within a fortnight, together with a request that Mrs. Prouty be notified, that all might be in readiness for his return. The good vicar also spent an hour in eliciting from Mrs. Prouty further particulars about me. He declared he should like to see me again, and talk with me himself, but that it might be regarded as an unwarrantable interference by Sir Sydney and that as he fully intended interceding on my behalf, he desired that there should be no appearance of collusion. The fact that accidentally he had come upon me was no fault of his own, and it presented him with a plausible pretext for broaching the matter to the master of Martello.

Mrs. Prouty was overjoyed at the prospect of the vicar's intercession, which she was sanguine would be successful, for she knew his powers of convincing, and the esteem the knight had for him.

That evening the air was chilly, and Mrs. Prouty remained indoors with me. She sat placidly over her knitting, but evidently engaged in a brown study, thinking, perhaps, what bright expectations would be opened to me if my grandfather's aversion could be changed to affection and the forlorn child recognized as his heir.

She came to the end of her yarn, and picking up a fresh skein from her capacious lap, held it out to me to hold, which I dearly loved to do, while she wound it into a ball. "Dearie," she said, looking at me significantly, "how would you like a little child of near your own age to play with?"

"I don't know," I answered, "for I have never had anyone to play with. Are there any more like me near here? I often see the children on the hillside, but I always thought they must live so very far away and that perhaps we were different."

"They do live some miles away," said Mrs. Prouty, "but it may be—though mark—I am saying nothing for a certainty—it may be that a little girl may come here to live, in which case you might be together a bit. Would you like it, Dearie?"

"It must be pleasant," I replied, "for then I could shout sometimes, when the wind blew, and we were across the court from each other."

"Do you never feel, Dearie, that you would like some playmates? Are you quite content?"

"I have been very happy until lately; there seemed to be nothing I wanted," I replied quietly, lowering my extended arms and looking into space thoughtfully.

"Until lately!" exclaimed Mrs. Prouty in surprise.

I nodded my head quite seriously.

"And what has happened lately to make you unhappy, pet? Have I perhaps been cross and hurt you, Dearie?"

"Oh, no," I cried earnestly, "you are always good to me, and I have not exactly been unhappy, but lately I have wanted something," I concluded a little sadly.

"And what is it you have wanted?" she questioned gently; and drawing me upon her lap, "come, tell me all about it."

"Only to go outside the gate and see what the water is like, and the long grass, and the shiny frogs you tell me about, which go 'pa-drunk, pa-drunk' at dark. I never seemed to want to go before now, but the other day I stood at the gate and saw the children across the hillside running about and shouting, and all of a sudden it seemed to me that I was different from them, because I never ran about and shouted, and running and shouting seemed to make them so very happy. I wished I could, and I thought if I could go to the brook and over the grass on the hillside that maybe I would run and shout, too."

I heard indistinctly Mrs. Prouty mutter something about "'Tis a shame, a shame indeed!" and I noticed her put her handkerchief to her eyes. She drew me closer to her and after a moment said aloud, to herself, "And why should he not while the master's away?"

At length she put me down and said, "So you would like to go to the brook and upon the hill? Well, Dearie, so you shall. Tomorrow after I have the work laid I will take you for a bit of a walk; but it is your bed-time now."

CHAPTER VIII

If the reader remembers the sensations he experienced when as a child he saw Punch or wax works for the first time, he can form some idea of what I felt when the next afternoon Mrs. Prouty led me through the gate into the great beyond. I was at large, free to roam, to tread the margin of the stream, peer into its reedy fringe and scour the green slopes beyond. And yet, the object of my longing attained, I seemed unable to enjoy it, to avail myself of it. I had been so constantly dependent upon the direction of another that I possessed no initiative, no enterprise. I hung rather timidly back and retained tightly as much of Mrs. Prouty's plump hand as I could grasp. She drew me forward, however, until we had reached the stream and crossed it by a little footbridge, then getting me upon the hillside at a safe distance from the water, she bade me scamper and frolic as much as I pleased, enjoining me not to venture beyond her sight or the sound of her voice. But alas! I did not know how to scamper or frolic; but as she seated herself I timidly strayed off a little, looking indecisively back every few steps.

At last, after a bit, Nature, so long subdued, asserted herself in a sudden and overwhelming impulse, and with a leap and a shout I raced and frisked about, until breathless with the unwonted exercise, I lay upon the cool grass with a feeling of joy I had never experienced before. My first burst of enthusiasm somewhat abated, I started off at a less exhausting pace and explored each rood of land and clump of furze with a curiosity as eager and excited as ever stimulated the explorations of the Columbian "Diadochi." Each wild flower and each plant and bush, each bird and insect, were objects of rapt contemplation and wonderment. At length, when I was quite worn out, Mrs. Prouty took me back and left me the rest of the day to dwell in recollection of the morning's delight.

Each morning for several days after the good soul took me out until, the novelty a little dulled and I, myself, quite reliant and cautious, she finally permitted me to go alone, but with strict injunctions to keep within certain bounds which she prescribed, and to avoid the water. Thus for a week I pursued an entirely new existence, and I would come home at noon with ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes, much to the gratification of Mrs. Prouty; and then my appetite! how she did enjoy witnessing the avidity with which I attacked my meals. Our fare was augmented fourfold to satisfy the ravenous demand of the hunger the new life of activity had created.

A little below the foot-bridge the driveway to the Hall crossed the stream by a picturesque little stone structure, with low, but broad parapets. The roadway was one of the limits within which my perambulations were restricted, and which I never exceeded. I had found the low parapet a comfortable place to rest after the fatigues of my excursions. I liked to watch the Stour flow steadily along, and I would amuse myself by casting sticks into it and wondering, as they floated out of sight, what strange scenes lay along their route, and whether, perchance, they saw griffins and knights and princesses with golden hair. Sometimes, too, a minnow disturbed the smooth surface as some unfortunate insect tempted it from its cool retreat beneath the shadow of the bridge.

One morning when I was thus occupied I perceived a cart heavily laden with luggage coming slowly along the road from the direction of Paisley-Holl. When the driver was upon the bridge he pulled up his horse, and climbing down with a gruff, but hearty word, and a nod of greeting to me, descended to the stream to drink. Presently from the same direction a little girl came tripping along, followed at some distance by an elderly gentleman pursuing a more sedate pace. The bridge being blocked by the cart, the little girl, whom I was regarding with perfectly breathless interest, climbed nimbly upon the parapet and was about to cross when the gentleman who followed, alarmed lest she tumble over, uttered her name in a quick and anxious voice. The sudden call precipitated the very calamity he wished avoided; she started to turn quickly in response when, losing her balance, she pitched headlong into the water.

The driver of the cart had finished his draught and was half way up the bank when, startled by the gentleman's cry and the splash, he stood irresolute. Not knowing what I did nor stopping even to think, I leaped to my feet and jumped after the little girl. I was as helpless as she, and we should both have assuredly drowned had not the driver, who by this time had mounted the bank and perceived our perilous strait, run swiftly down the stream, and entering the water just ahead of us, grasped one of us in each hand, and drawn us safely to shore. The water was but four or five feet deep, amply sufficient to have drowned us, but presenting no difficulties to a grown man.

As we sat gasping on the bank, the old gentleman hurried tremblingly up. "Is the child safe," he demanded anxiously, "and the gallant lad, is he uninjured?"

"Both safe, your honor," reassured the driver, "and none the worse, save for a bit of choking from the water."

The old gentleman waited until we were somewhat revived, when he helped the little girl to her feet, and bade her hasten to the house and instantly have ***Prouty*** put her between warm blankets, adding, "the hurrying thither will restore your circulation, child; make haste, make haste!" Then turning, he addressed me: "You are a brave lad, and your father will be proud of you when he hears of this day's work; but why did you plunge in when you could not swim? You could do no good, and uselessly risked your life. More years will temper your daring with discretion, but you are none the less a noble lad—nay, the more so for *not* knowing how to swim." Then turning to the carter he thanked him with great dignity, and placing a sovereign in his hand, ordered him to drive immediately to the house and dry himself and mind that he was to tell James, the butler, that he was to have a stiff glass of something hot. "And you, lad," he continued, "you had best hasten home, for though the day is warm, the water is chilled by the cool nights; but first tell me your name, for I do not recall your face."

Though my grandfather—for the reader will have already recognized him as such—may possibly, unknown to others, have chanced to see me a few times, my present drenched appearance, with my long, streaming hair, was such as to have prevented his recognition of so casual an object as myself. At any rate, he knew me not, and, accordingly, I chattered "D-d-dearie."

"Dearie! Dearie what?" he inquired.

"Just D-d-earie," I replied.

"The lad is daft from the shock," he muttered. "But whose lad are you?" he persisted.

"Mrs. Prouty's," I again replied, conquering my tremors.

"Mrs. Prouty's!" he ejaculated; "my housekeeper! Why she had no—" Then the truth flashing suddenly upon him he abruptly checked himself and fixed upon me a pair of eyes that seemed to explore my inmost mind, but no deceit nor guile was there, and my blue eyes, quite unabashed, looked innocently and wonderingly back. "Ah, yes," he resumed; "I recollect now that Prouty has a child staying with her. So you are the lad?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "I am Dearie."

"Well, Dearie," he said, very kindly I thought, "while I am talking to you, you are, perhaps, getting chilled. Come, I am going to the Hall myself and will take you along. You will go with me?"

"Oh, yes, sir," I said eagerly, but with chattering teeth, for I had, indeed, begun to be very cold.

"Come, let us hasten," he urged, "you are gettting chilled."

"Yes, I am pretty cold," I admitted in my little, low, piping voice, and adding the information, "I never was in cold water before. Do you think the little girl is cold, too?"

"Perhaps we shall know when we get to the house," he said.

"I should like to know," I rejoined.

We walked briskly forward, and for a while in silence. The water dripped from my feet and left a zigzag trail behind me. Finally my grandfather addressed me again and in a tone a little tinctured with suspicion. "Do you know who I am?"

I looked at him closely a moment and somewhat timorously asked, "You are not Mr. Merlin, are you?"

He scrutinized me again, half inclined, I think, to attribute such utter simplicity and credulity to a most precocious guile. "Mr. Merlin," he said, "Who is Mr. Merlin? There are no tenants by that name."

"He was an acquaintance of King Arthur's," I replied seriously. "I believe Mrs. Prouty knew him when she was young, and I think he was rather oldish. He was a very wonderful man. You're really not Mr. Merlin?" I repeated, unwilling to be disappointed in my hopes that at last I had met one of Mrs. Prouty's marvellous personages.

He stopped short and gripped my hand, turning me about to face him. He said nothing, but bent his sharp, clear eyes upon me steadily. "You are pretty young to think of jumping into a stream to save another child; what made you do it?" he asked, not heeding my words, and his gaze, as it rested on my face, redoubled its intensity.

"I don't know, sir," I answered. "It all happened too quick; but when the little girl—I have never seen one close to before—jumped upon the wall on the side of the bridge she smiled at me, and when she fell into the water the smile seemed still to be there in the air where her face had been, and it seemed, too, as if something inside of me pushed me along and over into the water after her. I forgot I couldn't float in the water. I only thought that maybe I could help her out."

The unpleasant expression of doubt that had darkened my grandfather's features vanished. He took a still tighter clasp of my hand and drew me rapidly along toward the Hall again.

Meanwhile my grandfather's companion, who, of course, was no other than my little cousin, all dripping as she was, confronted Mrs. Prouty with the desire to be put between warm blankets, much to that good lady's alarm. When my cousin had related the circumstances of her immersion and rescue, Mrs. Prouty's fears were increased to consternation. She at once perceived that the youthful hero was no other than myself, and she could form no expectation as to what my grandfather's feelings would be at the unexpected encounter with the object of his aversion.

It seems that my grandfather's arrival was a little earlier than expected, and that Mrs. Prouty intended to discontinue my liberty in due season, so that by no possibility would I be thrown in his way. She now feared that her leniency to me might be regarded as officious and visited with heavy censure. She was, too, much perturbed as to my own well-being after the exposure to which I had been subjected. It may be imagined, therefore, with what disquietude she awaited my grandfather's arrival.

Her suspense was short and she was soon summoned into his presence. Judge of her surprise to perceive on my grandfather's face an expression of twinkling affability, and, moreover, my own bedraggled little self steaming before the blazing fire that had been hastily kindled on the hearth. Puzzled and curious at the status of affairs, she yet wisely held her tongue and awaited my grandfather's commands. My teeth were still chattering with cold, and I was so engrossed with the fire and the sparks whisking up the chimney that I had not been aware of Mrs. Prouty's entrance; but now as I turned to warm my back I saw her, and instinctively, with a faint cry, rushed to her side.

My grandfather smiled and said, "Prouty, you are doubtless aware of what has happened; this little lad has conducted himself in a manner most remarkable for a child of his age. Take him, therefore, and see that he is attended to and is given the care necessary to insure his experiencing no ill effects from his plunge."

Mrs. Prouty never stirred, but stood open-mouthed with amazement. "Did you not hear me, Prouty?" asked my grandfather.

The good woman made no reply to the question, for her voice was choking with emotion, but mastering it presently she cried, deeply affected, "God bless you, Sir Sydney, for a good deed," and alarmed at her own temerity and bursting into tears, she took me by the hand and hurriedly departed.

CHAPTER IX

It is difficult to describe what I thought as I withdrew with Mrs. Prouty from my grandfather's presence. Who was I and what was I, that I should so suddenly be whirled about in an eruption of fresh and novel circumstances? Who was I, so long subject to the authority of Mrs. Prouty, and now evidently amenable to one to whom we were both subordinate? It was all too much for my unsophisticated mind, and I derived no satisfaction from Mrs. Prouty, for all my importunate questioning brought from her but nervous reiterations of "Let us wait, child, let us wait, since matters are coming about so wonderfully, and there is everything to be thankful for; but ask me nothing now; it will all come in good time, I have no doubt, the Lord be praised! Let us wait and be patient."

So I descended into the courtyard and tried to fix my interest on the old objects of amusement, but in vain. Vague and intangible thoughts appeared and vanished, and I was conscious of a dim presentiment of some impending change. Amid these flutterings of mind I will leave myself and ask the reader to turn toward the vicarage.

It is Saturday, and the vicar, according to his usual custom, is proceeding to Martello to congratulate Sir Sydney on his return and felicitate him upon his recovery and on his renewed vigor. These compliments are intended by the worthy vicar to be expressed with uncommon grace and cordiality, as a propitiatory prelude to the introduction of the somewhat audacious topic of myself, which he is turning over in his mind as he walks, clothing it adequately in a verbal garb that he may have it at his tongue's end and be able to present it as eloquently as possible. He evidently has the subject mastered, for he changes his peripatation to a brisk, aggressive stride that soon brings him to the Hall, where shortly he finds himself in my grandfather's presence, and so genuinely overjoyed at the surprising improvement in his old friend's appearance and his unwonted vivacity of manner, that he immediately forgets the flowery peroration he intended delivering and finds himself, instead, ardently, simply and ingenuously expressing his gratification, while yet he retains, in natural forgetfulness, the slender, aristocratic hand.

My grandfather, more pleased and complacent by this simple and spontaneous outburst of the honest vicar, is at once in the state of favorable predisposition which Mr. Thorpe desired, and which all the glowing declamation he had so painfully composed and so soon forgotten, could never have effected.

The vicar repressed his satisfaction when suddenly the real object of his visit crossed his mind. It was by no means an easy undertaking. If he once unwittingly offended Sir Sydney's sense of dignity, defeat was certain to ensue. He well knew how formidably the old knight could bristle up and the threatening flash of those gray eyes—the lightning before the storm. He must be very careful and tactful.

With a steady, quiet look he addressed my grandfather. "Sir Sydney, we have long been friends, and friends between whom there was no chilling sense of patron and client. I have always regarded you as one who could turn from the affairs of your wealth and station to condescend in real interest, and with a proper sense of the importance of little things, to the matters of the tenantry and parish. The people know this, and hence, besides the esteem and honor of the great, you possess the love and veneration of the humble, a tribute less brilliant and profuse, but which I believe you hold to be the more precious."

Here my grandfather interrupted him with an emphatic "You are right, Vicar, you are right! The common people are the real stay of the empire, while the upper classes are only the power that props the stay. We but bear the responsibility, heavy, no doubt, of properly applying the support, and are somewhat removed from the consequences of a collapse, while they sustain all the onerous pressure of the strain and are exposed to annihilation, should the fabric totter and fall."

"You have expressed it aptly, Sir Sydney," uttered the vicar. "I wish that all of the superior classes had as clear and as wholesome a conception. The knowledge of these very convictions lends ready obedience to your wishes and persuasion to your opinions. Now I was about to trouble you with a matter where your interference would probably be very salutary; but possibly you would rather defer the subject. I would not weary you while you are yet fatigued with your journey home."

"By no means; by no means!" exclaimed my grandfather. "I trust that so long as I live I shall never seek to repudiate the obligations of my station by so poor a subterfuge as a plea of fatigue. Pray continue, Vicar."

"The case is this," continued Mr. Thorpe. "In my visits through the parish I lately came across a situation which I felt needed remedying. It seems there is a child who, due to prejudice, I believe—for he is guilty of no misconduct—has for some time been neglected and ignored. The lad appears of much promise and entertains no sense of resentment for what, were he aware of it, he might be excused as deeming treatment rather cruel and vindictive. Indeed, the child's position is pitiable in the extreme. Would you believe it sir, he has never even been baptized and knows no name but 'Dearie,' the epithet of one kind soul who has cherished him."

"Hum! Dearie, I think you said," interrupted my grandfather, and a twinkle came into his eyes.

"Dearie, Sir Sydney, and the lad must now be eight years old, and he has received practically no religious instruction. Spiritually he is still but a little animal, though a very gentle, affectionate and well-dispositioned one. He is disastrously circumscribed. For years he has been nowhere, and seen or talked with no one hardly, save the good woman who has charge of him. His mind, naturally bright and receptive, is stunted and inert, while his soul!—there's the danger, Sir Sydney; the lad, now tractable and capable of being formed to excellence and use, is in grave danger, if his environment is not altered, of relapsing into a veritable brute. A child's nature is a plastic thing, and care ought to be taken that the potter should fashion an object of beauty and utility which we shall approve with delight and not some wanton and monstrous thing exciting our fear and abhorrence. The lad requires companionship to amuse and instruction to stimulate. As it is, he knows nothing. He is fatherless, motherless and almost friendless, without knowledge of God, and destitute of all the joy of childhood.

"You and I, Sir Sydney," continued the good vicar, unconsciously warming to his theme, "often cheer ourselves with the recollections of our boyhood days, days so full of a mother's tender love, of a father's solicitude, so overflowing were they with joyousness the very sunlight, so golden then, seemed to surcharge our hearts with its spontaneous brightness, and generate within us a luxuriant paradise through whose faded bowers how often we now retrace our steps, seeking a little quiet joy amid the old familiar scenes, though the flowers have fallen from their sear stalks and the foliage, once so cool and sequestered, now lies rustling beneath our feet, fallen with the autumn of life. But this poor child, so forsaken, to what light-hearted years shall he revert? There will be no youthful paradise for him, no consolation in the memory of a parent's love. What think you, Sir Sydney, should not something be done?"

During the vicar's vehement outpouring my grandfather's face had become animated. And when the vicar pronounced the word "Dearie," the expression on the strong, sharp features became one difficult to define; but there was a merry twinkle in the eye, which seemed ill-suited to the vicar's earnestness. Mr. Thorpe observed it and was not a little hurt by what seemed so obviously to indicate that his appeal had provoked but a mere amused indulgence. My grandfather continued to smile and his eyes to merrily twinkle, and the vicar's face assumed an expression of pain, quite disregarded by my grandfather, whose eyes snapped still more roguishly and provokingly.

The situation becoming unpleasantly strained to the good clergyman, he addressed my grandfather with much reserve and formality. "I have detailed the circumstances, Sir Sydney, and I perceive with sufficient explicitness to conduce to your merriment. Permit me to say that I entered on the matter in kindness of heart, sincerely wishing to promote an end I deemed devoutly to be wished, and that I anticipated at least your serious consideration of it. Since, however, it pleases you to be otherwise impressed, I will crave your pardon for my intrusion and hasten to depart. Let me repeat that I am rejoiced to find you so fully recovered. I bid you good-day, sir."

"I declare the man is angered," exclaimed my grandfather, "and without sense of reason, if he but knew. Come, my dear vicar, come; be seated, man, be seated. You are in error, believe me, and so far from disdaining the importance of the matter, I wish to co-operate heartily with you."

Mr. Thorpe was mollified at once and he returned to his chair saying, "You are very good, Sir Sydney, and I beg your pardon if, mistaking you, I was a little hasty."

"Not a word, vicar, I pray," cried my grandfather. "The best of friends will occasionally quarrel a moment; but to the poor lad you were speaking of. He has no parents, you say," and forthwith back came the twinkle to my grandfather's eyes.

The vicar saw and was puzzled, but Sir Sydney had disavowed all intentions to offend, so he took no notice but replied, "Neither father nor mother."

"He has relatives, I presume," said my grandfather.

"Practically but one, and that one forsakes him."

"And of what consanguinity is this mysterious relative?" Sir Sydney inquired.

"He is the lad's grandfather," replied Mr. Thorpe.

"And he quite neglects the child, as I understand? What can possibly prompt him to do so? Is he so poor as to be unable to assume the lad's support? If that be the case, an application must be made to the parish for the lad's care and maintenance."

"He is quite able to provide for the lad, and indeed does so, in the matter of mere lodging and subsistence," asserted Mr. Thorpe. "But he has caused him to be confined, or rather restricted, to such an extent that the lad has scarcely a quarter of an acre of ground for play, and no companionship save the good woman who has come to love him as her own. It seems," continued the vicar, anticipating my grandfather's question, "that years back the lad's father contracted, in defiance of paternal authority, an ill-sorted marriage with a young woman of very inferior connections. The lad is, as it were, the innocent victim of his grandfather's resentment."

"In that case," observed Sir Sydney with the most provoking chuckle, "we must endeavor to prevail on the savage old gentleman to grant at least justice and to tolerate in kindness what you say he does not love."

"Precisely my conclusion," agreed the vicar eagerly, who deemed himself proceeding in the affair with consummate address and who was highly elated at having, as he complacently thought, entrapped my grandfather into an avowal from which he could scarcely consistently recede when the supposititious case was replaced with a genuine one; "precisely my conclusion."

"How shall we proceed? What shall we do first?" my grandfather inquired.

Mr. Thorpe answered with portentous solemnity of manner: "That, Sir Sydney, you must decide yourself," and I dare say he trembled at the thought of the coming denouement.

"Well, then, this is what I decide upon," exclaimed my grandfather, slapping the good vicar on the back and chuckling outrageously, "this is what I decide upon: to prevail upon the inveteracy of this grim old ogre of a grandfather by sheer force of example. You, being a vicar, it is fitting you should bear vicarious tidings. You shall tell the old monster that Sir Sydney Broughton had just recognized in a child similarly situated his own grandson and heir; that he has an admiration for him, fast growing into affection, and that he was meditating every advantage for the lad when interrupted by the most disinterested and excellent vicar of any parish in the three kingdoms. When you have told him this, you will conclude by saying 'Go thou and do likewise.'" My grandfather, without ceasing, stepped to the bell-cord and pulled it. "And then you will go home to one of the best women that ever lived and rejoice with her, not at any good fortune accruing to yourself, for you are too unworldly to experience gratification for such, but at the righting of a wrong done to another, and the betterment of the world by just that much. Some Madeira, James," he said to the servant who at that moment entered in response to the bell; "and mind what glasses you bring, for the vicar and I are going to drink a bumper!"

BEAUTY

TO me 'tis the lights and shadows
 Which make the picture worth while;
Even yon homely old hillside,
 Today wears a pleasant smile.

'Tis so with each living creature,
 Who travels this world below,
When properly lit and shaded,
 The real beauty will o'erflow.

—*Alice Baker.*

JERRY GUTTRIDGE

Maine Justice in 1800

"WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mr. Guttridge?" said the wife of Jerry Guttridge in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into the log hovel from a neighboring grog-shop about noon on a hot July day.

"Oh, pick up something," said Jerry, "and I wish you would be spry about it and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over by and by to swap horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir 'round; I can't wait."

"We haven't got anything at all in the house to eat," said Mrs. Guttridge. "What shall I get?"

"Well, *cook* something," said Jerry, "no matter what it is."

"But, Mr. Guttridge, we haven't got the least thing in the house to cook."

"Well, well, pick up something," said Jerry, snappishly, "for I'm in a hurry."

"I can't make victuals out of nothing," said the wife; "if you'll only bring anything in the world into the house to cook, I'll cook it. But I tell you we haven't got a mouthful of meat in the house, nor a mouthful of bread, nor a speck of meal; and the last potatoes we had in the house we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast, neither."

"Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon," said Jerry, "that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr. Whitman's and borrow some meal?"

"Because," said Mrs. Guttridge, "we've borrowed meal there three times that isn't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again until that was paid. And besides, the baby cried so, I've had to tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out."

"Then you ain't going to give us any dinner, are you?" said Jerry with a reproachful tone and look. "I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?"

"Why, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife with tears in her eyes, "you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it and haven't tasted anything but potatoes these two days, and I'm so faint now I can hardly stand."

"Always a-grumbling," said Jerry. "I can't never come into the house but what I must hear a fuss about something or other. What's this boy snivelling about?" he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy—a ragged, little, dirty-faced sickly-looking thing, about six years old—at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him at his length on the floor. "Now get up," said Jerry, "or I'll learn you to be crying about all day for nothing."

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs. Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

"What is Bob crying about?" said Jerry fretfully.

"Why, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, "the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He's ate nothing today but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half starved."

At this moment their near neighbor, Mr. Nat Frier, a substantial farmer, and worthy man, made his appearance at the door, and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat.

"What's the matter with little Bobby?" said he in a gentle tone. "Come, my little fellow, come here, and tell me what's the matter."

"I want a piece of bread," said Bobby.

"And won't your mother give you some?" said Mr. Frier tenderly.

"She hain't got none," replied Bobby, "nor 'taters, too." Mrs. Guttridge's tears told the rest of the story. The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forebore to ask any further questions, but told Bobby if he would go over to his house, he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he, "Neighbor Guttridge, I've got four tons of hay down, that needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by tomorrow, and I've come over to see if I can get you to go and help me. If you'll go this afternoon and assist me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork."

"I can't go," said Jerry, "I've got something else to do."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Frier, "if you've got anything else to do that would be more profitable, I'm glad of it, for there's enough hands I can get; only I thought you might like to go, bein' you was out of provisions."

"Do, pray go, Mr. Guttridge," said his wife, with a beseeching look, "for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that won't do no good; an' you'll only spend all the afternoon for nothing, and we shall have to go to bed without our supper again. Do, pray go, Mr. Guttridge; do."

"I wish you would hold your everlasting clack," said Jerry; "you are always full of complainings. It's got to be a fine time of day if the women are a-going to rule the roost. I shall go over and ride them horses, and it's no business to you nor nobody else; and if you're too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that's all I've got to say."

With that he aimed for the door, when Mr. Frier addressed him as follows: "Now I must say, neighbor Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over at the shop to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbor Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty."

Upon this Jerry whirled round and looked Mr. Frier full in the face and grinning horribly he said, "You old meddling vagabond! Who made *you* a master over me, to be telling me what's my duty? You had better go home and take care of your own children and let your neighbors alone!"

Mr. Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face without uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to "pick up something" if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation.

Mr. Frier was a benevolent man and a Christian, and in the true spirit of Christianity he always sought to relieve distress wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense and knew something of human nature, and as he was well aware that Mrs. Guttridge really loved her husband, notwithstanding his idle habits and cold, brutal treatment to his family, he forbore to remark upon the scene which had just passed; but telling the afflicted woman that he would send her something to eat, he took Bobby by the hand and led him home. A plate of victuals was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

While Bobby had been eating, Mr. Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed that something should be sent over immediately, for they all said "Mrs. Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so."

Accordingly a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner, and Betsy ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins and asked her mother if she might not put that in, "so that the poor, starving cre'turs might have a little taste of something that was good."

"Yes," said her mother, "and put in a bit of cheese with it. I don't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for 'he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' "

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Frier, "and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin' to last 'til pumpkins come again." So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed into the basket and the pie laid on the top and George was despatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr. Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time; and if they were left alone much longer, they would starve. He told his wife he "had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand jury ag'in Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that didn't provide for his family. The court sits at Saco tomorrow; and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?"

His wife thought he had better go over first and talk with Mrs. Guttridge about it; and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr. Frier said he "could go over and talk with her, but he didn't think it would be of much use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court."

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs. Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly, he took his hat and walked over; he found the door open as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into two pieces and one half of it, and he thought rather the largest half, was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits and divided among the children. Mrs. Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part, with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed much in the same proportion.

Mr. Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control, but he always confessed for years afterward "that for a minute or two he thought he felt a little something like anger rising up in his stomach."

He sat and looked on until they had finished their meal and Jerry had eaten bread and meat and vegetables enough for two common men's dinners, and swallowed his half of the pie and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert, and then rose, took his hat, and without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the door, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

Mr. Frier returned home, but the afternoon was so far spent that he postponed his visit to the court till next morning. Accordingly next day, as soon as breakfast was over, he wended his way to court, to appear before the grand jury.

"Well, Mr. Frier, what do *you* want?" asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

"I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the grand jury," replied Mr. Frier, taking off his hat.

"Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?" said the foreman, "I didn't think he had life enough to do anything worth complaining of to the grand jury."

"It's because he hasn't got life enough to do anything," said Mr. Frier, "that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr. Foreman, he's a lazy, idle fellow and won't work, nor provide nothing for his family to eat; and they've been half starving this long time; and the neighbors have had to keep sending in something all the time to keep them alive."

"But," said the foreman, "Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr. Frier; has anybody ever talked to him about it in a neighborly way, and advised him to do differently? And maybe he has no chance to work where he could get anything for it."

"I'm sorry to say," replied Mr. Frier, "that he's been talked to a good deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family almost a week; but I couldn't get him to, and he went off to the grog-shop, to see some jockeys swap horses. And when I told him calmly I didn't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion and called me an old, meddling vagabond."

"Abominable!" exclaimed one of the jury. "Who ever heard of such outrageous conduct?"

"What a wretch!" exclaimed another.

"Well," said the foreman, "there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if anybody in this world ever did."

Accordingly the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court to answer to the charges preferred against him. Mrs. Sally Guttridge and Mr. Nat Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honorable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following, namely: "We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person and not providing for his family, and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness."

"Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Jerry, "and here's my wife can tell you the same any day. Sally, haven't I always provided for my family?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Guttridge; "I don't know but you have as well—as—"

"Stop, stop!" said the judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness; "stop, Mrs. Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn."

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses, whereupon he called Nat Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward and hold up their right hands. Mr. Frier advanced with a ready, honest air and held up his hand. Mrs. Guttridge lingered a little behind, but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, toward the court, and exhibited her careworn features, which, through the sunburn, were pale and sickly, the judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs. Guttridge was called to the stand.

"Now, Mrs. Guttridge," said the judge, "you are not obliged to testify against your husband anything more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The court will ask you questions touching the case and you can answer them or not as you may think best. And, in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?"

"Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time," said Mrs. Guttridge trembling; "but I don't know but Mr. Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get a good deal of the time."

"Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work and earning something for his family to live upon?"

"Why, as to that," replied the witness, "Mr. Guttridge don't work much; but I don't know as he can help it; it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow he don't seem to be made like other folks, for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time; the natur' don't seem to be in him."

"Well, well," said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with mouth wide open and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that showed he began to take some interest in the matter—"well, well, perhaps the court will be able to *put* the natur' in him."

Mrs. Guttridge was directed to step aside, and Mr. Nat Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point, clear and conclusive. But as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Suffice it to say that the judge retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair, said the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The court, out of delicacy toward the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows: "Jerry Guttridge, you having been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr. Nat Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness, the Court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith by the constable at the whipping-post in the yard adjoining the court-house."

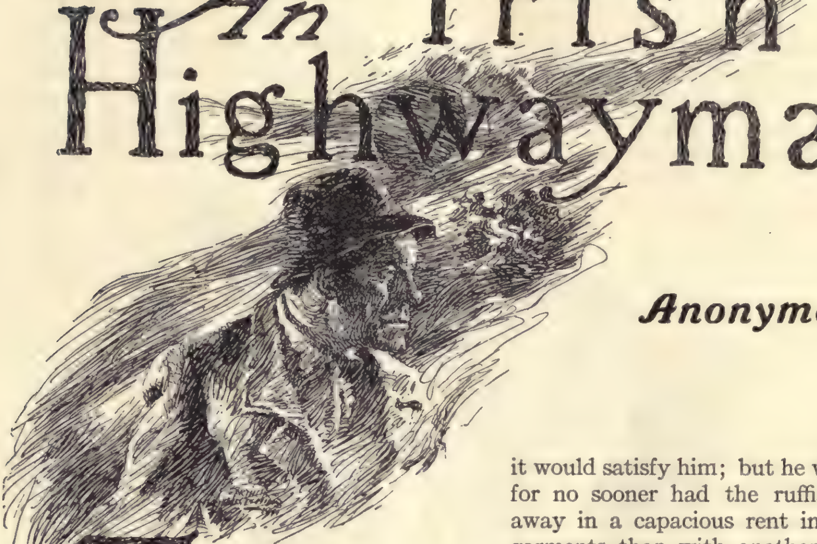
Jerry dropped his head and his face assumed divers deep colors, sometimes red and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance around upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms around the whipping post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands around the post, he began to cry and beg, and promise better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constable told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court house and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow Jerry jumped and screamed so that he might have been heard well nigh a mile; when the twenty blows were counted and the ceremony was ended he was loosed from his confinement and told that he might go. He put on his garments with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good-bye, he made for home as fast as he could.

Mrs. Guttridge met him at the door with a kind and piteous look and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set and well supplied for dinner; for Mrs. Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr. Frier, and from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something" that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying field of Mr. Nat Frier might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passerby might have seen him every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort inside and out. His wife improved in health and spirits, and little Bobby became a fat and hearty boy and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterwards Mrs. Guttridge was heard to say that "somehow, ever since that trial, Mr. Guttridge's natur' seemed to be entirely changed."

An Irish Highwayman



Anonymous

THE Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages in his own carriage and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise and the unbroken garrons used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop, being a very humane man and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garments than with another whirl of his bludgeon and an awful oath he exclaimed:

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off? A few paltry tinpennies? It's the gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, you divil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all; pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you plase; as sure as I'm *not* a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow tonight."

It was given up. A glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing; the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait awhile, or may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

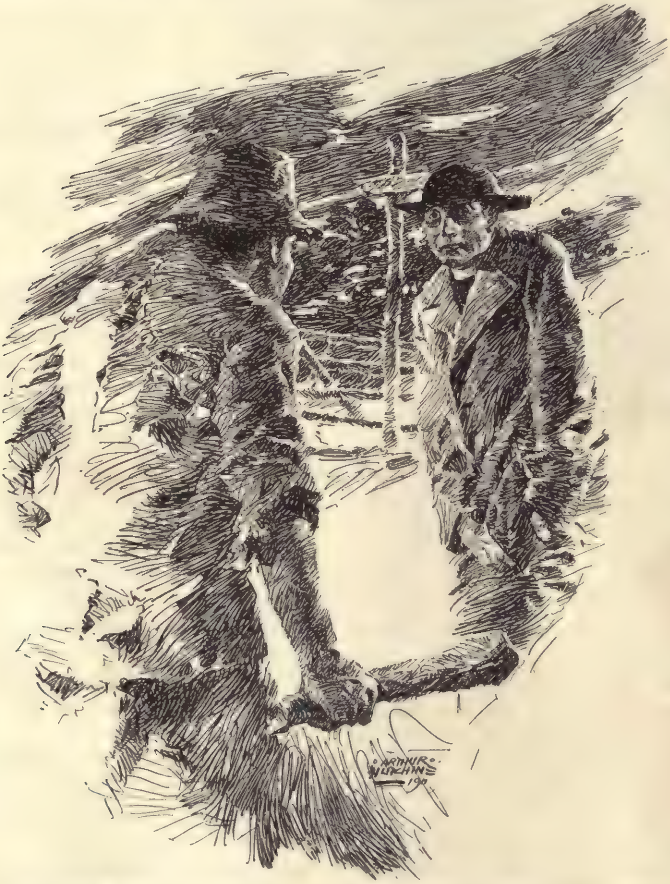
Now it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

“Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch and I'll forgive all you have done.”

“Who ax'd your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good-nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but without any more bother just give me the watch, or by all holy—”

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former and re-grasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals around it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said:

“And now be off with you, and thank the blissed saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin or the value of your little finger hurt.”



“The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pockets”

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term “a hand canter”; scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muslces were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel?

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world," roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression as he said:

"And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? And will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead, and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious in his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such a strange and motley attire; but there were in his face such evidences of terror and suffering that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learnt by a few brief words the danger he had undergone. "My dear W———," exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake throw off that filthy jacket and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses tonight. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am."

"Never mind your watch or anything else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrible contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party had retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken, after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat and covering his shaggy, carroty locks with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the right reverence the Bishop of Cashel.

AD INFINITUM

IMPATIENT stood the open door.
The last coin of his life was spent,
And out into the night he went,
A homeless wanderer once more.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

WHEN THE LIGHT HAS GONE

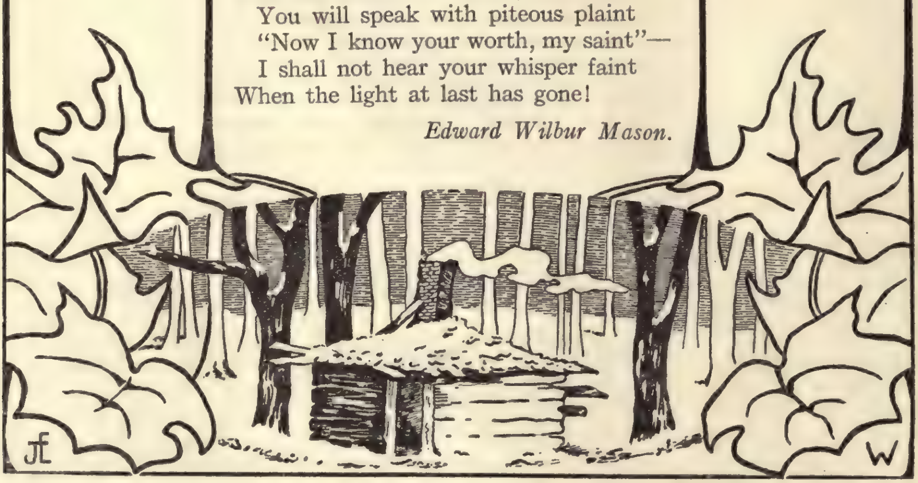
(*A SONG*)

WHEN the brightness leaves my eyes,
  And the roses leave my cheeks;
When my spirit for the skies
  Leaves the body frail and weak:
You will bend beside me wan
  Crying: "Let me speak one word
  Sweeter than the song of bird."
  But your prayer will be unheard
When the light at last has gone!

When the brightness leaves my eyes
  You will come and watch by me.
You will give me tears and sighs
  You will kiss me tenderly.
You will weep at night or dawn
  Crying: Oh, I loved you so—
  I would follow where you go,
  But my ears shall never know
When the light at last has gone!

When the brightness leaves my eyes
  You will picture me in dreams
Wonderful and fair and wise
  Walking by celestial streams
With the souls that have passed on;
  You will speak with piteous plaint
  "Now I know your worth, my saint"—
  I shall not hear your whisper faint
When the light at last has gone!

Edward Wilbur Mason.



CHARLES KEELER

Scientist and Poet

By

George Wharton James

I DOUBT whether any other man in the United States, save Charles Keeler, was ever fortunate enough to have Edward Harriman, the multimillionaire, act in the capacity of his messenger boy to fetch a letter for him. It happened this way: During the Harriman expedition to Alaska, Charles Keeler was one of the scientists taken along to study the birds. Keeler had left his wife behind in Berkeley, and naturally the pair had studied the situation pretty thoroughly as to how mail could be sent and received. Consequently it was no uncommon thing for Keeler to receive mail when no others of the party had any. He had so carefully figured when and where the expedition would be at certain times, and his wife was so alert at this end to find out when mail could be forwarded, that they often "made connections." On this particular occasion the Harriman vessel was in some out-of-the-way bay or other, studying the conditions of the inland and shore region, when a strange steamer hove in sight and lay by. Always anticipating mail or messages, Mr. Harriman called for his electric launch and said he would go himself and see what the stranger had for him. Accordingly the chug, chug of his boat was soon heard as it ploughed its way across the bay. Five minutes after his arrival he was seen to re-enter his boat, turn its nose back to his steamer, while the stranger backed out of the harbor and resumed her interrupted journey.

Immediately on his return Mr. Harriman was besieged, as usual, by his scientific and other staff, all eager for "a letter from home." But the financier held one solitary letter only in his hand, and calling to Mr. Keeler, said, "It's for you. How do you do it? How do you plan so well? I notice you often get mail when scarcely anyone else does!"

It was all simple enough. Naturally when a letter was received at some remote point in the north for the Harriman expedition and a vessel was about to leave there for the region Mr. Harriman's steamer was known to be in, the captain would offer to take it along, as it is just as well to keep friendly with those who may some day be able to do you a good turn.

Mr. Harriman laughed and exclaimed, "Well, it isn't often E. H. Harriman makes a special trip to fetch another man's mail, and only a single letter at that."

In one sense this incident is characteristic of much in Mr. Keeler's career. While he has had his share of the pain, distress and woe of life, the Fates have been very good to him in those higher and better gifts that go to make up the real sum of human life.

His life has been full of those incidents that help shape a poet's destiny—that afford him material for his art, that crowd his mind with imagery and give wider scope to the stretch of his vision. His mother's married life was early saddened by the tragic loss of her husband. He went out one morning on Lake Michigan, and though his beloved waited and waited for his return she never saw his face again. Then Mr. Keeler, Charles' father, saw the beautiful spirited but sad-faced and lonely mother, with her two children, and his heart, first aroused by pity, came soon to love her with a deep devotion. They were married, and for fourteen years lived happily together, two children being born as the fruit of the union, Sarah, and eight years later, Charles.

Three years after Charles' birth his father passed away. Stricken with sorrow and deep grief, the widow's affectionate nature poured itself out upon her fatherless little ones, but the brooding and loneliness so affected her body that though her physician soon took upon himself the nearer and dearer relation of husband, she became a confirmed invalid. The impressionable lad, Charles, was born of a mother whose body was still feeling the shock of her first husband's tragic death, and her mind was seemingly unable to free itself from the woe of that rude and permanent separation. He recalls with tenderest sympathy the passionate abandonment of grief that his mother felt, when, years after, she told him the story of her early grief. Now as he grew into his teens the shadow of her permanent invalidism fell upon him. The house must always be quiet; his new father, though loving, sympathetic and devoted to the children of his wife, could not hide the anxiety he felt for his wife's health, and several years of their growing lives were spent away from home at boarding school. Even when at home their voices were hushed, their faces solemn, their surroundings made almost funereal by their mother's illness. So the young poet's natural inclination to the outdoors, to sympathetic intercourse with the insects, birds and animals, the flowers, plants, trees, clouds, lake and ocean, grew and flourished, while his cultured stepfather fostered his equally natural taste for art, music, poetry and literature. One of his earliest gifts to Charley, whom he loved with a true father's tenderness, was a full set of Thackeray's works, which the poet today clings to as one of his choicest possessions. He early owned his own skiff and thus learned the secrets of the river and lake, became a good oarsman and a daring swimmer, and necessarily being left largely to himself, he accustomed himself long before he was ten years old to taking long tramps into the woods and the hills to study the habits of the wild things, animate and inanimate, he saw around him. Some of his happiest recollections are of the times that he used to get up before daylight in order to satisfy his passion for watching the sunrise over the lake and through the woods, catching the earliest whisperings of the dawn in insect, bird and floral life, and then in listening to and imitating the morning songs of the happy birds.

By the time he was in the grammar school and not yet thirteen years of age, he organized an Agassiz Society. This ambitious attempt to lead his schoolmates into his own realms of intellectual and emotional delight led to an amusing and rather embarrassing event, which the poet chuckles over nowadays with great glee. The first meeting was announced to take place at his own home, and it is somewhat doubtful whether, before the home folks were informed, they had been consulted as to their acquiescence in the proposed arrangement. When the day arrived it happened to be very rainy, and as the hour approached Charles felt that it would prevent the assembling of his boy and girl friends. But the doorbell rang, and on his hastening to let the eager students in, he was rather abashed to greet none but girls. Again and again he hurried to the door and each time it was to let in more girls, until at last his father's study seemed full of little girls, all of whom, in raincoats and rubbers, had braved the rain, while not a boy appeared. It turned out afterwards that the lads had arrived, but had remained whistling outside, each daring the other to come in, but no one taking the dare until it was too late, as manifested by the going home of the girls. Of course Charley was teased about his "girls' society"—in spite of the fact that the boys were even more active later on than the girls—but he bravely kept up the interest, seeking to lead his fellow-students to original observation and research and quickening them by the reports of his own happy experiences in this line.

One of his boy friends was Frank Barker

who had a sister Mabel, some three years younger than himself, and when Charley was fifteen years old (in 1886) and went to the high school, he and Frank spent much time together. When vacation time came the two boys took their skiffs and went camping on Cedar Lake, Wisconsin. After they had established their camp they spent a happy month sailing, fishing, studying the birds and making photographs. The next year (1887) they went again, the trip ending in their paddling down the Milwaukee River and running the rapids. They worked their way along, stopping overnight at farmhouses and sleeping in barns, etc. That year saw the breaking up of the Milwaukee home, the health of Charles' stepfather being so precarious that Dr. Bartlett decided he must remove to California, in the hope that the balmy climate would restore him to his wonted vigor and health. The manly lad was left behind to pack and ship the household goods, and upon him was also placed the responsibility of selling three thousand of his stepfather's books and his fine art collection.

Settled in Berkeley, Charles's first out-of-door experience in California was the following summer in the Cazadero Redwoods, which was a glorious introduction to the life he was to enjoy in the heart of the wild places of this state of perpetual and ever varied out-of-door delights.

The following year, a high school friend, several years his senior, and now Dr. Theodore S. Palmer, assistant chief of the United States Biological Survey, came to him with a letter he had just received from the United States Department of Agriculture, offering to send both boys out as field agents of the department to make especial studies of the birds, etc., of this western land. "But," replied Charles, "I can't go. I've still two months' work in the high school, and I want to go through the university." He decided to talk it over with his stepfather, however, whose far-seeing brain quickly discerned the advantage this practical field work

Photo by S. V. Webb

CHARLES KEELER, POET AND SCIENTIST

would be to his ambitious son, whose school efforts were apt to sap his growing powers; hence he quietly led him to consider the proposition, by saying that if his teachers would agree to let him go without losing his standing, he could see no reason why he should not go. This was soon arranged, the superintendent agreeing to see that he was entered at the university without further school work.

The result was the spring saw him duly connected with the United States Biological Survey, detailed to Carson City, Nevada, with a roving commission to study and report on the birds, animals and reptiles of the region. From the Carson Valley he went to Lake Tahoe, Lake Pyramid, Winnemucca Lake, etc. When he started for Winnemucca Lake his ambition prompted him to the determination to there make a big record, and in carrying this out he met his Waterloo. The midday temperature was often as high as 115 degrees Fahrenheit, and he overworked, and finally came down with a fever. As he was speedily growing worse, he asked to be relieved, but his chief said he could not spare him. To aid his recovery he said he would give him an increased salary and send him to the more bracing climate of Idaho. But Charles resolved to go home. Fate was preparing another and far greater ordeal for him.

His health partially restored, he entered the University of California that fall, and had just taken two months of his college work when his stepfather was completely laid by with a cancer in his throat. The two were devoted to each other, and in spite of his father's protests, Charles left college and took entire charge of the case, until the poor man, unable to take nourishment, literally starved to death. It was a sad trip the eighteen-year-old lad took with his father's body to Los Angeles, where, on Thanksgiving Day, when all the rest of the world was voicing its praise to God, he stood in the crematory of the southern city and saw all that remained of the man who had ever been a true and loving father to him consigned to the fierce heat, which soon left naught but a small pile of ashes.

Charles returned home to Berkeley; his mother was prostrate with a grief that would not be assuaged, his sister was a confirmed invalid, and the prop of the family was gone. It was a weighty burden the nineteen-year-old lad was called upon to bear. The sister's condition soon demanded a capital operation; his mother's health steadily failed, and though Charles returned to his college studies, he was compelled to give them up again when, in April, 1891, his mother quietly passed away from the life in which she had seen so much of sadness and grief mingled with her joys and blessings.

For a year or two the thoughtful youth's mind had been directed to a study of the theory of evolution, and owing to the love he had for birds, it was natural that the idea should occur to him to apply this theory to the many and variegated colors of the plumage of birds. He thought evolution might perhaps explain the significance of these varieties, and give a key to the differences that were found to exist.

His observations were many and varied and of the most interesting and illuminating character, and so rapidly did his ideas crystallize that when, on his mother's death, he went with his two half brothers and sister to place her body in the Milwaukee cemetery, he decided to continue on East for the purpose of studying in the museums of Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Washington, etc., the bird collections found there. In July he returned to California, where with persistent energy he continued his observations and studies in his chosen field.

There had always been a strong moral and religious bias in the growing lad's mind, and events were now shaping to test his moral fiber, as the incidents of the past had tested his general manliness and readiness to face the untoward elements of life. While in college (when he was but nineteen years old), he organized the Berkeley Evolution Club. He and a few chosen friends began reading Darwin, Huxley and Wallace. Soon a volume of Haeckel came into their hands. The club would meet around at the homes of its various members, and as the discussions were generally lively and always interesting and good natured, the club increased in numbers and influence, and many were the homes to which it was invited. It happened that one of the stiffest and hardest contentions that the club had felt fell on a day when Haeckel's attacks upon the book of Genesis were read at the home of a friend whose orthodoxy could not bear the bitter onslaught of the German savant. He replied—as one can well understand he would reply—that such attacks weakened one's faith in the Divine Word of God, and were an assault upon all true religion and morality, etc. With considerable warmth the young leader and founder of the club responded to this attack, defended the author, proclaimed that the search after truth could not be arrested by the threats of the orthodox, and that if science disproved the claims of old belief, then so much the worse for old beliefs.

The outcome was to be expected. The outraged friend went around and attacked the club as the avowed defender of atheism and infidelity, and Keeler himself as a dangerous character, who disbelieved in the Bible and therefore one who had no established religious or moral character. Most of the homes where the meetings of the past had been held were incontinently closed against the club for the future, and the young iconoclast was compelled to have all subsequent meetings in his own home. The excitement was great. The meetings were crowded. The local clergy took up the matter and two of them began a course of sermons denouncing the dangerous and atheistical doctrine of evolution, one of them not sparing the young student who had dared to set up his judgment and ideas against the teachings held by the church for centuries. One minister even took Joseph Le Conte's diagram, which shows the evolution of all species, from the primordial protoplasm through the mollusc, the fish, the reptile, the bird, the mammal, up to the man, and showed that the scientist had stopped too soon. He should have continued it and made a new class and entitled them "sinners," from which nothing but the "blood of Christ" could save them. But the Evolution Club thrived and prospered, and in the meantime the young student still conscientiously worked away at his monograph on the evolution of color in birds, and to his delight the California Academy of Sciences decided to publish it as soon as it was completed. He was now lecturing regularly in San Francisco, writing scientific articles, with occasional poems—or, as he modestly terms them, verses—attending concerts, operas, and fostering his love for music and art. It was at this time that he purchased his first painting, by William Keith. He bought it on the instalment plan, and the dealer was so interested in his enthusiasm that he spoke to the artist about his purchaser, and that led to their meeting. This first meeting so warmed the heart of the great painter to his poet-faced, boyish admirer that they became great friends—a friendship that grew warmer and dearer up to the time of the artist's death, Keith having given to Keeler the highest possible proofs of his confidence and love.

Other friendships were made at this period in that of John Le Conte, the great physicist, and Joseph, his brother, the eminent geologist, of Howison, the philosopher, and others of that brilliant group of men who made the California State University at Berkeley in those earlier years one of the great educational centers of the world. These men had organized the Philosophical Union, and to their meetings the young poet and scientist was cordially welcomed. At this time a great conflict was waging in his own mind between art on the one hand, with its allurements of poetry, literature, music and painting, and science as in his bird studies on the other. The theory of evolution had completely captured him for the time being, but in the Philosophical Union he came in touch for the first time strongly enough to seriously arouse his thought with the idealism of which Professor Howison was so brilliant an exponent. In his desire to refute this, to him new and dangerous doctrine, Keeler undertook to reply to Professor Howison, and, as so often happens in such a case, his study of the subject to controvert it led to his firmly embracing it. This practically determined his career, and it may be termed the great epoch marking point in his life.

But the struggles he had passed through in the tortures of his mother, the nursing and death of his stepfather, the dangerous invalidism of his beloved sister, and the final illness and death of his mother, had so preyed upon him mentally and physically that, though he still persisted in working on his bird book and continuing his other studies, his health gave way and he was soon in quite a serious condition. But his will power kept him persistent and dogged, and early in 1893, when he was just about twenty-one years of age, he completed the book. At the same time he was compelled to go into the hands of his physician, suffering from nervous prostration.

Photo by S. V. Webb CHARLES KEELER IN HIS STUDIO ON THE BERKELEY HILLS

About this time he was returning home from a call upon Professor Joseph Le Conte when Mrs. Clinton Day, the wife of the eminent architect, who lived next door, called to him and asked him to come in and meet a young lady who was visiting her. The poet told her he had an appointment at home, but Mrs. Day persisted that it would delay him but a moment, and she stepped into the house and called Miss Louise Bunnell to come out upon the porch and meet Charles Keeler. She was a student of entomology and of art, was interested in poetry and philosophy, and the two soon discovered that they had curiously varied interests in common. This was the beginning of a very close friendship, and as they attended some of the same classes in the university, and Miss Bunnell and Keeler's sister became warm friends, it was natural that the feeling between them should soon develop into that sentiment that leads to marriage.

In the summer of 1892 they and their friends spent some time together in the beautiful region near Mount Ben Lomond, and here the matter was fully decided that they were destined for each other. Yet as both were in delicate health, they decided they ought not to marry. It was a matter of conscience with both of them, and yet, though both were decided and firm, the natural longings for union made the situation hard to be borne. Accordingly it was deemed best for Miss Bunnell to go to New York.

Left behind in rapidly failing health, life looked pretty gloomy to the hard-working youth, still "digging away" at his bird book. As soon as it was done, the release from mental pressure seemed to make his lonesomeness all the more vivid and one day he came downstairs and announced that he had decided to go to New York by Cape Horn, in a sailing vessel. Going over to San Francisco, he learned that two vessels were to sail one in three days, the other in three weeks. Desirous of hearing what his physician, Dr. Liliencrantz, thought about it, he went to consult with him, and, strange to say, before the poet had declared his errand, the physician said that he was on the point of writing to advise him that his only hope of recovery lay in a prolonged sea voyage. He was much surprised when Mr. Keeler said: "I have already engaged my passage on the 'Charmer,' which sails in three days."

Mr. Keeler kept a journal on this trip and it is full of fascinating incidents and observations. The captain regarded him as the Jonah of the trip, and when they were becalmed in the Doldrums and ran into a frightful storm off Cape Horn, his worst judgment seemed to be confirmed, to the manifest increase in his disagreeable treatment of his helpless passenger.

New York, however, was reached at last in safety, but the much-improved health of the poet was destined to bear a new strain, and his mind was inclined to believe the captain's Jonah theory when, on writing to Miss Bunnell's address, he found that she had returned with her father a short time before to the Coast.

For two days the news seemed to stun him, then, with the resolution that has always marked his career, he determined to return home. Stopping awhile at the World's Fair, he finally reached California, and though he and his beloved were still in frail health, they decided after a full consideration of the matter that as they were both doomed to die anyhow, they might as well die married as unmarried. Accordingly the ceremony was performed and then they did the very wisest thing young people under such circumstances could have done. They went into the wilderness, forty miles above Ukiah, at the head waters of the Eel River, on a cattle ranch, where their only companionship was with the cattleman, his wife and their two children. Here they remained, merely coming down to spend Christmas with Mrs. Keeler's parents in San Francisco, their return trip to camp being in the last wagon able to cross the river until they forded it again in the spring on their return to Berkeley.

This isloated period was a prolonged honeymoon of a keen intellectual and spiritual character, for Mrs. Keeler shared fully all her husband's passionate love for art and literature, and she uplifted his ambitions as well as widening and deepening them. During this time he wrote a Greek play of five acts, "Theseus," upon which he built great hopes, but which, like many youthful endeavors, was but a test for his wings for higher flight.

In 1894 he published his first book of verse, entitled "A Light Through the Storm," a book confessedly immature, though the following brief selections clearly demonstrate the possession of the poetic fire and imagination:

AN ARROW'S FLIGHT

An arrow's flight
With no end in sight
Through the silent night.
Only a winging
And sudden singing
And flash of white.

O, arrow, arrow,
With path so narrow
And flight so far,
Not like the sparrow
That falls and dies
Is thy flight through the skies.
Thou art aimed at a star.

SONG

It's O and it's O
Where the cowslips grow,
Down in the meadow, my love, we'll go,
Where the song-sparrow starts from its hidden nest,
And dewdrops hang on each grass-blade's crest;
We'll find where the breeze murmurs coolest and best,
There to rest, my love, to rest.

For it's O and it's O
Where the soft breezes blow,
Mid the sweet-scented clover, my love, we will go;
There the warm south wind will tell us its bliss,
For never was known such a rapture as this,
And there in the meadow 'twill not come amiss,
One kiss, my love, one kiss.

STONES FOR BREAD

"Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give he give him a stone.—*Mett. vii:*9.

Stones for bread, stones for bread,
We are giving them every day;
Stones for bread and a turf for the dead
Are riches we give away.

It is words of stone for the bread of love,
It is stones for the bread of life,
It is churches of stone for the God above,
For stones in this world are rife.

But oh, my heart, it is bread, not stones,
That keeps you still beating true,
And oh, my soul, it is love that atones
For the evil things we do.

Several of the songs of this little volume were set to music by one of San Francisco's leading musicians, H. B. Bassmore, but the volume as a whole received scant attention. It was published by William Doxey in San Francisco, and is now quite rare.

Whether there be a Special Providence that watches over some people and allows others to apparently "go down," strange and peculiar events do happen in some people's lives, and one of these occurred about this time in the young married couple's life. They had decided to go to Italy and spend several years there, and on talking it over with their traveled friends they found that one of them, Professor Whiting and his family, were intending to leave shortly for the East, going to New York by way of Panama. They decided to accompany him, and arrangements were about concluded when Mrs. Keeler learned that she was to become a mother. Consequently they were compelled to give up the trip.

Professor Whiting, however, went on the steamer "Colima." The deck was loaded with lumber and in a storm the ship listed. As the storm continued, a great wave struck the vessel again and completely overturned it. This was off the coast of Mexico in May, 1895.

That summer the young couple went off for a quiet rest in the Redwoods, where they and their friend, Maybeck, the architect, planned their home. When he learned that a child was expected he laughingly said, "You'll have to have a home now. Let me plan it for you." Maybeck was an original, a man of most beautiful nature, consecrated to his work, and anxious to show how the vital and simple in architecture was the most beautiful. Hitherto he had been tied down by the demands of his patrons, but now the poet gave him the opportunity he had for so long desired. The result was the beautiful house, so different, so individualistic, in which the poet lived and received his friends for nearly a dozen years, and that formed an epoch in the thought of the Berkeley people in regard to architecture and civic improvement.

A club, known as the Hillside Club, was formed, which should help shape public opinion in regard to the artistic development of the neighborhood and it has ever since had greater influence in promoting the purer and simpler styles as opposed to the over-ornate and pretentious in domestic architecture.

A part of the summer was spent in visiting Miss Adeline Knapp, the poet and essayist, whose brilliant mind gathered about her a coterie of the most intellectual men and women of California. She lived on the Fruitvale Hills, just below Joaquin Miller's home, and near to Edwin Markham. Here came Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, William Greer Harrison, Edna Snell Poulson and other writers and poets, who would discuss certain subjects of general interest. Miss Knapp would have a stenographer present who made notes, from which she would prepare most interesting symposiums for the San Francisco *Call* and which were entitled "Holidays on Mt. Olympus."

That fall he entered into charge of the Berkeley Unitarian Church Sunday-school, a work that had much influence upon his own development. For he began what was then regarded as a most revolutionary thing in Sunday-school teaching. He urged that they were not yet ready to study the Bible and he openly advocated a preliminary course in nature, history and comparative religion as a preparation. The result was that he found himself called upon to prepare weekly lessons for large and growing classes in the beginnings of religion among the aboriginal peoples, comparative religion, etc. As a further cultivation an orchestra was organized, which presented only the best in music, and each week Mr. Keeler gave a general talk to the whole school upon some one of the masters of art and his work, using such pictures as he was able to obtain to illustrate the products of their genius and power.

The Christmas festivites of the Sunday-school called forth a beautiful little play from his pen called "In Quest of Truth." The scene opened in a medieval castle, where a knight and his lady love are discussing whether he shall go with a band of pilgrims who are starting out on the quest of Truth. The lady refuses to let him go save on one condition, namely, that he goes blindfolded. He agreeing, she ties her scarf over his eyes, and when the pilgrims call, he goes forth on his endless quest.

In the second act the Fates are weaving the magic robe. The pilgrims come to them, seeking Truth, and pause before one after another of the Fates, bidding her declare her name. One is Life, another Death, a third Change. Finally Proserpine tells them that they seek in vain for Truth in their midst. She is to be found in Fairyland, and Proserpine and the Fates offer to lead them there.

The third act is in the bower of the fairies. In the center is a magic ring with the veiled figure of Truth surrounded by dancing fairies. The Pilgrims step forward to claim the prize of Truth, stating by what right they consider themselves worthy of her. One is Wealth, another Power, a third Wisdom, but the fairies continue to dance and the ring remains unbroken. Finally Doubt steps forward, leading Faith. Doubt makes no claim to the prize, but when Faith (the knight of the first act now blindfolded) claims the prize, the ring is broken, the veil is lifted from Truth and she is revealed the lady love of the first act. The knight kneels before his lady and the chorus sing:

Love is Truth, and Truth is Love,
Seek thy Truth, O hearts, above.
Seek thy Truth at Beauty's goal
Love and Beauty round the whole.

The purpose of the play was to teach in symbolic form that Love is Truth and Truth is Love. The poet composed the music for it, and the general reception of it showed that the play had made a deep impression.

In the meantime, on the 26th of October, Merodine, the first child of Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, was born. She was named after a character the poet had introduced into an ambitious poem he had written, entitled "The Promise of the Ages."

This was a presentation of the poet's philosophy and showed the conflict between idealism and materialism. It was dedicated to the philosopher and Christian evolutionist, Joseph Le Conte, who was ever one of Mr. Keeler's warmest friends and admirers. The poem was read by its author before an audience in which was a gathering of such men as seldom honors so young a man on such an occasion. Among those present were President Kellogg of the State University, Professors Howison, Le Conte, Moses, William Keith, the artist, and practically the whole faculty. The effect of the reading was enhanced by the soft and gentle playing of Beethoven's sonatas.

The poem was privately printed and published in 1896. In that same year he wrote and published "The Siege of the Golden City," dedicated to the Altruria movement of his friend and pastor, Mr. Payne, who was seeking to carry out the dream so long held by humanitarians of establishing an ideal city, where men and women should really live the life of pure, sweet, helpful brotherhood.

The book, however, was a disappointment. It was incorrectly proof-read, so the whole edition was destroyed and it has never since been reissued.

In September and October of that year Mr. Keeler decided to see what he could do in New York. He wished to try his wings away from home. His wife's aunt, Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas* and writer of many excellent books for children, cordially invited him to spend some time at her home, so he went. He had the pleasure of being at the dinner given to J. M. Barrie, and met most of the leading authors, among others S. Weir Mitchell and Thomas Nelson Page. Edmund Clarence Stedman and George E. Woodberry were especially kind to him, and Richard Watson Gilder, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Bailey

Aldrich and many others entertained him at their homes and took a friendly interest in his work.

But it was an unpropitious time for one who regarded life and his work as seriously as did he. Gillett Burgess had just tickled the risibilities of the world with his "Purple Cow" and other delicious absurdities in "The Lark," and the eastern people did not regard with favor the young man from the West who gave them long poems on evolution and symbolic plays, when they expected something new and more novel that would make them laugh.

Accordingly he returned, feeling that in his own circle there were more really seriously-minded people who were more earnestly grappling with the problems of life than those he had met.

In April of 1897 his health again gave way, and he was brought near to death, during which time a local trouble was developed which distressed him for over twelve years. As soon as he was able to travel, he and his wife went up into the Sierras, where they were hospitably entertained at the Howell's ranch, near Colfax. The hostess was the mother of Mr. J. G. Howell, well known east and west as the manager of the San Francisco publishing house of Paul Elder & Co. Here he speedily gained strength, and then Charles F. Lummis, the editor of *Out West*, then in its palmy days, invited him to the southern part of the state. He arranged with Judge Egan, who had control of the Franciscan mission of San Juan Capistrano, to fix one of its rooms up as a residence, and there he and his wife remained awhile, after which they went on to the Mohave Desert, where their only associates were mining men and railway section hands. But funds were at a low ebb, as well as health and strength, and the "days were evil," until one day the mail brought a welcome letter from Mr. John J. Byrne, the assistant traffic manager of the Sante Fe system, asking the poet if he would undertake the preparation of a pamphlet on Southern California the railroad wished to issue, and for which he would be glad to have Mrs. Keeler make the illustrations.

Naturally the work was undertaken, and it gave the couple the opportunity to travel and see under the most favorable circumstances and at the same time tided them over the finanical crisis in their affairs. The book was entitled "Southern California." It was published in 1898 and was by far the best work of its kind ever issued, being of a high literary quality and most artistically illustrated throughout.

June and July of 1899 saw another piece of good fortune in an invitation to join the Harriman exploring expedition to Alaska. The great railroad magnate had requisitioned a steamer and with John Burroughs, John Muir, George Bird Grinnell, R. Swain Gifford and a collection of authors and artists such as no other patron of literature in the world, perhaps, had ever been able to gather together, was going to explore and report on the various natural features of Alaska. Dr. C. Hart Merriman, chief of the United States Biological Survey, organized the scientific and literary part of the expedition and it was through him that Mr. Keeler was invited. He roomed with John Muir and helped study the birds and flowers. John Burroughs occupied the next room. What a privilege and what a stimulus to the active brain and eager heart of such a man.

The literary and scientific results of this expedition were published by Mr. Harriman in a series of most beautifully printed and illustrated volumes, and Mr. Keeler's work holds an honored place with that of the other distinguished scientists who engaged in it.

In 1900 Mr. A. Robertson of San Francisco published his "Idyls of El Dorado," a booklet of about one hundred pages of verse, beautifully decorated with designs from the wild flowers of California by Mrs. Keeler. In this volume is his "Invocation to California," which not a few declare to be one of the best poetic summaries of what California is that has yet been penned. The last stanza has the right ring:

Here, here where the breezes of freedom are blowing,
Shall beauty burst full into flow'rage today,
And the will to do right shall, in proud hearts, be growing,
With might to command and with strength to obey.

The last third of the book is of especial interest to Californians in that it contains six nature myths of California, one of which is "How Shasta Won the Fire." It tells how Shasta became a volcano and recounts the reason for the lava flows that poured down Shasta's sides into the valley beneath. The book concludes with a soul-stirring "Address to the God of Light," in which Mr. Keeler's muse attains a purity, strength and ease of flight that stamps his work as the pure production of genius or inspiration; *vide* these lines:

Life, at thy bidding, leaps from
 formless stone;
The gods of sea and land, of
 cloud and shore
All own thy sovereignty, majes-
 tic king!
Thou makest cold things warm
 with ardent touch,
Thou castest sorrow to the
 winds of night,
Thou fillest earth and heav'n
 with joy and love!

The year 1900 was a sad one to Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, in that they lost their baby. The effect of this loss upon Mrs. Keeler's health was severe. She was compelled to keep her bed, and the poet's days and nights were devoted to loving care and attention to her needs. There seemed to be no organic trouble, but simply a lack of tone and power to recuperate.

One night as he sat by his wife's bedside, the telephone bell rang, and on going to answer it, the poet was asked, "Don't you want to go to Tahiti? A trip to the South Seas will do you good! The steamer leaves next Monday or Tuesday. Can you go?"

Mr. Keeler responded that his wife was ill in bed and far too sick to allow him even to consider such a thing. Nevertheless the friend who had extended the invitation said he would call him up again and see if he had not changed his mind.

As soon as Mrs. Keeler heard of the conversation she asked, "Why couldn't I go?" Though at first the question seemed absurd, it seemed less so the more it was considered, and it was decided they should both go if some one could be found to take care of five-year-old Merodine. This was not done, so, finally, with Merodine and her nurse, Mr. and Mrs. Keeler left San Francisco on the Oceanic Company's steamer for a six weeks' cruise in the South Seas—a trip that had been arranged by the friend who had called up Mr. Keeler on the 'phone. Though Mrs. Keeler was so ill that she had to be carried from her bed to a carriage to be taken on board the steamer, the sea air and the change were so invigorating to her that when they arrived at Tahiti she was nearly restored to health.

Photo by kind courtesy of Miss Annie W. Brigman, Oakland, California

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEELER

In their beautiful and interesting play, "Land of Heart's Desire"

The literary work also that the poet sent back was so satisfactory that the six weeks expanded into a year, and Tahiti, Cook Islands, New Zealand and New South Wales in turn were visited; a return made to New Zealand, and then Samoa (including the Maniiki Islands) were touched at.

This trip was most stimulating to the poet, as well as of the greatest benefit to the health of his wife. It was just what she needed, and the many beautiful sketches that came from her pen at this time and that were used to illustrate Mr. Keeler's magazine articles, etc., descriptive of what they together saw, testify to her delight and pleasure as well as her indefatigability when free from the bondage of sickness.

It was while on this trip, too, that Mr. Keeler had a wonderful and concrete example presented to him of the biblical aphorism, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Mrs. Keeler's father, James S. Bunnell, was the auditor for Wells, Fargo's Express Company. For many years the honored cashier of the company was Mr. Banks. One day to the horror and amazement of Mr. Bunnell, he learned that the cashier had defaulted and had fled to escape arrest. He went to Rarotonga, with which place no extradition treaty existed with the United States, and became the bookkeeper at the trading post or store. When the Keelers landed he was told that a lady from the ship had known him when she was a little girl. So he hunted them up and asked them to his home, where his native wife served them with cocoanuts to drink. He had a flag pole in front of his little coral home, and whenever a steamer came to port he flew the American flag there. He was a broken down old man, but much respected by the people of Rarotonga.

While in New Zealand Mr. Keeler met Lieutenant C. F. Watson, a friend of the then Duke of York, now the king of England. The lieutenant took a great fancy to little Merodine and invited her to visit him on "The Ophir," where she was introduced to the Duke. This visit and meeting led to another interesting incident. While the Keelers were in Samoa they saw "H. M. S. Pilades" steam into the harbor. At the reception that was given to the officers of the English vessel by the American officers, Mr. Keeler was asked to read a poem, and it was then that he gave his "Invocation" for the first time. To say that it was well received is to state the fact mildly. Its frank, generous and exquisitely poetic tribute to the English race in its one greatest pride—its mastery of the sea—so won the hearts of the English auditors that they were vociferously enthusiastic in their praise of the poem, and what was of deeper significance still, expressed their sincere hope that the happy vision of the poet might speedily become realized. It is such personal contacts as this between the highest type of representatives of a kindred race that keep alive the warmth of friendly relationship and do a thousand fold more than all the formal treaties ever signed to keep the nations in friendly compact.

The year 1902 saw the fruits of the South Sea trip in "A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea," a dainty volume, published by A. M. Robertson of San Francisco. This opens with a truly majestic "Invocation to the Sea." This was written in Australia and is a powerful plea to the whole Anglo-Saxon race to join in an alliance for peace. Read these lines aloud to get their swing, and it can well be seen that they were written not only under high moral urge, but while their author was under the spell of the sea:

Thou hast taught strength unto this favored race,
O sea, and courage and endurance tried;
Now grant them the one priceless gift of grace,
And free them from the deadly sin of pride!
Croon them a grand old love song, Mother sea,
Teach them that love alone is empery
That fate at last defies the mailed hand,
That only what the heart calls right can stand!
Let them unite for peace about the sphere,
Let them unite for justice, let them hear
The still, small voice above thy call immane
Of passion and of power; let them gain
That subtler conquest of the heart of man
Which makes for God's great undeveloped plan.
Sing this, O sea, more clearly than of yore!
Shout thy glad paean round each rockbound shore!
Let England hear it, let thy mighty prayer
Roll to America and rouse an answer there!

O may the west Pacific's boundless deep
In choir responsive round the Orient sweep
Bearing glad tidings to the Austral coast,
Cheering Cathay and all her gloomy host.
The Saxon genius, cradled by the sea,
Has grappled now with human destiny
The Saxon spirit, resolute and strong,
Shall stand united 'gainst the hosts of wrong;
Shall fight for liberty, shall toil for peace,
Till lo! the turmoils of the nations cease!
England, America, join hands today,
Cast to the winds all discord, nor delay
The triumph of thy union.

I wish I could quote the whole poem. It has the right ring, the ring of sincerity and truth, and the appeal is irresistible. In this song alone Mr. Keeler proves his right to the title "poet," and as years pass by he will be the better known because its stirring lines will doubtless be translated into action.

But at no time was Mr. Keeler's efforts confined to one thing. This same year saw him active in the arts and crafts movement. A few friends did excellent work in his home, though for lack of funds the movement somewhat lagged. In the meantime the Hillside Club was organized by a group of ladies, and about this time they came to the poet to urge its reorganization, taking in both sexes, with the object of interesting the people of the neighborhood in good, simple, picturesque architecture; in handicrafts; in gardens; in the proper planning of streets; planting of trees, etc. For two years he served as president of the club, which in due time built a fine club house for its exhibitions, lectures and classes, etc., and has ever since wielded a quiet but recognizedly potent influence in the development of North Berkeley along truly artistic lines. The open-air sleeping porch, now an almost universal feature of the newer homes all over Berkeley, had its inception in the club—in fact, the first one was built on Mr. Keeler's own home.

That year he also published his "San Francisco and Thereabouts," which, while originally written for the California Promotion Committee, has since the fire been published as a standard work upon the City of Destiny as it was prior to 1906. Over fourteen thousand copies of it have been sold, and its popularity is still attested by its steady and constant sale.

While upon a visit to Mount Hamilton, he and his children were quarantined on account of sickness, and it was during this time that he wrote the wildflower portions of his "Elfin Songs"—later to be published —and also his sonnet on Mount Hamilton, which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1903.

A very interesting article might be written alone upon the men of power and character with whom it has been Mr. Keeler's good fortune to be brought in intimate contact. Among others may be mentioned Joseph Le Conte, the philosopher and scientist, George H. Howison, the idealistic philosopher and founder of the Berkeley Philosophical Union; William Keith, the artist, who was not only a lifelong friend, with whom he used to go on walks in the hills, but with whom both he and his wife studied; John Muir and John Burroughs, the naturalists, who both went on the Harriman Alaska trip; David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University and the Academy of Sciences, on the council of which Mr. Keeler was long a member; Henry Holmes, a violinist and composer of the old master's type, and who composed the music to several of his songs and for his plays; Bernard Maybeck, one of the most creative and vital architects California has ever had; Edwin Markham, the poet, etc. What an inspiration for any young man, to be allowed to associate with such men, all save Maybeck much older than himself. They constituted a group as earnest in purpose and lofty in their ideals as could be found anywhere in the world, and their intellectual power was equalled only by their actual ability to accomplish things in the great world of men of activity and achievement. There can be no doubt but that their freindship has been one of the chief factors in Mr. Keeler's development.

In 1904 the Dramatic Brotherhood was organized, in which he took a leading interest, and several of his songs were set to music by Professor H. B. Passmore. He also composed a Spanish mission play, "Senorita Viviana," the scene of which was laid at the old Franciscan mission of San Luis Rey in 1812. The scenery and costumes were designed by Maybeck, the incidental songs composed by Passmore and Henry Holmes, and a big closing chorale for orchestra and chorus by Holmes. The old trouble, lack of funds, prevented the full production of the play, but the poet has given it with great success on several occasions as a dramatic reading.

Soon thereafter he prepared and published another dramatic endeavor, "The Triumph of Light," a California midwinter sun mystery, published in 1904.

It was produced in Berkeley on January 7, 1905, and was given in the Unitarian Church to an audience that packed the structure to the doors. This "masque" is essentially Californian, typifying much of the state's rich endowment of beauty and glory. Mortality, represented by an old man, sick in body and mind, as the result of the wrongful endeavors he has had to put forth to gain worldly success, is found, on the raising of the curtain, beside a newly-made grave. He sadly and dolefully wails forth as the lights burn dim that life is a failure, all is darkness and gloom before him. Trooping about him, singing in tones of doleful melancholy and direst sadness are the spirits of woe, chaos and night.

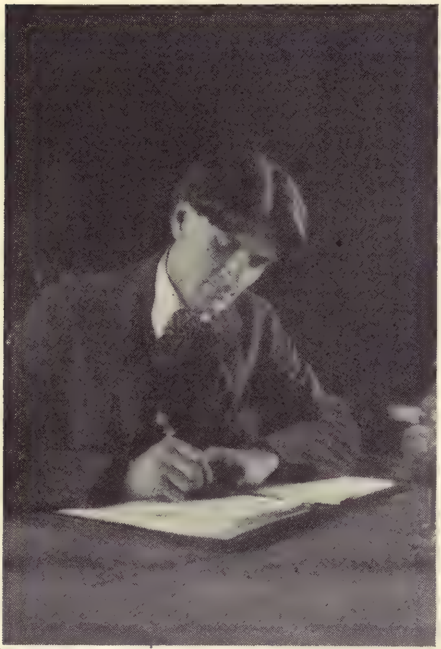


Photo by S. V. Webb CHARLES KEELER
Working on one of his books

Above the chorus Mortality again calls forth his sadness and sorrow.

Then, suddenly, Dawn appears, the Morning Star shines forth in resplendent beauty, and the woeful singers of gloom are driven away. Mother Nature appears and Mortality, aroused from his death dream, comes forward and appeals to Mother Nature to give him new life, new opportunity, new hope.

Mother Nature agrees to do so and turns to all the spirits of California to aid her bring about the desired result. And now a proud pageant commences. Led by Mother Nature, Sequoia, Pinus, Quercus, Madrono, Pacificus, the Sierrades, Sacramento, Shasta, nymphs and dryads led by Pan pass in review before the now-aroused Mortality. Mother Nature calls forth the flowers, birds, and trees to help her continue the good work. And here Mr. Keeler's poetic and scientific knowledge were brought into practical play. No one but both poet and scientist could have conceived and put into execution this exquisitely suggestive portion of the masque. Representing the different flowers, groups of boys and girls trooped merrily in, singing songs and performing appropriate and suggestive dances. The decorations for these dances were the wild flowers themselves, all of which had been gathered from the hillsides and fields on the day of the performance. The final dance was a complete dance of all the flowers, in which a dainty and graceful fancy was the leaves playing in the wind.

Mortality now tells how he won wealth, power, fame, and all the things that worldly men hold dear, but how unsatisfying they all are to him, and Mother Nature calls upon the King of Day to teach him the real secret of life.

Mother Nature then comes forward and declares with the ingenuous simplicity and assurance of divine impulse that she will take him where he may surely find what he seeks. Then the heralds appear, one by one, announcing the approach of the King of Day. The light has been brightening all through the action, which opens in total darkness. First the faint light of the morning star of Dawn, then the gray and purple mists of morning, the rosy glow of sunrise, and finally the heralds in armor, representing the rays that precede the emergence of the sun. Finally in a burst of light the King of Day in splendid glittering armor, his heralds surrounding him, ascends his throne, and the grouping represents sunrise with the rays of light around it. Litter-bearers in white and gold bring in a covered canopy in which is concealed the mystery of life. Mortality, led by Mother Nature, is initiated by the King of Day, who gives him the torch of truth. The curtains are thrown aside and the child Love is disclosed asleep. Mortality kneels and with his torch awakens the child, who rises and with a kiss confers immortality upon the old man. After the closing religious chant, the lights go out. The voices fade away, singing, and when the lights come on the stage is empty.

In this year, 1905, in April, another child, Eloise, was born, and events moved quietly until 1906—fateful year of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Sometime in the fall Mrs. Keeler's mother and father had been compelled to move East. But in February they returned and about this time the Town and Gown Club of Berkeley prevailed upon Mr. Keeler to arrange for them Yates's "Land of Heart's Desire." In this rather melancholy and sorrowful play Mrs. Keeler took part, and the last time many of her friends saw her alive was when, as Maurteen Bruin, and her husband as Shawn Bruin, she passed away in his arms.

Soon after this Mrs. Keeler's father was stricken with apoplexy, while visiting at her home, and just as they were sitting down to dinner in honor of her mother's birthday. He died three days later. Exactly a week later to a day came the earthquake. The beds of the whole family were out on the open porch. Leonarde's bed was next to the chimney and Merodine's next to his, with no roof over them, while Mrs. Keeler's was further away with a canvas over it. The poet fortunately was awake when the shock came. Leonarde's nightgown was pinned to the mattress with big, heavy safety pins, and realizing the danger from the swaying chimney, Mr. Keeler sprang to the child's bed, caught him under the arms and ripped him out of the clothing and threw him upon his mother's bed, and also took Merodine and placed her there. Then instinctively seeking for protection he covered them all over with bedding and the next moment the chimney fell with a crash directly upon the beds in which the children had been sleeping the moment before.

As soon as his family was cared for, the humanitarian in the poet sent him over to the city of San Francisco to aid in the relief work there, and he was engaged in this work during the whole of the fire. His exciting and thrilling experiences are graphically told in his "San Francisco through Earthquake and Fire," published by Paul Elder & Co. Fighting fire one day, the next he was in an automobile taking aid to the sufferers, and later still in charge of one of the great central stations of the relief work. Though herself in feeble health and much shattered nervously by the disaster, Mrs. Keeler was equally busy in Berkeley, organizing and directing the new clothes and surgical supply department of the city. Church organizations, women's clubs, relief societies, etc., filled orders under her direction. Never very robust and with a heart weakened by the many strains under which she had passed, the work proved too much for her and she collapsed. After a courageous fight for her life, however, she passed away in February, 1907.

That summer Mr. Keeler took the children and lived with them in the Yosemite Valley, thus going to the source of much inspiration, God's great out of doors.

In 1908 he was elected president of the Studio Club of Berkeley, composed of artists, poets, writers and others of similar bent of mind. For this club he wrote two plays, one a problem play, "Art or Love," and another a fairy fantasy entitled "The Will o' the Wisp," both of which were produced with added fame to their author. He was fortunate in finding as a composer for the incidental music, fairy dances and songs for this play, Mrs. Edith Simonds, and she has also written music for others of the poet's songs, eleven of which are now being published by M. Witmark & Sons of New York. Kittie

Cheatham in her Easter matinee concert at the Lyceum Theater, New York, sang one of them, "Fairy Bells," and Nordica, who sat in a box, shouted at the conclusion, "Bravo! Bravo!" and afterwards stated that both song, music and singer had captivated her.

Mr. Keeler is now at work on a new volume of poems. His muse has grown stronger with the years. He has more than ever "gripped the heart of things," and his newer verse shows this enlarged grasp and wider comprehension. In August, 1911, he started on a year's trip around the world. This will add to his experience and give him still further material for the exercise of his muse. The world needs just such poets as Mr. Keeler, and the more he can give, the richer we shall become.

I have already given several specimens of Mr. Keeler's poetry. The charm of his prose style can be seen in the following brief extracts from his "Bird Notes Afield," one of the most interesting and useful of his books, published by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco:

"The grouse is a sooty bird of the pine woods, and although I have observed it to be quite tame in the high Sierras, it was rather shy and retiring in Mendocino County. Once during the late autumn I startled a flock of five or six of them in the dense woods, but during the winter months they entirely disappeared. In late February and March, however, their curious booming was to be heard on every side, although the authors of the sound were extremely difficult to detect. The birds have a habit of alighting upon a pine limb close to the trunk, at a height of from twenty to fifty feet from the ground, in which situation it is well nigh impossible to detect them, so dark is the shade of the foliage and so perfectly does their plumage blend with the tree trunks. Their booming, too, is as elusive as the will o-the-wisp. It may be described as a low, deep, muffled boof, boof, sounding first from one direction and then from another. The general color of the bird is mottled brown, grayer upon the breast and darker on the back, with a broad, dark bend at the tip of the tail."

In the chapter entitled "A Day on the Bay Shore," in which he describes the birds seen out near the San Francisco Bay, he thus tells of one of the species:

"A bird which in many respects seems very like a sandpiper, and which, nevertheless, differs from it in many essential particulars, frequents the bay shore at times. . . . It is the red phalarope, a bird very much like the dunlin in build and general appearance, but which may instantly be known from the airy sandpiper by the fact that it habitually swims upon the water instead of wading. . . . This bird and another of the family, the northern phalarope, are both found about the bay shore and sometimes out on the water far from land.

"They are especially fond of the pools and inlets about the bay, where they may at times be seen in great numbers, the former species being by far the most numerous. They have one habit which I believe is unique among birds, and which serve to mark them even at a considerable distance. Every now and then, while swimming about, they will stop and whirl around in the water several times, almost as if revolving upon a pivot. I have never been able to ascertain the meaning of this singular trick, which always impresses me as an absurd, though graceful, performance. The phalaropes are, indeed, among the most interesting of the shore birds to me on account of their light, graceful ways and their structure, so similar to that of a wader and yet adapted to the habits of a swimmer. To see them gracefully picking up tiny marine life from the surface of the water with their long, fine, black bills, one might fancy them veritable water-sprites."

* * *

"Would that I could describe the host of birds that are on the move in this month (April) of restlessness and activity! The golden-crowned sparrows which lingered as long as they dared have deserted us, and left their near relatives and companions of the winter time, the white crowns, in undisputed possession of the shrubbery. The Oregon junco, or snowbird, has likewise gone north or into the mountains, and the Audubon's warbler has followed it. From the southward has come the demure little western flycatcher to spend the summer in our canyons, and following it is the chipping sparrow, the gay Bullock's oriole and the lazuli-bunting. How the season changes! Some birds are hurrying to the north, some are already busy with their nesting, while others are on their way from the south. The grass which covers the bare face of the hills is shimmering green. The flowers are blooming in bountiful profusion. The occasional frosts of the early part of the month have succumbed to the genial warmth of the sun, and the rains have grown less and less frequent. We are at the gates of summer, and as the month draws to a close the birds become more and more settled into the routine of domestic life. Courtship, wedded life, the home, the young, the education of offspring, and the parting—all in the space of two or three summer months! Verily the birds, with their intense activity and ardent passions, lead faster lives then we, who watch them, can realize.

"Thus engaged in the preparations for house building, let us leave them, trusting in another month to arrive at the heart of their domestic tribulations and felicities."

Here is a fine piece of description of a not over-pleasing bird:

"With the advent of spring came the turkey-buzzards, wheeling in easy gyrations from crest to crest of the rugged mountains. A silent shadow passes along the green hillsides, and looking up I see one of these great black creatures, with its outspread, fringed wings, serenely climbing upon the impalpable air in calm triumph at its mastery of the element. Oh, thou ugly, bald-headed harpy, banqueting upon the offal of life's charnel-house, thou hast only to launch upon the air to become sublime."

Just as John Burroughs has his *Slabsides*, so has Charles Keeler his den or retreat, largely built with his own hands and the aid of rude Italian day laborers whom he picked up on the streets. In a most picturesque nook in the Berkeley Hills, surrounded by wild trees, with a small stream dashing and splashing close by, and a spring of his own, filling up a tiny pool where frogs croak to each other among the reeds, he can retire to perfect seclusion. His immediate outlooks are all alluring and delightful—the mountains, a winding vale, stretching off into the purple hills of the distance, and below the cities of Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda, with the glorious Bay of San Francisco, its moles on which the trains run to and from the ferry boats, the shuttling boats, the monster United States battleships and cruisers, the Pacific steamers going to and returning from the Orient, Goat, Alcatiaz and Angel Islands, leading the

Photo by Pitchford

CHARLES KEELER'S STUDIO ON THE BERKELEY HILLS eye along to Mount Tamalpais, up which zigzags the most crooked railway in the world, and below and beyond which is the Golden Gate, the pathway of the setting sun and the westbound vessels. At night time the whole scene is a fairyland of glistening diamonds, or a terrene sky spangled with stars—the ferry-boats and electric-lighted cars are planets on their march, or comets of new and peculiar orbits.

Himself clothed in the silence and solitude of the serene hills, he can sit and look down upon this active and busy world of men and women. Truly a "den" for a poet to retire to and from whence he may pour out his "best" to a waiting and needing world.

For Charles Keeler has a message—not a trumpet-toned message that rings out insistent, positive, demanding the attention of men—but a sweetly elevating message, given with fervor but gentleness, with earnestness but calm deliberation. His words do not as a rule seize, grasp, demand—they steal gently upon the senses, lead, persuade, urge, charm by their alluring beauty. There is no repellent realism, no dragging one through the miry, stenchful slums of life on the plea that here only can one see human nature manifested. Mr. Keeler feels that human nature is well displayed when a father sings sweet songs of the birds and flowers to his children. Hence his "Elfin Songs of Sunlands." Also when a lover sings to his beloved, and even more so when a long-wedded husband tunes his harp for a song to his wife and the mother of his children; to the living men and women who are reaching upward, as well as those who are sinking downward. It must not be thought that there is any uncertainty about what he sings, any weakness, effeminacy, lack of manliness. He is strong, bold, free, even daringly vigorous at times, as, for instance, in this "Fourth of July poem" written in Alaska, when he was a member of the Harriman expedition. He saw there the disregard of the higher moral law in the treatment the Indians received at the hands of the whites, and when these latter came and asked him to write a poem for their "Fourth," he warned them that they might not like what he most assuredly should write, if he wrote at all. He was told to go ahead, and he did so. Here are two of the stanzas, where, in no uncertain terms, he expressed his opinion of the brand of liberty the white race was "peddling out" to the native Alaskans:

Call ye this liberty, where law's strong hand
  In nerveless palsy falters over wrong—
Sing ye of freedom in a lawless land?
  The very winds shall mock your idle song
  And in a wail each syllable of pain prolong.

We who have failed to rule a wilderness
  Now preach of liberty in tropic seas;
Forsooth our sway the Orient hordes shall bless
  While politicians trim to every breeze—
  O God, must our dear sons be slain, such men to please?

It is the hope and belief of all of his friends, and they are many, that this world-around trip that he is now taking will send Mr. Keeler home with greater power and a larger message. The world needs both him and his work, and the more potent it can become, the better will those be who fall under its benign influence.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE MERCHANT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By Charles Winslow Hall

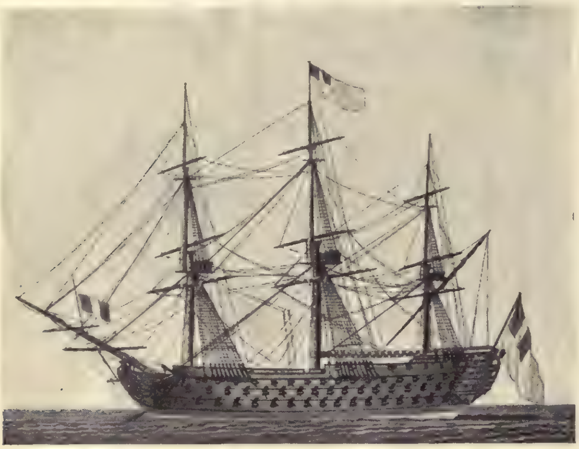
AT the close of the American Revolution France realized that a powerful navy was necessary to maintain her prestige and safety. For some years France had led the world in the beauty and speed of her men-of-war, and in general, in the matter of average tonnage. Few indeed of the British three and four deckers of that era exceeded fourteen hundred tons, but one French ship, the "Commerce de Marseilles," of one hundred and twenty guns, measured 2,327 tons, the largest warship then existing, except the Spanish "Santissima Trinidada," which was a little larger. Few English ships-of-the-line exceeded one thousand tons, and the spars and rigging of the French masterpieces were in strong contrast to the massive and stubby construction and rig of the British "Bulldogs of the Sea." Curiously enough in the brief years of peace thereafter, during which the French king prepared for the last Anglo-French war of his dynasty, English ship-builders constructed in the Gallic shipyards the most formidable and largest warships of the century. It is hardly too much to suppose that they found in this field of occupation and enterprise something more than pay and promotion; the opportunity to break away from the conventional and obsolete traditions of model and rig, which they could not escape from at home in old England.

The cut of the "Commerce de Marseilles" shown herewith demonstrates the decided abandonment of the immensely lofty stern and forecastle so universal in most warships of the time, and although the bowsprit still rakes upward at a sharp angle, the tapering masts, shapely yards and symmetrical tracery of standing and running rigging suggest American types which were soon to become famous in both peace and war.

The great commercial trusts of that day, the English and French East India Companies, the Dutch East India and Dutch West India Companies, and the English Hudson's Bay Company, all owned vessels in size and armament equalling government cruisers of the frigate class, and even surpassed anything but ships of the line. It is needless to say that the Spanish and Portuguese galleons and carracks were of corresponding dimensions and force. There were also powerful guilds and companies, whose capital and profits made it necessary to entrust their ventures to large vessels and even squadrons.

All of these resented competition, and were especially active in repressing colonial commerce, except such as suited their business. Of the temper of English merchants, it is only necessary to quote the opinion of Sir Joshua Child, at one time chairman of the East India Company, who in 1668 said:

"Of all the American plantations, His Majesty has none so apt for the building of ships as New England, nor none comparably so qualified for the breeding of seamen; not only by reason of the natural industry of the people, but principally by reason of their cod and mackerel fisheries; and in my opinion there is nothing more prejudicial and in prospect more dangerous to any mother kingdom than the increase of shipping in her colonies, plantations or provinces."



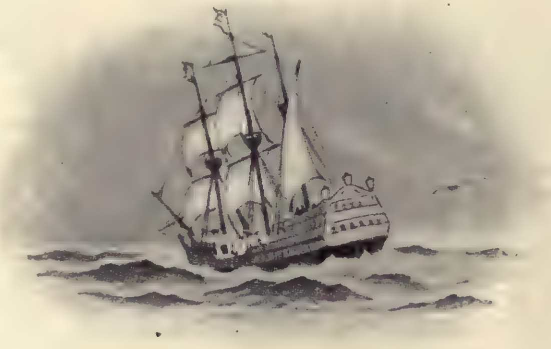
THE "COMMERCE DE MARSEILLES"
120 guns; 2,327 tons; 1798

This narrow and utterly selfish policy, not without some parallels in our own dealings with our oversea dependencies today, exposed our ancestors, in addition to the dangers of the seas, the public enemy and ever-present piracy, to the avarice and corrupt practices of British naval and customs officers, and the blackmail of inferior informers and professional "tide-waiters."

And yet in 1640, only eleven years after the arrival of Governor John Endicott at Salem, the native-built West Indiaman "Desire" arrived from the Bahamas and Tortugas, with a cargo of cotton, tobacco, salt and negro slaves, and later sailed for England, making the passage in the decidedly quick time of only twenty-three days.

For a century thereafter the greater part of the colonial merchantmen were sloops and ketches, the latter a small two-masted vessel with a very tall foremast set about amidships, so as to leave room forward, in a war vessel, for a mortar and its operation. The rig and sail plan seems to have been that of a brigantine. The schooner rig does not seem to have been introduced until 1720, and at that time included square topsails on both masts. Few of the sloops and ketches built exceeded forty tons displacement, and with crews of from four to six men, and the crudest outfit of charts and nautical instruments, made long fishing trips to the Banks, voyages to the West Indies and even to Europe.

The extreme end of Cape Cod saw many little tragedies in those days. A bark of thirty tons and six men was wrecked there in the Seventeenth Century, and Captain Dike and three of his crew were frozen to death. The two survivors saved some food, managed to secure a shelter and fire, and lived in misery for seven weeks before an Indian hunter discovered them and led them to the English settlements higher up the Cape.

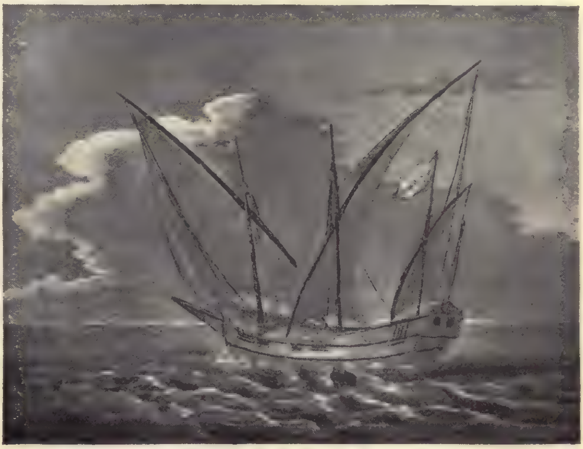


TYPICAL ARMED MERCHANTMAN, 1620–1800

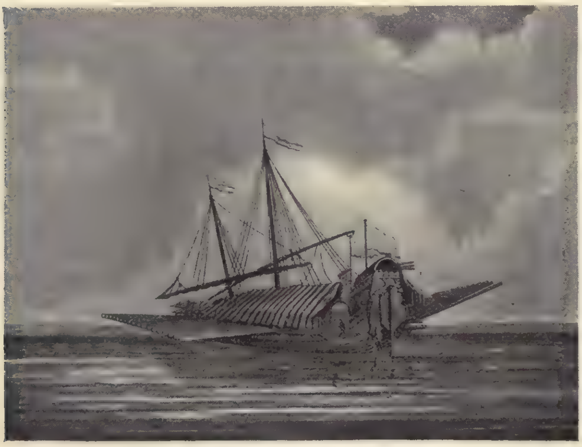
Many of these small vessels engaged in the fisheries; were captured by the eastern Indians and their crews massacred, or carried prisoners to Canada, Port Royal, or Louisburg. Others again were captured by pirates which as early as 1632 made their appearance on the New England coast, or by French privateers and Spanish rovers in and south of Long Island Sound.

The better class of vessels, sailing on "the long voyage," small as they were, had regular "quarters," or tall, thick bulwarks, with portholes for from six to eight small guns on a side; and generally as many swivels or blunderbusses for showering bullets and "langrage" on the enemy.

Always in the Mediterranean, and even as far north as the mouth of the British Channel, the American merchantman was likely to fall a prey to the Moorish cruisers, who for over two centuries avenged "on all and sundry" the wrongs of their ancestors, driven by Philip III from their peaceful, industrious homes in Spain to become the leaders and comrades of their savage co-religionists of Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli and the lawless Riffian land. Sometimes it was a regular frigate under the flag of Bashaw himself; sometimes a Xebec, a long, narrow craft like a galley, but depending chiefly on her sails, although sweeps or long oars were not lacking. In the Mediterranean, it might be an innocent-looking felucca crammed with fanatical scimiters, or a flotilla of galleys and gunboats. In any event, capture meant complete loss of everything but life, and often slavery unending, unless a treaty of peace or private ransom restored the mariner to home and friends.



BARBARY FELUCCA
Used by Algerine Pirates 1600–1830



MEDITERRANEAN GALLEY
Used by Sallee Rovers 1500–1830

Such dangers and such conditions continued throughout the Eighteenth Century. When Louisburg was captured by the colonists under Pepperrell, the bills for the payment of the transports, nearly all of which were of colonial register, were settled in 1745–46 as follows: "Open (undecked) transports, three shillings and sixpence per ton monthly; decked transports, thirty to forty tons, four shillings per ton; decked transports, fifty to one hundred tons or over, five shillings per month per ton," and but few vessels appear in the list exceeding one hundred tons. "War-vessels with guns, over ninety tons, eight shillings per ton per month; under ninety, and not less than fifty tons, five shillings per month." Among others the ship "Newport" is named; this "war-vessel" measured only fifty tons, carried four guns, and earned for her owners $60.83 per month, the colony agreeing to pay for her capture or damage while on service.

A vivid picture of the burdens which British policies and wars laid upon our infantile commerce is supplied by the experience of Captain Daniel Driver of the schooner "Three Brothers," sailing to the West Indies in 1759 with a cargo valued at five hundred and fifty pounds sterling. First the "Three Brothers" was seized by an English privateer, the "King of Russia," nine guns, Captain James Inclieto, and carried into Antigua, and that was the last of her. Sailing again in the schooner "Betsey" for Guadeloupe, a French frigate captured and carried him into that port, where he had to ransom his vessel for four thousand livres ($800) and leave three hostages for payment. Returning with the schooner "Mary" under a flag of truce, he was sent into New Providence by the English privateer "Revenge," Captain James McDonald, which, however, had to release him. He reached Guadeloupe, paid the ransom, released his hostages and was bound for home when a Captain Blanche in a French frigate arrested the whole outfit and detained him until midwinter, when, penniless and worn out with undeserved persecution, he managed to get home.

So great were the risks of British confiscation and French capture, that marine insurance cost from eleven to twenty-three per cent and could not always be secured at that, so bitter was the enforcement of the British shipping laws and the search for prize money, regardless of the law of nations and every principle of equity and honesty.

It was an American era of small vessels, and the Yankee boy who entered as "cook's assistant" on some "little hooker" at eight or nine years old and faced the "line storms" on the Banks, or clawed offshore from Cape Cod or Cape Hatteras, had no hesitation in sailing for England, France or Russia in the same craft, or a square-rigged "ship" of little greater tonnage.

The American merchant still sent out his ventures, and the American captain displayed a many-sided courage, skill, resourcefulness and trade ability which became a household word in all lands.

The great forest furnished huge masts and spars, dimension lumber, furs and skins, the farms had a great variety of produce and live stock, and nearly every man could help to build and rig a seagoing craft and sail her after she was finished. The new craft was, as a rule, divided into fractional shares, usually owned by some four to sixty-four neighbors, who very often loaded her into the bargain, especially if the voyage was to the West Indies. In such a case, one contributed lumber, shingles, box-shooks and hogshead staves and heads; another dried or pickled fish, and another barrels of beef and pork. Some again sent grain, potatoes and onions; others lard, tallow candles, bales of hay; in fact, there was scarcely anything in such a mixed cargo that came amiss to the owner of a big plantation in the early part of the Nineteenth Century.

Neighbors built and owned the ship, neighbors loaded her, neighbors manned her, and a neighbor, one of the wise and wary "Ulysses" of the neighborhood, navigated her with judgment and dispatch, kept a good lookout for hostile cruisers or pirates, out-sailed them, if possible, or out-fought or out-manœuvred them when he could, and once safely in port, relapsed into the cool, keen trader, and sold the last chicken or tub of butter with as keen an eye to the main chance as if he were closing out the whole cargo. Then, when in funds, the return cargo was bought: rum, sugar, molasses, honey, lance-wood for the village carriage-maker, log-wood, coffee, etc., not forgetting some wines, cordials and sweetmeats for the old and sick, and simple gifts for the loved ones, whose hopes and prayers had followed the little craft to Cuba, Martinique, Porto Rico or San Domingo.

It is an humble and simple picture, but it was from such sources and beginnings as these that the American merchant-marine grew and flourished, until in 1852, out of an estimated world's merchant-marine of one hundred and forty-five thousand sail, aggregating fifteen million tons, and averaging one hundred and three tons each, the United States led all nations with forty thousand five hundred sail, aggregating five million six hundred and ninety-one thousand, four hundred and sixteen tons, and averaging one hundred and fifteen tons each; while Great Britain came second with thirty-five thousand nine hundred and sixty sail, aggregating five million, forty-three thousand, two hundred and seventy tons, averaging one hundred and forty tons each.

But besides this, for nearly one hundred and fifty years, America had built and sold to other nations vessels which never carried the American flag a year after their launching, to the extent of many millions of tons. Beside this, the navy yard and docks of Great Britain and, indeed, of continental Europe, were largely dependent upon America for masts, spars, ship-timber, naval stores and the like, throughout the Colonial period, and for years after the Revolution.

As a natural result, during the war of the Revolution, a very large proportion of these small vessels became privateers, and the merchant captains and fishermen, who had fought with Indians, French and piratical cruisers, or run from their superior force, turned from an always unsettled peace to war, mounted a few guns, or possibly assembled only a small armament of swivels and muskets, and began to sweep the seas of English merchant shipping. Of thirty-one naval cruisers in commission in 1776, Congress had only seven government vessels left in commission at the close of the war.

But of privateers, there were one hundred and thirty-six at sea by the end of the year 1776, and in 1781 there were four hundred and forty-nine in commission, which during the war had captured over eight hundred British vessels, over twelve thousand prisoners and property to the amount of many millions of dollars, without in any way adding to the burdens of Congress. Not only did British commerce suffer fearfully in distant seas and the waters of the New World, but the larger and swifter privateers hawked about the British and Irish Channels and took prizes from almost under the guns of the royal cruisers.

As a necessary result of the demands of this warfare, the trading ships built for letters-of-marque and reprisal increased in size and armament toward the close of the struggle and several armed vessels sailing out of Massachusetts ports were new ships of three and three hundred and fifty tons each, then considered very able merchantmen. The "Admiral Duff," a "king's packet" of eleven hundred tons, thirty-six twelve-pounders, and two hundred and fifty men, Richard Strange master, was sunk with all but fifty-five of her men, by the American ship "Protector" of twenty-six guns. The "Admiral Duff" was an East India Company's ship and equal in tonnage to most of the first-rates of that era.

At the close of the American Revolution, the American merchants resumed with all their energies the peaceful pursuit of commerce. The ship "Columbia," two hundred and thirteen tons, ten guns, under Captain John Kendrick, with her tender, the sloop "Lady Washington," of ninety tons, Captain Robert Gray, in 1788 rounded Cape Horn, reached the northwest coast, secured a quantity of furs, which they exchanged in China for tea, and returned to Boston. A second voyage of the "Columbia" in 1790 discovered and named the Columbia River May 19, 1792, and made a more profitable record in the fur trade. The "Grand Turk" of Salem, three hundred tons, was the largest ship built at Salem up to 1781. A successful privateer, she was promptly fitted out, at the close of the war, in 1784, for the Cape of Good Hope, her captain, Jonathan Ingersoll, intending to exchange his mixed cargo for tea and other Asiatic goods. Although disappointed because the tea-ships would not break bulk at the Cape, he proceeded to the west coast of Africa for gold dust and ivory, and returning to the West Indies, was able to load two ships for New England with the proceeds of his original cargo. In 1785 the same vessel sailed for Batavia and China, returning in 1787 with a very valuable cargo of silks, spices, nankeen cottons, etc., the beginning of that great China trade of which Salem became the American metropolis. Much was left to the discretion of the master, or rather captain, who was also allowed a certain percentage on the sales of cargo, going and returning, on the purchase of goods abroad and a certain share of the cargo-space and passage-money.

In 1793 one enterprising shipmaster learned that wild pepper grew in great plenty along the northwest coast of Sumatra. A Salem merchant, ready for a speculation, built a fast schooner, armed her with four guns and carrying ten men, gave her, loaded with goods, to wily Captain Carnes. For eighteen months no one knew whither the "Rajah" had sailed or what had become of her, until she returned with a lading worth seven times the cost of vessel and cargo. A second and a third voyage was made before the other Salem merchants found out the way to a source of supply which for some years gave Salem the leading place in the pepper trade.

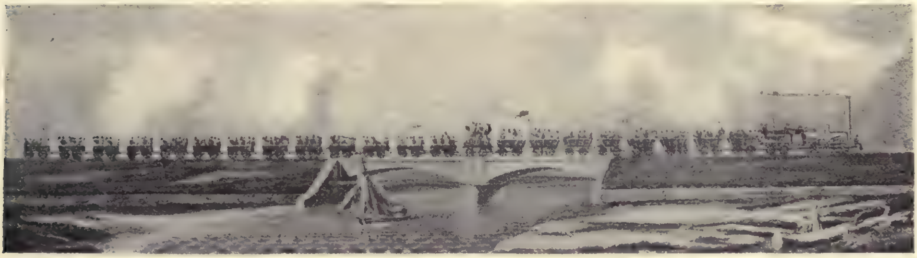
In 1797 the impositions of the French navy and privateersmen on American shipping made it necessary to turn from peaceful commerce to naval warfare against one of the strongest nations of Europe. In order to build the famous frigates, "Constitution," "Constellation" "United States" and others, costing only about one million dollars, the government had to issue bonds, and the cities of the seacoast opened subscription lists to raise money to build a war-vessel each as a loan to the republic. The "Essex," built at Salem, was of white oak, cut in the wood-lots of Essex County, cost a little over $75,000, carried thirty-two guns and measured about eight hundred and fifty tons, old measurement, a rather large frigate at that day. Under Captain, later Commodore Preble, she convoyed American merchantmen until 1801, when France made peace, and American commerce had only English outrages and impositions to contend with.

The "Essex" made her record in the War of 1812, which finally settled in fact, if not in terms, that the English did not have the right of search and impressment on the high seas. The increased size and efficiency of American frigates and privateers made new records in naval history, and gave a great prestige to American seamanship and enterprise. In the thirties, the South Sea, sandalwood, *beche de mer* and copra trade began to become important.

In 1832 the last Spanish pirate schooner, "Pinda," captured and plundered the American brig "Mexican," confined the crew below decks, and setting the brig on fire sailed away, leaving them to perish miserably. Fortunately the crew escaped from durance, put out the fire and returned to Salem. In 1834 sixteen of the "Pinda's" crew were brought into Salem by a British war brig, the "Curlew," Captain Trotter. Twelve of these were tried in the United States Court at Boston before Justice Story. One had already committed suicide in the Leverett Street jail. Five were acquitted, having proved that they had joined the "Pinda" after the piracy, and Captain Gilbert and four of his crew were hung in Boston. Ruiz was reprieved on the score of insanity, and Bernardo de Soto was spared and eventually pardoned, because at great risk to himself and vessel he had saved seventy-five persons from the ship "Minerva" of Salem when cast ashore and on fire at the Bahamas in 1831.

In the forties the increased transportation of emigrants and bulky merchandise demanded larger and swifter ships, and the size, symmetry and swiftness of the American "clippers" became household words. The installation of railways to penetrate the interior of the United States and other countries tended to centralize commerce at Portland, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, and in Europe brought Liverpool, London, Antwerp, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Bordeaux, Marseilles and like seaports into preeminent importance. The great inland waterways of the world rapidly advanced the prosperity and commercial prestige of Quebec, Montreal and the nascent ports and villages of the St. Lawrence system, the Mississippi and other great watercourses, and this means of transportation was immensely increased by the construction of canals and the employment of river steamers. Curiously enough, the possibility of building steamships which could cross the ocean was utterly denied by men of the first eminence in the scientific world, and for a long time the sailing vessel, ever increasing in size and symmetry, seemed to negative the general application of steam to "the long voyage" for freight transportation.

In 1849 the discovery of gold in California and the tremendous increase of the great wave of westward migration demanded nearly all of the available transportation of the world, and when to the farther gold seeker's rush to Australia was added the demand for transportation due to the invasion of the Crimea and siege of Sebastopol, the docks and shipyards of the world were almost inadequate to the task laid upon them. Great and swift vessels succeeded each other in rapid succession. The clipper ship "Golden Eagle" sailed from Boston to San Francisco in 1852 in one hundred and five days; the "Robin Hood" in one hundred and seven days, while the "Sovereign of the Seas," "Red Jacket," "Dreadnought," "Queen of the Seas" and like ships, including the "Great Republic," for a long decade seemed to avert the immediate sovereignty of steam on the high seas. In 1854 the state of Maine alone had fifty millions in shipping.



FIRST TRAIN, BODMIN, ENGLAND, RAILROAD, 1834; STEPHENSON'S ENGINE

In the United States the end was hastened by the outbreak of the Civil War, 1861–1865, during which the depredations of a few steam-propelled cruisers swept American commerce from the ocean, not so much by actual destruction and capture, as by the sale or transfer of American vessels to English registry, from which under the United States shipping laws they could not be re-transferred. The building of new vessels was discouraged by the heavy tariff duties which greatly increased the cost of construction and equipment; the American capitalist found more profitable investments in railroads, mines, manufactures and other internal improvements, and the lighter burdens and cheaper wages gave the European shipmaster the real control of the seas and an immense tribute for ocean transportation.

What this flood of wealth is yet to become to foreign nations in its enrichment can only be conjectured, for within the past century the amount of sea-borne foods and commodities has grown beyond realization.

Coffee, little used in the Eighteenth Century, now averages from two and a half to two and three quarters billions of pounds per annum, nearly one-half of which comes to the United States—in foreign bottoms.

Tea is now produced to the amount of some six hundred and twenty million pounds yearly; about one-sixth of which comes to the United States and one-half to the British Islands, Australasia and Canada.

Of two hundred and sixty million pounds of cocoa, the United States takes somewhere about one hundred and ten million pounds annually.

Sugar is now raised to the amount of over fourteen millions of tons; *i. e.*, of cane sugar, in 1909, 7,935,000, and of beet sugar 6,775,000 tons, a very large proportion of which is consumed in the United States—and pays the freight to its neighbors.

Cotton, chiefly produced in the United States, is grown to an aggregate of thirteen to fourteen millions of bales of five hundred pounds each, and is exported to an immense amount in foreign vessels.

Copper, the most important metal in new lines of development, was produced to an aggregate of 854,316 tons in 1909, of which amount the United States contributed 501,372 tons, a large part of which was exported (manufactured and unmanufactured) to the value of about $88,000,000 per annum; but very few American shipmen profited thereby.

Of 784,199 tons of zinc produced in 1909, the United States contributed 241,730 tons; of 61,217,069 tons of pig iron, 26,108,189 tons; and of 53,499,974 tons of steel, 24,338,302 tons. In 1909 the United States exported iron and steel to the value of $180,000,000, petroleum to the value of $94,000,000, and other products and manufactures to a vast amount.

In 1908, 2,324,480,000 pounds of tobacco were grown in the world, the United States leading with 728,061,000 pounds.

Such statistics give a very plain demonstration of the immense increase in the world's production of ancient and modern staples, and also should suggest that while the European merchant of today is still largely a ship-owner, as were all the great American merchants in a not remote past, it is safe to say that the average American merchant no longer draws any revenue from ocean transportation or takes any personally active part in the initiation of profitable export business.

The city of New York, our chief seaport, was credited in 1910 with a tonnage of 13,142,818, but Antwerp, Hamburg and Rotterdam, very closely adjacent, had an aggregate tonnage of 31,464,514 tons.

The present conditions affecting ocean transportation are impressive and in a certain sense inspiring. But as one looks back over a by no means unusually long life, the change from 1860 is not creditable to America. The immense revenues which the United States has made over to her alien rivals must surprise and shock any statesman, if, indeed, one lives who ever gives it a serious thought, as he compares the splendid merchant-marine of 1850–60 with the beggarly register of our sea-going ships today. Even more alarming must be the reflection that the American sailor of the seacoast type, trained from boyhood in the traditions and spirit of centuries of sea-going ancestors, has practically become extinct: a loss whose past and present damage and possible future disaster no man can estimate.

The American steamship "President," lost with all on board in 1841, was considered a splendid vessel, measuring 2,566 tons, 275 feet long, and carried at the time of her loss 109 souls. The steamship "Washington," in 1847, a brigantine rigged, side-wheel steamship of 1,750 tons and 2000 horse-power, retained the conventional line of painted ports, which had covered real or "Quaker" batteries for generations. She was considered a desirable passenger boat, but in 1858, only eleven years later, Brunel's "Great Eastern," 680 feet long, of 27,000 tons and 7,650 horse-power, anticipated a little too soon the era of ocean leviathans. She found her destined task, the laying of ocean telegraph cables, but the mercantile world as then had no line of transportation that could utilize such a monster.

But a decade after the close of the Civil War the "Britannia" of the Cunard Line, 455 feet over all, of 8,500 tons and 5,500 horse-power, took the sea in 1874. Eleven years later the ocean ferry demanded the "Umbria," of 500 feet, 10,500 tons and 14,300 horse-power and drawing eighteen feet of water. Eight years later, in 1893, the "Campania," 600 feet long, of 18,000 ton and 30,000 horse-power, drawing twenty feet, led the procession, but was eclipsed in 1890 by the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," 625 feet long, of 20,800 tons and 30,000 horse-power, and drawing twenty-two feet of water. In 1900 the "Deutschland," 662 feet long, drew twenty-three feet and measured 23,600 tons, driven by 36,000 horse-power, and in 1903 the "Kaiser Wilhelm II" again broke the record, measuring 678 feet, of 26,000 tons and 38,000 horse-power, and drawing twenty-three and one-half feet of water. In 1907 the "Adriatic" broke the record of the "Great Eastern," being 725 feet long, with a registered tonnage of 38,000 and 40,000 horse-power, but only seventeen feet draught; but was eclipsed by the "Lusitania," 790 feet long, of 45,000 tons and 68,000 horse-power, drawing twenty-four and one-half feet of water. The "Olympic," the largest yet of the great

Atlantic ferry-boats, is 762 feet long, of 45,324 tons, 46,000 horse-power and draws seventeen feet.

In strong contrast to the "George Washington" of 1847, of only 1,750 tons and 2,000 horse-power, the "George Washington" of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, lately built, is 772 feet long, has a registered tonnage of 27,000 tons, a draught of thirty-three feet, 20,000 horse-power and a cargo capacity of 13,000 tons. The Company, in a beautiful booklet, from which the NATIONAL was permitted to use the illustration of this splendid steamship, said of her launching:

"In keeping with the fame of the 'Father of His Country,' and the affection felt for him by the people of the United States, the launching of his great namesake was an international affair. The American ambassador to Germany, Dr. David Jayne Hill, christened the 'George Washington.' President Roosevelt officially for the United States felicitated the officers of the North German Lloyd on that auspicious occasion, expressing through the acting secretary of State, Mr. Robert N. Bacon, the wish that 'the nationality, the name, and the peaceful mission of this magnificent ship join to make her another link in the growing chain of intimacy between the United States and Germany.'

"Patriotic Americans everywhere have joined in signalizing their acknowledgment of the compliment conferred in the naming of the 'George Washington'—the largest German steamship afloat—after the first President of the United States. The Daughters of the American Revolution of New York State, to perpetuate for all time their appreciation of the honor done America's hero, erected and unveiled a beautiful tablet of granite on board.

"So great was the interest manifested in the 'George Washington' that the League of Peace unfurled its white-bordered flag from the staff of one of New York's great skyscrapers on the summer afternoon that the steamship first steamed majestically up the bay to its berth at the North German Lloyd piers in Hoboken."

This was as it should be; but the thoughtful American cannot but regret that for many years no President of the United States had been privileged to felicitate an American steamship company on the occasion of the launch of an ocean liner of modern and up-to-date proportions and equipment.

It is only too evident that as a nation we are utterly dependent on foreign capital and foreign seamen for the transportation of the immense yearly products of our agricultural and manufacturing interests; it is also evident that in case of war our immense navy has no adequate fleet of transports and colliers, which are necessary to defense at home or offensive operations abroad. But even if the United States is to be blessed with generations of unbroken peace, the occurrence of hostilities between any of the leading European nations, having modern navies, would certainly force a large proportion of these immense steamers out of commission, and to a very great extent paralyze the foreign trade of the United States.

It is also worthy of consideration as to how long any nation, no matter how great its natural resources, can afford to have its foreign commerce carried in alien ships, owned, officered and manned by men whose interests, to a very great extent,

EXPRESS TRAIN, BODMIN, ENGLAND, RAILROAD, 1910 must lie with those of the nation to which they belong. It is also a question not unworthy of notice as to whether the constant acquisition of wealth in this way, by foreigners, who re-invest it largely in American securities and financial operations, is not such an accumulation of indebtedness and dependence as is always liable to be disastrous to the tributary country.

In view of the large number of men reported to be idle and without an established trade or steady employment, it is also a question worthy of deep consideration whether or not the establishment of a merchant marine, which would largely attract this class of men to a sailor's life and labor, is not demanded as a measure of national protection, as well as of national profit.

The development of the silk manufacture in England began sometime in the Seventeenth Century, but was greatly extended through the enterprise of John Lombe, of Derby, who, in 1715, went to Leghorn, Italy, to learn the secret of the Leghorn silk manufactures, a most difficult and dangerous adventure.

Visitors were allowed to pass through the factories and see the machines in motion but could learn nothing of their construction and operation; finally, through the good offices of a priest, Lombe secured employment as a workman, slept in the mill, worked at a spinning machine, and by night made measurements and plans, which were taken out from day to day by the priest. He worked at the mill until an English ship was sent purposely to take him away; he had scarcely sailed when an armed brig was sent after him, and he barely escaped safely to England. It is said that he died at the age of twenty-nine, poisoned by the emissaries of his Leghorn employers, but the silk manufacture was securely established, became a great industry in England and has since been established all over the world.

The first stocking frames are said to have been made by William Lee, curate of Culverton, in 1586, and were at first worked by him, with the assistance of his sweetheart or wife. Like most other inventors, he failed to receive a suitable reward for his labor, and is said to have died at Paris in 1610, starving and broken-hearted.

The stocking-weavers' company, established in 1663, for the next ninety years had almost a monopoly of the business, but Great Britain today makes nearly one-half of the stockings made in the world. Germany is a close second, being famous for the cheapness and excellence of her hose and stockings.

The matter of transportation in cities and between towns has made enormous strides during ninety years. The first jaunting car was established in Ireland in 1815 by a Milanese, Carlo Bianconi, who settled in Dublin and drove every day to Caher and back, charging two pence a mile; from this small beginning in 1837 he had established sixty-seven conveyances, drawn by nine hundred horses.

The extension of modern manufacturing towns and cities demanded still greater conveniences, which were supplied at first by the omnibus lines, which, up to 1860, were the chief means of urban and interurban transportation. To these succeeded the street railroad, traversed by cars, drawn by one or more horses, and these in turn became wholly inadequate to meet the demand of the suburban districts.

The cable car, drawn by underground cable, was the next innovation; but this, about 1880 to 1890, was supplanted by the electric trolley lines; and these again were supplemented in many cities by elevated and subway lines, in which the cars were propelled by electricity supplied by a third rail. This latter device has already been applied to extended lines of railroads, and it is not unlikely that the present century will witness the electrification of most of the railroad lines in thickly settled countries.

The first train driven by steam over the Bodmin Railway, in 1834, by one of Stephenson's newly invented locomotives, is shown in contrast with an express train on the same road at the present day; and yet it is hardly too much to say that before the expiration of one hundred years, the splendid locomotives now serving on that road will become as obsolete as the original type.

In the same way the conditions of manufacture in the great cities of England during the past two hundred years have been radically changed. It is recorded that a Manchester manufacturer, in 1725, went to his warehouse at six o'clock, came in to breakfast at seven o'clock on oatmeal porridge, eaten out of the same big dish by all of his family and workmen with wooden spoons and washed down by milk, contained in another dish beside it. In many sections of England, for many years after this date, iron chains, nails and other smallwares were made by hand at the homes of the operatives all over what was called "The Black Country," and weaving, spinning, shoe-making and many other manufactures were largely dependent upon the labors of these home operatives. Such is still the case in quite large sections of Europe today, although the number of workers of this class in general manufacturing lines is being rapidly reduced.

Today, in almost every country, manufactures are carried on in factories of immense size, splendid proportions and with the most exquisite and accurate machinery, and in most cases a single human life covers the development of these immense establishments from the labors of a single family or the enterprise of the proprietor of a tiny shop, with a handful of assistants.

Within sixty years the Australasian colonies, once only known to the world as the penal settlements to which English courts exiled their most dangerous criminals, have become practically independent colonies, containing millions of intelligent and enterprising citizens, whose export and import trade and internal improvements far exceed those of many older and sovereign nationalities.

Of the nineteen republics in Central and South America and the West Indian Islands, nearly all have made material progress during the last generation. Especially is this true of Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Chile, Brazil and Peru; and their total imports and exports nearly equal those of the United States, and promise, in the near future, to exceed them. The construction of the Panama Canal which, undoubtedly, will be completed within the next three years, will greatly change the conditions of existing commerce along the west coast of South America, and will give a great impetus to the settlement and development of these republics.

The Tehuantepec Railroad, crossing Mexico, has already developed a large trans-continental traffic in carrying the cargoes of Pacific steamers from Salina Cruz on the Pacific Coast to Coatzacoalcos on the Gulf of Mexico. The Acro-Corinthian Canal and the Suez Canal, completed by DeLesseps in the Nineteenth Century, have completely revolutionized the world's commerce, giving a shorter route from Italian cities to the Levant and Egypt, and immensely shortening the distance from eastern Europe to all Pacific points.

The internal commerce of Europe, by rail, canal and river transportation, has immensely increased in the last generation, and of the immensity and variety of this traffic any brief account would be wholly unsatisfactory. The Russian trade alone has been greatly improved along her immense rivers, not only by the increase of river steamers, but by many governmental improvements; while Germany, Prussia and Holland have steadily enlarged these methods of communication.

The merchant of today has at his command almost unlimited facilities for the transaction of business: the railway, canal and steamship, with the services of a great express and postal service, enable him to transport anything from the smallest package to millions of tons to any part of the world, and at a cost which a few years ago would have been considered impossible of attainment. The same facilities with the telegraph and wireless service inform him of the state of the market, crops, general business and local and personal advices in a way that lessens effort beyond conception; while the handling of goods, interviews with other merchants, inquiries, and the purchase of miscellaneous articles are facilitated by means of the telephone, in strong contrast to the exhaustive and wearisome methods of a generation ago.

The governments of the world almost without exception have for some time realized that the industries and business of the countries are, generally speaking, more important than desultory legislation and the petty policies of routine statesmanship and diplomacy. The services of the most expert chemists, veterinarians and experts in all lines of agricultural, hygienic and manufacturing development are in many cases employed continuously and the results published and distributed largely among the classes most especially to be benefitted. In this way crops have been increased, vegetable products varied and improved, livestock better adapted to the needs of the farming and population, and the general health of man and beast cared for and protected. In fact, when the late President McKinley declared that "politics is business, and business is politics," he declared, in a peculiarly American way, a great truth, to which the world has always steadily approached under the guidance of all really great statesmen and rulers.

Even the great moral reforms of the world have been largely attained, in the final outcome, by the fact that a people have realized at last that their financial interests and personal and general prosperity demanded the proposed change. This does not detract in the least from the credit due to those great reformers who, from ethical and moral convictions, have first denounced great abuses and attempted to promote their abolition.

The merchant has been at times too ready to acquire wealth by means of which it is impossible to approve; but in the main the history of commerce has been the story of the constant and beneficial uplift of the comfort, prosperity and civilization of humanity.

LATE SUMMER

A LEAFY shower falls fluttering from the trees,
A fall of stars more chill with evil breath
Than fall of all the planets or the death
Of Sirius or of the Pleiades.
A single bird whose ceaseless melodies
Forever ran a rivulet on the ear,
Sits songless on the bough a moment drear,
His silence tongued with mournful prophecies.
And though in earth and sky no other sign
Foretells the change, and still the briar is fair
With riot covered roses, and the vine
Still verdant, trembles in the radiant air,
Yet has the summer died, like those great hearts
That die in soul when aught of love departs.

Edward Wilbur Mason.

THE
Harp of a Thousand Strings
A Hardshell Baptist Sermon
By SAMUEL F. AVERY

I MAY say to yo', my brethering, that I am not an edecated man, and I am not one o' them that beleeves edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I beleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated; and although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the state of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

"Thar may be some here today, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I am a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here today, my brethering, dressed up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering; and although I've been a preacher uv the gospel for twenty years, and although I'm capting uv that flat-boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

"I'm not gwine ter tell you edzackly whar my tex' may be found: suffice it tu say it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar 'tween the fust chapter of the book of Generation and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions; and ef you'll go and sarch the Scripturs, you'll not only find *my* tex' thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read; and my tex', when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

" 'And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"My tex', brethering, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kind of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts; then thar's the sperits uv turpen*time*; and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good artikel uv them kind uv sperits on my flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex' says: 'He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex': it's *fire*. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex', my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you light a segar or pipe with; and then thar's camfire; fire before you're ready to fall back; and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex' ses: 'He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex', my brethering—it's *hell-fire*, an' that's the kind of fire as a great many of you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin'—for 'He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions in the world. In the first place, we have the 'Piscopalions, and they are a high salin' and a highfalutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up till he looks no bigger than your fingernail, and the fust thing you know he cums down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side uv the road—and 'He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then, thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another and finally on to perfecshun; and the squirrel goes up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim', and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls, and down he comes kerflummux; and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from Grace. Ah! And 'He played on a harp of a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and then the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose and the other's thar; and you may shake all feet loose and he laps his tail around the lim', and he clings furever, ah!—for 'He played on a harp of a *thousand* strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.' "

"If you want to make old Satan run,
Play on the golden harp!
Just shoot him with the gospel gun,
Play on the golden harp!
Play on the golden harp! play on the golden harp!"

A THANKSGIVING

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I THANK Thee for the cold, dear Lord,
And the unsheltered bed
Whose Jacob's ladder brings the sward
The angels from o'erhead.

I thank Thee for the futile dream,
The word in water writ;
And for the things that only seem,
The hopes by vagrance lit.

I thank Thee for the tight-closed door,
The buried rainbow gold—
The fool comes back from sea and shore
To mine his father's mold!

I thank Thee for the glass and gaud,
For shallowness uncouth:
These mask Thy glittering stars, O God,
Thy ocean deeps of truth!

GRANT
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

IN THE COSY CORNER

THE ADVENTURE OF A CAMERA FIEND

By R. M. Swingle

It had been wearing on me for a year or more to walk across the country and photograph a certain log cabin. Not that I thought a log cabin would make a pretty picture, but the one I am going to tell you about is in its vicinity an object of more interest than is usually attached to structures of its kind.

It is not the type of building that is commonly associated with tales of spooks and ghosts but a very ordinary affair—an example of that style of architecture that prevailed when our forefathers invaded the unbroken forests in search of liberty not luxury, the limit of their ambitions being to rear a shelter for their families regardless of ornamentation, and there is no reason to doubt that happiness reigned within, notwithstanding the homely appointments, as the happy occupants gathered around the ample fireside.

The cabin is of the story and a half variety. It was built long ago, and though various families have occupied it at different periods of its history, it is now "silent and tenantless" and is said to be haunted.

It is situated in a solitary but picturesque retreat, and has no neighbors within a radius of two or three miles.

I shall not enter into detail concerning the story of the tragedy said to have been enacted there and which seems to have furnished the foundation for the claim that the place is haunted, further than that the last occupants were a Southerner and his wife and child, who moved into the cabin shortly after the war, and were held in high esteem by the few with whom they came in contact.

Reed (for such was the man's name) was a genial fellow, and often the hills and woods echoed the music of Southern songs as he went to and from his work.

One day he and his wife and child were all missing. Hunters passing that way observed that the place presented a deserted appearance and proceeded to investigate. There was mute evidence that a foul deed had been committed there, perhaps a month before, but owing to the complete isolation of the spot had remained undiscovered until that time.

The affair remains shrouded in mystery. No one has cared to occupy the house since that time. It stands there in deepest solitude a silent monument to a dark deed, and an object of dread to the credulous who are careful to shun this locality.

It has been stated by various persons who chanced to pass this way at or after nightfall, that they have seen and heard things that are conclusive evidence of the return of the victims' spirits to their former abode. Sometimes a dim light is seen gliding about the house; at other times screaming and moaning are distinctly heard. Those venturing near enough have heard the sound of footfalls on the upper floor. Others who have visited the place insist that while inside the cabin they have felt strangely conscious of an unseen but overpowering presence.

On a lovely afternoon in the early spring I declared my intention of making my long planned trip to the place, which was about five miles distant. My friends protested. I had recently purchased a new photographic outfit and with the devouring spirit of a confirmed camera fiend I clung to my resolution, determined that nothing should escape the grasp of my lens. And notwithstanding the fact that I had been warned by those who were in possession of evidence that precluded all arguments contrary to the belief that spirits do stalk abroad, I set out over a rough road to test my courage and my camera.

I was very tired when I reached the place and sat down for a few moments, rest on an old log some distance from the cabin; at the same time rehearsing to myself tales connected with the spot. Although a skeptic regarding ghosts, possessed of the before-mentioned facts concerning the history of the place, it was now with some trepidation that, camera in hand, I approached my subject, and made the necessary preparations to capture it with my lens.

The place was painfully lonesome, and I confess to a slight tremor of the hand as I placed the plate holder in position, pulled the slide and pressed the bulb.

As nothing unusual happened, I folded my camera and after due deliberation ventured far enough to peer inside the door, where I remained listening and looking about.

As I neither saw nor heard anything convincing, my courage assumed such proportions that I ventured to cross the threshold and stood for a few moments inside the little room.

I then ascended the narrow stairway that leads to the half-story above. Seeing nothing, neither hearing anything, I descended to the first floor and walked about the room. All was silent save the gentle sighing of the wind as it stole softly through the open windows and doorway. Not even a bird-note sounded from the great tree that spread its branches over the roof.

But the very silence seemed to speak, and as I mused I felt that to those who are inclined to give credence to tales of ghosts it would not be a very difficult matter to imagine most remarkable things in a place like this. "But then," I continued to myself as I sat down on the lower step of the old stairway determined to remain and investigate, "sensible, strongminded people are not affected by such tales."

From where I sat I could see the green carpet Nature was spreading all about the place; the buds were opening on the trees and in the thickets nearby. Flowers were looking out from the green blades of grass.

The spirit of resurrection was abroad. The breeze caressed my brow as it came laden with the faint perfume of spring.

"How foolish," said I as I continued my meditation, "that a rational being should for a moment entertain such fancies. Such absurdities might terrorize the weak-minded, but not me, an advocate of Twentieth Century progress. To me in this enlightened age such a belief seems the supremest test of a disordered mind."

Of a sudden the sound of sobbing disturbed my reverie. My first impulse was to rise and investigate when a heavy hand was laid on, or rather clutched my shoulder preventing me from doing so. The touch of that hand chilled me through. It seemed to reach me from the steps behind, "but how," I thought, "could anyone have gotten there while I sat in the doorway, and had I not just been upstairs where there are no nooks and corners in which anyone might have been concealed? O-o-h," I groaned and made the second futile attempt to rise. At length I ventured to turn my head and glancing up the stairway caught a glimpse of the skirt of a white garment just as it flirted out of sight at the top of the steps. I attempted to scream but was unsuccessful. A few moments passed when I heard sounds of scampering feet on the floor above; then down the steps they came to my very back. I broke out in a cold sweat, but was powerless to move, and thought every moment my heart would escape through my mouth, so wildly did it rage.

At a loss to know how to extricate myself from my perilous position I resolved to submit to the inevitable and let the goblins do their worst while I waited. It seemed a full half hour in which all was quiet, when suddenly I was dealt a powerful blow full in the face. I sprang to my feet and in an agony of fear I grabbed up my photographic outfit and to my everlasting disgrace fled in terror from the spot.

When I had fully recovered myself I remembered I had used my tripod as a prop against the stair door while I sat on the step.

I had fallen asleep, being tired from my long tramp, and a brisk breeze having sprung up had blown the tripod with considerable force against my face awakening me.

After all, whatever may be said of the place or claimed concerning skepticism in the ghost theory, certain it is that the silence of the empty cabin itself, coupled with the circumstances before related, appeal to the imagination.

* * *

SERGEANT STOKES' SENTENCE

By O. F. Chase

ALTHOUGH many incidents of the Civil War have never found a place in history, yet they intensely exemplified the condition of affairs, the opinions of men and officers, and vividly forestalled theories which very soon crystalized into facts. Today, when truthfully related, these serve as object lessons to reinforce history.

During the early months of the war, in Missouri, the preparations were crude and chaotic and the boys not yet become inured to army discipline. Citizens were choosing allegiance by joining Union or Rebel commands as conscience dictated. In the ranks the brave General Nathaniel Lyon had met his death in his rash but heroic effort to turn back the rebel hordes at Nelson's Creek; General Fremont had been superseded for issuing his famous order liberating the slaves, and General Halleck appointed to succeed him. These events all combined to make factional strife aggressive, and excitement was at high tide.

When the new General, on assuming command, promulgated his first general order against foraging and placing soldiers on every rebel plantation to guard their properties, everything was chaotic and mutiny was strongly hinted at. Fortunately this pressure was relieved upon Halleck's removal and the appointment of General A. J. Smith as his successor. General Smith was a rough diamond of crude exterior, but he had a "brave, true heart within." His first order on assuming command, issued from "Headquarters in the Saddle," was unique, practical, easily disseminated and faithfully obeyed. He put it thus: "Boys, don't unnecessarily destroy property, but if you are hungry, don't take anything you cannot reach; the guards are withdrawn." The half-famished, weary soldiers rejoiced, found rest and plenty to eat.

It fell to the lot of William S. Stokes, a young lad, a member of the famous Eighth Wisconsin (Live Eagle Regiment) to symbolize and exemplify this order. On the morning after its first issue, as he was returning to camp from picket duty, he stopped by the wayside and was milking a cow into his canteen when he was arrested by a lieutenant (one of Halleck's retiring echoes) and sent under guard to General Smith's headquarters. The general upon receiving a salute from the guard and his prisoner, sternly asked Stokes what he had done to be thus humiliated. The youth modestly stated the facts. The General asked him how long since he had any milk in his coffee. "Six weeks," he said. The General gave him his sentence:

"Sergeant Stokes, you will report to your company headquarters for duty, and if in the near future, while in the line of duty, you desire milk for your coffee and discover a cow, first find out if she is a *rebel* cow, if so d—— her, *milk* her."

Young Stokes served his country faithfully, receiving promotion for heroism and subsequently became well known for his loyalty and efficiency as a United States officer.

* * *

SELF-EXPLANATORY

By Irene Stanley Morten

SHE was a small girl—five we will say. But having begun at nine months to express herself, she had had ample time to become quite proficient in the use of words and more than ordinarily rejoiced in the power to make clear her inner states.

There was music in the house that night and it had been thoroughly punctuated by childish remarks. Finally it had gone too far! She found herself seated with no uncertainty and told to remain absolutely quiet till the music ceased.

She did so. The sweet strains died away and conversation was resumed. Permission to walk about was granted, but the silence in one small corner was ominous. At last, unable longer to remain misunderstood, the blonde head leaned toward a near-by grown-up and solemnly announced, "Auntie Hewett, I'm not sitting here because I have to, but because I want to!"

And one more woman had had her say!

* * *

A SLIDE DOWN HILL

By Mrs. J. Morehead

MY husband had a very thrilling experience during the icy spell this winter. The road to the pasture field runs along a high bank that slopes down to the river. He was hauling some feed on a sled with a span of unshod horses when one of them fell down and could not get up. My husband took down the neck-yoke and pulled off the harness, when his foot slipped and he went down the hill. Looking back he saw the horse sliding after him. He could not get out of the way, but grasping a stump that happened to be nearby, he threw his arms around it and climbed on top. The horse slid past and never stopped till it reached the marsh on the river bank. When my husband descended the stump he could not stand and slid on down to the marsh also. Neither horse nor man were hurt, but both had had a close call and the horses were shod that day.

* * *

HOLE FOR HOLE

By Nettie Rand Miller

LITTLE Donald had a penny given him to buy whatever he pleased. His three years of dignity thus had a new impulse thrust upon him. He decided to visit a bake shop, and a doughnut was his choice. In a lusty voice he called for one and immediately passed the penny to the shop keeper.

"See here, my boy," said the man, "this penny has a hole in it. I don't know as I can take that penny."

"But the doughnut has a hole in it," Donald responded and he got the doughnut.

* * *

CHICKENS

By J. M. Staples

CERTAIN Dallas, Texas, chickens have evidently been juggling with the time-honored adages about the "early bird" and the "poor rule" with the result that they have made a new one—*i. e.* "The late chicken catches the bugs."

One night last summer while in Dallas I was decidedly surprised to see a couple of frying-size chickens under an arc light. It was after eleven o'clock, but they were hustling about after grubs with as much alacrity as if it were noon time. I watched them for quite a while and when I went on my way they were still busy.

A few nights later, but in another part of town, I ran onto an old hen and her family of six. They, too, were catching bugs under an arc light and with a manner quite as matter of fact as though it were the most natural thing in the world for chickens to be out at that time of night.

I had always been of the impression that chickens could not see well by artificial light, so I observed them closely for at least half an hour and, as a result, arrived at the conclusion that either my impression was wrong or they were freak chickens, for they got about with as much celerity as is assumed by ordinary chickens in broad daylight.

Can you imagine anything more unusual and contrary to all the traditions of chickenhood than these midnight escapades?

Just how they caught onto the fact that bugs are plentiful under arc lights during the quiet night hours in summer time or whether they were simply imbued with the true Western spirit, I do not know. But I do know that on both occasions I was intensely sober and considered of sound mind.

* * *

A MISSISSIPPI TORNADO

By Annie Forrest

ONE afternoon early in May, 18—, while my parents were in Mississippi, I lay asleep in my cradle. Suddenly a low, reverberating peal of thunder caused my mother to hasten to the front door of the double log cabin to survey the darkening heavens.

While gazing on the angry elements a sharp flash rent a huge, contiguous tree from summit to base, and in the midst of this exciting tumult I awoke.

"Hurry to this big feather bed! Bring baby, too!" came the hurried command, but already the tornado had begun its deadly work. The log house was in ruins and the three adult occupants of the room had been dropped into the cellar. There they were found later half unconscious amid barrels of pork, sugar, rice and molasses.

After an hour's discouraging search I was found some distance from my late home. A large shawl belonging to my mother had been spread across my cradle to exclude the storm chill, and in this the wind had wrapped me fold after fold, till I must have resembled some queer little pappoose in an Indian settlement. This shawl perhaps saved my life, but not my limbs, for after years of skillful medical treatment I was not cured of a stiff and painful knee joint.

My parents were deprived of everything save life—even their precious wedding ring, and a painting executed by Queen Victoria's painting master (presented to my mother on the evening of her marriage by an English friend) were forever swept beyond her sight and reach.

The following Sabbath ministers of every denomination preached from but one text: "In the midst of life we are in death," and each sermon contained the significant truth that no teacher or pupil connected with the day school which opened by reading a chapter from the Bible, had been wounded, while the only teacher of the other school had been speedily ushered into eternity as also had many of her class. The Mississippi press commented extensively upon this incident.

For years when subsequent rumblings of thunder heralded the approach of a storm I was half ill with fright and my mother would nervously walk the floor, often indiscreetly opening an outside door to see if the clouds were green-hued and funnel-shaped, like the one which destroyed our former Southern dwelling.

* * *

WHEN LIGHT CAUSED FEAR

By Louise Annah

FATHER and mother had gone to Green Bay overnight, leaving me in charge of my younger brother and sister. It was a warm summer evening and I decided to sit upon the veranda where a cool breeze was blowing from the river.

Remembering the last instructions which I had received from my parents, I decided before settling myself comfortably in the hammock, to lock the back doors, put the dog and the cat in their places, and carry out all other instructions.

The evening passed quickly enough and at eleven I went up the front stairway to bed. It seemed as though I had slept but a short while when I awoke with a feeling of terror. I gazed half sleepily around the room and saw through the door which led into the hall a bright streak of light.

My eyes seemed fastened on this strange light, which seemed to flash this way and that.

I had put out all the lights and locked the doors; how came this brightness?

At last I picked up courage, slipped on my dressing gown and slippers and went into father's room for his revolver.

With the weapon clutched in one hand I stole cautiously down, keeping my eyes upon the bright ray of light. There was no doubt in my mind that it was a flashlight and judging by the frequent flashings the burglar was already at work.

At last I reached the bottom of the stairs and prepared for the combat to follow.

But I found no burglar. On the kitchen table a small lamp stood flickering in the breeze which blew from an open window. On a chair nearby lay a pair of small, blue house slippers, and the table bore signs of a recent lunch. My sister had appeased a midnight hunger, but forgot to turn out the light.

* * *

THE LONGEST WAY AROUND

By W. F. M.

ONE bright Sunday afternoon in February when I was about ten years old, I went with my father and brothers on a pedestrian trip. We left home soon after dinner and took the traveled road to the Minnesota River, crossing on the ice at a point about a mile below town, where in summer a ferryboat conveyed teams from one side to the other.

After having crossed the river, we walked several miles on the road through the "bottoms" and toward evening started on our return to town. When we arrived at the river I followed the center as walking was easier on the ice, while my father and brothers returned by road as we came.

Upon reaching a point opposite my home, which was about three blocks away from the river, I started for the bank and when about thirty feet from the shore I went through the ice up to my neck. In front of me was thin ice and a strong current, while at my back the ice was more or less solid. I kept my presence of mind, stuck out my elbows behind me and broke the ice as far as I could, then raised myself to the ice on my elbows and wiggled on my back to the middle of the river. Arising to my feet I ran down the river without stopping until I was safe on the bank. When I arrived home I was frozen stiff as an icicle except at the bend of the knees—it had been a very close call.

* * *

THE TROUBLESOME QUAIL

By Chas. C. Mullin

"THIS quail is finely prepared' dear!" said the young husband enthusiastically at table. "By Jove, it's delicious!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" returned his delighted wife. "I was afraid you would refuse to eat it, after all the trouble I had with it."

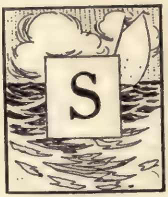
"Refuse to eat it? Nonsense! But what trouble did you have with it, dear?"

"Well, when I was sliding it out of the oven it slipped and went into the coal scuttle, and then I had to chase Towser over into the next yard before I could snatch it out of his mouth!"

* * *

PROTECTION OF SNAKE MOTHER

By Gertrude Morehead

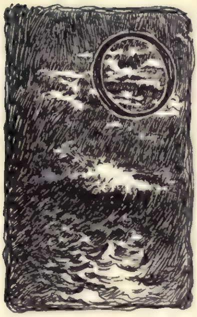


SEVERAL years ago we found a large black snake in our yard under an old boat that was used for a flower bed. Our old yellow dog had been trained to kill snakes by taking them in his mouth and shaking them to pieces, so when we found this snake we called him. As soon as he commenced shaking it, little fine black snakes seemed to fly in every direction, and we found and killed more than twenty scattered over the yard. We learned later that the old snake on being frightened had swallowed all the little ones for protection.

THE CABIN PASSENGERS OF THE SWALLOW

AN ACADIAN LEGEND

By Charles Winslow Hall



IN a moonlit October night in the early years of the last century, old Angus MacGregor, landlord of "The Highland Piper," at Port MacIan, sat before the great hearthstone smoking and stroking his flowing white beard. A great blaze of pine knots and dried roots filled the huge fireplace; a small copper kettle reeked with steam on a little mound of embers; a green bottle of true Glenlivet and another of French cognac, with glasses, a little bowl of loaf sugar, pipes and tobacco crowded the tiny lampstand, and Felix Doucette, Acadian packman or pedler, beady-eyed, mercurial and well content with the world and himself, had evidently drank several times to the great kindly Scot, who seemed strangely unwilling to part with his companion.

"An' sae, Doucette, ye're boun' south the nicht wi' thae ne'er-do-weel, Montmorency chiels, i' the Swallow?" he said dryly.

"Oh, oui, certainlee," replied Felix briskly. "De ol' packs are emptee, an' I leave dem wis you, mon ami. I s'all come back earlee in ze spring, ma foi! wiz plentee of fine t'ing: seelk, ribbon, dress, ring, bres'pin—everyt'ing."

"But, mon Doucette, gin ye wad wait but a few days, the big brig wad be ready, an' ye wad hae a safer voyage hame," grumbled old Angus.

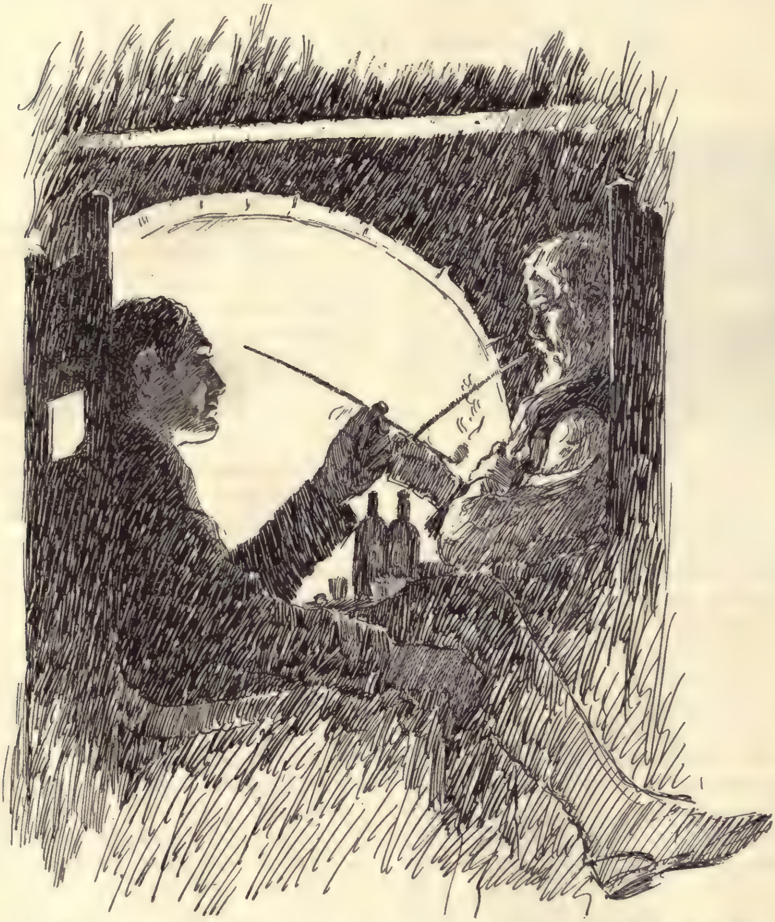
"Oui! vraiment, my ol' frien', but you do forget ze belle Marie, and ze leetle Hubert; ze win' ees fair and ze night beautiful, my Angus; truly it is as light as day, an' eef ze win' holds one day, or maybe two, we reach ze Isle Madame. Dere we leave Madame an' ze enfant, wiz her frien's, an' I go on to Halifax in ze Swallow, to ordaire my goods to be sheep here nex' spring; den I go back to Arichat and have ze good tam all ze wintaire."

"But ye must hae a deal o' siller, mon, an' a' folk are havering o' yere guid fortune; are ye weel armed, Doucette, gin ye meet wi' unchancy folk, on land or sea?"

The Acadian laughed merrily, and then his face hardened for a moment as he looked about him and drew from some hidden pocket a handsome brace of short, flint-lock pocket pistols. "Certainlee I go arm! Sacre! But I fear not here. In Halifax or maybe Saint John I take ze money from ze big belt, an' put him in ze bank until I pay heem away. But come, ol' frien', annozer glass, an' den I go to prepare."

"Weel, weel, Doucette, wilfu' mon will hae his way: ye can keep yourself and yours I see, an' aiblins I'm grown auld an' silly. Here's tae ye, mon, an' the guid wife an' the bairnie! May ye hae a pleasant voyage an' a safe return."

"I'll have a glass, too, Angus, and drink that toast with all my heart," said a deep, resonant voice, and "Black Dan" Montmorency, skipper and part owner of the "Swallow," came in at the open low-lintelled door. "It's good brandy that, Angus, an' I'll be sworn never paid dues to colony or king; eh, MacGregor?" With a grim smile, the powerful seaman sat down his glass and strode back to the open doorway. His bronzed face with its dead-black moustache and beard were silhouetted against a glimpse of the tidal river that lay like molten silver not far distant. It seemed to Angus that the "Captain's" features were strangely pale and their aspect unusually sinister and forbidding; but it was with the rough courtesy of his class and calling that he again addressed the Acadian.



"An' sae, Doucette, ye're boun' south the nicht wi' thae ne'er-do-weel Montmorency chiels, i' the Swallow?"

"'Tis a beautiful night and this land-breeze will carry us out over the bar at a single tack; once outside, the wind is fair down the Straits and ought to bring us into Canseau before sunset tomorrow. Here come George and Harry! Tell Madame Doucette that all is ready; the boat is at the wharf, our sails are loosed and the anchor close-bitted under the 'Swallow's' forefoot. Good-night, Angus, you'll hardly see any of us again this winter."

Doucette hurried into another room from whence he soon re-issued, booted and cloaked for the keen October winds, and laden with wraps and bundles. His wife, a somewhat pale, but pretty Acadienne, followed, carrying her sleeping baby, only a few months old. The younger Montmorency, taking the light baggage, followed "Black Dan" down to the wharf, and the Doucettes exchanged their last greetings with old MacGregor before starting on their voyage.

"You 'ave been verree kin' to us an' leetle Hubert," said Madame Doucette plaintively, "we are sorree to go, an' will be glad to come back wiz ze birds."

"We are glad to go, M'sieu, an' will be glad to return, ol' frien'," cried Doucette gaily. "Here is my han'; now give me ze leetle Hubert, *ma mie*, an' let us depart."

Old Angus followed the little group to the dooryard and saw them go down the rude causeway to the wharf of rough-hewn logs. The stout, squat jolly-boat splashed and spluttered her noisy way across the glassy interval and drew up beside the little coaster. He could almost recognize each individual, as one by one they ascended the low sides of the "Swallow."

"Ye'll see them nae mair, Angus," said a feeble voice beside him; "the deid-claith was ower an' ower thae breists as they bade ye guid-bye, the bairnie an' a'."

"Whist, Janet MacGregor, ye've nae richt tae speir into thae things. The ways o' life and deith are a' in His han's, as ye've often tauld me yoursel'. There, there, dinna greet, mither. I ken ye hae nae will to see sic sorrowfu' warnings. But are ye sure then?"

"Sure! Didna my ain gran'mither see her ain man an' twenty ither pretty clansmen o' the MacGregors march awa before Culloden, knowin' a' were going to return nae mair? Didna my mither beg and pray my ain faether to stay at hame frae the herring-fishin' when the great gale swept the Hielan' shore like the besom o' deith? Didna I, my ain son, warn ye a' on the day when you only were saved an' your ain sire an' twa brithers went down in mid-straits? Do I like tae hae the vision that makes me feared an' a'most hated? Na, na, my son. I would that nane o' our kin had e'er known the second sight, that sees sae little of joy and sae mickle o' sorrow an' loss."

Old Janet went feebly indoors, but Angus watched and waited. The boat was hoisted inboard, the mainsail and foresail spread their broad fluttering expanse of snowy canvas, and the lusty crew swayed heartily at the halyards of fore and main-peak, until both of the principal sails were at their fullest tension. The capstan trundled merrily; the chain cable rattled in through the hawse-holes; a deep voice called loudly "Hoist the jib," and like magic the bellying sails filled, the bows fell off from the land-breeze on the starboard tack; the moving schooner began to "talk" as the tiny wavelets rippled under sheer and counter, and the "Swallow," white as a snow-clad peak in the mystical moonlight, stood down the river and was lost to view.

"I canna tell why," muttered old Angus, as he closed the door and began to "redd up the fire," now waning low and redly glowing, "but I'm thinkin' the mither's richt, an' we'll ne'er see the Doucettes again, puir bodies. The puir mither is sae sure, an' indeed I've never liked that Doucette wi' a' that gear and gold should go in the 'Swallow.' But there," he went on, "Aiblins the mither's an' auld fule, an' I juist anither; Dan's a rough fellow an' unchancy customer when his bluid's het an' ill to cross; but he'll ne'er dare that surely." So saying, but shaking his head ominously, old Angus went to his bed.

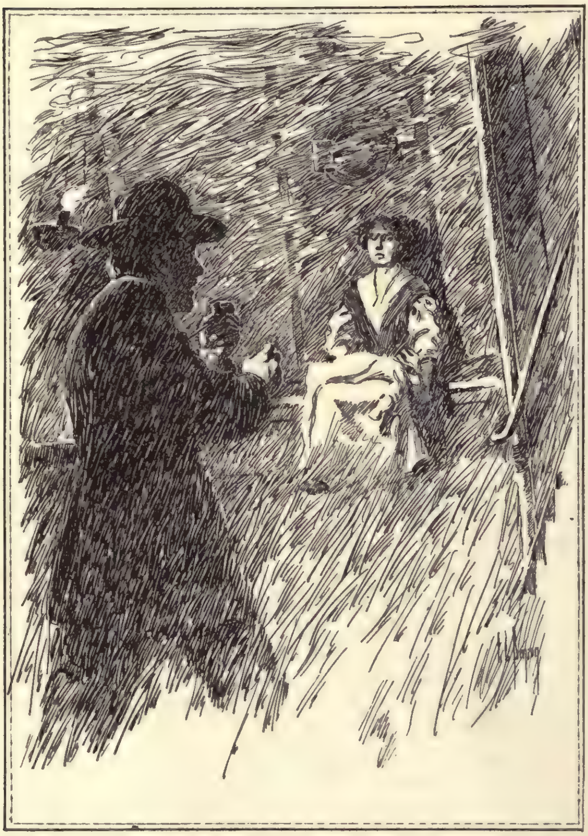
* * *

What happened that night on board the saucy "Swallow" as she stood stoutly on her course down the Straits one can only conjecture. We can well imagine, however, that Marie and her babe soon sought the berths of the narrow little cabin, reached by a step-ladder-like companion-way stairs, before which one of the younger Montmorencys leaned against the long curved tiller and kept the schooner on her course to the south and east, peering from time to time into the dimly-lighted binnacle.

Doucette, having first looked to the comfort of "*La belle Madame*" and "*Le petit Hubert*," comes again on deck, puffing away comfortably at his great Dutch porcelain pipe, with its long weichsel stem and silver stopper. He greets all cheerily, and mindful of the shipmen's convenience, curls himself up comfortably on the slanting thwart of the stout jolly-boat as it lies stripped of oars and tiller in the larboard gangway, between the narrow cabin and the quarter bulwarks. He says little, for he enjoys a good long smoke, and skipper and men, never very talkative on shore, are tonight silent and reticent beyond their wont.

The full moon in all her splendor sweeps through the cloudless midnight sky. The

Straits, as far as the eye can discern, are one unbroken sea of silvery radiance; the sails, scarce pulsating to the swing and send of the rippling waves and swelling with the northwestern land breeze, form a pyramid of snow, and the slender topmasts, to the eyes of the Acadian, are lost amid the brilliant constellations. The spell of transcendent beauty and utter stillness seems to have fallen upon crew and passenger alike.



"*A woman, once beautiful, but now wan and pallid of face, sat gazing into his, with glazed and sightless, yet strangely searching eyes*"

Doucette has at last finished his pipe, shows his white teeth and gaily laughs and chatters away at the younger Montmorencys at tiller and sheets; Black Dan has never intermitted a feverish activity since the voyage began, looking to shroud and stay, coiling up loosened ropes, throwing overboard litter, discarded ballast and dunnage, and now and then trimming a ratline or seizing with fierce, nervous sweep of his keen sheath-knife and working aft amidship, now here and now there, silent as an Indian and lithe as a panther, ever drawing nearer to the happy, voluble Acadian.

The hanging fish-oil lamp above the table in the little cabin throws a red glow through the tiny windows upon the dew-drenched sills of the cabin door; and the dim light of the binnacle seems to have a strange fascination for Henry, the younger Montmorency, moodily watching the swing of the card and the set of the filling sails. Doucette shivers and takes his pipe from his mouth. "Mon Dieu! ze breeze grows cold; I mus' finish my pipe an' turn in."

* * *

In the late spring of the following year the "Swallow" lay at a wharf in Hillsborough Bay, laden with brick, which the younger Montmorencys were rapidly discharging. Black Dan sat on the stringpieces of the pier, in busy bargaining with a stout, ruddy-faced mariner, one Captain Turner of the outlying port of River Haven.

"Here are her papers, Captain. All right, as you can see for yourself," said he gravely, "and you can take her away this very evening, as soon as the last thousand of bricks are on the wharf. There is nothing rotten or weak about her or her gear and sails, and the few little things and stores we have aboard her go with the vessel."

"But do you quit the sea altogether?" asked Turner.

Black Dan looked sharply at his companion and then at the taut little craft below him before he answered: "Yes, we have always wanted to build a mill and settle down to a quiet life on shore. We offer you the 'Swallow' at a bargain to make up the balance we need to do this and to be able to get ready our machinery for the fall grinding and carding. Are we agreed, or must we take the 'Swallow' back with us to Port MacIan?"

"I'll take her," said Captain Turner. "Come up to the bank and we'll sign the papers and I'll pay over the money. John Lauder here will be my witness and help me sail the 'Swallow' home."

That same evening, just as the sun was setting, the "Swallow," manned by her new owner and John Lauder, sailed ballastless and "flying light" out of harbor, with a flawy, northwesterly breeze and barely tautened sheets. The wind was not only light, but the tide at flood unfavorable, and it was long after dark when they cleared the East Bar of St. Peter's Island and began to beat up Northumberland Straits with a fair tide, a head wind and a choppy sea that kept both men at helm and sheet, with the deck forward constantly wet with spray, as their crank bark heeled at every flaw and plunged and tossed at every little white cap.

The night was dark and somewhat murky and only a fitful star here and there shone in mid-heaven. The chill of the late spring and a heavy dew was in the air, and the binnacle gleamed feebly beside the cheap fisherman's compass. Down in the empty cabin, the unfurnished berths, empty lockers and the hanging table with its poor display of coarse mugs and plates, bone-handled cutlery and iron spoons were garishly illuminated by an ancient tin lamp in fashion much like a Roman *patera*, which filled the ambient air with a mingled odor of whale oil and burnt cotton. This, too, at times burnt low and fitfully, and then again fiercely flaring, cast a redly glowing flame out from the open companionway.

By midnight, after several long reaches to larboard and starboard, and a cold, wearisome and somewhat anxious struggle with the short seas and squally land-breeze, the "Swallow" was reaching up for a sandy cape, beyond which a single tack should place her safely in River Haven. At two o'clock, however, they were again on the starboard tack, and still to leeward of the intervening shoals.

Lauder was more than a little weary, wet with the spindrift and something chill and went below, leaving Turner at the helm.

Seating himself at the table, he took his pipe, tobacco and knife from his pockets, cleaned the bowl of ashes and saw that the stem was clear; cut from a carrot of Virginia twist a charge of tobacco, rubbing it fine between his horny palms, and filling the pipe, rose to his feet, seized the hanging lamp, and holding the curving flame-tipped tube to its bowl, drew strongly with deep, rapid inhalations until a red coal spread deeply into the compacted weed. The dense, pungent smoke seemed to fill the narrow cabin with a sense of warmth and comfort, and for a moment blotted out all the surroundings; then as Lauder carefully let the lamp drop to the end of its chain, the smoke cleared somewhat and revealed the sordid bareness of the cabin, and, as John staggered, aghast and speechless, the hitherto unseen cabin passengers of the "Swallow."

Bolt upright, not six feet away on the opposite locker, with arms stiffly fallen down by either side, and hands nerveless, yet half-clenched as if from the death-agony, a woman, once beautiful, but now wan and pallid of face, sat gazing into his, with glazed and sightless, yet strangely searching eyes. A little child, a mere nursing baby, lay across her knees, its little head hanging limply down at an angle that told too surely of death and decay. Lauder gasped and stared and tried to call out in his fear and horror, but his voice died in his throat and his every hair seemed to bristle with terror. Then the instinct of flight seized him, and turning, he staggered to the companionway; but once there, his native courage began to return, and as he looked up he saw the honest, hearty face of Captain Turner, wet and weary, but determined, under the shadow of his yellow souwester. "I won't be such a coward," he said to himself, and with an effort he turned about to look once more upon that frightful visitation. The blue smoke wreaths lay in dense cirrhi near the deck timbers overhead, writhing and wavering in the confined atmosphere, but he was alone; the dread apparitions had vanished like a dream. "It must have been only a fancy," he said to himself, as again he turned to come on deck, forcing himself to puff with conscientious deliberation at his pipe, to which he had instinctively clung even in his first paroxysm of mortal terror. He leaned heavily against the quarter rail, for his knees trembled under him and his blood still ran chill in his veins and saw in the first false dawn the shore draw nearer and nearer, and as it seemed to him far closer than it should be.

Suddenly Turner broke the silence. "I'm going to run into the river here and lay the hooker up for a while; it's a short cut through the woods home, and we'll get there in time for a good hot breakfast."

"But, Captain," said Lauder, "we can sail home almost as quick in the schooner and have her all ready for careening and painting as we planned. It's only a couple of tacks more, and it isn't worth while to make two days' work out o' a little job like this."

"Oh, it don't matter," said Turner sharply. "We can come across when the wind is fair and bring her home in a couple of hours or maybe four. She's too light for this breeze, and we're hungry and tired. So say no more about it."

So they sailed the "Swallow" into the little river and anchored her in a deep pool, almost under the shadow of birch-forested cliffs scarped with ledges of red sandstone. The sails were struck and secured, the cabin and forecastle closed and locked and the boat hoisted outboard over the low rail, in which they rowed ashore. Drawing the tender far up above the reach of the highest tide, they hid the oars in a thickset copse of blue spruces and set out through the woods for River Haven.

Captain Turner had filled his short clay pipe and for a while smoked furiously as he strode along, exchanging no word with his companion. They walked thus a mile or two before he spoke. "Lauder," he broke out abruptly, "what did you see down in the cabin when you went to light your pipe?"

Something of the old, unreasoning horror came back to Lauder, but he kept it under and his voice was steady as he answered with well-simulated surprise, "What did I see? What could I see beside the empty berths and that stinking whale-oil lamp?"

Turner said nothing for a while, but walked on in silence, still smoking furiously and apparently in deep thought. At last the narrow forest trail entered a clearing in the wood, and the rosy flush of dawn heralded the sunrise close at hand. To his surprise Lauder saw that the Captain's face was drawn and pale, his bearded lips fixed and determined; it was evident that his slow, strong spirit was stirred to its lowest depths.

"Lauder," said he, "'tis no use to lie. Your face when you came to the bottom of the stairs showed that something had frighted you terribly. You did see something below decks there this morning. In the name of God, what was it?"

Thus strongly adjured, Lauder gave way. "Captain," said he simply, "I have said nothing because I can't trust to my own eyesight and nerves. I lighted my pipe by that flaring light and the smoke for a moment hung around me so thick that I saw only the pipe and the lamp itself. Then as the smoke rose and shimmered, I thought I saw a dead mother holding a dead babe on her knees, sitting on the locker exactly opposite to where I stood. Her eyes stared into mine, but they had no light and she neither spoke nor stirred. For a moment I could not call out nor move, but at last I rushed to the stairs and when I saw you at the wheel, I was ashamed of myself and forced myself to look back into those awful eyes. But there was nothing there, and I cursed myself for a dreaming fool and came on deck."

The great drops of sweat poured down from the Captain's brow and face and his voice trembled as he answered, "Lauder," said he solemnly, "as sure as there is a God, I was steering away after you went below, laying plans for outfitting our fishing voyage and watching the land as we drew near, meaning to call to you soon to help me put her about. All at once, as I looked to windward, I cast my eyes over that accursed jolly-boat in which we came ashore, and as God sees me, I saw lying in her a dead man with his throat cut from ear to ear. How I kept on my course, I don't know, for my hair stood on end and my blood was freezing in my veins; but I kept my eyes fixed on that compass until you rushed to the companionway stairs and then I looked and it was gone.

"No money would tempt me to sail in that accursed schooner again or to ship any of my neighbors in a craft which can never bring good luck to anyone. I must sell her, for I can't afford to burn or sink her, and it will be easy to find a buyer, at the price. Good reason had her skipper for leaving the sea, I'll be bound, although the Lord only knows why!"

"Do you think that they did not dare to sail in her any longer?" asked Lauder.

"Let us ask no questions and say nothing to anyone, for some years anyhow; Black Dan is not a man to be trifled with, and he's less than two hundred miles away; but some day I'll know something about the poor souls who cannot sleep in peace, because a debt is owin' to the justice of man an' the vengeance o' God."

So they solemnly promised never to speak of their strange experiences on the "Swallow" until something came to light or it was agreed that secrecy was no longer necessary. Captain Turner sailed the Gulf for years, and was known and respected from Cape Cod to the Seven Islands as a safe-going mariner, cheery and kindly to passengers and crew.

From time to time he made inquiry as to the former owners of the "Swallow," which stout little vessel was often sold and never stayed long in any man's ownership. The Montmorency brothers left the sea for good, as they had planned, and became known as quiet and well-to-do householders, in strong contrast to their former doubtful and almost lawless course of life. The merry Doucette never returned to Port MacIan, and his well-worn packs lay unclaimed in the garret of the Highland Piper long after "the auld Janet" had joined her forbears and Angus himself was gathered to his fathers.

There was no legal evidence that would warrant a trial; the Doucettes had been and were not, so far as the gossip of a few acquaintances bore witness. The country was wild and sparsely settled, and Captain Turner and his old friend Lauder became content to leave to the final accounting the mystery of the cabin passengers of the "Swallow."

AFTER SUMMER

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

WHOM the gods love die young. Green lanes turn brown;
And all the flaming triumph of the rose
In withered ashes round the garden blows;
The tattered leaves on every blast sweep down;
The smile of nature changes to a frown;
The meadow streams no longer move in glee
But lose in sobs their silvery melody,
And stillness falls on country and on town.

Yet is there beauty in the solemn hush
That comes when the quick summer goes; and dear
The silences that claim the shadowed day:
For ever and anon some lingering thrush
Breaking the Sabbath with a song of cheer,
Illumes the world with memories of white May!

The Swan Song *of the* Rocky Mountain Canary

by Katherine Keife

ROOM number eight of Bluffum School was demoralized. The sixty fifth-graders, whose names appeared upon its muster roll, were in uproarious disorder. For this undesirable state of affairs there were several reasons. In the first place, the school was too large. In the second place, the division of sexes was unequal, so that forty-five out of the total of sixty pupils were boys, of extremely inventive minds and dispositions far from studious.

Miss Andersen, who took the class at the beginning of the year, finding her flock utterly opposed to making the acquaintance of common fractions, had decided to pour forth her soul in song. She didn't teach music. She simply sang rote songs with her pupils, to the exclusion of all other duties, and for this drew her sixty dollars a month, which was doubtless little enough pay for so much effort.

The boys dubbed her "Jenny Lind, or the Swedish nightingale," in delicate compliment to her ancestry. At morn, at noon, and until the closing hour, Number Eight sang vigorously and boisterously. The children sang their song books through, from cover to cover. They sang hymns and patriotic songs. By and by, they began to put in their time singing music-hall songs that savored of limburger, and this innovation upon the school curriculum eventually brought about a change of dynasty.

Certain matrons upon the School Board, having breadth of soul superior to minding their own business, were consumed with zeal for the public welfare. Joyfully they heard of the music-hall ditties that were being perpetrated in Number Eight. The matter was brought up in mothers' meeting. It was turned over by many tongues as a toothsome morsel, and the effect of the melodies upon the minds and morals of Number Eight was fully discussed. The consensus of opinion was against the Bowery favorites, and by a unanimous vote their continued use was abolished.

To make a horrible example of Miss Andersen, she was removed to a smaller school, in a better part of the city, at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. Miss Andersen had a pull with the Board, as well as with the principal of Bluffum School.

So the boys lost their Swedish nightingale, and in her stead there was appointed to rule over them Miss Cecilia Kennedy, from the list of new and untried substitutes, who had no pull with anybody. Miss Kennedy had taught for twelve years in her home town in the suburbs. Now, by the death of the invalid sister and mother, to whom the twelve years' toil had been gladly given, the old home had been broken up, and for the sake of change she had cast her lot in with the city workers.

The boys eyed her as she faced them that first morning—a small, slender, heroic figure in a clinging black dress with touches of lavender among the white at her throat. There was something new and interesting in the poise of the small head with its masses of wavy dark hair, in the small spirited face, lit up by big Irish eyes that were gray in her day dreams, blue when she smiled and black in anger or excitement.

Reginald Folger waved his hand in air, and was accorded a nod of recognition from the new teacher. Then she stared at him with sudden interest, as if to make sure of her first impression.

"Please may we sing?"

"Certainly. We will sing 'America,' page fifty-two of your song books. Be careful to keep your parts on this, or the altos will find themselves carrying the air, and we shall have the whole thing sung in unison."

She proceeded to give the pitch from the tuning fork, and to beat the time for the opening measure. Not a mouth opened.

"What's the matter?"

"We're waiting for you to begin."

"I never sing with my pupils. You must depend upon yourselves. I'm sorry if it will bother you, but it is really much better for you."

"Doesn't sing!" gasped Peter Rosenbaum.

"Not to sing!" echoed Vladimir Waldofski.

"Rocky Mountain canary!" hissed Reginald Folger, and that was how this new name came to Miss Kennedy.

Number Eight didn't want to like her at all. Bluffum School was prejudiced against her, and the children would have liked to copy the covert sneers and cold demeanor of the teaching force; but children are responsive little creatures, and fifth-graders have not yet mastered the intricacies of "push and pull." So they liked the soothing presence of Miss Kennedy. They liked her low and gentle voice. They liked her kind and pleasant ways. They hung upon her laugh and her funny stories. They bragged that they had the prettiest teacher in the building. The boys forgot to be rude and sulky. They became suddenly helpful and gentle-mannered, just for the sake of her smiling appreciation. She had a charming smile, that set dimples going in her pretty pink cheeks, to match the dimple in her chin. The girls forgot to be shy and awkward, and took on new graces daily, just through their habit of copying the admirable Miss Kennedy.

Among all this harmony there rang one discordant note. It came from Reginald Folger. Apparently nothing that Miss Kennedy did could please him, and the thing that least concerned him was to please her. When he found that she liked to have the room still, he bestirred himself to make a racket. He whistled through his teeth. He drummed upon his desk. He scraped his feet upon the floor. He dropped books continually.

As in most city schools, the grade teachers of Bluffum were so hampered by rules that they had no freedom to punish insubordination. Miss Kennedy had reduced her whole room, with the exception of Reginald Folger, to order, with no appeal to the principal. Such had been that official's rudeness of manner toward herself that she was fully determined, whatever might happen, to send no child to the office. She had spirit.

When Reginald took to whispering, slapping the face of the boy behind him and pulling the hair of the girl in front, he was summoned to a special chair beside the teacher's desk, with his back to the room. He whistled softly. Two darkening eyes turned their full gaze upon him and he subsided. He rapped with his pencil. A small, soft hand reached across the desk, took the pencil from his unresisting hand and laid it on the desk.

"This is the time to study your spelling, Reginald."

Her eyes were just as pleasant as her voice.

"I know my spelling," very sulkily.

The boy learned so quickly that he never appeared to study at all.

"Haven't you any work that you ought to do?"

"No."

"No, Miss Kennedy," corrected the Rocky Mountain canary, with a voice and smile so gentle and magnetic that the big black eyes went down before the big blue eyes, a blush mounted to the olive cheek, and the rebellious pupil muttered shamefacedly, "No, Miss Kennedy."

"How do you like fairy stories?"

The hungry eagerness of the dark face answered her dumbly.

The Canary reached into the depth of her desk and extracted therefrom a wonderful book of Celtic fairy tales, bound in dark green leather, with the harp of Erin stamped in gold upon the cover. What boy could withstand such a treasure? This one seized it with an involuntary expression of thanks that spoke well for his home training, and was dead to the world until the noon intermission. The Canary gazed upon the dark face bent over the book with a curiously wistful expression.

At the afternoon session Reginald appeared with pockets curiously bulging, and Miss Kennedy presently saw a slender red snake writhing along her desk and two small hop toads setting out on a little journey in the world across the schoolroom floor. Mentally thankful for her steady nerves, with an inward chuckle as she realized that she was humbly imitating the good Saint Patrick in her deed, she seized the snake by his neck and incarcerated him in an empty crayon box. Then, darting after the toads, she had both of them in the same safe receptacle before half the children were aware that anything unusual was occurring.

"Where did you get them, Reginald?"

"A feller gave them to me."

"Have you any more?"

"Yes—Miss Kennedy."

"I'll take them all," and two more toads went into the box.

"Have you any more?"

"No, Miss Kennedy."

"Take your own seat, now, please, for your writing lesson."

"I don't want to write," without budging.

"Why? Are you sick? Don't you feel able to write?"

"I feel able, but I won't do it."

"I'm sorry you feel unwilling to do your work, Reginald, because you will have to take your lesson in writing unless you are sick. I can't excuse you."

"I don't care whether you excuse me or not, you can't make me do anything if I don't want to do it. You can send me to the office and the principal won't make me do it, either, because I'm Reginald Folger and my father is secretary of the School Board. I guess you didn't know that, did you?"

For more than one reason, this warlike statement of facts disturbed the Rocky Mountain canary. The pretty color in her cheeks deepened a little. The blue eyes turned black and flashed forth a steely glitter. She heard the children draw one simultaneous breath of horrified amazement. She realized a crisis. Though mute in song, she was far from being dumb. She delivered what she felt to be her swan-song in calm and cutting accents:

"It isn't any news to me, Reginald. You need not trouble yourself to read me Tom Folger's pedigree, because I know it already, as well as I know my own. I used to know him when he was a little boy no older than you, and I never knew him to be cruel to a poor, harmless, useful snake or toad. I never knew him to be rude to his teacher or impertinent to any other lady. I wish you were half as good a boy as your father used to be. Now come with me into the ante-room, and we will see about this business."

In a dazed manner, Reginald accompanied the Canary into the little side apartment, to view her with surprise, as she picked up a ruler from the ledge of the blackboard.

"You aren't going to whip me!"

"Maybe I'm going to whip your father, or the principal, or the superintendent; but I think that you'll find yourself the honored person," and suiting the action to the word, she laid the small rebel across her knee and applied the curly maple vigorously.

"You aren't allowed to whip me," said the boy with real dignity, as he dried his eyes upon her proffered handkerchief.

"No; that is why I shall resign tonight."

Reginald ceased mopping his eyes and gave her the queerest look.

"You don't have to go; I won't tell on you," he said.

Her eyes overflowed in a minute, and she laughed, as she reached out her hand.

"Lend me that hanky, now, I'm the one that needs it. It is very dear and kind of you not to tell, but don't you see, I've done wrong, and so I should not feel right to stay here any more after I've done it."

"No; I don't see why you can't stay if nobody knows you did it. Anyway, I deserved to be whipped sixty times as hard. Shall you have to tell the principal?"

"I shall have to tell somebody, when I resign."

"Well, I'm going to ask my father to keep you."

All the rest of the afternoon he was a model boy. He even waited to say good-night and to lay upon her desk a little note reading:

"I'm sorry I've been so bad. R."

She smiled over it as she gathered up her small belongings for a final departure. It was Friday of her fourth week's teaching, so that another substitute could easily be procured for Monday's work. One small satisfaction she would give herself. She would report to no principal, but to the superintendent himself, at his office in the rooms of the Board of Education.

When she reached the office the face that she looked for was not behind the big desk. Another man sat at a table with his back toward her. She noticed that his hair was very black and graying a trifle at the temples. When she was close up to him, he turned at the sound of her step, and she recognized Tom Folger. With recognition as swift as her own, he sprang up and caught both her hands in his.

"Why, Cissy! This is an unexpected pleasure. How are you? Upon my word, you are prettier than ever!"

"Tom, you're a flatterer. Where is that missing superintendent? I've come to resign."

"He took the noon train to New York, so you will have to resign to me. What are you doing it for, anyway? Why don't you stay? Can't you stand the racket? What's the matter out at that Bluffum building, Cissy?"

"Well, you see, I've whipped a boy. He was rude and disobedient and he brought four toads and a snake into school this afternoon. So I whipped him, and it's against the rules."

"You mustn't leave for that; the boy needed it."

"Come to think of it, 'twas your boy."

"What! Reginald?"

"Yes, Reginald."

"Cissy, you are just the same girl that you always were. Here's my hand on it, and I thank you. I've sometimes had a notion that I ought to whip Reginald myself; but his mother being dead and all, I've put it off from time to time. Really, I thank you. Tell me all about it. First time he ever was whipped, except as he gets into a fight now and then."

He went into silent spasms of laughter as Miss Cecilia described the exclusive spirit of the Bluffum teachers, their rage at the Nightingale dismissal, their spite against herself, their constant jeers against country teachers, repeated whenever she came near them.

"My name throughout the building is the Rocky Mountain canary—a mere burro, you see. Donkeys are poor-spirited brutes and have no voice, like me. Your son Reginald coined the name, and it has won great popularity."

"But I don't understand. You had a splendid voice, Cissy. Can't you sing now?"

"I can, but I don't. Not in school. I don't think it is right, for they lean on me so that they don't learn anything themselves."

"Still that morbid conscience. I mistrust that your conscience made a heap of trouble for you and me, Cissy."

"I don't see how," replied Miss Cecilia with a vivid blush.

"I didn't see it then, or I should have hung on; but I have mistrusted it since. Didn't you turn me down because you wanted to support your mother and sister? Didn't you, Cissy?"

"Well, yes, Tom. It's all over, and I will own up."

"I wouldn't ever have taken you away from them, Cissy. Our home should have been their home, always."

"I knew you would say that, if you knew, and it wasn't fair to hamper your success in life like that. So I just let you think I didn't care."

"But it wasn't true, Cissy. You let me believe what wasn't true, and I didn't see what was true until it was a good deal too late. Could you care again, Cissy?"

"Now what's the use, Tom? It's mere

nonsense trying to kindle old fires that have long ago burned to ashes."

"Are you quite sure, Cissy? There's many a live coal in my ashes. Dig round in yours and see if you can't find a few. There never was anybody like you, Cissy."

"Let's talk business, Tom. I came to resign."

"I have received your confession, and I refuse to accept your resignation. Go back and battle with that nest of tabbies. I can promise you that my boy won't ever need a second whipping."

"He is going to ask you to keep me."

"I'll make him stand on his good behavior before I promise. He really does think a lot of you, but he has a notion that the Nightingale wasn't treated right, and loyalty to her memory has compelled him to violate his feelings toward you. He is a queer little chap, but a chip off the old block, as you may have discovered."

"That's why it almost killed me to give him that spanking. He looked so like you, Tom."

"So? I was ready to bank on the coals in those ashes. What do you think of New Year's for a wedding? Too soon? How about Easter? Too soon? Then it's June. Say it's June. Thank you," with appropriate fireworks and demonstrations, which were interrupted midway by the untimely entrance of a tall man who wore spectacles.

"Good-evening, Mr. Superintendent. So you did not go to New York. You must excuse my little celebration, for this lady here has just consented to become Mrs. Thomas Folger at the end of the school year."

SWEETHEART OF MY DREAMS

I

AH, sweet companion of my dreams!
Waking, the world of day is dark,
And silent is the lark!
Through daylight hours Time creeps,
Though swift in dreams it flies.
When I awake it seems
I open but my eyes,—
My heart still sleeps!

II

My dreams, dear one, are all of thee!
Sometimes thy tears my kisses brush;
Sometimes thy heart I crush
Within my love! For this
My soul in penance burns
By day; yet ardently,
Each night, my heart returns
To crave another kiss!

III

'Twill only be in dreams, I fear,
That I shall whisper all my love
And thou wilt not reprove.
My phantom love, it seems,
I may not tell to thee,
Nor any wakened ear,
So must you ever be
The sweetheart of my dreams.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

A TRANSPLANTED CHRISTMAS

BY LEONORA BECK ELLIS

"We of the high lights,
Sky lights,
High lights,"

trilled Camilla.

It was a studio song, one of our own, bubbling with gay froth. The rule was that when Camilla sang it, festivities were set going, if not already in full swing.

And was not tonight the gala night of all?

The stool twirled and Camilla looked levelly into my eyes. I had not intended she should find it there. In fact, nothing was turning out as I had intended.

"What is Christmas without the home folks?" asked Medford Browne, in a queer, far-gone sort of voice. I left off staring, gorgonized, at Camilla, to inspect Medford, with a new light on him. He was long-haired and sallow, above his Byron collar and rusty Tuxedo. Of the ordinary writer-type, he was a good friend of ours, mine and Camilla's, and had a habit of saying rather diverting things. What had suddenly impelled him to this old-fashioned stupidity?

"Who would have thought of you and home-folks in the same breath, Meddy? I didn't dream you ever had any."

It sounded wanton, I said within myself, when Doucette had rattled out the inane sarcasm. Yet—had I not been looking Medford over with that very idea in my mind?

An unaccountable impulse swayed my next words.

"Sing the 'Cradle Song,' Camille."

Stabbing me with the reproach in her eyes, she yet turned back to the piano and began a low melody, soft as silk, but poignant like a steel blade, to more than one soul in the room. Even Doucette was silent when the last note died sighing, while Louise Moncrief sat staring at the slim fingers interlacing in her lap. And St. Julien held a melancholy gaze on the street lights far below his window-seat.

Medford Browne was again the one to speak. What was in the man tonight? He said:

"My mother used to follow the lullaby, when it was Christmas like this, with 'Little Town of Bethlehem.' Of course you don't know it, Camille?"

When it was Christmas like this, indeed! When was Christmas ever like this away back in the days he would persist in drawing up out of the deep waters? Then, not to allow Camilla should even be acquainted with treasures such as the little song and the mother-memories, when there was something in her eyes which told him! I had never for a minute guessed she cared for him in that sort. But every kind of pain was in the glance she threw his way before her fingers sought the keys again.

"O, little town of Bethlehem!"

Never had her voice seemed so moving, wholly compelling.

"The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more!"

You must have felt, as I did, that the insistent melody had crept back from all our buried childhoods, striven at our hearts, then slipped anew to silence. St. Julien broke it hollowly:

"We of the alien house-tops might do better to go into syncope until the period of hearthstone apotheosis is over."

"All seasons for our joy save only Christmas," put in Ives, the reader, whose classic face showed colder tonight than even its wont.

"We might at least borrow someone else's children, and so do a little enjoying vicariously," threw in Alton, the big musician out of the West. But he saved the hour by strolling across to the piano, and crashing on the keys, so affording opportunity for a general rally of scattered forces.

I think mine were the hardest to rally; I couldn't tell why. Had I not been a year saving for this hour all the foam and froth, dimes and dollars, wit and gayety, I could by any means foregather? Besides, there was the set of blue steins I had cheated myself out of butter to buy. We would bring them into service in a few minutes; and after that I was to uncover the picture I had told myself I was putting my life-blood into while I painted it. Where were those thrills gone?

Yet I held to it—this was to be my Christmas of pleasure, gayety, satisfying to the full, the climax of the two studio years through which I had scraped and worked, the sign and symbol, in very fact, of all the compensating things I had bartered a home-life for.

Yet plainly through the big melody Alton's fingers were beating out for us, I could hear Philip Dawson's throbbing tones as he pleaded:

"Don't, Cicely—don't give us up for that. It never satisfies a woman. And think of our pain and loss! Mine first, for I can but think of myself first in this, then Uncle Blake's, Aunt Drusilla's."

"It does, it shall satisfy! I want it, my own life, the expression of myself in art," I had stormed back at him. "Uncle Blake and Auntie can get along, and you, too. What is your pain or loss compared with what mine would be if I renounced my chosen work, yes, and the independent life I crave with it, for the narrow hearth-stone round you offer me as your wife? Leave me to myself and my career, Phil Dawson!"

I could vow times over I had not thought of him, his eyes, his voice, for a year at least. The first year here had gone hard with me, perhaps. But for many months now I had made better conquest in every way; and Camilla and I had expended all spare hours and thought in laying in train the festivities by which we were to accomplish pleasant return for the scores of studio courtesies we had been accepting.

This was Camilla's night, at least, it was in her attic. But my picture was to come in as the climax feature. The next evening was to be under my own skylight, and, for the heart of the program, we had it planned that, following the little supper and the men's smoke, copies of her new song, her first great one, should go around as favors. The spice of Christmas surprise dashed in by the little exchange was a source of triumph to us two.

They were all present of our special coterie. Good girls in the main, even if hard from tough pelting of the world; and the men could not be called bad, for most of them were bound to an aim, or a dream, or at the worst, were patiently following some ever-receding shape of desired achievement.

A round dozen filled the attic space left by Camilla's piano and folded couch.

Medford Browne had brought another story-maker with him tonight, a younger man, alert of eye as lazy of limb. These two, with Ives and Alton, were the only men, until St. Julien arrived, accompanied by a shaggy-looking chap who was working into a snug corner in the illustrating set.

St. Julien himself, with the eyes and brow of Shelley, held large art-measures, and so would call himself nothing better than verse-factor, not even when now and again a sonnet of his with the whiff of the ether about it crept into some periodical of first rank. I might as well set it down here that every girl of us had at one time or another leaned to adoration of St. Julien.

A half dozen constituted the group of our sex also. There was a girl who sang better than Camilla, but without her feeling, and another who painted worse than I, but drew with an accuracy I could never hope for. Doucette came next, Doucette Girard. We never thought of her as heavily weighted above her quaint arched eyebrows, but every one of us liked her. She did several things more than passably, in the line of clay-modelling, wood-burning and allied achievement. But, above all, she exhaled perpetually a gingery aroma of contradictions; witness her present outcropping of ambition toward the serious drama. Doucette and the serious drama fraternizing!

To complete our circle came Louise Moncrief, the sole one of us not distinguished by a vacuity well-nigh perpetual in the region of the pocket-book. A much older woman than the rest, but with a young smile, a nimble tongue and wit. She was head reader of manuscripts on one of the big magazines, and looked on as standing square in the line of editorial preferment.

"Fate-dispenser," Medford Browne was wont to ask her on occasion, "how canst thou be so blithe when so weightsome is thy day's allotment of labor?"

But Miss Moncrief was far from blithe tonight, or facile in bon mot. It came to me, with other uninvited thoughts, what dead and gone Christmases must have meant to this woman, on whose temples the clinging lovelocks were whitening unkissed! Until that very hour she had stood to me simply the type of a woman's satisfying success. But now Phil Dawson's words in my ear again, "It never satisfies a woman!"

Alton swept a crashing finale from the keyboard and I sprang up with an overdone jest, yet leading to an exchange all around of place, partner and grouping. The evening should not be a failure. There was tomorrow yet—tomorrow night in my sky parlor. No one would come if graveyard desolateness like this got associated with us.

"We'll all be dodging one another for the rest of the week if this goes any further," I whispered to Camilla. "In the name of Bohemia, if not St. Nicholas, let's do better."

That Christmas aboundingly gay for which I had scrimped and saved treasure of every sort, was not to slip from my grasp, I kept telling myself resolutely.

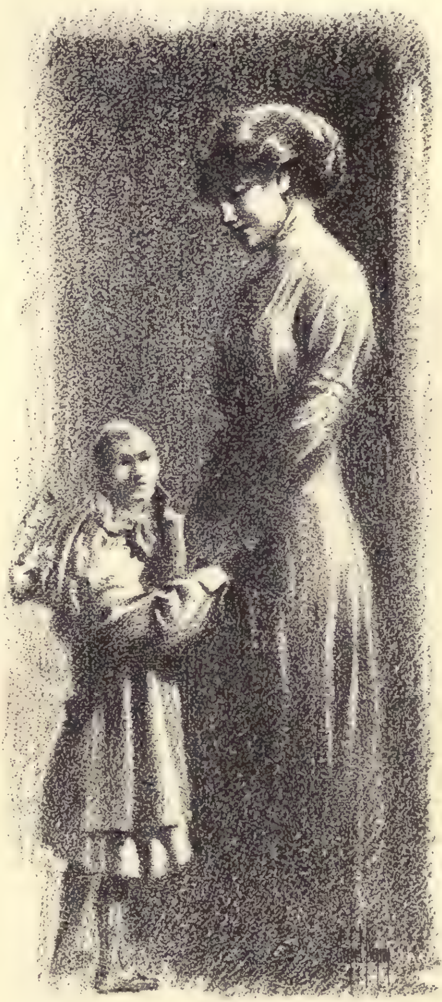
The others helped, too, and the atmosphere was soon more breathable.

Camilla got a corner's space and began to drill the shaggy chap in certain minuet movements and poses, Isador strumming on the guitar for them. Doucette taught the jolliest of her little games to Ives, Alton and the singing girl, while Louise entertained the rest of us with a high-flavored story.

"It was a mood," I reasoned within. "I cannot tell why it should have seized all of us at once. Probably it will never come to me again, the same pang, the same void, the emptiness, disillusion. Pray God it never may."

Jest and laughter increased, the amber bead crowned our blue steins, and some one started a song, into which one after another we fell. It was not a song made to fit Christmas Eves, but it rollicked and swung along buoyantly.

No one heard a knocking at the door. It opened, and some of us looked that way. Our exclamations drew all other eyes in the same direction, and the song died, neither jest nor badinage following.



"Mamma said 'ou'd tiss us bofe, an' take us on 'our lap"

They were standing on the threshold, the pair of fair-haired children, wide-eyed, silent, beautiful. Snowflakes were on the boy's brown coat, the girl's red one.

In a daze Camilla stepped forward, and the woman who led the children spoke:

"I'm looking for Miss Cicely Trent."

Without a word I took the note handed me, reading it twice over in silence. Then I passed it to Camilla, and with a choking sob sank upon the couch, covering my face.

"Cicely," the note ran, "I shall be gone when Rachel brings you my little ones. You will have to take care of them, for I feel that father and mother will never forgive me, even in my grave. Your unhappy
"MILLY."

But I did not want the children! What room was there in my life for them? What could I do with such encumbrances? Where would my art be, my career?

Rachel led the little ones to me while my hands still covered my miserable eyes.

"Don't cwy," coaxed Baby Drue, with rose-leaf touches on my trembling fingers. "Mamma said 'ou'd tiss us bofe, an' take us on 'our lap."

"And be glad to see us," put in discerning Bob.

"Said 'ou'd let us hang up our 'tockin's for Santy," pursued Drue, meeting my faint smile with the gladdest little laugh imaginable.

Louise Moncrief it was who lifted Drue to my lap and Bobby to the couch beside me. It was she again, the scintillant, successful woman of the world, who, kneeling, took off their coats and caps, babbling softly:—

"You blessedest babies! Old Kris Kringle just spilled you right out of his sleigh here on the housetops simply because Cicely's the luckiest girl in the world, even if she doesn't know it yet. Oh, the darling, darling little hands and curls and dimples!"

She sprang up and began ordering everybody around in a fashion manifestly delightful to all. Before I had realized it, she had whisked the children with me out of the fumes and overbreathed atmosphere into the freshness of my sky parlor. Drue traveled thither in the arms of Ives Paisley, to whose cold face none would have denied the glow of Christmas had come. Chubby Bob rode Medford Browne's shoulder, Doucette driving hard with an imaginary whip, and Camilla following, hungry-eyed.

All this I saw as in a dream. When they had stood around us a little, I observed that big Alton came in, with bulging pockets. Emptying these, with inexplicable winks at me and nods toward my babies, he kissed Drue's hand, pulled Bob's curls and was off, the others shortly following.

I wanted to cry, but dared not, with two such pairs of eyes upon me. Instead, I made very busy with preparations for swinging a long, eager-looking stocking on either side of my cosy Franklin.

* * *

My problem was by no means done with when the sunshine of Christmas morning dropped through my skylight. I raised my head; two rosy faces dreamed on an improvised couch beside mine, two much-stuffed stockings hung in view.

Slipping out of bed, I lighted the stove and tried to think co-ordinately, yet knowing I could not. One idea persisted clearly as I stared around at the unhomelike walls; this was a sorry place for my babies' Christmas!

I knew an old farmhouse sheltered in the hills, a hundred miles away, under whose peaked roof reigned comfort, peace, content. I shut my eyes in a Christmas dream. We were running up the walk between the snow-bent larches, Bob trotting beside me, Drue laughing from my arms. The door opened, a big Yule log glowed behind Uncle Blake, Aunt Drusilla was hurrying out from the kitchen, spicy aromas pursuing her.

"Milly's children, Uncle, Auntie," I heard myself saying. "They are yours and mine now. For your beloved daughter is dead, and you must forgive her at last for having married against your will. Forgive everything, dear Uncle, me most of all for running away in chase of futile and selfish ambitions. We've come home, Uncle, Auntie; shan't we stay?"

On the instant Phil Dawson had come up the walk behind us. He sprang to my side, and, taking Baby Drue—oh, so tenderly!—lifted her to Auntie's arms, then led Bob to Uncle Blake, who bent over the boy a face from which all the old bitterness and unrelenting had been swept clean, the kind, good face that had shone out for mine and Milly's childhood—and Phil's.

The babies had come into their own, while I—but what were Philip's arms doing? and where was my head resting? I arose, and, with an angry gesture and bitter laugh, brushed away the silly dream.

"I am weak, maudlin, this morning. Here is my place. I chose it long ago, have worked hard to carve out this very niche for myself. Here I will hold my vantage until I can climb higher."

Higher? Well—

The early mail having come, I opened a letter while the children still slept.

Dear Cicely:

Because I am old enough to be your mother, and because it is Christmas, when I must look into the ghostly faces of precious things I have missed, things far more valuable then any you or I may ever win in following a "career," I feel myself impelled to send you this message. It is not mere friendly counsel I write down tonight; it is exigent pleading.

Take your babies and go home, Cicely. Never fear that they and you will not be received with a dowering of utmost love. Go home to the peaceful farmhouse, the kind Uncle and Aunt, and—forgive me if I say it —to someone else there! I have divined it, child, divined, also, that he is worthy of you, even as you are worthy of the beautiful realm he will set you over, but that you are holding back from happiness only because you are—a very foolish and mistaken little girl, as was once

Louise Moncrief.

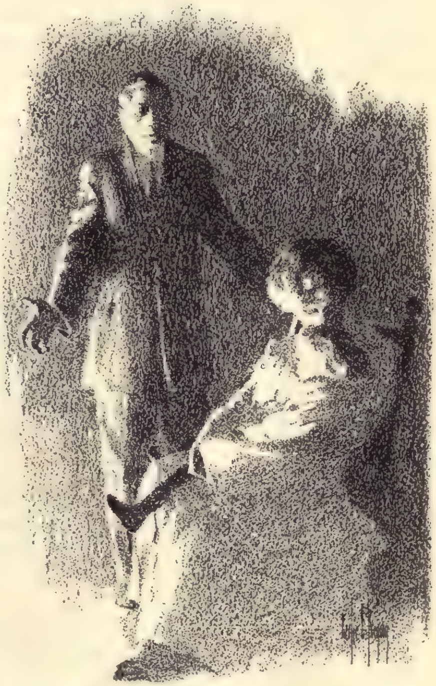
P. S. Pardon, dear, my slipping in the small check. It occurs to me that when a little artist has outlaid for a holiday party, she may not be ready, at a moment's notice, to betake herself and her newly acquired family to another point a great many miles distant. Let me help in this happy transplanting of a Christmas. Call the check a loan if you must. L. M.

* * * *

Uncle Blake and Aunt Drusilla were almost ready for their lonely dinner when we slipped in—past the snow-bent larches and up the steps my childish feet had helped to wear. My dream might have come true even to its foolish ending, if only that well-known tread had sounded behind ours on the walk and Phil's strong arms had lifted Drue to her grandmother's embrace.

Ah, but the welcome the dear home-folks gave us was enough to satisfy the most clamorous heart. The forgiveness and love that had been waiting for poor Milly they showered upon us in overflowing measure.

And when some quiet tears had washed away the last trace of the old bitterness, and we sat down, we five, to Aunt Drue's stuffed turkey and spiced pies I was resolute to quench any pang of disappointment in my foolish heart and prove myself as happy as the two beloved old folks opposite, the two precious youngsters on either side.



"*A Christmas gift for the rest and none for me*"

Strange, though, that Aunt Drusilla, who had been a Dawson before she married my mother's only brother, should have refrained so sedulously from any mention of her nephew's name while recounting the neighborhood news. He lived but a mile away, across Beechnut Hill. Could there be something I had not heard? Was some graceful woman today dispensing a young wife's hospitality in the big, red farmhouse Phil's father had left him? Auntie might have her own preposterous reasons for holding back such news for a while!

I threw off such thoughts, for something was clutching my heart very hard.

But here were my blessed babies, to be drilled by Uncle Blake and myself, in the old-time games and songs, here was Auntie to be loved and petted a little. A few bright days of old-fashioned affection and good cheer should be mine—with no Phil Dawson in them! Then, beyond my transplanted Christmas, lay earnest work again, among those of kindred aims and tastes. The children safe and love-girdled in this snug corner where my own childhood had been so happy, what was there to hinder my return to the path I had long ago chosen, with due weighing of measures and values?

The afternoon flitted blithely over our little group, twilight fell with quiet. In the deep glow from the big logs in the fireplace, we sat without lamp or candle. Uncle Blake had drawn Bobby to him in the great chair beloved of mine and Philip's youthful days. Baby Drue cuddled close in my arms in rosy peace, while her grandmother went softly about the homey little tasks of nightfall.

All was so deeply peaceful, so poignantly sweet. A tear fell, another, dropping on the baby curls against my breast. I could not have explained them, but surely they sprang from no longing in my spirit to annihilate the miles and be again one of the gay group that Camille had promised to be gathering now in my distant attic.

I heard a heavier footfall in the kitchen than Auntie's, and a murmur of voices followed. The hired man must have returned earlier than anticipated.

When Aunt Drue opened the door, I looked up, expectant. A tall figure towered behind her, emerged from the gloom, came past her and into the firelight glow. Ah, but the deepest glow was in his warm, true gaze!

"O Phil!" I cried, full confession in my tones, my eyes; for he had given me no chance to adjust myself.

"Cicely!" he murmured, stretching out his arms.

Yet I held back, clasping Drue closer, hiding my eyes now in her curls.

I heard the door open and shut, and knew that the others had gone, even Bobby.

"Cicely, darling," Philip reproached, yet tenderly, "a Christmas gift for all the rest and none for me? Empty hands, empty arms, now and forever?"

I could not bear the pain in his voice another moment. I lifted my eyes, yet with some foolish denial on my lips. He kissed it away, gathering both Baby and myself to his throbbing heart.

What need to gainsay him—or myself? Love had won its old, sweet way, and it was Christmas everywhere.

WITHOUT YOU

WITHOUT you, love, the day would hold no light;
The kindly stars would vanish from the night;
The flowers would forget to wake at morn;
The rose die sleeping, leaving but the thorn,—
Without you.

Without you, love, no promise would be bright;
Hope's golden sun would darken at its height;
The world of all its glory would be shorn,
And I should be a wanderer, forlorn,—
Without you.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

AN EARTHEN PITCHER

BY

Jennie Harris Oliver

BEING a mother to Miss Cecily was very much like giving one's life to the guarding of a very rare and fragile piece of porcelain—there was always the fear of upsetting draughts and shattering jars.

Mrs. Overheim was even in awe of the room Cecily called her boudoir, entering it only upon state occasions. Subtle glories were in the white polished floor, with its black fur rugs; in the lustrous violet hangings; in the exquisite "Spring," in its silver setting; and the squat, brown woman knew that she looked as much out of place there as an earthen tub on a silken divan.

More than subtle was the owner of the room—a slim, patrician creature, whose face was a creamy flower, cleft by a red, tenderly-curving mouth. Corn-yellow hair formed a nimbus about her perfect pallor, and sweeping low, emphasized the lovely forward curve of her slim, snowy neck. Clear, sea-blue eyes, deepening to purple at the iris' edge, were as ice and fire between extremely long and vividly black curling lashes. Before this beauty the brown woman worshipped, for the most part, in heavy silence.

There was a shabby, fat office-slave of a father who worshipped, too. Daily the pair planned new sacrifice. The father wore the same suit year after year, that Cecily might be silk-lined and tailor-clad, and the mother continued to turn and alter with her own hand rusty silks brought twenty years before from Germany, as the price of gloves and boots and sables. But these were trifles light as air compared with other self-effacements of the parents Overheim.

It was with such breathless haste as one might remove a treasure from its crumbling pedestal to place it one knew not where, that Mrs. Overheim entered her daughter's apartment one early winter evening.

Cecily sat before the fireplace as she had come in from the street, her furs slipping back, the pale gray of her perfect sheathing touched with the opaline glow of the leaping flames and the softly-shaded lamps. Mrs. Overheim carefully seated herself upon a dainty chair, and after clearing her throat, spoke diffidently, in her deep, husky contralto.

"Sidney has sent the ring already, Cec'ly?"

"Yes, mamma." A puzzled line formed between the girl's delicate brows as she took a small box from the table and laid it in her mother's thick, calloused hand. "It was queer—to *send* it! There is a queerer note."

Mrs. Overheim turned the ring carefully, noting its splendor. "Yuh care to read that note to your modther?" she asked quaintly.

Cecily lifted the sheet from her lap and smoothed its creases absently. Omitting the opening endearment, she read musingly, as to herself:

"I am sending the ring at last—your birthstone and the seal to our betrothal. You have waited for it bravely—you who never before waited for anything. It is sentimental to say it, perhaps; but Cecily—I send my soul with it. May you ever be true. SIDNEY."

"It sounds," said the girl in a small, troubled voice, "as if there had been something difficult—a sacrifice. Sidney has never said or written anything like that before. I was puzzling over it when you came in."

The older woman had grown pale through her brown. She slowly turned the ring upon her left hand—a thin, old-fashioned design of two hearts pierced by an arrow.

"My ring cost less than five dollar," she said at last.

Cecily leaned and laid her snowy hand over her mother's dark one. "Poor mamma," she said softly.

"No, no! I will not have you pity your own modther."

Mrs. Overheim's words were always deliberate, but twenty years of struggle had not obliterated the dear, quaint touch of her own country. She still said "modther" to avoid a chance "mutter," the word Cecily most disliked.

"We are most different, Cec'ly," she continued. "Do you not wonder how we—mother and child—could be so much not the same? Of *course*," she murmured, reading the reluctant confession in her daughter's flushed face, "I want for to show you."

She unpinned a large brooch from her neck, and pressing it gently, disclosed the lid to a tiny portrait. For some reason she had always allowed her daughter to believe the clumsy ornament but woven hair. Now the girl bent in surprise over a face that might have been her own.

"Your great-grandmother," said Mrs. Overheim. "She married a broad-face boy. He was not rich. My modther married a broad-faced boy—*he* was poor. You take all of three generations back. You love for things to be sweet-smelling; for diamonds to shine and silks to whisper. Child, why do you not marry a *rich* man?"

"I have wondered that, myself," murmured the girl, bewildered. "But I never see anyone to compare with Sidney. I couldn't—I just *couldn't*—love anyone but Sidney."

"You *think* so, Cec'ly; but how *much* you love? To willingly give up these things I have said? To make with your own hands many little garments? To have these—" she bent and took the girl's fine hands in her smooth, pudgy ones, "*these* look like your modther's. I *did* have lovely hands, and I do not regret this that you see. Cec'ly, what you *know*—of love?"

The girl whitened slowly. Finally she faltered, "I cannot give Sidney up just because he's poor. I know *that*, mother, I have had what I want, and I want—Sidney!"

The old brown face of the mother quivered. "You are my one child, Cec'ly," she whispered huskily. "I cannot have your life ruined. I want my child to mate with the one man she can love. I should be happy to have him rich; but nodthing matters if you care as I tell you."

"I do, oh, I do!" cried the girl passionately. "I had not thought to measure it like that, but—" she paused; the tears—strangers to her rose-leaf cheeks—rolled reluctantly down; "there is no one but Sidney," she ended softly.

"And Sidney gets but twenty-five dollar the week," pursued Mrs. Overheim, turning her ring with the old-fashioned hearts. "Since he has entered Lederington's jeweler store, he assists a modther who is invalid. He has many clubs. He buys you vi'lets."

Cecily caressed the long-stemmed beauties clinging against her breast. "He gave up his clubs for my violets—I love them so. It is the box at the opera that counts. I suppose that *is* extravagant."

"Yuh hear the music of Tannhauser this week, already. Then where, Cec'ly," Mrs. Overheim compelled the girl with her beautiful soft eyes, "did he get the money for that ring? Or who would trust for so much a young man with so small salary?"

The girl's mind had been gallantly groping for her mother's meaning, and now, under the force of direct questioning and the spell of searching eyes, something awoke and struggled upright in the soul of the little sybarite. She arose and stood with both hands clutching the fur on her shoulders.

"I don't know," she whispered. "Mother—do *you*?"

Mrs. Overheim got up heavily and took the frightened girl on her broad, sheltering bosom. "There, there," she soothed. "Not wicked, my child—only asleep! I, your modther, was much distress to wake you, but it had to be. Now be brave and trust modther. Give me the ring and wait here till yet a little while."

When Cecily finally followed to the hallway, she found her mother ready for the street—a clumsy figure in broadcloth coat and furs of ancient design, but under the folds of a coarse wool veil were eyes brown as autumn leaves and softly reassuring.

"I have left a note in the dining-room for your fadther. Now we must hasten," she said huskily.

The girl went down the stairway clinging to her mother's arm, seeking for her warm, clasping fingers as they found seats in the uptown car. It was like a dreadful dream, and Cecily trembled and sunk her pallid little face deeper within her sables.

A block from the jewelry establishment of "Lederington & Co." Mrs. Overheim drew the girl from the car and passed deliberately toward the brilliantly lighted building, Cecily pressing close, scarce breathing. Above the scintillating arc of the big glass front were the private rooms and office of the solitary old jeweler.

"We must go to the office," whispered Mrs. Overheim breathlessly. "You help your modther, Cec'ly. I think it were well to climb fast." And panting heavily, she urged her frightened daughter into the hall and up to the door marked "Office." Without rapping, she entered, Cecily close behind.

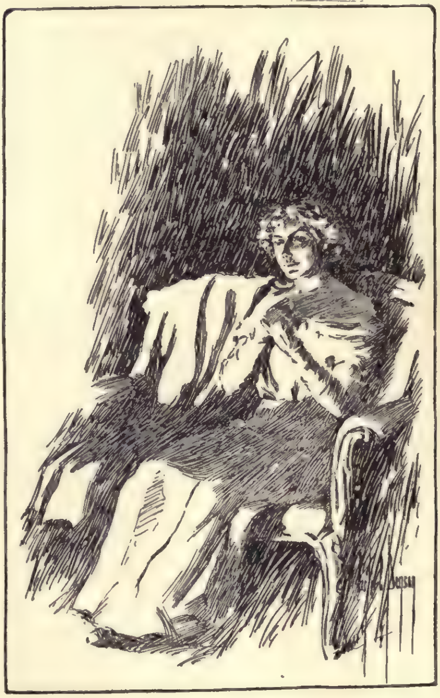
A long, littered table stood in the center of the room, behind which, his grizzled temple-locks pushed at right angles with his red, indignant brows, sat the old jeweler. Opposite stood Sidney Heuston between an officer and Lederington & Company's new bookkeeper. Heuston was as white as his employer was red. The bookkeeper was just concluding a rather embarrassed statement:

"And so, Mr. Lederington," he rasped nervously, "I am obliged to assure you that this is the man!"

Mrs. Overheim approached heavily, still panting from her strenuous climb. "Excuse me, shentlemen," she interrupted, smiling broadly, "it iss about a ring I have called—the ring for my daughter, Cec'ly, that you sent to my house for approval. I take that ring."

She fingered a moment in the old handbag on her arm, finally bringing to light a tiny box which she laid before the angry jeweler.

"It iss for my daughter's birtday," she said genially, lapsing into more of her mother tongue than her calmer moments permitted; "I have always intended that when she iss twenty, I buy her a diamon'. You tell the price and I pay you now."



"More than subtle was the owner of the room, a slim patrician creature"

Mr. Lederington reached for the box and compared the red-ink number with a memorandum before him. "Why," he exclaimed with a relieved chuckle, "this is *the* ring—'5716'—listed here at six hundred. When did you order this ring, Mrs. Overheim?"

"I forget the hour. I telephoned one of your hire to send it in a hurry. I wish to supprise Cec'ly."

If the white soul of "Cec'ly's" mother writhed at this extraordinary statement, it was made gallantly, not a false note in her pleasantly-harsh voice. "I will pay you the price," she went on, emptying the contents of the netted purse she held and pushing the heap of gold pieces toward the jeweler with her brown pudgy hand. 'I lay off to pay more as that; but it suits my daughter perfectly, and I will take it."

The old man counted the money thoughtfully, while Mrs. Overheim slipped the ring on her daughter's cold, nerveless hand. Then he looked from under his bushy eyebrows at the accused clerk and coughed apologetically.

"There has been a serious mistake," he said. "This ring—" he paused, seeking words best suited to soothe the feelings of the young man he had trained and trusted, "this ring, while not on the invoice, was noted in my private memoranda as a test. Nothing against any employee, you understand; I simply never trust anyone until he had been proven. My new bookkeeper is a plainclothes man, as was Johnson before him. Had systematic note been made of the order, his suspicions would not have led to this."

"Mr. Lederington," began the bookkeeper, with conviction, but Mrs. Overheim, who had remained perfectly placid during the explanation, now broke in upon the detective deliberately, her calloused hand raised in friendly reminder:

"Did I not tell you when you came to the house before dark, that I order that ring? You had but to wait yet a little and see me supprise my daughter with her birtday gift. Did I not ask you to wait?"

"You did," stammered Morrison, "but I believed you to be mistaken in the ring. I was sure from Heuston's manner—" he hesitated. "Of course it is all right," he allowed, "but I must say Heuston is mighty unbusinesslike in his methods."

"It was an awkward omission," agreed Mr. Lederington, covering his words by a hasty reassurance to the clerk, whom he liked very sincerely, "but no harm is done this time, Sidney. Just be more systematic in future. That's all."

Heuston's lips were dry and white. The innate honesty of his soul was now lashing him—fully aroused and clamoring for utterance; but looking across the table into the wonderful brown eyes of his deliverer, he knew that for Cecily's sake, the sacrifice had passed irrevocably to her.

"I think you can trust me implicitly in future, Mr. Lederington," he said simply; and a moment later found himself being bowed from the room with the women, a friendly handclasp from his employer darkening the shadow that would always lie across his otherwise perfectly white record.

In the dimmest corner of the car, Cecily thrust her ice-cold, beringed little hand comfortingly into her lover's; but her head sought her mother's shoulder. She was sobbing softly.

"Prutt!" whispered Mrs. Overheim soothingly. "It iss nodthing—nodthing at all. Child, if you cry for that visit which your fadther and I will not make to Shermany, you spoil your lofely eyes for nodthing. We will not mind to wait a few years yet. That iss what we have learned better than any *odther thing—to wait!*"

TO ISADORA

EACH life is like a planet's orbit, where
Comet and meteor, star and sunbeam tear
Across its path, bringing or pain or bliss;
God grant us then, fair friend, His grace in this:
That we hereafter never know regret
That, starting far apart, our lives have met
A moment in the course we run so fast
To the unknown, from the mysterious past.

—*Charles Winslow Hall.*

DEATH'S HOUR

I

WHEN Morning lifts her lovely head
Up from her star-watched, sun-kissed bed,
And glides away
To greet the Day,—
Young Day she longeth so to wed;
Who, then, would lay him down to rest,
Within the sleep Death deems the best,
When tables bend
With fruit gods send,
And he might be a guest?

II

When Day, his first kiss scarcely cold,
Must leave the bride he may not hold,
And forth to aid
The reaper's blade,
And touch the mountains with his gold;
Who, then, would willingly consent
To hide away in Death's dark tent,
When full his hand
With golden sand
So eager to be spent?

III

But when dear Nature nods her head,
And, drowsy, seeks her twilight bed,
When through her dreams
Run golden seams
Entwined and linked with silver thread;
Who, then, would crave a boon more sweet
Than close to lie at Nature's feet,
And die like a flower
At evening's hour,
When Death and Beauty meet?

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

Twentieth Century Waymarks *in* Religion

by

H. GRANT PERSON

Pub
Lawrence,

THE one who said "Man is incurably religious" may have intended to be humorous, but he spoke a profound truth. Deeper than his physical appetites and passions, more vital than his mental processes, are man's religious aspirations. Man *has* a body, but man *is* a soul.

While religion abides, its forms and expressions change with the growth of the race. Draper, in that epoch-making book, "The Intellectual Development of Europe," shows how the race is but a larger individual and the religious experience of the individual shadows forth the race-existence. We have the age of credulity, the age of inquiry, the age of faith, the age of reason and so on in the life of the race.

The history of religion could be profitably studied by centuries. There are great outstanding principles that characterize each century. At one time it is creed-making, at another the reforming of abuses within the church, at still another missionary conquest, and the contribution of each century becomes a permanent asset of the world's religious life.

It would be too early to write the religious history of the Twentieth Century. Only one decade of the century is past, and to estimate an age accurately one should stand at a distance. But already the religious life of the new century has taken shape so that one runs no risk in venturing a prophecy of what some of the outstanding features of the century are to be.

The Twentieth Century is to be a time of *unifying*. The past has been a period of differentiation. We have today more than one hundred and sixty different Christian denominations. It has only required a new interpretation of a single word in Scripture to make a creed and launch a denomination. Thousands of hamlets bear testimony to this by the unfortunate spectacle of a half-dozen rival churches and underfed clergymen ministering to people enough for one respectable parish. The present century is marking a reaction from this tendency. The leaders are laying emphasis on the points of agreement rather than the lines of difference. Someone has said that when men are down in the brush at the foot of the mountain they see things differently, but as they climb the mountain they come closer together and see more nearly alike, and when all reach the mountain top and stand at the summit they are in agreement because all see with a complete horizon. We are, at least, climbing where we begin to see truth in a larger perspective. The day of differentiation may have served its purpose. Out of the over-emphasis laid upon different phases of truth we gather up what is essential. Professor McGiffert says "it is not that we disbelieve things that our fathers believed, but they seem unimportant to us. It is not doubt of the doctrine, but doubt of its value." The future will see fewer church spires in our rural communities, for men are coming together for efficiency in church life and work.

The Twentieth Century is to be a time of *vitalizing*. We have passed through a long period of organization till the church resembles a factory that is crowded with machinery with insufficient power to run it. There have been societies formed for every possible phase of life and work in the community. There is over-organization. What is needed now is vitalizing some of the existing machinery—an energizing spirit within the wheels.

But most of all the Twentieth Century is showing itself distinctive in the enlistment of *men* in religious enterprises. The organizations of recent years have been chiefly for women and young people. The idea has gained acceptance that religion is more adapted to these classes than to men of red blood. With the dawn of the new century a new spirit seemed to grip the manhood of the American continent. Brotherhoods sprang up, almost as by magic, in the various Christian bodies. The Layman's missionary movement in the United States and Canada is a voluntary getting under the great missionary propaganda by the manhood of a Christian continent.

And now, last of all, comes the "Men and Religion Forward Movement." Of this we may profitably think a moment, for it is the summing up of these forces which are peculiar to the dawn of the century.

This movement is a *movement* in the sense that it is a getting somewhere, but not in the sense that it is adding a new organization to the individual church. It is a new spirit that is to work through present organization.

The movement was born of the fact that the proportion of male members in our churches is too small. The question was asked if there is any good reason why less than forty per cent of the membership of our churches should be male. It seems a conceded claim that the most manly thing that can engage the endeavors of a generation is to live the Christian life. And so the campaign is launched to enlist some millions of men in Christian ranks.

Beginning September 24 there is to be a six-months' unusual campaign carried on in nearly all the great centers of the United States and Canada for the purpose of bringing religion home to men and boys. The work will be promoted by the institute idea which is so prevalent today. A team of experts will visit each center sometime during the six months, spending a week in holding institutes for Christian workers. This team of experts will consist of five or more men who are prepared to give their experience as to the most effective way to appeal to men, ranging all the way from Bible study to social service. A most comprehensive method of advertising has been arranged which will make it impossible for a man to travel in the street cars or attend the ball games or read the daily papers and magazines without coming face to face with the claims of religion. And all of this will be done with a sanity that is expected to commend it to honest and thoughtful men.

The "Men and Religion Forward Movement" will have the following features that belong to the spirit of the Twentieth Century. It will use all the moral and Christian forces of the community in its campaign. No matter what a man's creed is, if he is willing to lift the life of the community to higher levels there is a place for him to work. This is, perhaps, the first religious campaign within the memory of man, where men of all shades of belief and different tempers can stand on the same platform working for a common end.

The watchword of the movement is *vitalization*. The object is to vitalize the Christian religion in the lives of the men and boys of North America. There are multitudes in some kind of affiliation with the Christian church whose lives have never counted for anything in any vital way. This, it is contended, ought not to be. Everyone who is a Christian by name ought to be a Christian by the test of life. Xerxes, when he stood by the Hellespont at the head of the largest army ever mobilized, is reported to have said, "Oh, that I had as many soldiers as I have men!" This movement would make each man into a soldier.

The movement outlines a larger evangelism than the past has known. Without passing judgment on the old evangelism it is manifestly outgrown. We need an evangelism that will impress men that there are no secularities, but life, in its entirety, is a sacred trust. An evangelism that will compass the work-life and the play-life of the people; that will have a message in the ministry of money; this is the larger evangelism of the Forward Movement.

Still another distinctive feature of the campaign is enlisting the co-operation of men in the program of Jesus. In the past the appeal has been for the acceptance of Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour and too often this was not articulated into a program of work. Today it seems to us essential that one co-operate in Jesus' program for the saving of the world, for did not he say, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father"? We are a Christian nation, but we are not a nation of Christians. By any test one may apply the former is true. Judged by our history or by our institutions we are a Christian nation, but we will not be a nation of Christians till the program of Jesus is in active operation. In our civil and business and social life there must be incorporated the Christian spirit.

This, briefly stated, is the working platform of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" that will command the attention of the religious world for the next half year. It is doubtful if such a movement could have been successfully launched until the present century when barriers have been broken down. It seems certain that at the present time a movement built on such broad lines cannot fail.

Someone recently said "What is needed in the social realm is a moral equivalent for war." May it not be found right here? May not all the heroism and sacrifice that were called to the surface by war be enlisted in the self-renouncing work of saving society and bringing the world into harmony with the Eternal Father?

EASY LIVING

By HOWARD WEEDEN

DAR'S two times in de year dat Gord
   Made for de nigger sho',
Two times when he's so rich he don't
   Ask Gord for nothin' mo'.

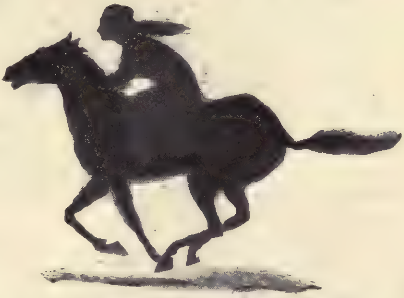
Blackberry time is one; for den
   He neither hoes nor sows;
De nigger knows his daily bread
   Right on de bushes grows.

De other's watermilion time;
   An' den—Lord bress your soul!
Bof bread an' water grows for him,
   In one big cool green bowl!

—From the Bandanna Ballads.

A FEMALE PAUL REVERE

A SEQUEL TO "YE LIBERTY POLE"



by

ANSTIS MAIDA FAIRBROTHER

THERE was a lively hum of young voices in the long, low schoolroom; the guttering candles threw their flickering light over the rough, scarred benches and desks where were seated a handful of girls, one venerable old man and three or four small boys. From time to time the white-haired man cast uneasy glances at the door, and then at the huge silver watch which lay on the desk before him.

"Methinks we shall have no bass to-night, Master Bradford," remarked a curly-haired, rosy-cheeked damsel, leaning forward to gaze directly into the face of the singing master.

"'Tis after seven now, and James was wont to be most punctual."

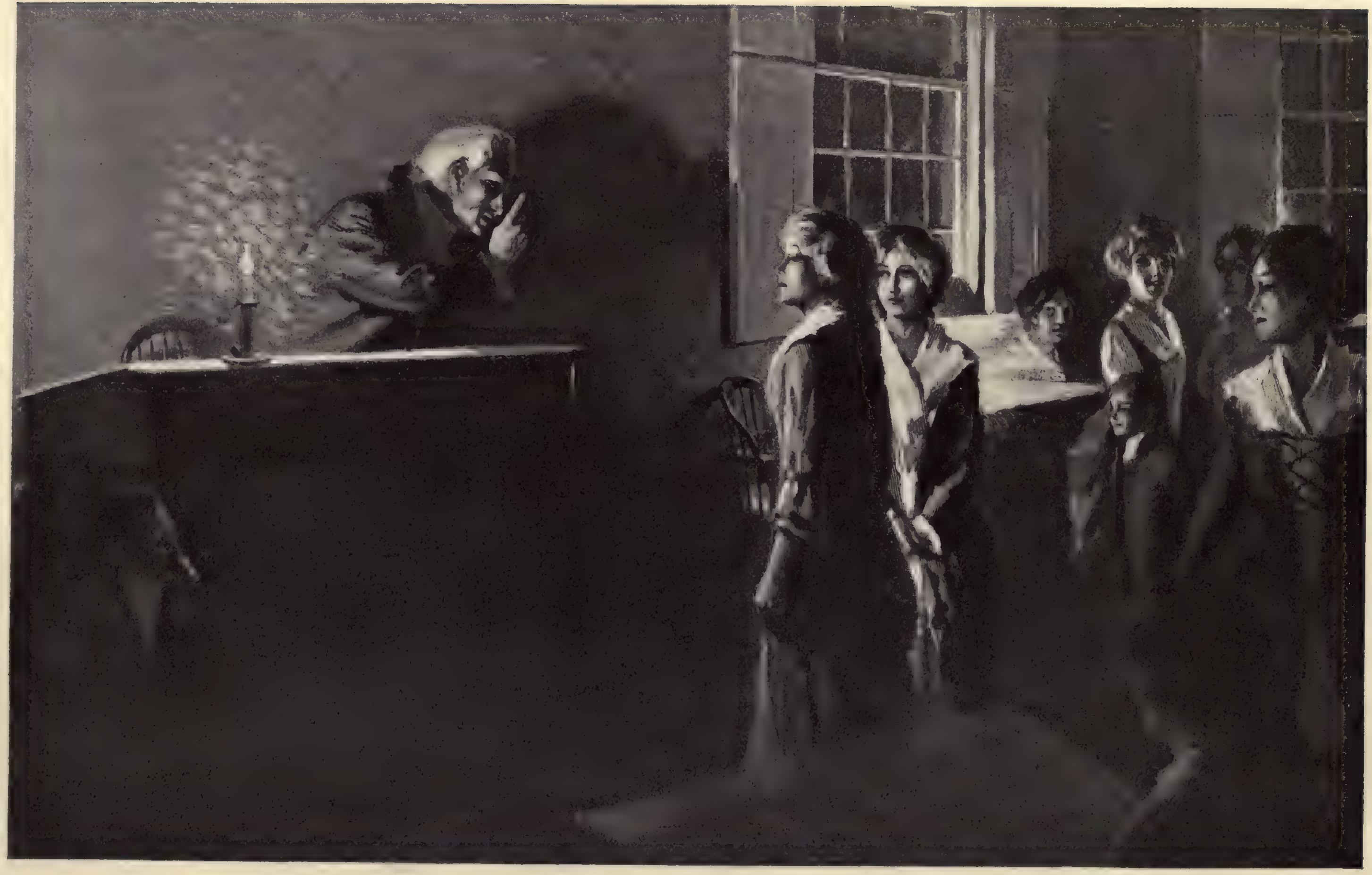
"Alack!" sighed Master Bradford, shaking his head mournfully, "this wretched war is to blame for many things, and not the least among them is the breaking up of the finest singing school on the coast. The tenors were the first to go, the baritones did speedily follow, and were it not that James Tilton hath a feeble leg, we should have no bass. Truly, war is a wicked thing, and fearful!"

"Why, Master Bradford, thou dost not count the stopping of thy paltry singing-class a grievance, when each morn sees marching away to battle our fathers and brothers, mayhap never to return? Methinks thou holdest human life in small account."

The speaker was a slight, fair girl whose big blue eyes clouded suddenly with a mist of tears. Master Bradford, however, did not notice; he had been growing redder and redder, and now he thumped so emphatically upon his desk with the head of his cane that his big watch jumped in the air.

"Thou impudent hussy! 'A paltry singing-class' indeed! Thou hast thought it a fine thing to join us here up till now, Parnell Manter, but 'tis the manner of silly maids. Thinkest thou it hath 'scaped me that thou art restless and sadly inattentive since John Robinson hath joined the volunteers? 'Paltry,' forsooth!" and the irate singing-master banged his desk again, harder than before.

At the mention of John Robinson the girl winced involuntarily, and those near



"AND SHAKING HIS FINGER JOCOSELY AT THE TWO, THE OLD MAN LAUGHED IN HUGE ENJOYMENT, HIS GOOD HUMOR QUITE RESTORED" her saw the small hands clench tightly in the homespun lap. The curly-haired girl next her slipped a warm, comforting palm over them and valiantly took up the cudgels for her friend.

"Nay, Master Bradford, Parnell meant not to be lacking in respect, but thou knowest 'tis monstrous hard to part with one's friends. This cruel war—"

"Friends, forsooth! 'Tis sweethearts thou dost mean, Polly Daggett. I be not blind, lass, if I be deaf, and I was on the wharf when Rodger Smith did sail away. Ha! Thou dost think to fool thy old master, but I know thee—I know thee!" and shaking a finger jocosely at the two, the old man laughed in huge enjoyment, his good humor quite restored. The little boys breathed freely once more and nudged each other playfully, to show that they had not been terrified in the least at the wrathful explosion. A freckled-faced girl in the front row, seeing that Master Bradford, with his "tune-book" open on the desk, was engrossed in humming to himself and keeping time with his forefinger, drew herself up primly.

"My mother saith 'tis most unseemly for a maid to allow a lad to make a show of his affection for her," she said severely. A quick, hot wave of color swept over Polly Daggett's face, but she spoke composedly.

"Thy mother need have no fear, Charity Look," she said. "No man will ever trouble thee by an over-dose of his attention." Her seat companion plucked nervously at her sleeve.

"Polly, Polly!" she begged, but the other threw off the restraining hand.

"I care not, Parnell. Her spite doth fairly make her green. But see, here is James at last. Good-evening, Sir Laggard!" she called as the door opened and there limped into the room a lad leaning heavily on a cane. As he entered, a big, plain girl in a shadowy corner drew further back into the darkness.

Master Bradford looked up eagerly.

"Ha, lad, now thou art come we will straightway begin. Makepeace Horton, do thou and William Luce take the tenor; Polly Daggett, thou wilt lead the soprano, as is thy custom. Find thy places now—'Sound the Loud Timbrel'—'tis the fifty-seventh page. Cease thy giggling, Thankful White, 'tis apt to interfere with singing."

James Tilton delayed a moment beside Polly and Parnell.

"Hast seen Maria? I did call for her, and Mistress Allen told me Maria had hastened on, but I see her not." Parnell's glance dropped guiltily, but Polly's straightforward reply was prompt.

"There she sits in yonder corner, James, and we be much puzzled by her conduct. She spoke but little on the way here and sighed very frequent. Methinks she has but little to grieve her when thou art safe at home, away from sword and musket," and she laughed, half-mischievously, half-tearfully.

The boy flushed.

"I fancy it mattereth but little to Maria"—he strove to speak lightly—"that I am not man enough to help defend my country," he finished bitterly.

"Ah, James, thou knowest I meant not that!" cried the girl contritely. "Art thou to blame for the fall last winter that broke thy leg and well-nigh thy neck also? Beside," she finished merrily, "what would come of Master Bradford's singing-school if thou shouldst basely desert us?"

"Oh, Polly, Polly," groaned Parnell, "hast taken now to punning? Thou art incorrigible, I vow. But see, Master Bradford doth glower most amazing stern; methinks thou wouldst better take thy seat, James."

On the homeward walk James broke the uncomfortable silence by asking cautiously, "What aileth thee, Maria? Thou art so little like thyself these past ten days, thine own friends do scarcely know thee. Can I do aught to help?"

"If perchance thou hast power to make me beautiful," the girl answered a trifle shamefacedly. "'Tis naught but my envious, wicked disposition, James, but I do long to be more comely. Thou'lt laugh, but my plain features do cause me much vexation of spirit. My two friends, Polly and Parnell, are most charming, and I must needs stalk between them, big and dark of skin and most amazing clumsy. I ask not to be a beauty, but Polly is so blessed she could well spare me one good point. Didst ever see such hair, James, such curls as Polly's? And mine as black and straight—'tis like our Dobbin's tail, I vow! Parnell is quieter and used not to attract so much attention, but since that gay, young British officer hath gone well-nigh distracted over her, a dozen lads have paid court to her, despite the fact that her heart is wholly John's."

"But, Maria," began the amazed youth.

"Nay, interrupt me not. Thou asked the reason for my gloom, now bide patiently while I tell thee. 'Tis not often I complain, thou knowest.

"Since the night of Mistress Beetle's ball, when we three girls did blow up our liberty-pole, to prevent it's serving as a mast for that hostile vessel in our harbor, Parnell hath been overwhelmed with attention from young and old alike."

"But thou didst do as much as she, Maria! Didst thou not touch off the powder, while she and Polly Daggett did run for their very lives?" reasoned James.

"'Twas Parnell told the story next morn, before the Elder and the council in the meeting-house, and they who listened did look on her as the heroine. Then, too, forget not that 'twas Parnell who learned the secret intent of the British captain upon our flag-pole; had she not used her nimble wits, think what might have come to pass! Oh, 'tis not that I begrudge my friends their good fortune, 'tis that I am sinfully jealous and should feel much shame. But if thou wert a girl, James, thou wouldst like it not to be the homeliest lass in the village, as dark and big and awkward as I. But thou art a man and canst not understand; men have no pride," and Maria sighed regretfully.

"Nay, men have no pride! It matters not to one of them that he must needs be kept at home to nurse a hurt that would not vex a baby." The lad struck angrily with his cane at a tree as they passed.

"It matters not that he must stand by and see his friends march, one by one, to join the ranks, while he must keep him safe at home with the women and children! Thinkest thou that I enjoy it, Maria?" he laughed bitterly.

The girl put a protesting hand upon his arm.

"James, thou art unjust to thyself; thy hurt is not a slight one, thou knowest 'twill take months of rest and care to restore thy limb. And dost not think it affordeth us much comfort to have thee here, James? The town might fare badly in these troublous times with no other men than Master Bradford and Goodman Hamilton."

The cloud had passed, the boy's good nature re-asserted itself.

"Art sure my presence meaneth aught to thee, Maria?" he asked jestingly, yet with an anxious note in his voice.

"Cease thy nonsense, James. Here we be at my gate—no, thou must not come in tonight, 'tis late."

"Tomorrow even, then."

Maria smiled demurely in the darkness.

"Pray do, my mother would much enjoy a call from thee, and thou wilt find her good company, I trow."

She turned to speed up the path, but a strong hand barred the way.

"Thou shalt not stir till thou dost tell me where thou art going on the morrow."

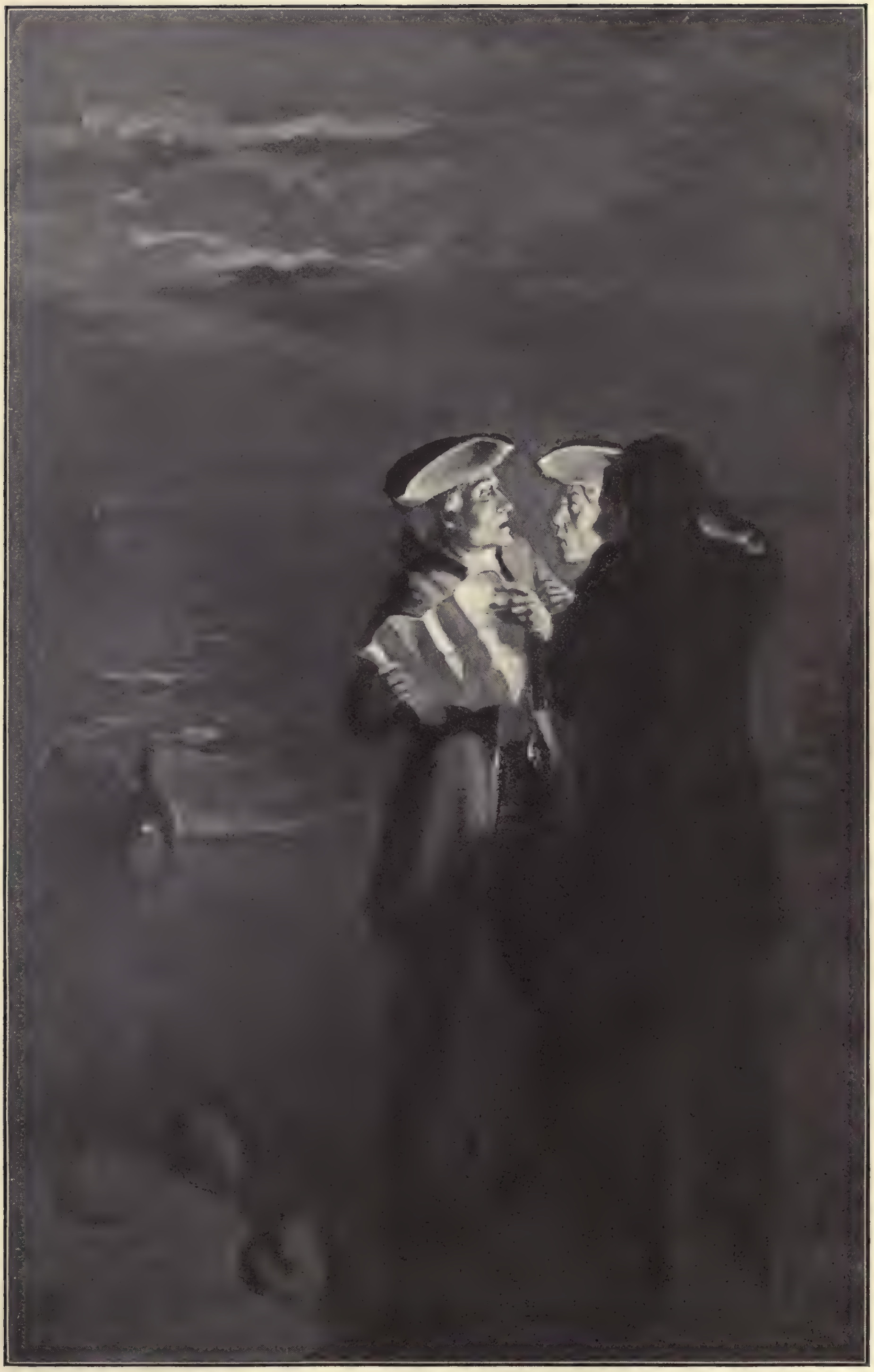
"Curiosity is a woman's failing, James, is't possible that thou?—yea, yea, I'll tell thee, only loose my arm—fie on thee, lad! 'Tis merely that because I am so sour and ill-tempered I go for a time to bide with mine aunt at Gay Head. Thou knowest how eagerly I go each year, for I am exceeding fond of mingling with the Indians who dwell there near her, and I have warm friends among them. My mother voweth I must have a strain of their blood in my veins, for I do like them much, and sure I do much favor them in my person."

"Fret not about thy face, lass, I care not for pretty girls, and thou art good enough for me—Maria! Where art thou going! Lass—come back—what aileth thee?"

The gate clanged shut, a door banged noisily, and Master James Tilton was left to limp sadly and uncomprehendingly home to bed.

* * * *

Fog, thick and choking, had lain over the water and along the white beach for twenty-four hours; tides, sunrise and sunset had brought no change, but now that night had fallen, intermittent gusts of wind blew the mist this way and that. For hours there had been no sound but the lapping of the waves on the pebbles and the heavy, monotonous drip, drip of



"Why, lad, what is't? Thou art enough to turn a man's brain with thy jumps and grasping at his arms"

the fog from the stunted shore pines, but suddenly through the dark came the swift, steady dipping of oars and the rhythmic rattle of rowlocks. Nearer and nearer came the sound; there was the grating of the boat's keel on the beach and voices.

"Zounds; Geoffry, what sort of hole is't thou hast brought me into? Methought these husky lads would have dashed us straight into yon beetling cliffs."

"Cliffs, sayest thou, Gearge? That dost give me the first inkling I have yet had concerning our location. Hist, thou Tammas, hold the lanthorn—look ye, Gearge, it hath come to my laggard wits that we be off Gay Head. If so be, we can discover if the clay be of monstrous gay hue—scarlet, green and gray—then I be sure, for I did hear my cousin Francis, he that was first officer on His Majesty's ill-fated ship that first did lose her mast and—Gearge!!"

"Why, lad, what is't? Thou art enough to turn a man's brain with thy jumps and grasping at his arm. What hath got thee?"

"Gearge, this be an island; 'tis called—the map here, lad—see, M-a-r-t-h-a's V-i-n-e-y-a-r-d, and in the curve whereon my finger rests there be a tiny hamlet known as Holmes' Hole. 'Twas there the good ship on which my cousin Francis was first officer did put in, disabled by the loss of a mast. Thou hast heard that 'twas there Francis did lose his berth, but didst know 'twas through the treachery of a maid? Ah, thou art amazed, yet 'tis so. The lad was ever quick to lose heart and head whene'er a pretty lass appeared, and this time it cost him dear.

"His captain gave orders to land before the dawn to hew down a pole which these islanders had stuck up with their crazy bit of rag (which they be pleased to call their flag) at the top. The pole would have served amazing well as a mast, but thou knowest how a little after midnight there was the sound of cannon on the land, and how the vessel, disabled as she was, durst not offer resistance, but was forced to slip away under cover of the dark. Alack, Gearge, the frailty of man. My cousin Francis at a ball a few hours before had whispered all into the rosy ear of a village lass, and she did promise to fly with him to merrie England. 'Twas but a decoy, and yon false maid did rouse the town; the cannon was but a little harmless powder which splintered their liberty pole to fragments. The officers of the vessel were much ridiculed by others of the fleet, and the whole affair cost my scatter-brain of a cousin his well-lined berth. Yea, verily, some men be fools!"

"'Tis a thrilling tale, Geoffry, no doubt, but why thy gasp at discovering where we be? Dost fear a like fate to thy cousin's?"

"If I knew thee not to be but jesting, Gearge, thou shouldst pay dearly for that speech. We be in for much sport, hearken. My cousin hath sworn to be avenged upon the town where he did make himself a laughing-stock, and the captain of his ship and all the crew have vowed to vent their spite upon these upstart villagers by giving them a most tremendous scare. Now, they may be many miles away and here be we but a little sail from the very harbor and even now the wind is rising. What shall hinder us from stealing upon the sleeping village with much uproar and leading them a merry dance? There be great store of treasure in the town, 'tis rumored; for years wealth has been accumulating in their coffers with none to clink the gold. 'Tis a snug little port, and all is most propitious for my scheme."

"Hm-m. Hast recollected that our guns be few and our ammunition pitiably low?"

"Gearge, thou seest not beyond thy ruddy nose! Hast *thou* recollected that every man and wellnigh every youth hath rushed away to do clumsy fighting against our gracious King? I tell thee, we shall have no fiercer foe than a few bedridden old men and a score of women, who swoon at sight of a mouse. Come, let us hasten back to the vessel—methinks our worthy captain will much relish this, 'tis a sport quite to his liking. Think, Gearge, to-morrow's sun will see us possessed of gold, the choicest household goods and, mayhap, the fairest maids in yonder town of Holmes' Hole," and the speaker dealt his companion a convincing slap upon the shoulder. It failed, however, to thoroughly win him over.

"I care not for it, Geoffry, but never

say that I be a spoil-sport; I will go with thee to the last, but 'twould seem to me more befitting officers of our good King George had we a man or two to combat. I like not this terrifying women."

"Ha, Gearge, thou hadst ever a tender spot in thy old heart for—hold! What have we here? Haste—the lanthorn—Gadzooks! 'tis an Indian maid!"

The crew, who had remained at the water's edge beside the boat during the conversation between their superiors, now pressed eagerly forward. As the lantern's glow fell upon the prize, they broke into excited chatter.

"Be those moccasins, thinkst thou, Willum? And leather breeches! My word!"

"Dost mark her bracelets? See how they glitter—be those shells worth much, wouldst say?"

"The lass doth stare as if we be the devil's own. Flash not thy lanthorn in her eyes, Tammas, see how she doth tremble."

"Speak thou to her then, 'Enry, thou dost know a word or two of the French lingo—"

"French, ye loon! Dost think an Indian maid knoweth aught but grunts and signs? Thou'rt—"

"Peace, silence there! Why, lads, thou'lt talk a body deaf. Gearge, thou hast ever a taking way with women; speak thou to the maid. I fear me I did hurt her cruelly—I stumbled clean upon her as she crouched beside this rock. Find out if there be many of her kind hereabouts."

As gently as was possible for rough and roistering officers they sought by gestures, broken English and even a bit of French patois, to learn of the girl's home and people, but she stood motionless, only her great black eyes moving impassively from face to face. They offered glittering sovereigns for her beaded moccasins, her bracelets, but she stared stupidly and answered never a word. At length, entirely out of patience, Geoffry shook her angrily.

"Come, art thou dumb? At least thou canst open thy mouth; we'll take thee on board and mayhap then—"

He got no further for, like an eel, the girl slipped away from him and with blazing eyes, white teeth gleaming, she stood back against a boulder, hands clenched over a glittering knife.

"Ha, thou little fiend! Try the power of thy weapon 'gainst this of mine!" and now the infuriated officer snatched a pistol from his belt. It was suddenly grasped by a strong hand.

"Steady, lad, steady! What, threaten a woman and thou an officer of the King! The lass is harmless; let her slip off home; we have given her a mighty scare, I trow. And if thou wouldst reach this Holmes' Hole thou talkest of before the dawn, we must needs hasten."

The right note had been struck. Reluctantly the other thrust his pistol back into its place and muttering to himself, turned slowly toward the water's edge. In that instant the Indian girl had disappeared.

Ten mintues later ringing hoof-beats resounded through the thick darkness, now dulled by a strip of deep sand, now echoing sharp and clear from the hard ground. At times a tearing, rushing sound gave evidence that the animal was ploughing through dense underbrush. Once he stumbled sharply, and the girl on his back, bent closer to the warm neck.

"Oh, Wawonaissa, stumble not, I beg of thee. I would I were but half my weight that thou mightest make better time, little pony. But there be no time for vain regrets—haste, Wawonaissa, there be many miles ahead of thee. It grieves me sore to urge thee so, but all depends on me and thee. Fly, little Whip-poor-will, fly."

The fog had lifted a little, and the girl could see ahead of her great black masses of trees, here and there a boulder loomed in her very path, causing the fleet little Indian pony to swerve in terror. The wind rubbed the branches of the trees together above her head, and they moaned and whined as horse and rider dashed past. An owl hooted resentfully at the rude intrusion into his domain, but for the most part the only sounds were the thundering hoofbeats and the quick, loud breathing of the pony. The girl spoke again.

"There be not breeze enow to take them over-fast, Wawonaissa; they'll not make the harbor before two in the morn—thinkst thou we can outstrip them? Nay, steady, pony, I would not make thee nervous by frequent speech, but I—I—fain would bolster mine own courage by the sound of my voice. It fair terrifies me to ponder what might have come to our dear town had I not deceived my good aunt and stolen from my window for a stroll in the cool night. Never again will I allow her to sniff in scorn at my dear friend Wenonah, for had I not had this garb which she did give me as a gift of love, who knoweth what might have befallen me? Oh, pony, pony, how my silly heart did beat when that great clumsy oaf did trample on me! Fie, Wawonaissa, 'tis but a clump of stunted trees—thou art as big a coward as thy rider. There, now thou art safely past."

Another half hour slipped by and still the pony kept his steady, rapid pace. His rider laughed suddenly as she patted the glossy neck.

"What thinkst thou will happen when thy mistress finds thee not at dawn, Wawonaissa? There'll be much wonderment and sorrow at thy mysterious flight, I trow, but there was no time to beg permission. Never fear, pony, someone shall ride to tell thy mistress early on the morrow, and later thou shalt—"

The clear voice ceased abruptly, then as suddenly went on again.

"The morrow! Ah, little Whip-poor-will, I dare not think of what the morrow may hold if we do fail. Canst thou not go faster?"

On and on, past silent meadows, catching a glimpse of the misty lake, past a handful of peaceful farms, on and still on.

"Not here, Wawonaissa, we may not stop here. Yea, there be rest and water, but not yet, little pony, not yet."

Another hour; the pony's sides were dripping, his breath came in mighty heaves, the girl's voice was hoarse, and in the east the black had turned to gray.

"Wawonaissa, thou must!"

James Tilton, lying half awake and half asleep, caught the far-away beat of hoofs and as the sound drew nearer, murmured drowsily:

"Good Dr. Giles seemeth in much haste tonight; 'tis likely Granny Coffin hath a shock. I wonder—"

He came bolt upright, wrenching his injured limb fearfully, but not feeling the pain as the thought flashed upon him:

"A fortnight agone Dr. Giles did enlist! Who, then, hath cause for such speed? 'Tis someone coming here, methinks," and with quick, anxious thoughts of the absent father and brother in battle, the boy limped painfully to his tiny window.

"James, James, art there?"

"Yea, 'tis I—who calls? Why, Maria, thou? What is't that's wrong, lass, and whose beast hast got?"

"The British, James! I chanced to overhear a plot to rob our homes and—and terrify us all. Haste thee down, and I will tell thee more. Be quick, for I must needs press on and wake the town."

Shivering with cold and excitement, the boy stumbled down the stairs in his stockinged feet, and in the darkness of the morning heard the hurried, panting story.

"Do thou ride to thy friend Polly's and to Parnell's," he ordered; "have them to wake and alarm those nearest them. My sister Love shall acquaint all about here with the news and I will gather such muskets as there be in the town. Tell all to gather at thy father's boathouse on the beach in as short a time as they be able. There be sore need for haste—fly, lass!"

There was little cause to thus urge the girl, for she was already in the saddle and dashing along the quiet street. Doors banged, windows were thrust open, voices called back and forth in the still night; lights gleamed here and there, quick footsteps pattered down a street, then silence.

The gray in the east had spread to north and south when a vessel, flying the Union Jack of England, loomed suddenly through the mist. James Tilton, behind a careless looking heap of dories, fish-nets and decaying timbers, looked over the line of womanly figures crouched near him.

"She hath come, friends," he told them in a low tone. "Keep up thy courage, wait for mine orders, and remember 'tis for our town!"

There was silence on the white beach; beyond the occasional rustling of a gown, as someone changed her cramped position, or a whispered question and reply, there was no sound. Behind them, the village lay as if wrapped in slumber—it was too early for even the smoke from the earliest fire to be curling up into the sky. Suddenly James Tilton raised a warning finger —a boat was nearing the shore; as they held their breath the sound of the oars came clearly to them.

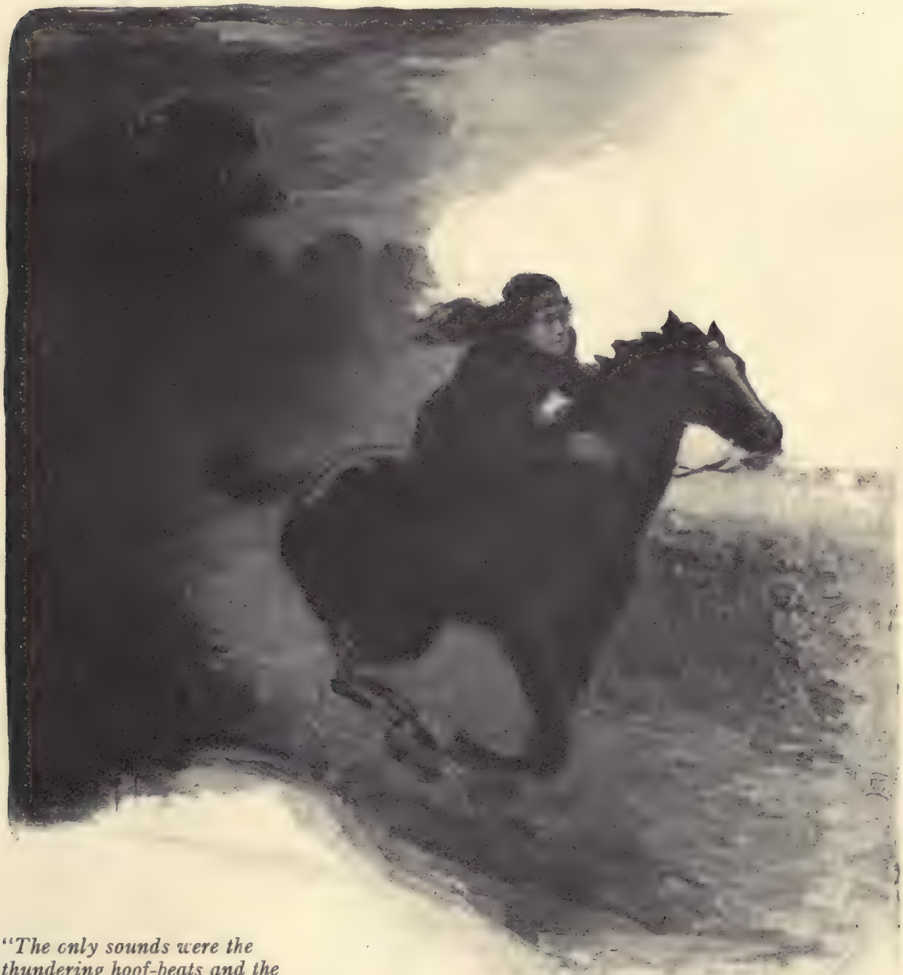
"Shoot low," cautioned the youthful commander. "I desire not to commit murder, but 'twill do no hurt to fright them. If bad come to worst, why, then, God forgive us our sins!"

A second boat followed the first and in a moment more the men were on the beach. Their low, careless laughter mingled with the ominous rattle of musketry and swords. They gathered about one who seemed to be the leader and listened intently to his instructions, and then they turned abruptly.

"Now," whispered James.

A roar, flash after flash, howls, hoarse shouts and all was pandemonium! Taken completely off their guard, the half-intoxicated sailors and the more than half-intoxicated officers clutched ferociously at their muskets; one or two succeeded in firing random shots which ploughed harmlessly into the sand, and went no further, but it was of no avail, the men retreated terror-stricken, and the officers tumbled into the boats after them.

"Good!" exulted James softly. "Well done, my soldiers! They will be back again with more ammunition, but something



"The only sounds were the thundering hoof-beats and the quick, loud breathing of the pony."

tells me that their supply be limited."

The "something" who had told him lay now at full length at the further end of the line, a musket in her steady grasp. Once, as James surveyed his company, their glances met and quickly fell away, but there was a new ring in the boy's voice.

"Ha, they come once more—courage once again; do but as well as thou didst before and we shall rout them yet. They can spy us not, and be much puzzled by our firing. Ready—now!" and for the second time the uproar burst forth. This time a yell of genuine agony rent the air, and a red-faced officer, brave in gold lace, fell writhing to the ground, clutching frantically at his ankle. A girl at the end of the line, in the gay garb of an Indian girl, shifted her position slightly.

"Perchance 'twill teach thee, Master Geoffry," she murmured, "that even Indian maids may be treated with respect." It seemed for a brief moment that the officer's mishap might be disastrous to the little company of villagers for, with loudly blasphemous threats, the men rushed recklessly up the beach. Somewhere behind the bulwark a woman caught her breath sharply—James Tilton sprang to his feet.

"Steady, men, steady!" he shouted to his soldiers in homespun. "Let the rascals come closer; wait for my word!"

The man at the head of the oncoming line slackened his pace; the muskets were but a show, or perchance to knock some resisting person over the head; their ammunition was exhausted. The deep voice coming uncannily from the mist was unlooked for, the men behind the ramparts—

"Fire!"

Another officer followed the example of the first and fell heavily onto the sand. It was sufficient to utterly rout the self-possession of the men; in a stampede they unceremoniously dumped their wounded into the boats, clambered drunkenly in after them and pushed off. A few last bullets from the shore sped the parting guests. Those behind the bulwark waited apprehensively another hour, but suddenly the vessel swung slowly about and sailed away on the morning breeze.

Then and then only did weary nerves give way; comely matron and pretty maid wept and laughed in each other's arms while the few small boys who had been permitted to come pummelled one another and rolled joyously in the sand. Just as the sun rose over the opposite shore a girl moved quickly and silently toward the nearest boathouse, but the sharp eyes of a curious lad spied her, and his shrill voice rose clearly on the morning air.

"See, see, Makepeace, William! 'Tis Maria Allen, in the garb of an Indian squaw! Oh, fie, for shame, for shame." The strain of the night had been severe, the taunt was the last straw; choking suddenly, the girl flung into the open door. Immediately Polly Daggett and Parnell Manter rose and quietly followed, while the wrathful James sought to administer chastisement to the impertinent youth.

The minutes lengthened, grew into a half-hour; the women prepared to go home to breakfast, and the lads, responding to the call of hungry Nature, turned homeward one by one, but still James Tilton stood silent, watching the boat-house door. It opened at last, and at the beckoning finger the boy started forward.

"James," said Parnell quietly. "Maria hath been weeping grievously, and Polly and I be wellnigh distracted. Wilt go in and speak to her?"

As he crossed the threshold Polly and Parnell stepped gently out and shut the door. James, within, peered blankly about.

"Maria, lass!" he called.

There was a stir behind a half-painted dory, and as he sprang toward it, Maria stumbled to her feet. He caught her hands in a firm grasp.

"Lass," he said tenderly, "thou wilt never be as comely as thy friend Polly nor as tiny as Parnell, but thou art the bravest girl this day within our old Bay State. I care not for pretty faces, as I did tell thee, but the lass I love is far too good for me. Couldst come to care for a limping lad, Maria?" The door swung open a tiny crack—Maria raised her black, tear-filled eyes to the brown ones above her.

"Easily methinks, James, if thou canst love an Indian squaw!"

The door shut abruptly, and outside Polly Daggett was saying decidedly to an inquisitive urchin:

"No, thou mayst not see James Tilton—no, nor yet Maria. They be—they be *very much engaged!*"

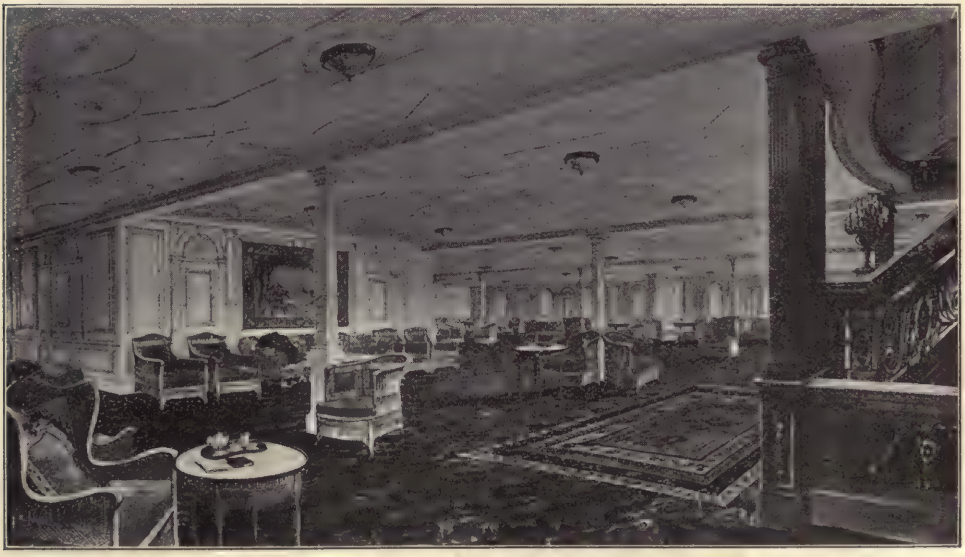
The
WHITE STAR LINE

by Mitchell Mannering

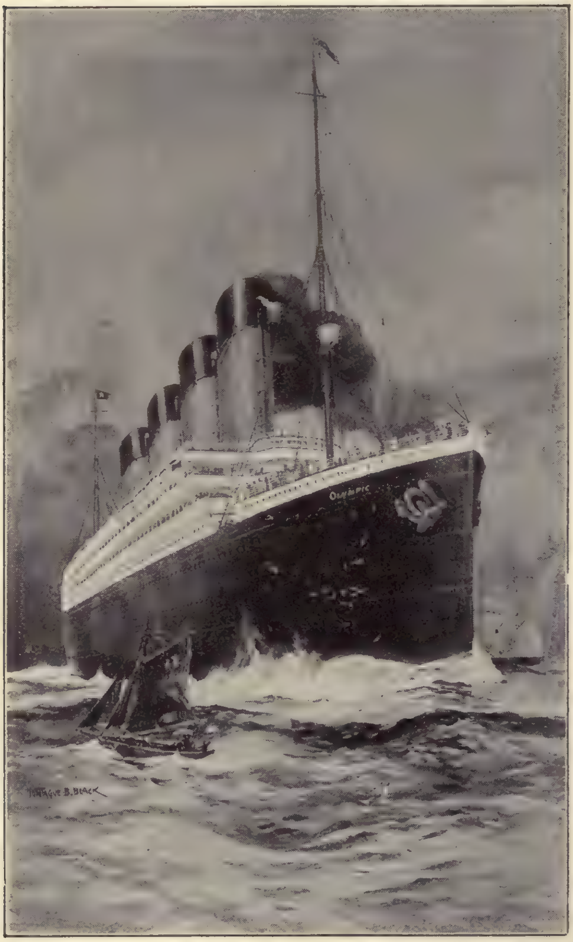
THE single white star in a flag that flies from the mainmast of a steamship these days tells an interesting story. After a voyage on any of the White Star ships, the tourist becomes almost a partisan in the fortunes of the White Star Line. Crossing the Atlantic these days is only a matter of going aboard a steamship whose comforts and conveniences rival the modern hotel, and staying there a week, enjoying a most refreshing rest, secure in the knowledge that in just so many hours the foreign shores will be reached.

The great transportation lines that have made all this possible have become of as much historic interest as the great castles and cathedrals of the olden days. When the great rush to the Australian diggings began "in the fifties," the standard of the White Star Line first flew over the seas. In 1867, under this banner, Mr. Thomas Henry Ismay took command, and soon after introduced iron sailing-ships in place of the ordinary wooden "clippers." But the inaugural event in the history of the White Star Line was the establishment of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company by Mr. Ismay in 1869.

The first steamship in the transatlantic fleet was the "Oceanic," which appeared on the Mersey in 1872—the predecessor



RECEPTION ROOM OF THE WHITE STAR LINE STEAMSHIPS "OLYMPIC" AND "TITANIC" of the modern "Oceanic," which is the pride of the admiring multitudes who watch the liners sail up the North River. Four hundred and twenty feet long, forty-one feet broad and thirty-one feet deep, the first "Oceanic" was then christened "the ocean leviathan." For the first time the dining-saloon and passenger cabins were placed amidship and the former extended the entire width of the vessel. The "Oceanic" was originally intended for the Australian trade, but this idea was abandoned; she was sent to America and became the heroine of an interesting book, "The Atlantic Ferry." Upon her arrival in New York she was visited by great numbers of curious people, who wanted to see this ship that had made the trip from Queenstown to New York in eight and one-half days. In 1875 the "Oceanic" started forth on her cruise around the world, which she made in seventy-five days.

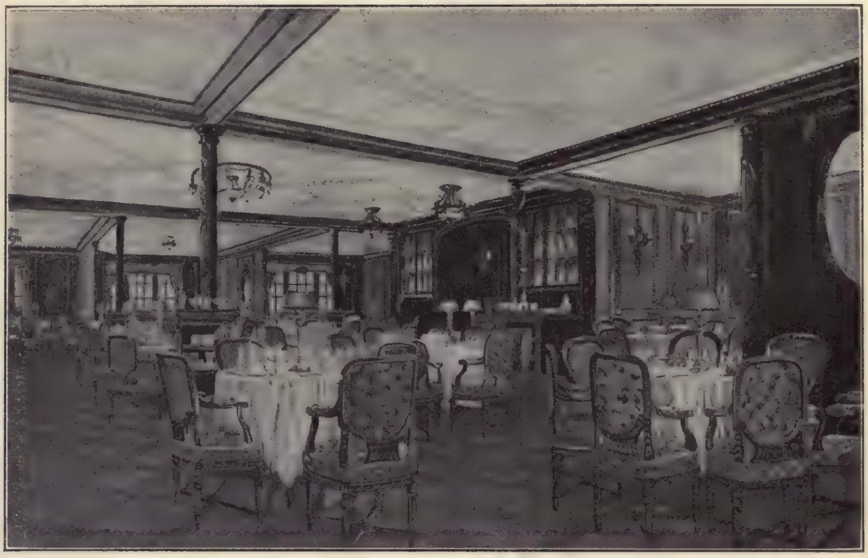


THE "OLYMPIC" OF THE WHITE STAR LINE
Tonnage, 45,324 tons. Her sister ship, the "Titanic," to be ready for service April 1, 1912, will be 45,000 tons

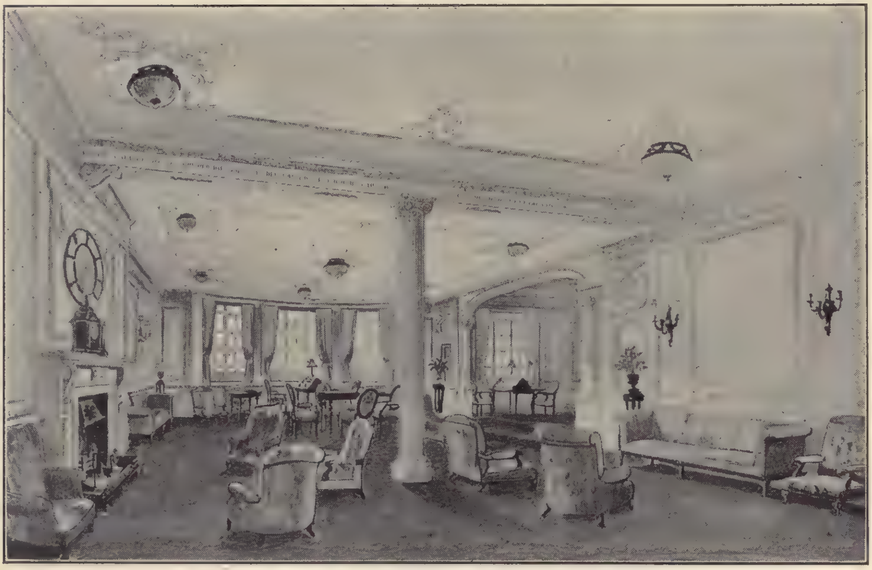
Even the queenly "Oceanic" of 1875 was a very different vessel from her splendid successor and namesake in which the "Oceanic" partisans of to-day make a voyage. Launched in 1899, the new "Oceanic" surpassed the "Adriatic," the "Celtic," and all other White Star liners that had been built since the first "Oceanic" and was the first vessel to exceed the length of the "Great Eastern." With a length of seven hundred and four feet over all and a tonnage of 17,274, she had thirteen water-tight bulkheads, which, if properly constructed and secured, are an almost sure defense against foundering.

Each vessel, as it came out, was thought to be the very acme of shipbuilding. Following in the train of the "Oceanic," the second "Baltic" appeared in 1904, her twin ship, the "Adriatic," in 1907, and in 1911-'12 the gigantic twin ships "Olympic" and "Titanic."

Britannia's rule of the seas is most splendidly emphasized in ocean craft. The "Olympic," the most gigantic of ocean liners, made her first trip in June, leaving Southampton with 1,340 passengers and 860 in the crew. The maiden voyage of the "Olympic," despite some fogs encountered en route, was made in somewhat less than seven days, from dock to dock, and it is predicted that the great floating city of the sea will soon be a "six-day liner," which marks a new era in the development of ocean vessels. Nearly nine hundred feet in length, with a displacement of sixty-six thousand tons, the "Olympic" has demanded exceptional



A LA CARTE RESTAURANT OF THE WHITE STAR LINE STEAMSHIPS
"OLYMPIC" AND "TITANIC"



READING AND WRITING ROOM OF THE WHITE STAR LINE STEAMSHIPS
"OLYMPIC" AND "TITANIC"

enlargements and accommodations since her builders, Harland & Wolff, were obliged to construct in Belfast a new and gigantic plant with many novel features, at a cost of nearly a million dollars, in order that the "Olympic" might be properly built. Belfast had to build the largest drydock in the world for her accommodation, and Southampton spent nearly half a million dollars to dredge a channel for her, and here, too, a great drydock has just been completed. New York prepared for the "Olympic" by extending a temporary pier for her, and from the towering skyscrapers throughout the city, all New York awaited her arrival. The huge machinery of the "Olympic" suggests the fabled workshop of Vulcan under Mount Etna, where titanic workmen labor amid subterranean fires and seismic convulsions which shake the very earth. Yet even with this ponderous machinery in operation below, the passengers report *no vibration*, and scarcely a quiver is felt on deck. The marine engines of the latest boats represent the most powerful machinery in the world —in fact, the history of marine engineering finds its record of greatest development in the history of the White Star Line.

The mere building of these ships does not present such great difficulties as does their operation at a profit to the owners. No passenger on the White Star Line, as he notes the remarkable discipline maintained among officers and crew, can fail to realize that the public always finds, under the White Star flag, many of the innovations which make for the comfort and convenience of ocean travel. The order of the line is safety, satisfaction and service with all possible speed, and the officers never relax in carrying out these precepts of the line. The traveler can here enjoy all the comforts of yachting on the high seas without the cares of navigation and with a feeling of great security. Each White Star passenger, indeed, feels a sense of individual ownership, for to the patrons belong the vessels that fly the White Star. The spirit of kinship among fellow-travelers continues long after the parting at the custom-house wharf.

The care, discipline and perfect organization which keeps White Star ships in perfect condition; the capable, courteous and considerate officers; the furnishings and conveniences, with all those things that can conduce to comfort—is it to be wondered that travelers recognize in the White Star label on the suit-case or trunk a badge of tourist comradeship? There is no floundering for a subject with this indissoluble bond of acquaintance, and soon nautical terms are flowing thick and fast, long after the signal of "eight bells" has sounded.

THE PARABLE OF THE DAY

By MARY GRACE HAYES

THE autumn day is weaving
  Shimmering mist o'er brook and bower;
With golden wand it touches
  Rustling leaf and fading flower;
Its shuttle is unwinding
  Wondrous tinted threads of song,
And binding every shadow
  With the sunset's crimson thong.

Love's golden loom is weaving
  Brightest hope o'er every life,
And stilling with a glowing promise
  Every throb of pain and strife.
While from its shuttle 'tis unsnarling
  Many threads of somber woe,
'Tis lacing all in rich designing
  For the weft of evening glow.

BOOKS of the MONTH

IN his second book, "She Buildeth Her House,"* Will Levington Comfort has shown woman, from a mountain-top, the Lifting Age into which she is to come. He has taken her to the mouths of the World's Caves, to gaze upon the Beyond-Devil with whom she must fight for place. Those who Have Lived must admit that the Beyond-Devil exists in real life. Ever and anon he comes to beset the white soul of Woman, coming in the guise of a teacher with a new message. Uttering age-old words of false promise, the Beyond-Devil acclaims the Virgin of Now as the chosen mother of the Great Soul that is to lead the world from bondage.

The Other Man in the narrative—the Bigger Man—has his own wars to fight. His foes are the rending animal forces of self, which he must overcome before he is worthy to share the House The Woman Builds—a strong and lustrous Soul. Her wars and his are mighty conflicts, described with incredible power.

The story must arm and empower the woman that reads, must awaken woman or man to unthought-of realities. Although utterly unlike "Routledge Rides Alone," Mr. Comfort's first book, "She Buildeth Her House" is fully as great a piece of writing, and the story is equally big. The author is ever consistent in developing his theme, he paints pictures with his words, and bares the brain of each character to the reader's gaze. Plainly Mr. Comfort is building for all time.

* * *

IN a social novel of the day, "Mrs. Maxon Protests,"* Mr. Hawkins is an impartial recorder of events. No one may prove that he upholds or condemns Mrs. Maxon, who faces a social problem and arrives—where? The strong moral undercurrent has been made yet stronger by the unbiased chronicle of Mrs. Maxon's career. Mr. Hawkins' summary must be pondered. The book demands reflection—the question has not been answered. The reader is forced to say, with the author, "is the result?"

* * *

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Author of "The Moving Finger"

IT is not often the wont of that master-weaver of mystery, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, so completely to untangle his well-wound thread as he does in "The Moving Finger." † Mr. Oppenheim has perhaps never written a story of greater moral force.

The action centers about Bertrand Saton, a young English occultist, who with success as a goal puts his talent to a false use, and is saved from both moral and

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* "She Buildeth Her House." By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.25 net.

* "Mrs. Maxon Protests." By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price $1.35 net.

† "The Moving Finger." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.25 net.

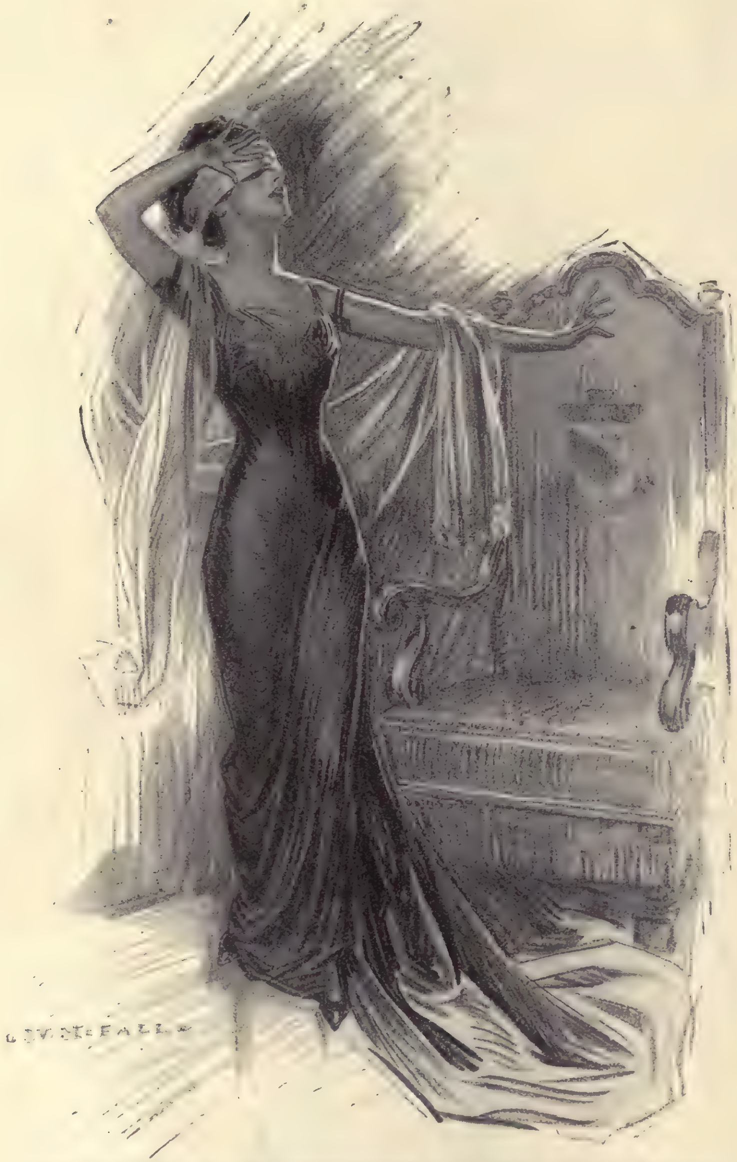

ILLUSTRATION AT THE ANTI-CLIMAX OF "THE MOVING FINGER," MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S POWERFUL NOVEL

physical suicide only at the eleventh hour. The scenes are in the England that the author knows so well, and the characters are truthfully drawn types of Twentieth Century society. The unusual plot, the crashing climax and the happy *denouement*, all in Mr. Oppenheim's inimitable style, make a novel of compelling interest.

MANY who are long past the years of childhood will find delight in the pages of "Operas Every Child Should Know."* It is no easy task to select the dozen operas with which young people should first become acquainted, and it is still more difficult to render those operas in story form. The author has covered the field admirably. The librettos are outlined in charming fashion, and the music has not been forgotten. The little book furnishes a good working knowledge of the favorite operas, and must stimulate a desire to witness the theatrical production of each.

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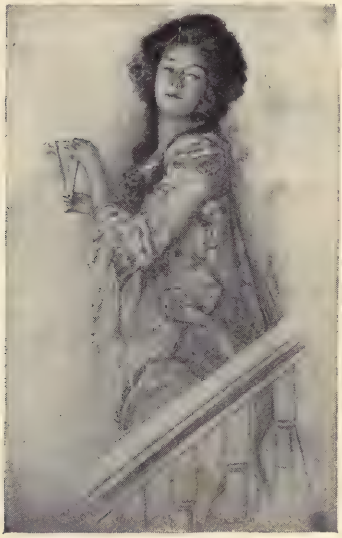
*"Operas Every Child Should Know." By Dolores Bacon. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price 90 cents net.

* * *

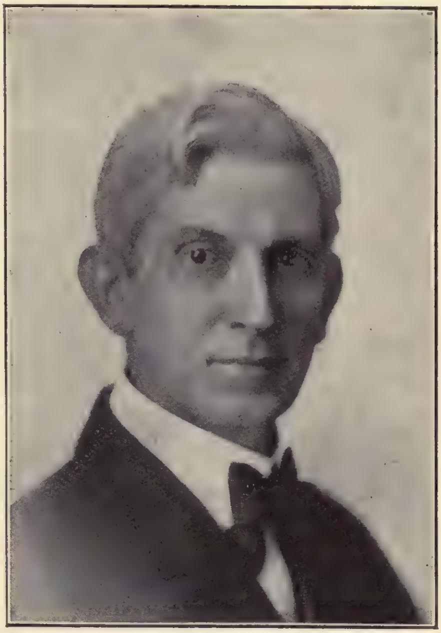
A HIGHWAYMAN, in the days of James the Second and the Jacobites, might be anything from a rude robber of the "Diamond Dick" variety to a nobleman in disguise, as in Miss Fisher's very entertaining story "The Imprudence of Prue."* Prue, or the Lady Prudence Brooke, was the poor but charming and coquettish granddaughter of Lady Drumloch, "who, as all the world knows, was a very great lady." Poverty and Prue did not agree, hence the race with poverty, the imprudence of Prue, and a very thrilling contest in which the lady wins not only from Poverty, but from Fate itself, which gives her a husband whom as Bandit or blue-blood one must admire. Miss Fisher has developed a very pretty plot in an ingenious manner, and she tells her story well.



"THE IMPRUDENCE OF PRUE"
Prue, the charming heroine of Sophie Fisher's novel

* * *

THAT there is a moral to "The Haunted Pajamas,"* we are assured by Mr. Francis Perry Elliott, the author. It is doubtful, however, if many will wish to seek aught but diversion in this fantastic fiction frolic. Yet if one really were hunting for a moral, he might find a very pertinent revelation between the "jolly wells" and "doncher-knows" that punctuate the story of Mr. Dicky Lightnut. It is rather difficult to tolerate Lightnut, but since he alone knows the whole story of the pajamas, one is compelled to follow him to the end.



FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT
Author of "The Haunted Pajamas"

The excellent color illustrations, which add so much to the artistic make-up of the volume, are the work of Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin.

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*"The Imprudence of Prue." By Sophie Fisher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

*"The Haunted Pajamas." By Francis Perry Elliott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

KEEN shafts are hurled at American society by Geoffrey Croyden, a young city man who loses his money through a brokerage failure, and his friend Colin Macloud, the central characters of "In Her Own Right."* Their conversations in the opening chapters are quite the strongest in the book. Croyden is not left to face poverty. He migrates to the southward, and settles on a fine old estate which is his by inheritance. Hidden treasure figures prominently in the remaining three hundred pages of the book. The conclusion leaves nothing to be desired; the gold is discovered, and both Croyden and Macloud celebrate the occasion by proposing to the ladies who have patiently awaited this very result.

* * *

VALUABLE suggestions for the mental worker are set forth by Dr. G. E. Partridge in "The Nervous Life."† Individuality is the keynote of the book, and self study is heartily recommended. "Ills," asserts the author in the opening chapter, "have multiplied faster than doctors' medicines, and personalities have grown so varied and complex that everyone must to a certain extent work out his own salvation." The importance of proper food, of exercise, sleep and rest, and recreation in "The Optimum Life" are emphasized. Work is defined as "the backbone of life" in a most forceful chapter which upsets certain old-time theories in regard to "hard work" and "long hours." Due attention is given to the emotions, the intellect and mental healing. No radical views are expounded in "The Nervous Life," but with straightforward, clearly defined argument, the author diagnoses conditions, suggests a remedy and outlines a course of reading that will be found helpful and instructive.

* * *

ALTHOUGH dealing with a somewhat trite field—"The Love Story of Napoleon"—the author has made "The Cross of Honor"* a quite excellent story. Bonaparte and the other familiar figures are so described that the character drawing conforms with historical data. The scene opens in France, but the main action of the plot follows Napoleon and his army into the Russian Empire.

The scenes of Polish court life, the romance of the Countess Marie Walewska, with whom the great Emperor falls in love, the tragedy of the dethroned Charles Louis, with Napoleon's controlling influence over all, are described realistically.

* * *

A BREEZY assortment of short stories concerning the great national game and its star players has been written for the vast army of baseball fans by Charles E. Van Loan, the brilliant sporting writer. Although the different sketches are fiction, yet there is something strangely like fact in each, and the characters are taken from real life in the big leagues. Among the many thousands engaged in pleasing the American public on the baseball diamond, there are all manner of men, and Mr. Van Loan has presented some of the unique types. With the closing of the season the baseball enthusiasts, although no longer able to sit on the bleachers and root for the home team, can at least have baseball environment and fireside comfort with "The Big League."†

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*"In Her Own Right." By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price $1.50 net.

†"The Nervous Life." By Dr. G. E. Partridge. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

*"The Cross of Honor." By Mary Openshaw. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price $1.20 net.

†"The Big League." By Charles E. Van Loan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price $1.00 net.

THE
AMERICAN THEATRE

By

HENRY KOLKER

Mr. Henry Kolker, the author of this article, enjoys the distinction of being Henry W. Savage's "only star." Mr. Kolker is generally conceded to be one of America's most brilliant young actors, and has been voted with practical unanimity the logical successor to the mantle of the late Richard Mansfield. His many achievements as leading man for the famous New Theatre company in New York, and previously his brilliant work in support of Margaret Anglin, Alla Nazimova, Bertha Kalish, Mary Mannering and other stars of the first magnitude won for him a place that his latest triumph in "The Great Name," under Mr. Savage's management, merely emphasizes. "The Great Name" is described as a comedy of character and sentiment adapted by James Clarence Harvey from the German of Victor Leon and Leo Feld. The theme of the play is music, and is said to be based on incidents in the life of Franz Lehar, the famous composer of "The Merry Widow." The story deals with two gifted musicians—Joseph Hofer, a popular and successful composer of waltzes and operettas who is on the road to fortune; and Robert Brandmeyer, a genius who as yet is unheard of. Hofer realizes the greatness of his brother artist, and in order that his genius may be recognized, allows the use of his (Hofer's) name as the author of a symphonic poem, in spite of the fact that in so doing he places in jeopardy his own fame and fortune. The play has made a profound and popular impression in New York, and has firmly established Mr. Kolker in the stellar ranks.

❧

IT is a fundamental axiom, contradicted by few or none, that the index to the character of a nation is to be found in its amusements. "Tell me how you enjoy yourself and I will tell you what you are," is the sociologist's "rule of three." "By their amusements ye shall know them" is a well-nigh infallible criterion.

Beranger preferred to be the creator of a nation's songs rather than the maker of its laws, because he knew that the songs and festivities of a people ultimately determine what their laws shall be and how they shall be obeyed. Paradox this may seem, but it is a paradox that is safe and sound.

Of all forms of national amusement, the theatre is the most ancient, the most universal and the most influential. Its origin antedates all historical record, and no people that has reached the level of national consciousness has ever been without its theatre. It is one of the first fruits of national life, and its growth, maturity and decay is the growth, maturity and decay of the state itself.

I do not refer to it as an amusement by way of belittling its importance, but because to most people it is a means of amusement and nothing more. The sovereignty and multiplicity of its influences is not understood by those who are most subject to them.

Inasmuch, then, as I am convinced that the theatre of every country is the absolute mirror of that country's national character and progress, I am justified in saying that the American theatre reflects

HENRY KOLKER
As Joseph Hofer in "The Great Name"

accurately the exact status of our national existence.

I firmly believe the American Theatre will share the destiny of the American people and become the greatest in the world. It has long been conceded that the future of America as a nation is infinite. Our commerce and finance are fast approaching supremacy. Our form of government, though still in the experimental stage, is rapidly demonstrating itself as the soundest, fairest and best. With our energy and our resources we are destined to stand in the vanguard of the peoples of the earth.

Surely we may assume that the American theatre will share in the pre-eminence which is unmistakably in store for us as a nation.

* * *

Take a panoramic view over the theatres of the major nations of Europe, by way of fortifying our belief in this theory, and observe how the national life of each people is reflected in its theatre.

Beginning with the people whose language and ideals we hold as a common inheritance, note the parallel between the English people and the English theatre.

Throned on the topmost pinnacle of the international supremacy, England has crystallized into a rigid and emotionless regime. This feeling of security and superiority predominates, too, in her theatre. The English playwright now and then betrays a feeling that the name of England is a standard of merit, and that anything he writes, by the mere virtue of his being an Englishman, must contain dramatic value. The English actor is often, too often, more finished and artistic in his performances than our own. But, for the same reason, he underplays everything, and lacks in strength and vividness of interpretation what he fails to make up with all his precision. It has been my opinion for some time, that to this cause may be ascribed the annual lament of the English manager over a lack of interest in the serious drama.

In Germany we find a race of profound thinkers, somewhat heavy of temperament, but with an acute sense of humor. Their range of intellectual interests spans the whole horizon of human knowledge. Nowhere is this breadth and depth of the Teutonic nature more clearly revealed than in its theatre.

There we find plays that mercilessly analyze the motives and morals of contemporary society and relentlessly portray things as they are, side by side with the maddest and merriest farces that a buoyant brain can invent. And in each of these contrasting departments the Germans have produced masterpieces. But while the German stage is flooded with dramatic chronicles of present-day life, there is a deep-seated veneration amounting to idolatry for its dramatic monarchs of a past generation, Schiller and Goethe, and a profound reverence that is often overlooked by the critics of the Teutonic theatre.

* * *

The heavy temperament of which I spoke above is the *bete noir* of the German actor. He is unusually impressed with the gravity of his art. One touch of seriousness in a play lures him into pedantry, and even in interpreting the humor of a situation, he fails to catch the sprightliness and abandon which is the essence of the moment.

Germany's great rival to the west of the Rhine presents the spectacle of a nation which has been rent to its foundations for more than a century by religious, social and political upheavals. France is a thoroughly artistic nation in the first stages of its decadence.

The discord and disquiet which have formed the pith and marrow of the history

Photo by Clinedinst

HENRY W. SAVAGE

America's foremost producing theatrical manager who has set and maintained a high standard and is sponsor for young artists of genius. His work in providing Grand Opera in English is a courageous venture in behalf of American play-goers of France during the Nineteenth Century, has had its inevitable complement in the French theatre.

The anti-monarchical revolutions of the years from 1800 to 1840 were accompanied by the brilliant revolt of Hugo against the tyranny of the classical traditions. The turmoil of the following years is paralleled by the battle of Dumas and his contemporaries to establish the prose drama on the stage of Moliere and Corneille. The civic storms throughout France during the latter years can be matched by the dissensions even now raging within the French theatre which culminated last year in the withdrawal amid tempestuous scenes of Bernstein's "Apres Moi . . ." a few nights after its opening. The sects and creeds, social, religious and artistic, now having their little day in France, are all represented in the stages of Paris and her sister cities. Orthodox Catholic dramas breathing the air of the nave and cloister jostle plays of rabid pagan tendencies, historical spectacles, spicy transcripts of high society, and drama violently anti-clerical in their tone. All the inconsistencies of chaos can be found behind the French curtains.

Her drama, in which she has been the pioneer for a hundred years, has reached the highest development in the history of her literature. Her theatre is the most artistic in the world. Her national playhouse is the envy of every nation. Her decadence is to be seen in the lack of virility in her actors.

For all their verve and sparkle and dash, genuine strength is painfully absent from their performances. Your French actor fusses his big scenes. He coquets with its climaxes. He is full of ceremony in a crisis, and loses his golden moments in a futile display of histrionic technique.

I could multiply examples from the various nations of the earth and indicate in each this constant relation of the drama to the people. I might cite Spain, with its revolutionary tendencies strongly in evidence; Italy, with its passionate, bitter, beautiful dramas, and so on to the Chinese theatre, with its play, popularly, though erroneously, supposed to last for months.

But I think I have demonstrated the soundness of my first proposition sufficiently to warrant my asking you to examine the American theatre from this standpoint.

* * *

The predominant characteristic of our theatre is change. As a people we are devoting our main energies to commerce and trade. Art with us is still in its infancy and we regard the theatre solely as a place of amusement.

Our theatre is striving to reach the majestic position held by the theatres of older nations, and in so doing, must needs shift and alter its standards in an endeavor to adapt itself to the life of the people and successfully claim their attention.

Then, and not until then, the higher services that it can give in education and instruction will develop in answer to the demand for them which has not yet been made upon it by our audiences.

We may prate about commercialism. We may upbraid our managerial fraternity and heap every term of opprobrium upon them. We may echo the critical cry that runs from coast to coast with each succeeding season. "Oh, for actors, actors, actors!" But until our audiences are ready for them they will not be forthcoming. The voice of the people is the law of the theatre, and they have only to ask and they will receive.

In short, the stage of our country will evolve in precise ratio with the progress of the nation. The shortcomings of the theatre are, in an unrealized measure, the fault of its audiences. If we have not an abundance of art, it is because our auditors do not demand it.

Nor is this a cause for alarm. We are in the making. As Zangwill so aptly put it in a play that appeared in New York a few seasons ago, we are in the "Melting Pot," and the final American will be the product of the mighty crucible. It is simply the American version of the eternal story that a people does not produce great art until it has passed the formative period. At the culminating point in our national career, our artistic output will be the peer of any nation's that has preceded us.

Seeing that the supreme court, whose

decisions make or mar the theatre, is the people, a word or two on audiences will not be amiss.

I contend that correct theatre-going is a fine art—as much so in its way as the art of impersonation. The average American is a bewildered amateur at this, and loses half his enjoyment because he fails to distinguish the part from the actor who plays it.

The first duty of the modern theatre-goer is to learn to take his theatre more seriously, to acquire an ability to estimate and appreciate individual performances.

It is maddening to actor-folk to stand night after night upon the stage and see

SCENE FROM ACT III OF "THE GREAT NAME"
Henry Kolker as Joseph Hofer; Russ Whytal as Brandmeyer

certain delicate bits, played with the most exquisite grace, pass above the heads of the audience, while they swallow the actor-proof stuff delivered by the uninspired player, and exalt him to the heavens with their applause.

I wish they might learn that sinking one's identity in character parts is but an insignificant branch of acting. The displaying of a personality beneath the make-up, the incarnation of a written character in flesh and blood, by a sheer act of genius on the part of the actor in filling his part with his own personality tempered to the limitations of his role—the creation, in short, of a living, visible and intelligible being, is the grand goal of the actor's art.

THE LATE RICHARD MANSFIELD
Whose great work on the American stage marks an epoch in the history of notable theatrical productions. Henry Kolker is carrying on the work so auspiciously begun by Mr. Mansfield

How well Richard Mansfield knew that art! In his performances you saw an impenetrable make-up, but though Mansfield was hidden, behind the disguise were the brains of the greatest dramatic genius of our generation, fashioning steadily and superbly a character as he conceived it out of the materials placed at his command by the playwright.

Thanks to the awakened intelligence of audiences, the star system, the system which exploited a personality purely on the basis of its popularity without regard to dramatic merit, is in its decline. A great part demands a great actor, but no part is insignificant enough to be entrusted to a mediocre one. If we can once get to the point where the butler with six announcements must be as artistic as the hero with sixty pages of glowing dialogue, the star will have to forsake the center for a few moments during the evening to make roon for the satellite who has something equally good to offer, if not in as large measure as H. M. the star.

The growing unpopularity of the star system may, I think, be traced to the ebbing interest in the classic drama, under which that system flourished and was carried to its wildest lengths. The great exponents of Shakespeare have had few successors, and those who followed in their steps have not, for the most part, been endowed with the genius to maintain the supremacy of the verse-drama over a prosaic and self-absorbed age.

Yet there is a big field for Shakespeare and the other classics, if performances of them can only be humanized. Most actors feel it necessary to be pedantic when they don the sock and buskin. But the men and women of Shakespeare were human beings if they did express themselves with a regard for metre—and I am sure they bore themselves as naturally as the most modern of us, without strutting or posing.

On those terms Shakespeare and the verse-drama need never perish from our stage, if only the actor will remember that he is interpreting human beings to human beings, and find his own way to overcome the difficulties of the language and meter.

These modifications and improvements in audiences and actors of which I have spoken will come, but during the course of generations. Time alone can bring them to pass. But of one glaring defect of our stage there should no longer be any toleration. I refer to the maltreatment of our splendid language in the mouths of a majority of our actors. Our western "r's" our Eastern "ah's" our frightfully flat "a's" and our broad "a's," our "aint's," our "dont's" and a hundred other barbarous abbreviations are the result of unpardonable carelessness on our part.

I am not contending for "British" English, which I heartily condemn, but for a pure and melodious American English which shall be the inviolable speech of the land. We are a race great enough to have our own language, and the American theatre is the temple for the preservation and perfection of it. To feel the sacred responsibility of this charge should be the solemn duty of every man and woman behind the footlights.

Finally, I do not believe the American theatre has any apologies to make. It is full of vitality and animation, ready to answer every beck and call of its supporters. Demand what you will of it and you shall have it. The playwright is ready, pen in hand, to give you the vital drama intended not simply to amuse the passing hour, but to give a stimulus to your whole life. The players stand ready to give you the impersonations, serious in their intention, delicate and intricate in their artistry, if you will only demand them. The managers are alert to catch the first note of a call to the higher and better things and only awaiting your signal to produce them. But they cannot lead where you will not follow. The theatrical manager is in the strictest sense a public servant and more than half the time a public slave, for he has no appeal from the verdict of his patrons, and in self-defense he is bound to satisfy any and all demands.

Give him the faintest hint that you will support and appreciate his efforts to elevate the American theatre and cultivate its vast resources, and you will stand amazed at the magnificent result. Its fertility, its versatility, its vitality, when revealed in their full splendor, will astonish you. For the American theatre is in the half-awakened vigor of its youth. And youth is equal to everything, even the impossible.

TO SUZANNE AT TWELVE

STUDY your smile in the mirror,
  Study your twinkling eye,
And don't let the cruel world steal them
  And leave in their place a sigh.

Study your sweet disposition,
  And your generous dear little way.
And don't let the cruel world steal them—
  Or sorrow drive them away.

Keep them and treasure them always,
  For they are far greater than gold.
Don't let the cruel world steal them—
  'Cause then you'll be wrinkled and old.

—*William Hodge.*

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep.
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' have the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you ef you don't watch out.

From "Little Orphant Annie" by James Whitcomb Riley

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Our Hard-wood Floors

by

Gene C. Hildebrand

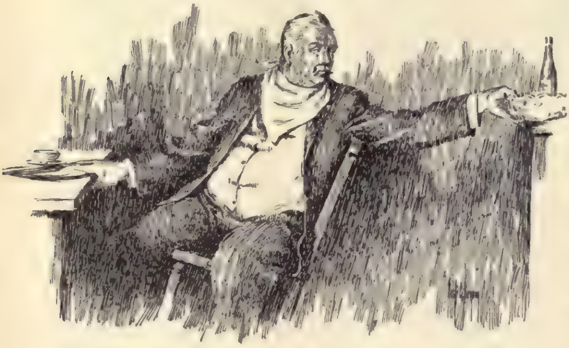
WE WERE young when we built our home nest and didn't know very much. The husband-to-be talked of polished floors, but to my inexperienced mind it meant a wearying round of dusting upon hands and knees, for even a few years ago no one had heard of a dustless mop or dreamed of vacuum cleaners. Mother had carpets and naturally, I thought she knew about these things, for I was very sure I didn't. However, the husband-to-be gained the day this far: the hall, stairs and dining room were bare and we used rugs.

After keeping house a few years the mistake gradually dawned upon me, and it was I who opened the discussion. Every time the subject came up the doctor always wore a sort of don't-you-wish-you-had-listened-to-me look. For years we talked about having the floors laid in all the other rooms; all the advantages were talked over; the great labor-saving points at housecleaning time being duly discussed, not to mention the question of sanitation and beauty. But we dreaded the upheaval which it all meant and every year had postponed it.

It was spring, the sound of the carpet-beater was heard in the land and housecleaning was staring me in the face. To kill two birds with one stone, we again took up the discussion and ended it by setting apart one evening for conversation with the head carpenter, planning it all out in detail. They had to begin the work at once in order to finish by a certain date. This was most important, for I had promised to take four delegates to our Woman's Club which met in convention the early part of May and the house simply *had* to be in order by that time. Delegates, especially women, always notice everything in such an exasperating way. Being a woman, I know.

We had two short days in which to dismantle the house and such a wild scramble as it was for the two of us who did it. A woman came and helped put things away. Every picture had to be wrapped; every piece of bric-a-brac, rugs, sofa pillows, were securely done up in paper and taken to the attic; every piece of cut glass was washed and buried in a big box of sawdust and the best china snugly put away, for there is an ever-present dust which collects on everything and sifts into the most impossible places while the sandpapering is being done.

The furniture that had not already been sent to the upholsterer to be rejuvenated was stacked in closets, vestibules, attic and the maid's room. I had dismissed my last maid, knowing there wouldn't be any place for her during this time, and beside, I didn't know what she could do but stand around in the way. Fortunately, our kitchen is large—too large for ordinary purposes, but just at this time it was a haven of refuge for our turned-out little family. The work table was placed in the middle of the room and around this we gathered for our meals, snug and comfy, being careful not to step on each other's toes. Back to the simple life was a reality, no theory in our case. All we had to do was to reach in different directions for things which couldn't be accommodated on our diminutive dining table. Father sat with his back to the sideboard. Father is stout and not exactly in training, but he soon learned a sort of dexterous twist by which he could obtain possession of anything on the sideboard without rising from his chair. Doctor was within easy reach of the gas stove, and I sat with my back to the range. There was no excuse for not having everything piping hot. Each morning after we had taken the cereal out of the fireless cooker, little Jack used it for a foot-stool where it reposed out of the way under the table. Surveying the room with a twinkling eye, the Doctor said, "Well, if we just had a bed in here we would be living the simple life with a vengeance." But we didn't; we slept in the attic.



"Father soon learned a sort of dexterous twist by which he could obtain anything on the sideboard"

They began by degrees to rob us of our conveniences. The first week we had one sleeping room intact, the second week we took father's and invited him to the hotel, the third and fourth we appropriated the attic and never before realized how large our house was until bedtime came and we had four flights of stairs to climb by the light of the little lamp and journey up to our attic apartment with its dismal shadows. One of us always had to go to bed with Jack, for we couldn't expect a little fellow of three to go up to that spooky place all alone.

By the calendar it was April, but the temperature was somewhere around the freezing point and there wasn't a speck of heat up there. Jack wore a bright red sweater over his nightie, for his arms were always out, but he snuggled down in his trundle bed in the blankets and kept warm and toasty. We managed to keep comfortable by curling up like shrimps and piling on numberless pairs of blankets. It turned warm after a few days and we had some heavy thunder storms. To really appreciate thunder the attic is an ideal spot.

Those carpenters took possession of the house. They gaily opened every window and our furnace heat went sailing out of the windows. As this happened every day, Doctor tired of keeping up a fire to heat the neighbor's yard so let it go out. The men were working and were warm, but I wasn't and was cold—so cold, in fact, that we took up our abode within the four walls of the kitchen which could be kept warm at least. They were a good-natured lot, those three men. One had a voice like the rumble of distant thunder and a laugh to match. Number two was short and thin with small features and turned up eyebrows which gave him an inquiring look. An ever present quid tucked away in his cheek was responsible for the mournful look to his mouth as little brown rivulets trickled from each corner and gave him the look of a much dejected Jap. Number three had black hair, a fierce bushy brown long mustache like a pirate and always looked mad. But he wasn't. His looks were misleading and his voice was as mild as a woman's. They sang, they whistled and they laughed until the echoes rang all through those empty rooms, to the accompaniment of the saw and hammer.

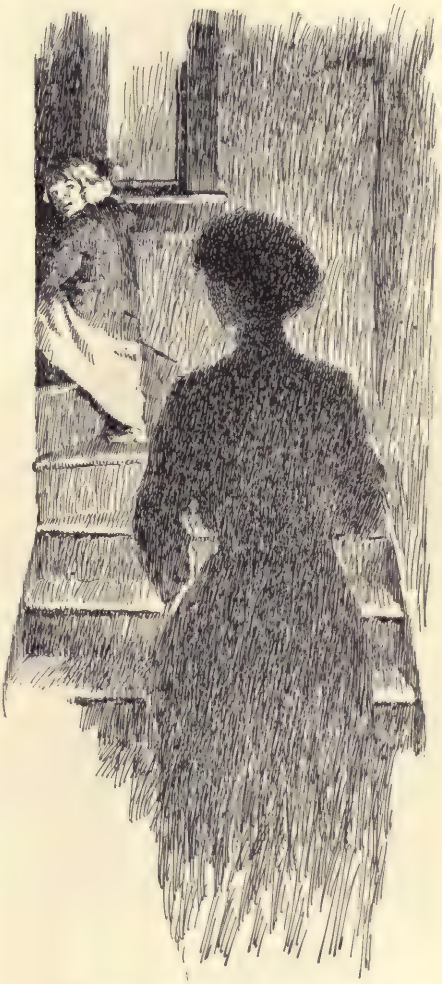
As the work progressed the songs went on, but at this stage to the screech of the machine-scraper. Life seemed one perpetual joke. What a pity so many of us miss the joke. Every day they robbed us of some convenience. When they finally dismantled the bath room and the tub was planted in the back hall, we found ourselves reduced to the kitchen sink.

The tub filled with quilts and pillows made a safe little nest for Jack to take his nap, but no one but a deaf mute could get a wink of sleep while the hammers kept up a steady tap, tap, so we took him to the neighbors. Our neighbors were most kind and wanted to gather in the whole family, but as we were having a novel experience and rather enjoying it on the whole, we thanked them and slept under the gables.

Not until we were forced to take up our residence in one room did I realize what a vast amount of work it means just to keep a house in order. Now, there was nothing to do but to wash a few dishes, make two beds and my conscience didn't smite very hard if they aired most of the day, being more hygienic.

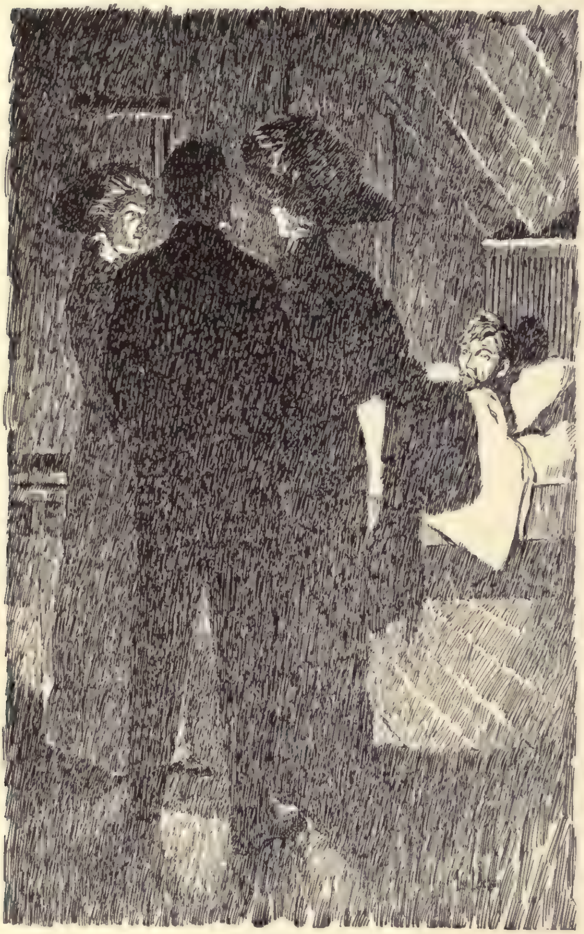
A problem confronted me: we had nine perfectly good carpets which we didn't need and were too good to give away, so I decided to enter the commercial field and advertise. When that innocent advertisement was inserted it never occurred to me that it would be necessary to stay at home all the time to see the people who came to look at them. There wasn't anyone else in the house to do it, so I had to. Such a funny sort came, but that might have been expected. Being a novice at this sort of thing the matter of price was a puzzle. Later, I came to the conclusion that anything which had been used a few months ceased to have any market value. In fact, I called upon the Overseer of the Poor to relieve me of thirty-four yards of the best in the lot after holding it for two weeks for a woman, who finally changed her mind, and losing five chances to sell it. But I got rid of them all, which was something, although my venture was not exactly a financial success.

One night after Doctor and little Jack had gone to the "sky chamber" two of our most intimate friends came and found me deep in a book by the kitchen range, blissfully unconscious of the surroundings and having a quiet time all by myself. They are rascals—both of them—and always ready for a lark. When they found my two Jacks were tucked away up under the roof they were determined to go up and have a peep at them. Leading the way with a little spark of a light, up those four flights we went very quietly, supposing both would be asleep. As we tiptoed toward the "East end" where the bed stood, what should we see but Doctor's big eyes and curly head looking over the edge of the blankets with surprise and indignation written large at the impudence of any outsider invading the privacy of his attic boudoir? When he saw who it was the surprise and indignation changed to a broad grin and a smothered chuckle lest he wake up Jack, while he demanded *what on earth we meant to do up there.* We really had him at a disadvantage and as 'twere so we wished him pleasant dreams and went below. He confided in me afterward that he couldn't think who would be coming up with me at that hour unless it was someone to *buy a carpet.* The carpets, you see, had gotten on his nerves.



"We couldn't expect a little fellow of three to go to that spooky place all alone"

We had planned to have Colonial rugs in all the rooms on the second floor. During this period of enforced idleness I had planned to prepare the rags, having bought a quantity of new colored material to use with some white I had treasured for a long time. Full of enthusiasm I went up to the maid's room to get out the material which had been put in a dresser drawer. This particular dresser now stood at the farthest corner of the room with two others in front of it and a mattress in the way besides. There was no use struggling against such odds. And all that energy gone to waste!


"What should we see but the doctor's big eyes and curly head looking over the edge of the blankets"

The only place we had to dress was this overflowing room. There was a space just large enough to stand directly in front of one dresser. Every time I bent over to comb my hair it got caught on something or my elbows managed to hit on all sorts of things that stood in the way. They were soul-trying times—those times when we made our toilet, but under the circumstances, it was not necessary to make an elaborate one, so there was something to be thankful for, and I've always believed it a good plan to count your mercies.

A casual observer, passing the house, never would have suspected that it was occupied. There were no curtains, not even shades at any of the windows; the front porch was piled high with bundles of oak flooring; the front door was barricaded to keep people from coming in that way and if by chance some unsuspecting persons rang the bell, I had to race around the house and tell them to come in the back door. After the carpenters left and the floor finishers came there wasn't quite such a chorus and the atmosphere was changed. Before we had had dust, a sort of indescribable stuff that got up one's nose and down one's throat and gathered over everything like some fuzzy sort of fungus growth. Now the aroma of wood filler and shellac, varnish and turpentine filled every nook and cranny. The food absorbed it, our clothes reeked of it, and we became so thoroughly used to it that it seemed as if we had smelled it all our lives.

One of the men whistled in a shrill key, pitched about F in altissimo I should judge, and all through the empty house it echoed. The theme was the same day after day, whether he sang it or whistled it. When he sang it he dropped to the bass cleft to accommodate his register and it had a mournful sort of hymn-tune sound. We would have been lost without it, for it seemed as much a part of his work as the steady rub, rub with pumice and oil. How anyone could spend his days on his knees monotonously rubbing, hour after hour, and whistle and sing about it, still remains to me a mystery. But it was a case of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb or something of that sort.

Those men always removed their shoes and put on soft white canvas slippers to work in. They tiptoed about so daintily that I couldn't help wishing that after the floors were finished everyone would follow the Oriental custom of removing their shoes before entering. Just fancy what a lot of time would be lost in this rapid existence of ours if we did it.

Although the surroundings and the general atmosphere were not exactly inspiring, still, as time hung heavy on my hands it seemed worth while to attempt a sketch or two, the environment not being taken into consideration. The muse might work in spite of all that. After much thought I remembered that my box of colors and materials were last seen in a closet which was now barricaded with a well-filled bookcase. Everything conspired against work of any sort. Never had it seemed so before. The conspiracy had always been the other way. There were any number of things that could and should have been done, but every time I had an inspiration the necessary things were always found to be so securely packed away that there was no way of getting at them.

As the first of May approached and the work seemed to be going very slowly, a haunting fear took possession of me at the thought of those delegates. What if the work shouldn't be finished in time to get the house in proper order? For strange women coming into a topsy-turvy house was too awful to contemplate. Women are such keen observers.

We had kept "open house" for those men for one month, but at last the work was done and there was a week to spare in which to rearrange the house. With good help everything was put in readiness for the expected guests. The morning they came I was sprinting up the street after my young son whose favorite pastime was running away. The car stopped just as I got to the corner and seeing some very interesting strangers cast an inquiring look about, as they hesitated a moment after alighting from the car, I fancied they might be delegates and spoke to them. And would you believe it, they were mine! The dearest, the most considerate women one could possibly imagine. What a useless amount of energy had been wasted in worry. If we could only know things beforehand.

And the floors were beautiful.

DESPAIR

HOW short the road that leads us to despair,
When once we turn, how soon our feet are there.

How dark the valley and how dim the sight
That tries to pierce the darkness dense as night.

How welcome are the gleams of coming day,
So slow to lighten up the clouded way.

How beautiful the path which leads us on
To hilltops kissed by radiant dawn.

How glad the heart that battles with the storm,
To see at length each purple cloud transform.

—*Alice Baker.*

Comforters Are Ye All

By ALICE HAMILTON RICH

THE blue, blue sky above me,
   Without a drifting cloud;
While whispering voices murmur
   As if a gentle crowd
Of comforters, most blessed,
   To me had been allowed.

❧ ❧

The ripple of the waters
   Of lakelet nearer by,
And sweet breath of the clover
   And song of wild bird shy;
While tender, restful shadows
   Upon the greensward lie.

❧ ❧

The buttercup is bending
   Its loving cup of gold;
No flowret of the wildwood
   Its sweetness doth withhold,
And humming bird or hornet
   Are equal robbers bold.

❧ ❧

O earth most fair and gracious
   In giving gifts to me,
O hours of blessed loving,
   Given back in memory,
And unknown compensations
   In God's eternity.

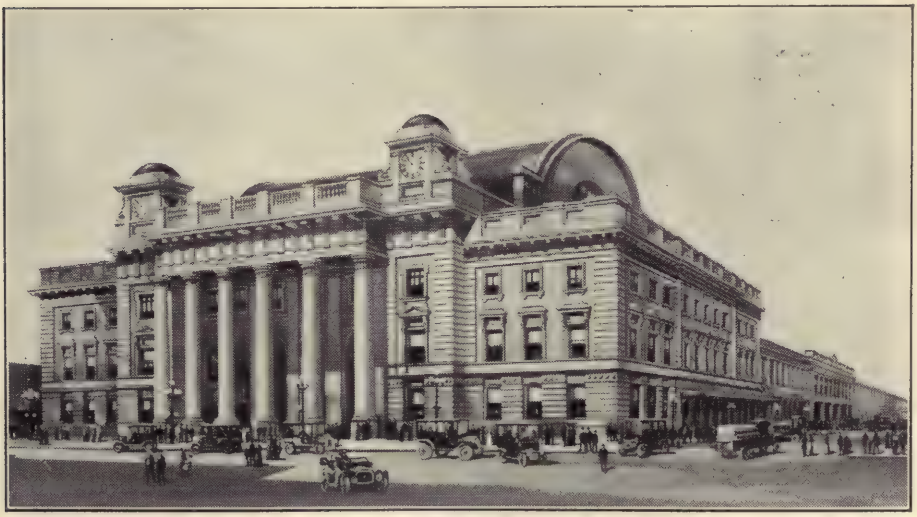
The New Northwestern Station in Chicago

by

Flynn Wayne

SOMEHOW every time I enter the new Northwestern Station in Chicago, I think of the prairie schooners of the overland route, of the pony expresses and of the stopping places along the way, the tide of men which swept across the grassy plains and the sandy deserts of the great West, pointing toward the golden harvest of California, and in later years to develop the great prairies west of the Mississippi. In this great station, which has been pronounced architecturally one of the finest owned by a single railroad in the world, the traveling public are provided with conveniences which no knight of old could have dreamed of in his marble palace. This is especially impressive upon visiting the rooms and quarters provided for emigrants, where may be found bath rooms, wash rooms, tables and rest rooms, the hospital—in a word, everything that could possibly be conceived of for the comfort of the traveler. The great stairway has in it all the impressive architectural beauty of the famous and historic stairway in the Doges palace at Venice.

To sit in a corner of that station on an afternoon and watch the thousands of people rushing by is a study in American life. Here the old commuter, laden with parcels, his mind always on the 5.04 or 5.20 train, hurries by; he never fails instinctively to find his way to the gate on time. It is only the new commuter who



THE NEW CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN TERMINAL STATION IN CHICAGO rushes along breathlessly, and arrives just in time to find his train leaving. There is the homeseeker, with mother, wife and children, surrounded on all sides by plenty of packages and more in the baggage car, while in the freight car whizzing on its way are the household effects on their way to the far West. It does not take much time to move nowadays. Just look at a railroad time table and you will see that in a short time, say two or three days, the domicile of an Eastern man may be changed to one in the far West.

There is the traveling man wandering about with his well-worn, labeled grip, waiting for the next train to pull out, studying timetables to make the quickest connections. He is perfectly at ease, more at home perhaps while "on the road" than when he spends a few days between trips with his wife and family in some Eastern city.

A bevy of youths and maids, returning to preparatory schools and colleges after the summer vacation, rush by, and passing them comes a swarm of older people from the suburban train to enjoy a night at the theatre. As they meet, these old young people for a moment are no doubt deep in the memories of their own schooldays; perhaps they begin to realize that they are getting on in years, but in a moment all is laughter and gaiety as on they go. This "madding crowd," as Thomas Hardy, the author, terms it, is typical of American life.

IN THE RESTAURANT WITH DUTCH-TILED FLOORS, ONE ENJOYS A REFRESHING REPAST

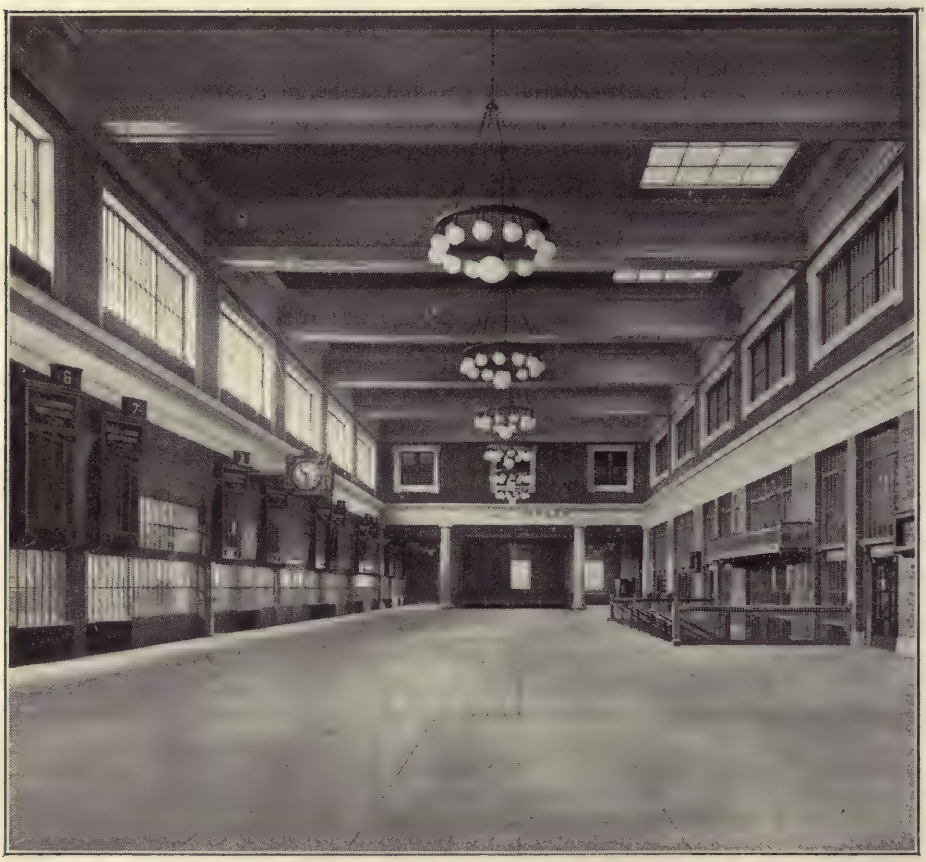
HERE IS WHERE THE THRONGS GATHER TO WAIT FOR TRAINS. THERE IS AN AIR OF HOME-LIKE COMFORT IN EVERY PART OF THE GREAT CHICAGO TERMINAL

FROM BASEMENT TO ROOF THERE IS ALWAYS AN IMPRESSIVE VISTA

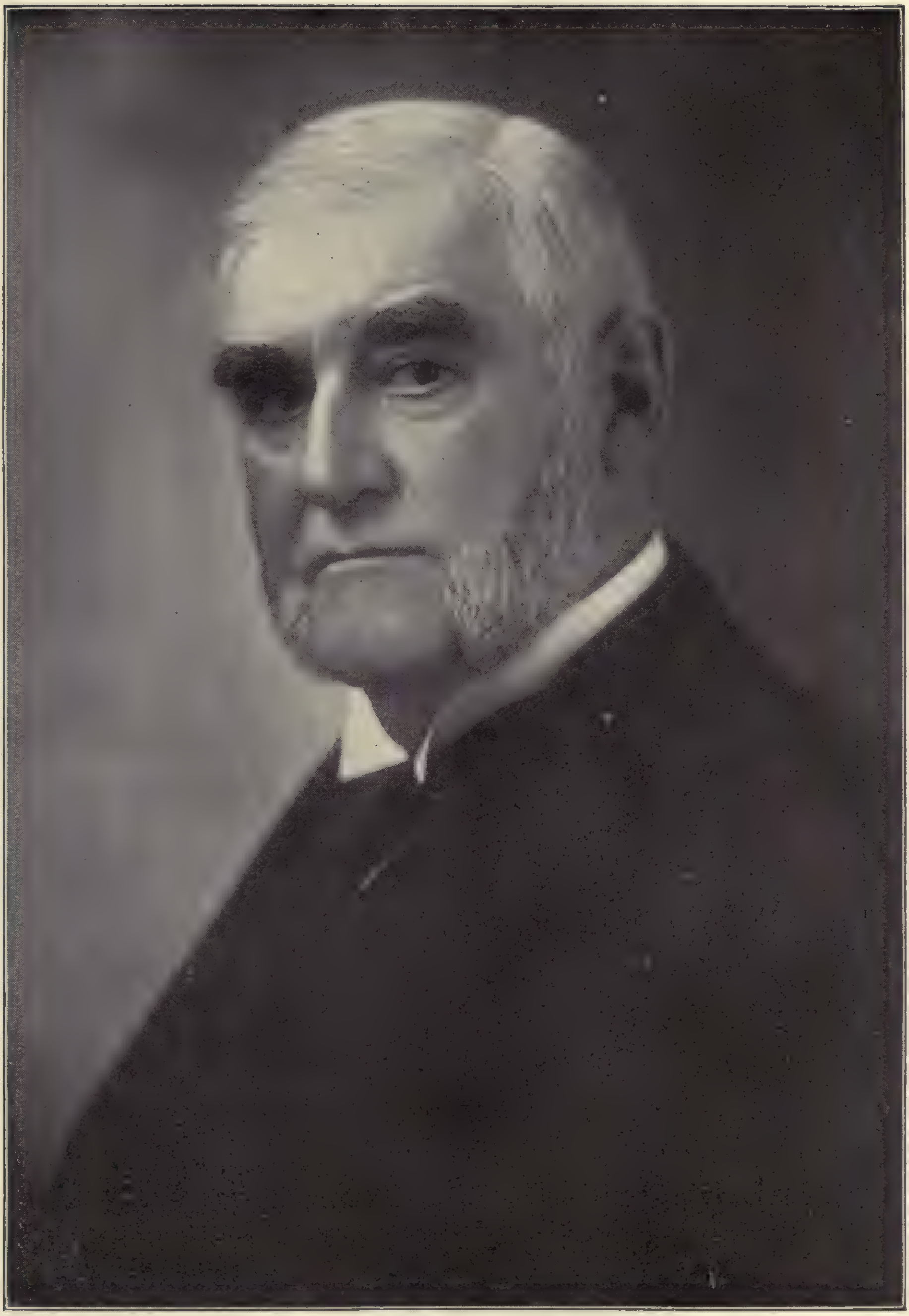
In a corner of the great station is the news stand of James Dunne, who has also for nearly forty years handled the millions of parcels, valises, suit cases and other light pieces of baggage for the traveling public using the Northwestern railway. His is a record to be proud of, for there has never been a lost parcel or piece of baggage in all these forty years.

To James Dunne's counter are brought countless parcels from the great stores, bought by the ladies who have spent the day "shopping." Towering piles accumulate and are passed out in a single day.

"Dunne's News Stand" is a misnomer, for it is a veritable department store. Here are to be found the low-priced drinking cups with which the traveler nowadays must provide himself, for the law in many states prohibits the use of public drinking cups; also traveling bags of all kinds, confectionery, fruit—in fact almost everything needed by the tourist embarking on a transcontinental journey. Then there are the little two-wheeled carts going about with papers and periodicals, saving every step possible for the customer; the restaurant, with its Dutch tiled floor, and its splendid menu; the ladies' waiting room, and the beautiful rotunda with its towering pillars. It seems indeed a rendezvous and resting place for the weary traveler. Outside in the vast train shed is the palatial overland limited with its mighty engine puffing away as though impatient to begin the three thousand-mile journey across the plains and the Rockies to the



A VIEW OF THE SPACIOUS VAULTED CEILING OF THE HANDSOME WAITING ROOM



MR. MARVIN HUGHITT

FOR MANY YEARS THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN SYSTEM, NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Golden Gate. Many of the tracks are filled with suburban trains, all ready to make their short trips to the many beautiful suburbs on the three divisions of this great railroad. The smoke and soot of the locomotives escape from the train shed through long slots in the roof immediately over the tracks. The traveling tramway moves the baggage expeditiously. Railroad men and the public never fail to appreciate the many conveniences of this great station of the Northwestern.

The distinctive feature of this station was impressed upon me by an English friend visiting this country, when he remarked "By Jove, you know, there is no way of getting mixed up in this blooming place, whether you are just going out or coming in. You don't have to awsk any questions. I am just as much at home here as I am in dear old London, blawst me if I ain't. There is the sign of the information bureau blazing out just like the sun in the morning, the ticket offices where you can see them at a glance, with signs over each window for the guidance of the public, the baggage room where you get your brasses—so handy, you know. Everything is as easy to find as the pocket in your shirt, by Jove!" Nothing was ever truer said, for the crowds go marching through that station in almost military precision, without the slightest confusion. Everything is conveniently arranged and there is plenty of room for all and will be for years and years to come, if not for all time.

Every day in the year finds hundreds of tourists passing through the Northwestern station. If it is in the summer, their tickets read to the lakes of the north or to Colorado; if in the winter, when the cold breezes sweep over the lake, then their tickets read to the sunny lands of California. There is always some spot that lures the traveler which can be reached by the Northwestern lines, no matter what the season.

AN ARRAY OF ENERGETIC AND ALERT ATTENDANTS AT THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN TERMINAL STATION

Making Laws *in* Holland

By

Joe Mitchell Chapple

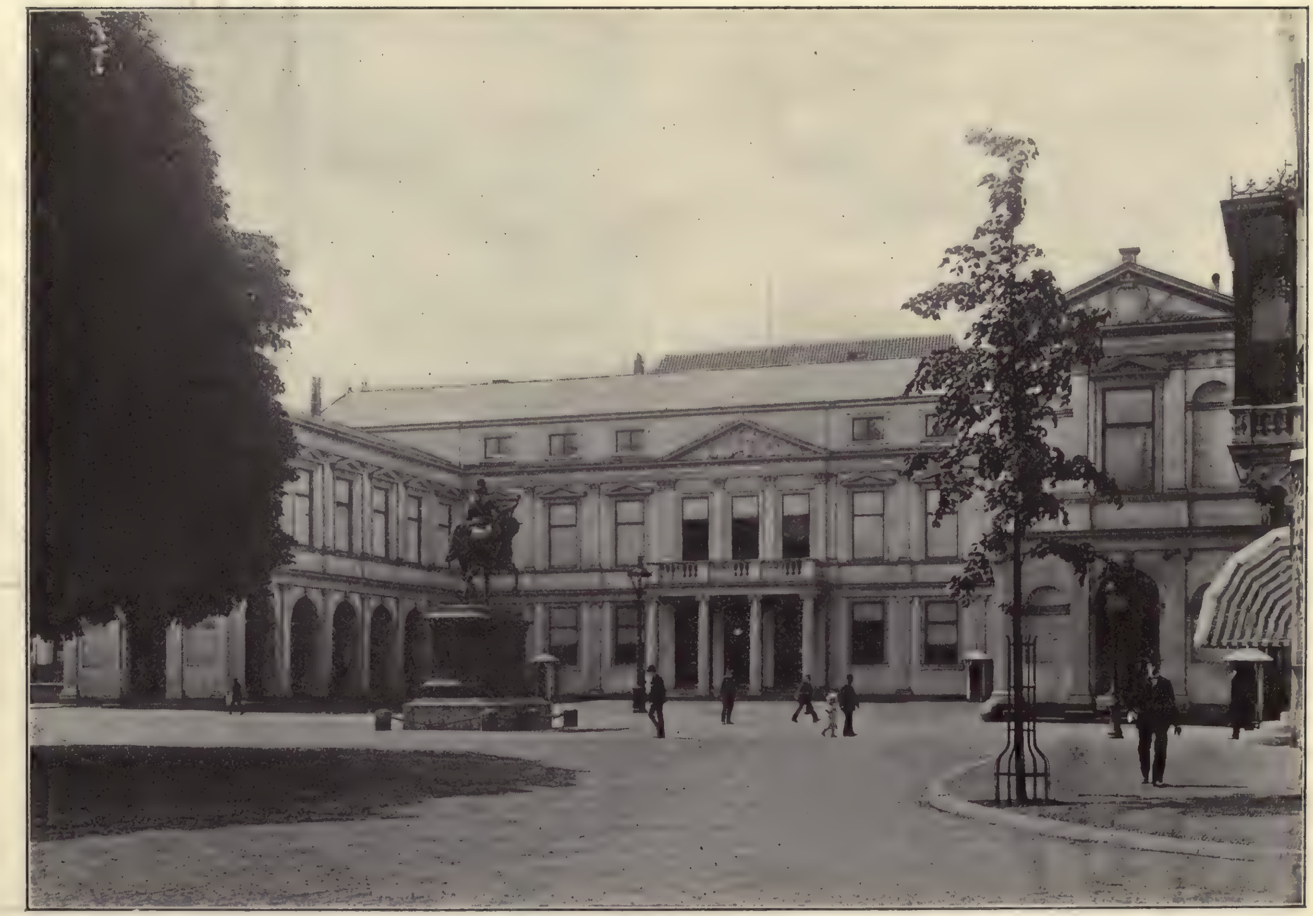
IT is a winter morning in old Holland, and the sharp winds from the sea sweep unrestricted across "the Hollow Land," bringing a tingle to the cheeks, recalling the scenes in a novel of Maarten Maartens, and the pictures, in the old school books, of sturdy boys and girls skating on the Dutch canals. Amsterdam, the Venice of northern Europe, is storm-swept by a westerly gale, but the narrow streets are thronged with people and the trim shop windows have all the neatness of a Dutch kitchen or the rows of pans that shine in a Flemish dairy. The great diamond market is centered here, and although diamonds are not always a familiar article with editors, I note the burly, keen-eyed diamond cutters, born and bred to this work for generations past. Immense callouses may be seen on either thumb—the result of the pressure required to split off the tiny fragments from the rough stone to form the facets of the finished gem. With them are sons and nephews, whose duty it is to grind down and polish until the full glory of the "sunburst" is attained.

* * *

The Dutch make the most of everything. Their pasture land, with all its

Courtesy Holland-America Line

THE DEER PARK AT THE HAGUE



Courtesy Holland-America Line

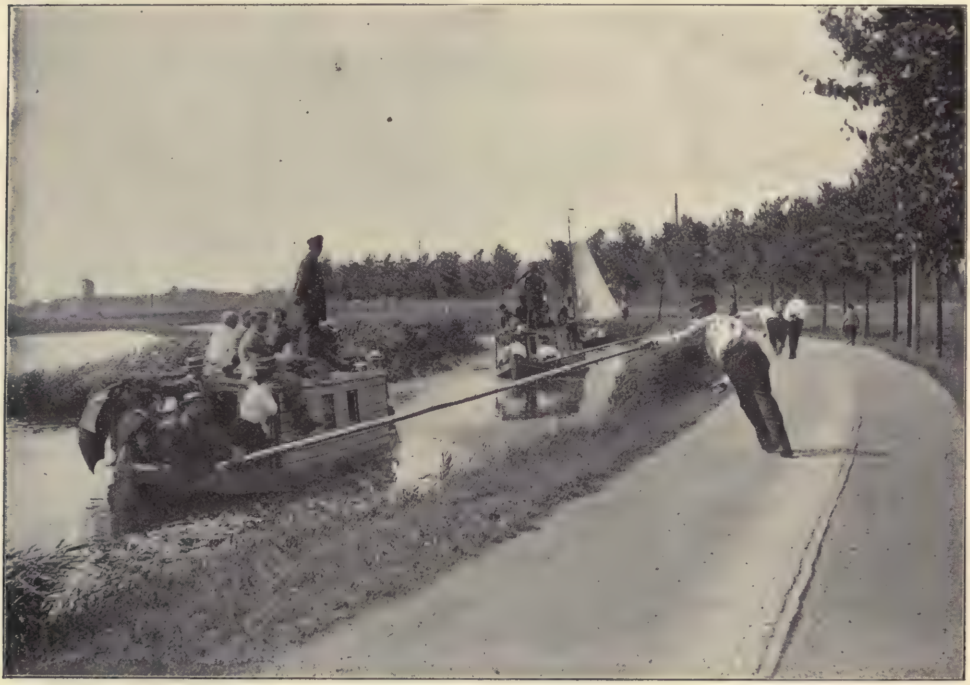
THE QUEEN'S PALACE AT THE HAGUE

bogs and marshes, is drained to perfection, and the same thrifty and utilitarian spirit is indicated in their legislative halls.

The legislative power of the Netherlands is vested in the sovereign and the two chambers of the states-general. The authority and prestige of the upper and lower houses are widely divergent. The Senators are elected by the provincial states, somewhat the same as United States senators are now chosen. Their term of office is nine years, one-third retiring every three years.

The lower house is composed of one hundred members chosen by certain categories of electors, all of whom are not taxpayers. Male citizens, more than twenty-five years old, who are owners or tenants of houses or boats, or who possess evidence of business ability, are allowed to vote. Under this restriction, only a little more than ten per cent of the entire population is entitled to the franchise.

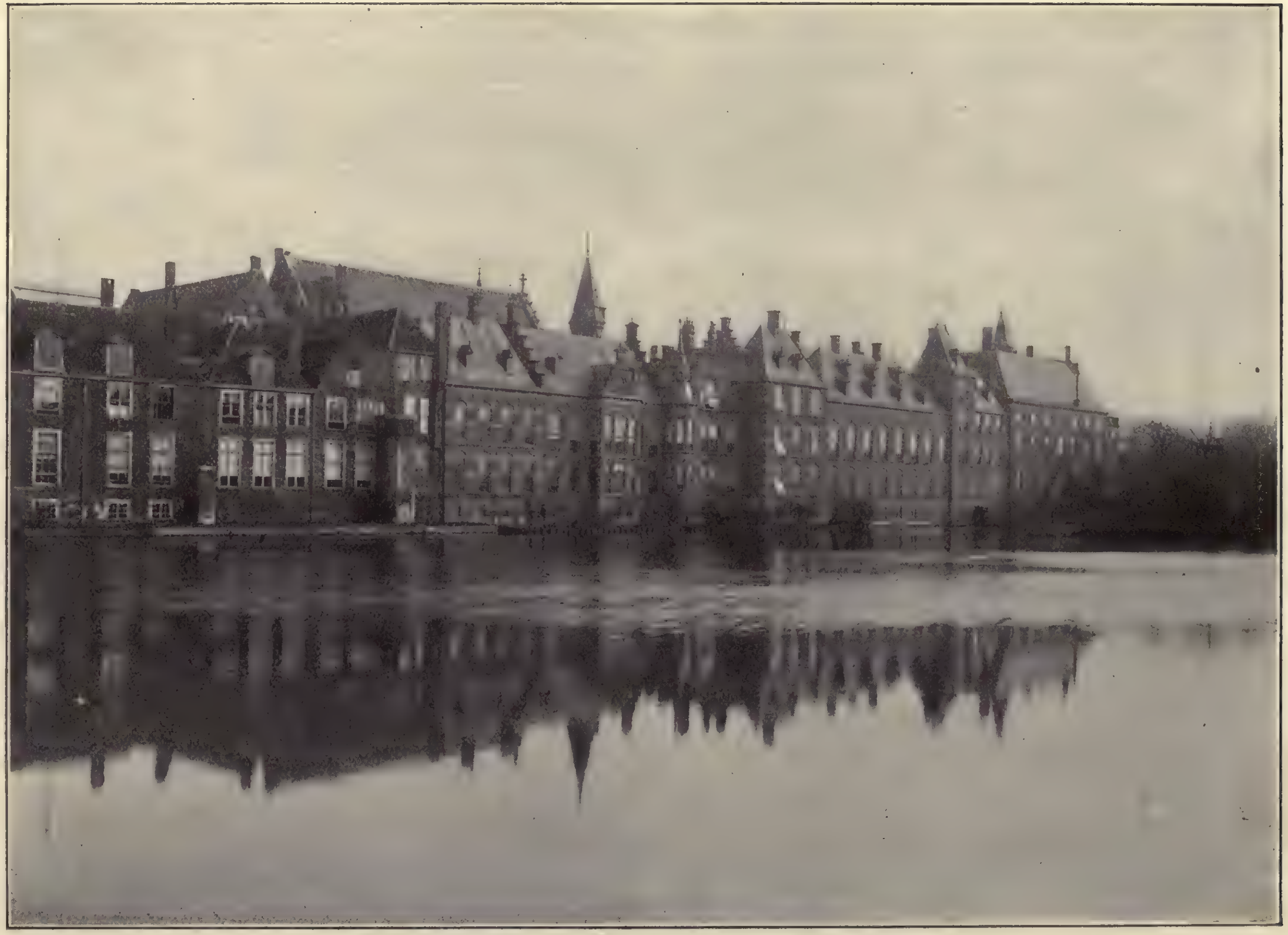
One could almost discern, in fancy, the source of Dutch influence in America while watching the members gather for a session in the Dutch legislature. Located at The Hague, where the peace tribunal is already playing an important part in the history of the age, the assembly certainly has an interesting environment. Legislators living outside The Hague are allowed a small amount of expense money a day during sessions; consequently the honors of the position must necessarily be the only consideration of Holland statesmen, who read with amazement the revelations of our senatorial investigations.



Courtesy Holland-America Line CANAL TRAVEL IN HOLLAND

The Holland legislators look the part of arbitrators—wearing tall hats, stately of carriage, serious in mien, who could be better cast for parts in the scenes of international arbitration? The pride and self-respect characteristic of the public men of Holland was not to my mind equalled by the statesmen of any other country in Europe. They are, in short, hard-headed and practical. It seemed incredible that here the great tulip mania flourished; but perhaps that difficulty brought its sharp lesson centuries ago and has never needed repetition.

As the members greeted one another



Courtesy Holland-America Line

RESIDENCES ALONG THE ZUYDER, THE HAGUE

they seemed to extend a courtly challenge for an exchange of ideas, not without a suggestion of international topics.

There is something of Dutch quaintness in the legislative sessions, which are public, although I learned that by a majority vote there might be a secret session. It suggests in a way a religious service. The chamber of the Dutch senate is a plain, simple room with but little attempt at decoration—an appropriate assembly hall for the Netherlands, land of dunes, dykes and polders, whose seamen, in days of old, won fame far and wide and explored and fought their way far into the "outlands."

The dignified Dutch Senate discusses matters very deliberately, and its members are amazingly calm and cool. The upper chamber is not permitted to initiate legislative measures; it can only accept or reject those of the lower house, but its very active and effective veto power would create a revolution in England.

Dr. van Looken, one of the Senators, told me that the predominant question then before the Dutch legislature was a tariff bill. It is not designated as a "protective tariff bill" in Holland, however, because that term inspires as much terror in the Dutch mind, accustomed to centuries of free trade, as does the suggestion of "subsidies" in America. "Our bill," smiled the doctor, "we call the *fiscal duties* bill." The shudder that the mention of "free trade" causes among some people in the United States comes at the mere mention of that great American word "tariff" in Holland.

* * *

The executive power of the crown, represented by the popular and well-beloved Queen Wilhelmina, is exercised through ministers, one of whom must countersign every official act of the sovereign. These ministers are responsible to the Parliament, and may address the members of either house, although they are not permitted to vote unless they are members.

It was like reading a "thriller" in a sensational newspaper to learn that trial by jury does not exist in the Netherlands. There are courts of appeal, district courts and cantonal tribunals, beside the Court of Cassation, which sits at the Hague, and which has jurisdiction in case of appeal from provincial courts. The work of "twelve good men and true" is exercised by trained judges who pass on the law and the facts.

During a wait at the railway station, while chill winds were blowing off the sea at Rotterdam, a man in uniform explained that not all of the railroads were owned by the government—some of the best roads are still in private hands.

In the railway stations are ample provisions for eating. The bell announcing arrival and departure of trains seems to be a signal for more eating; there is always a chance for a snack of bread and cheese and a cup of coffee between stopovers. There are no lunch counters, but tables with groomed waiters, and everyone of them seemed to understand English—in fact, there is a common knowledge of our native tongue in this little country which represents the connecting link between England and Germany. There is always a dignity and a solidity about things Dutch and universal respect for those in authority, whether on the railroad or on the tram cars, with their plate-glass windows and great hoops overhead.

* * *

The colonizing spirit and sea-roving habits of the Hollanders have given to this little nation behind the dykes and sand-dunes of the North Sea a world influence far exceeding its weight in territory and population. The power of England in the Netherlands is marked and jealously watched by Germany, and every move of the Germans affecting Holland is a matter of paramount importance to the English ministry. Her ships come and go from all ports of the world, but the prosperity of Holland has ever been founded on industry, self-respect and on domestic neatness.

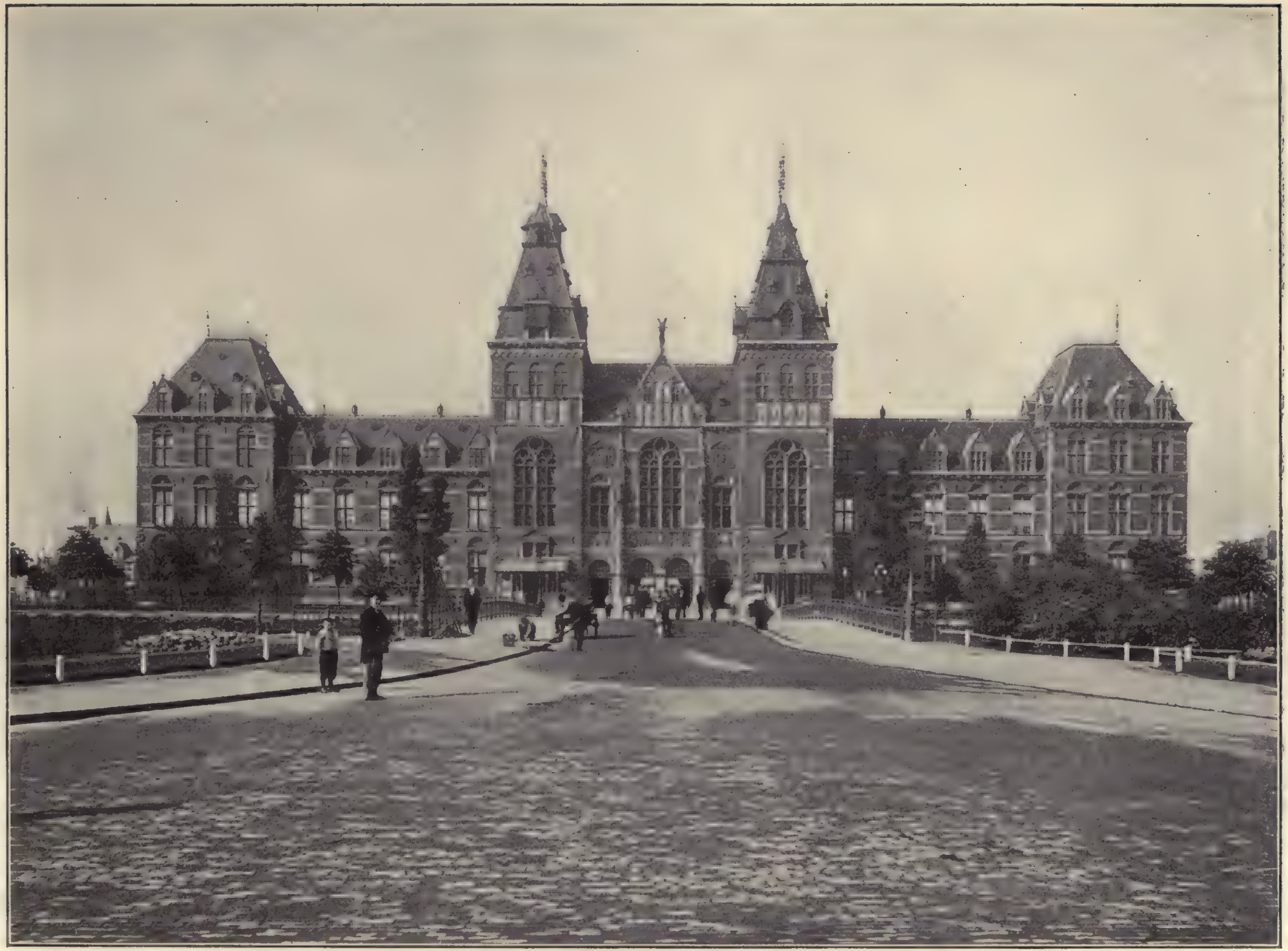
Although the ministry acting for the crown has supreme power, yet the high average of strong individuality in Holland has seemed to checkmate the development of any masterful leaders. Dutch statesmen deal with about the same public problems that exist in other countries; the routine of legislation covers practically the same class as in the United States, and the Senate of the Netherlands has to meet the charge of being a "wealthy man's club," like the United States Senate and the House of Lords.

In the lobby of the Dutch Senate chamber I met a characteristic group of Dutchmen. There were two brothers owning and operating a coffee plantation in Costa Rica, who wanted to talk Panama; an old gentleman who had spent his life in Japan and the East Indies insisted on talking over the Philippine situation, and a tall, stately young man, scarred by the sabres of Heidelberg class duels, had arrived from Africa a week previous and discussed John Hays Hammond, the Boer war and Roosevelt's hunting trip. A stout, jolly man sitting cross-legged on the bench insisted that the Japanese situation interested him most, while by the door a broker asked the latest views concerning reciprocity, because his clients were investing in Canadian Railway bonds.

A gigantic Sumatra cigar was passed me, and puffing in unison, the party continued to discuss world affairs as we set out for the House in the Woods. In these few minutes the inquiries showered upon a private American citizen passing through the country demonstrated a great interest in questions affecting all parts of the world in which the United States is now held to play an important part. What a contrast is this to the European sentiment of two decades ago, when an American might wander about the entire continent and visit among the various legislative assemblies and receive scarcely an interrogation on matters beyond the boundaries of the "U. S. A."

Courtesy Holland-America Line

TREE-BORDERED CANAL AT LEYDEN' HOLLAND



Courtesy Holland-America Line

THE RYKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— Frederick Hulzmann

THAT the phonograph companies are eager to offer "what the public wants" is manifested by their action in the case of "Pinafore," now being revived at the Casino Theatre, New York City. As soon as the staff experts of the three respective companies learned which way the wind blew as indicated by Casino box office sales, they prepared to issue the best "Pinafore" music in record form. Thus the talking-machine owner who lives many miles from the nearest theatre may, through the medium of the monthly records, preserve for himself the best of Broadway's music.

* * *

The Shakespearian speeches and recitations by Mr. Frank Burbeck represent a notable number on the Victor list for October. Mr. Burbeck is well known both in America and in England, and has been deeply admired in Shakespearian roles. "Hamlet's Soliloquy" and "The Fall of Wolsey" are magnificently rendered by him on record No. 16912, double-disc. Mr. Burbeck contributes another record, No. 16913, with James Whitcomb Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "The Knight's Toast." The Victor Company announces that these are but the opening numbers of a series in which they hold Mr. Burbeck's exclusive contract.

A very pretty song is Mr. Cohan's "The Small Town Gal," one of the most popular selections in "Fifty Miles from Boston." Mr. Cohan sings with his usual vigor and distinctness.

A vocal rendition of the "Blue Danube Waltz" is offered by the Lyric Quartet on No. 31842. Everyone can hum the "Blue Danube Waltz," but the vocal version is seldom heard. The singers in the quartet have completely mastered the difficulties of the song and a charming record has resulted.

Two notable instrumental records are offered: No. 5860, harp solo, "The Last Rose of Summer," Schuetze; and No. 31840, pianoforte solo, "Song of the Sea," Spross. Both of these records stand for the best in their respective classes. In speaking of the best, the Pryor Band's record, No. 31841, should not be overlooked. "Reminiscences of Tschaikowsky" contains snatches of the best known of that great Russian's composition.

Two new Victor Herbert records are offered on Nos. 60054 and 70050. One is Mr. Herbert's own "Yesterthoughts," the other Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slave."

Pleasant memories of the old-time "Fisk Jubilee Singers" will be recalled by many with the announcement of a record by the Fisk University Quartet. "Done What You Tole Me To Do" and "I Know the Lord Laid His Hands On Me" are sung by the Quartet with all the enthusiasm characteristic of the organization from which the present musicians originated.

Many popular songs are recorded and the Grand Opera list is especially replete.

* * *

"Bonnie Sweet Bessie" and "Suwanee River" sung by Alice Nielsen—what more could one ask? Miss Nielsen has recently entered into a contract with the Columbia Company for a new series of records, a piece of news that will interest the many Columbia owners who secured last season's splendid Nielsen records. As leading lyric soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, Miss Nielsen fills an unique position on the operatic stage. Never has her voice seemed more exquisite than in the rendition of these two old songs, which are so dear to the American heart. Miss Nielsen also sings "The Sacrifice" and "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water"; two favorite selections from "Madame Butterfly," and two duet selections from "Rigoletto," in which Ramon Blanchart is the baritone.

The Columbia Company have gathered together the gems of "H. M. S. Pinafore," and even as the Casino Theatre is playing "Pinafore" with an "all-star" cast, so the Columbia Company has secured some of the country's best vocalists to record "Pinafore." Facing the vocal rendition is a sequel in the the shape of an orchestral record—"Pinafore" selections by Prince's Orchestra. This No. A5314 is surely an attractive record.

Wallace's difficult "There is a Flower That Bloometh" from "Maritana," is sung on No. A5313 by Mr. Charles W. Harrison. The favorite tenor solo from "Mignon"—"In Her Simplicity"—appears on the opposite face.

Two new singers are introduced on double-disc No. A1042, Miss Blossom Seeley, who sings "He's Coming Back" and Miss Molly Ames, who renders "Run Home and Tell Your Mother," a late song from the pen of Irving Berlin.

A very fine novelty record is contributed by the Brown Brothers Saxophone Quintette. This unique organization is well known throughout the country for its mastery of the saxophone. On record No. A1041, "American Patrol" and a medley, "The Bull-Frog and the Coon," are given.

There is a most attractive array of popular songs by the best present-day artists, not overlooking the humorous specialty offered by Porter and Harlan on No. A1036.

* * *

The offering of "Songs of Harvard" and "Songs of Yale" appears very appropriately on the Edison list for October. The Harvard songs on No. 812 are "Up the Street," "Harvard's Day" and "Fair Harvard." The representative Yale airs include "Dear Old Yale," "Boola," "'Neath the Elms," "Down the Field" and "Alma Mater."

The Edison Company has divided "Pinafore" by acts in order to do all the music full justice, and a very realistic presentation of Act 1 has resulted. "We Sail the Ocean Blue," "I'm Called Little Buttercup" and "A Maiden Fair to See" are included on Record No. 795.

Another record of like character is No. 801, entitled "A Day in Venice" and rendered by the American Standard Orchestra. The composer of this Suite Romantique, the first two numbers of which are presented, is Mr. Ethelbert Nevin.

Old songs have never lost their appeal to Edison owners and seldom does a month pass without the listing of one or two old-time favorites. "I'll Remember You, Love, In My Prayers" and "Good-Bye, Sweet Day" are listed this month. The first is sung by Mr. Will Oakland and Chorus, on No. 808; Miss Bessie Volckmann renders "Good-Bye, Sweet Day" on No. 809.

A real "Dixie Medley" by Mr. Fred Van Epps is certainly a treat. That inimitable banjoist actually covers "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Arkansas Traveller," "Suwanee River," "Turkey in the Straw" and "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" in a four-minute record without stopping.

There is a profusion of popular songs. "I Like the Hat, I Like the Dress" is sung by Edward M. Favor and Chorus on No. 792; "You'll Do the Same Thing Over Again" by Billy Murray on No. 794; "Run Home and Tell Your Mother," Anna Chandler and Chorus, No. 800; "Hands Up," Ada Jones and Billy Murray, No. 806.

Among the instrumental numbers may be found some rare offerings, including No. 793, a Grieg Caprice, by Vienna Instrumental Quartet; No. 797, "Valse Boston," a special dance record, National Promenade Band; No. 811, "Memories of Home," Venetian Instrumental Trio; No. 814, "All Alone Medley," New York Military Band.

Gone

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

YOU'VE gone.
The rumble of the car-wheels
Dims into the East
And you are speeding
Back unto your hills.

* * *

I gaze from out my window
Upon an empty town.
Deserted, desolate, the city seems
Though it is day
And in the streets below
A multitude of human forms
Must hurry to and fro.
My eyes see not.
My ears are stilled unto all sound
And strained with listening for your voice
To say "I shall return."

* * *

Farewell, dear dreams.
It seems that all my dreams must fade,
And all my hopes be rainbows
That vanish with the changing of the winds.

* * *

You've gone,
And night comes swiftly on.

NEW ENGLAND SECTION

An Exposition of New England Quality

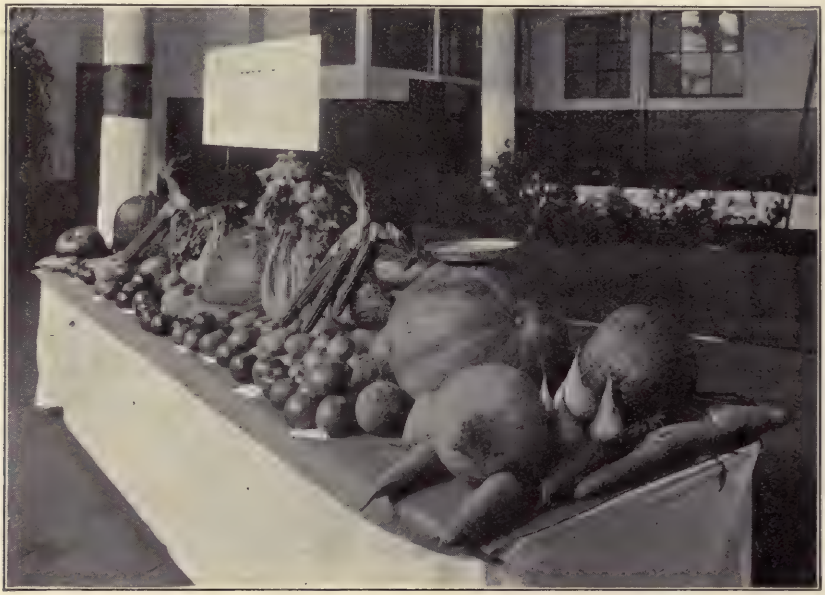
by

Mitchell Mannering

THE exposition era of the United States of America dates back to 1876 at Philadelphia, commemorating the Centennial of the Republic. Since that time expositions have truly become "the timekeepers of progress," as was stated by the lamented McKinley in his last speech at Buffalo. The influence and educative value of expositions can scarcely be estimated, because at a glance one is able to comprehend what would require years of study. It is objective just as the child in wandering about sees things that have a potent influence in after years in concrete achievement.

Memories of the first great centennial are now related by our fathers and grandfathers, who enthusiastically tell of the wonders of the first telephone, of the great Corliss engine, of Edison's magno-electric battery, and of all those things that seem today like toys compared with the progress of recent years. The great exposition at Chicago, with its impressive Court of Honor, where the gleam of electric lights first was used in the ornamentation of buildings—this too has its memories, and from the great collective tide of ideas, this exposition left its impress upon industrial America.

The World's Fair at St. Louis, with a magnitude that overshadowed all previous expositions, has indelibly written into history the industrial development of the Middle West. The Jamestown Exposition, with its historical associations, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which drew aside the curtain before the land of golden adventure—all of these are distinctive epochs in the exposition era. But in all of these expositions combined, New England, with its great resources and industrial achievements, has never been adequately or comprehensively represented. There have been Fairs without number and some isolated expositions; but through the friends of the Boston Chamber of Commerce an exposition was held in 1911 in Mechanics Building, Boston, which will remain the most memorable and comprehensive exhibit of New England industries that has ever been made.



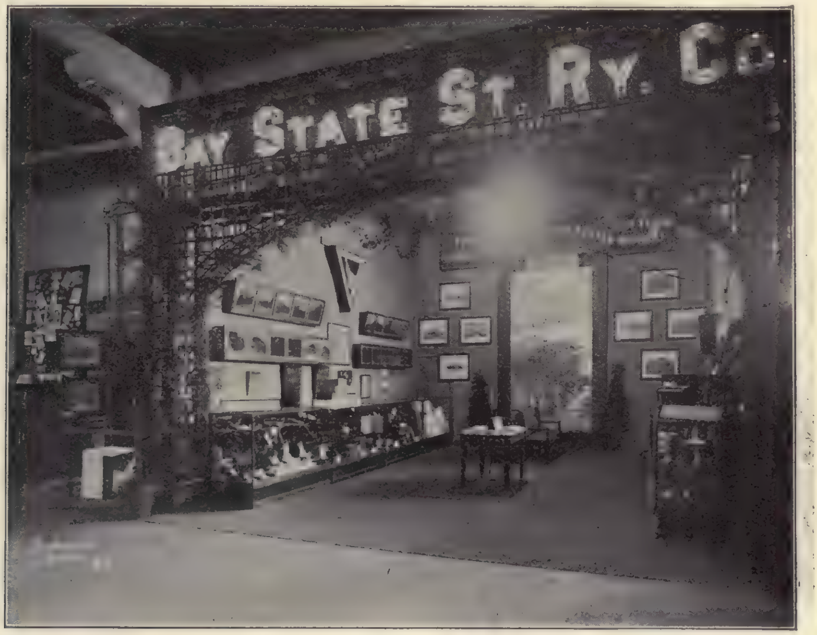
CABBAGES AND VEGETABLES GALORE SHOWING THE THRIFT AND PRODUCTIVENESS OF THE "WORN-OUT" NEW ENGLAND LAND

* * *

Thousands of people for the first time realized at this exposition the great scope of New England ideals in manufacturing. A native of New England, or any one resident thereabouts, could not fail to feel a thrill of pride and satisfaction, beholding how the wonderful skill in industrial arts was demonstrated. It was an object lesson to the thousands of children, for in the generations of New England artisans, New England merchants and manufacturers, in the employment of New England capital and efficient management, there has been the same handicap in industrial New England as in the agricultural resources, where the rocks and hills interfere with the fields. Without developed coal and iron mines or other great natural resources which play so conspicuous a part in progress and development, New England has yet stamped upon the world trade of today a quality that has made her share in international commerce trade sure and certain. As far back as the year 1634, New Englanders began sending out their commodities and "building ships and trafficking abroad," as chronicled by the historian. A few years later the words are found in a book of the period that New England "was setting on the manufacture of Linnen and cotten cloathe," and the writer further states "from cotten wool and linnen yarne we can make dimmities and fustians for summer clothing." Again he says: "A great many small cattel being now very frequently killed for food, their skins will afford us leather for boots and shoes and other uses."

In these lines on faded yellow pages we trace the great beginning of New England's industries. The very handicap of the rough fields necessitated and stimulated a thrift among the people, for New England's triumph in quality today is because of her habits of industry woven in the warp and woof of her earliest history.

Year after year the people of New England have been accustomed to come to Boston in October to attend the Food Fair. This year the program was changed, and the New England Industrial and Educational Exposition took its place.



THERE WAS THE BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY, THE LARGEST ELECTRIC SYSTEM IN THE COUNTRY, WITH ITS FLASHING LIGHTS SHOWING EXPRESS AND PASSENGER SERVICE OVER ITS ROUTES

The exhibitors spared neither time nor expense to make the display worthy of the great interests represented. Entering the main hall one was flanked on the left by a splendid array of Bell telephone equipment, where every detail of the great system that conducts business and brightens home life was exemplified. How appropriate was this display, for the telephone company is distinctively a New England industry, and from New England came the development and exploitation of this great public service. The automatic telegraph receiver did the work of nimble-fingered operators, ticking off messages to the delight of crowds. It was pronounced the acme of telephonic exhibits.

* * *

Confronting the entrance in a great row of showcases was the exhibit of the jewelry manufacturers of Attleboro, and the throng of ladies who gathered about them with many delighted "Oh's" and "Ah's" testified to the feminine love of adornment. And where is the man or woman who does not in some way adorn himself with something? The popular love of beads and bracelets brings to mind the stories of treaties with the Indians in early days, when sundry ornaments were presented as harbingers before the pipe of peace was smoked. And here were several show cases full of those artistic trinkets and jewels that are dear to the hearts of women. The entire process by which the articles are made, right from the crude sheets of material, was shown. In the millions of these articles distributed throughout the country, how few of the wearers realize that a large amount of this jewelry comes from Attleboro and Mansfield, Massachusetts, two thriving New England manufacturing centers. R. F. Simmons & Company, Bates & Bacon, Fontneau & Cook Company and the Standard Button Company had striking displays.

The S. O. Bigney Company had an array of chains and specialties that are known far and near, all indicative of the skill, foresight and virile executive policy of this organization. D. F. Briggs & Company, makers of the celebrated "Carmen" bracelet, had a tempting line which would seem even to anticipate the finest whims of feminine fancy.

A great crowd constantly surrounded the section of the Walter Baker Company. Now you can't think of Walter Baker without the date 1780, and that fascinating Dutch maiden, "La Belle Chocolatiere." She was there, threefold, and served Baker's chocolate in daintily painted China cups. The great Walter M. Lowney Company, which has made rapid strides in recent years and whose goods are known far and wide, was artistically represented. Mr. Walter M. Lowney, the head of the concern, was chairman of the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce that provided the exposition.

Dadmun Co
Boston

IN THE PRINTING OFFICE OF THE "EXPOSITION NEWS" THERE WERE BUSY DAYS

The Lyons link cuff button, a striking example of Yankee ingenuity, was shown in the exhibition of C. D. Lyons & Co. An almost invisible little screw does the work, and what a boon to the cuff-button user has resulted. Mr. C. D. Lyons has established an international reputation as maker of badges, and furnished the handsome badges and belts worn during the recent National Advertising Convention in Boston. Just to glance over the showcases, with their myriad of trophies, is an astonishing revelation of the scope of this industry.

With the brass band rendering the master compositions of Tschaikowsky, Massenet and Strauss and the people wandering hither and thither, enthusiastically examining the products of New England, while the shield and buckler "Made in New England" flashed forth from every post, it could not help but awaken a feeling of pride and enthusiasm not only in maintaining, but in enhancing the quality of goods which has made New England famous.

Under a thatched roof that recalled the rubber plantations of the tropics, the Hood Rubber Company presented a most interesting exhibit of the making of rubbers, and you wouldn't "forget your rubbers" after you had been there. While the workmen were dexterously putting together the rubber, using aluminum instead of wooden lasts, a lecture was given explaining the processes. You felt much more acquainted with the Hood Rubber Company after you saw this working exhibit.

ATWOOD'S BIPLANE, A NEW ENGLAND QUALITY SUSTAINING THE ENDURANCE FLIGHT FROM ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK

The triumph of the use of gas for industrial and domestic purposes was most vividly portrayed in the exhibit of the Boston Gas Company. For some time it has been mooted about that the Boston Gas Company represents one of the most popular public-service corporations in the country, and you say "No wonder!" when you see the pains they take to see what their patrons need and the service they get. There were all kinds of gas stoves, even to smooth-topped "griddle-ranges" before which many a lady paused, besides a collection of gas utensils that supplied every possible want. There were furnaces for the factory, large and small blowers which showed what an important part they play in manufacture, forges, and a great, revolving gas oven, baking crisp bread. What an advance from the great brick bake-ovens of early colonial days. There was every kind of gas light for illumination, and someone was ready to answer the particular inquiry of each visitor. There were self-sparkling gas "lighters" which did away with the elusive and sometimes dangerous match. The exhibit was an admirable one, and showed how close the gas company seeks to become to the home life of the people.

* * *

Proceeding up and down the aisles you found little "classification" in the arrangement of products. The handsome cabinets and desks which represented the acme of up-to-date office equipment were found in the section beside a dainty display of paper flowers and artistic boxes.

The making of shoes, as exhibited by the United Shoe Machinery Company, was in sharp contrast to the days when the industry started, and the work was done piecemeal at home. If labor was paid in those days in the same ratio as today, a pair of shoes would be a twelve or fifteen dollar luxury. Here a complete shoemaking plant was in operation, exhibiting the Goodyear welt system of shoemaking machines. As scores of people gathered about, an expert explained each of the intricate operations that started with the "last" and went through the eleven distinct processes through which the work passes until the completed shoe is ready.

No other industrial exhibit has ever more clearly represented the triumph of American invention when combined with the use of million-dollar machinery and the science of exploitation. In these simple operations as demonstrated by the workmen were witnessed at a single glance the result of many years of tireless effort on the part of inventors and an immense investment of capital. The great uniformity in shoe wear today, not only in its cost but in its comfort as well, dates back to the development of the Goodyear Welt system. Somehow it would seem that a child looking upon this work would be more careful of his shoes after he had seen the process of making them. It is well to remember that while there are shoe industries outside of New England, yet Boston is still the great wholesale market to which shoe buyers are wont to come from all points of the compass when they purchase their stocks.

Adjoining the shoemaking exhibit was one of the finest displays of leather ever shown in an exposition in the greatest leather market of the country. The A. C. Lawrence Company is one of the oldest leather establishments in New England, and it exhibited the new specialty of Hub Gum Soles. Little samples of the soles were pasted on the booklets that were given out. There is always something new in New England shoemaking.

GOODYEAR WELT

A GLIMPSE OF THE LAWRENCE LEATHER COMPANY EXHIBIT AND THE BUSY SCENES WHERE THE UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY DEMONSTRATED THE COMPLETE PROCESS OF MAKING SHOES FROM THE LEATHER TO THE FEET

The elaborate display of leathers used entirely in gloves represented almost the prismatic colors of the rainbow. Then there was a select display of calfskins. Every lady felt impelled to stop and look at "Nubuck," the new white washable leather, for even the dull masculine mind has observed the popularity of white shoes in recent years. "Nubuck" is a new white leather superior to buck, although it costs less. But the beauty of "Nubuck" is that it washes like a pocket handkerchief. The exhibit showed the immense amount of thought, experiment and investigation which New England manufacturers are constantly exercising to produce new articles.

The W. L. Douglas Shoe Company was, of course, represented, and the familiar face of the former governor of Massachusetts is associated with the great leather industry wherever shoes are worn.

Boston is the great leather market of the country today because of the successful manufacturers who are enabled to utilize the latest and best labor-saving machinery. The cost of production is especially interesting when you realize the small amount that the shoe manufacturer pays for these complicated and expensive machines.

The same reason that makes Boston the great leather market of the country also applies to the wool trade. Boston is the nation's greatest wool market. New England industries tell the story. The American Woolen Company is doing a business of more than fifty million dollars a year, and all but one of its thirty-five great factories are located in New England because of the advantages in the way of help and climate. The great woolen industry dates back to the Hartford Manufacturing Company in Connecticut, established in 1778, just after the founding of the Republic. The mill was launched through subscriptions raised in various Connecticut towns, but soon went out of business because the English manufacturers could easily pay the required five per cent duty and have free access to America. At Stockbridge, Watertown and Byfield, factories were established a few years later, and the first national

THE STUDIO OF DRESS EXHIBIT OF MME. CAIRNS, WHO ASTONISHED BOSTON CRITICS BY HER GENIUS AND ORIGINALITY OF IDEAS. THE HOMESPUN, MERMAID AND AUTUMN GOWNS WERE CREATIONS THAT ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD ATTENTION census in 1800 credits New England with three woolen factories with a capacity of thirteen to fifteen thousand yards a year. More than one-half of the wool consumed in America is utilized in New England factories, which turn out a product of considerably more than a half billion dollars a year.

"New England Quality" is no better emphasized than in worsted manufacture. John F. Shirreffs, a Fitchburg manufacturer, had the honor of making the cloth for the inaugural suit of President Taft. The Park Hill Manufacturing Company of Fitchburg displayed a fascinating line of gingham goods. Fitchburg, that charming and thriving hive of industry in the western hills of Massachusetts, was well represented. There was the Fitchburg steam engine, and machines from the plant of the Fitchburg Paper Company, which manufactures the paper for the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. The display of the Sawyer Tool Company of Fitchburg gave evidence of the basic reason why New England factories are so successful. They have the mechanics and they make the tools.

MINGLED WITH THE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION WAS THE PLASTIC DESIGNER BUSY AT HIS ART

While the exhibits represented largely the great industries for which New England is famous, there was an endless variety that covered every human need, from fountain pens to American steam gauges and valves; from the sugar of the American Sugar Refining Company to the overalls of the Brattleboro Manufacturing Company, which makes the garment of the sturdy wage worker, and the silk goods from Connecticut. Names which in all parts of the country stand for the best in their lines were found above the different booths. Here was the Blake & Knowles steam pumps, there the famous Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company of Providence, whose products are known the world over, and are pronounced the last word in machine construction. Yes, and there was ice cream—Boston ice cream, if you please—and Drake's cake, the cake already as famous as the first circumnavigator of the globe—and bread wrapped by the Hanson Wrapping Machine.

Every vista in the great hall furnished

most impressive object lessons. Mingled with the product of the artisan was the work of artists as shown in the exhibit of the Boston Sculpture Company, whose lifelike groups and replica are popular in the adornment of schoolrooms, public buildings and homes throughout the land, carrying forward the art influence of Boston and New England to the remotest sections of the country. A model Burgess yacht recalled to the onlookers the delights of summer days along New England's shores.

* * *

Sawyer
MACHINISTS
TOOLS

ONE OF THE PRIDES OF THE SAWYER TOOL EXHIBIT

The old, reliable firms, whose names are known to successive generations wherever dry goods are purchased—Brown, Durrell & Company; Bliss, Fabyan & Company; Jordan Marsh & Company; Shepard Norwell Company, had exhibits which told of co-operative interest in the selling as well as the manufacturing forces of New England. The Bigelow Carpet Company brought to mind memories of the days when the new home was established. What rugs! One enthusiastic lady declared that the products of New England carpet factories rivalled the choicest Turkish tapestries. The Whittall Company of Worcester, the Thompsonville Carpet Company of Hartford, and the Whittenton Manufacturing Company displayed their best.

The superb product of the William Carter Company, which has the honor of supplying President Taft with underwear, was shown in a most interesting exhibit. One machine showed the intricacies of knitting the product, while at another an operator was putting on the silk embroidered edge which gives so neat a finish to Carter underwear. Carter goods have long been known to be of a quality that rivals the world's best product in the line of fine knit underwear.

There were Cheshire chairs of the finest willow, which demonstrated how the arts known to the Indians in the early days have been utilized in modern manufacturing. And then there were Palmer hammocks that made one long for summer days on the veranda.

It was interesting to pick out of the crowds men who had carnations or a bachelor's button, and ladies with a rose or a bunch of violets. J. Newman & Sons, Corporation, have so long been identified with New England floral display that one instinctively thinks of Newman when witnessing a beautiful floral decoration.

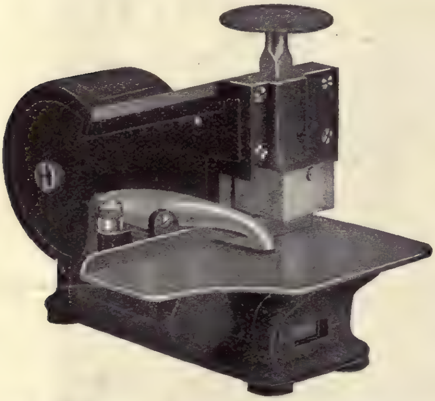
If there is any product that is making Boston famous it is the widely advertised

"Boston Garter," and the George Frost Company have always been foremost in raising the standard of "New England Quality" and proclaiming it far and wide.

Merchants, editors, manufacturers and business men—yes, and many clerks and stenographers bore looks of satisfaction as they gathered around the compact little stamp-affixing machine exhibited by the National Envelope Sealing and Stamping Machine Company. It takes its place in a well-appointed office along with the typewriter and filing cabinets. It is notable that a Western company chose New England in which to locate their factory.

* * *

An idea of the scope of a paper house was shown in the exhibit by Carter, Rice & Company. On the books of the company are customers in every part of the country from coast to coast and Lake to Gulf. An exposition in Mechanics Hall would not seem complete without Mr. Elmer Chickering and his photographic exhibit. Mr. Chickering is the oldest individual photographer in the city of Boston, and his work is famous far and wide. His salon was hung with portraits of fair women and brave men.



THE NATIONAL STAMP AFFIXING MACHINE
An appointment for every well-regulated office

Among the leading industries of New England, the manufacture of cigars is one of great importance. There are one hundred and seventy odd million cigars made in the state of Massachusetts alone each year, and these are the product of five hundred and sixty-nine different factories.

Of the entire output of the state, almost one-third are made by the Boston house of H. Traiser & Co., Inc. Their output is approximately a million cigars a week, and to produce this astonishing number almost one thousand hands are employed in the company's factories. H. Traiser & Co. are making what may be called a specialty cigar, which has met with great favor. It is called Traico, and is made not only in the popular straight or Londres shape, but also in the more refined shapes, which the smokers of cigars of the highest grade prefer.

The making of cigars proved a most interesting exhibit, and the Cigar Makers' Union stood ready to show what they have done in preventing tuberculosis among the people.

Something of the Christmas spirit was suggested in the exhibit of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, where an alluring pile of fancy paper boxes was shown. Expert operators from the plant were making paper flowers and boxes, and everyone who saw the exhibit came away with a sample of the famous Dennison glue, which has a place in nearly every home and public library.

It seemed like a paradox, but there they were—a group of ladies who surrounded the section of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. The sight evoked many a smile, but the good wives and mothers listened to the virtues of "no stropping" with a thought of the holidays. As one dear old lady expressed it, they "wanted to see for themselves the kind of razor their men-folks were talking about."

The great black cat of the Foster Rubber Company was the attractive trademark of the Cats-paw Rubber Heels. Going about through the hall one stopped perforce at the exhibits of The Holtzer-Cabot Electric Company, who manufacture motors and other electrical appliances that have long been recognized as standard in the United States navy.

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As an educational center, New England has always been a leader. Upstairs the department of education held sway. There were samples of work done in the evening and industrial schools of Boston that showed how futile were the arguments of those opposed to evening classes. The crayon work done by the young people of New England, the articles made from wood, from clay, not forgetting cloth, for the girls have their dressmaking—all this gives promise to New England's future. Modern business methods were demonstrated at the Burdett Business College exhibit, where young men who worked with pad and pen gave evidence of their ability. Visions of the old writing school were recalled as an expert penman gave samples of his work on the blackboard. The various textile schools showed what they had been doing along industrial lines, and no one who passed through the balcony could doubt that New England was training her young folks according to the most practical methods.

The largest and one of the best known musical conservatories in the world is the New England Conservatory of Music. In the higher cycles of musical thought this institution is recognized as one of the leading schools of music in the world. Its prestige is recognized in Japan and in the Orient as well as at home, and while the New England Conservatory stands New England can hold her own with the older countries in matters musical.

The Commercial Club of Keene, New Hampshire, had an exhibit which attracted most favorable attention to the aggressiveness of that lively New Hampshire town. They showed an individual valuation of $8,000,000 and a low tax rate and proved why factories thrive in Keene.

After you saw the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company's exhibit you were sure never to forget to say "Sunshine" to the grocer when ordering biscuit. Somehow everyone feels a personal interest in the "factory of a thousand windows," and to find the dainty packages artistically displayed seemed like meeting an old friend. That "Revelation Box" was indeed a revelation—showing how in one dainty box can be made a display that runs the entire gamut of the baker's art. The wonderful growth of the Loose-Wiles Company is a matter of great pride to New Englanders.

In the plant provided by the Murray & Emery Company and equipped with the standard Lanston Monotype—the typesetting machine that has revolu-

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

AN EXHIBIT THAT CALLED TO MIND ELIAS HOWE, THE NEW ENGLAND INVENTOR WHO FIRST BROUGHT OUT THE SEWING MACHINE tionized the art preservative—was printed the sprightly "Exposition News." H. C. Hansen, the only manufacturing typefounder of New England, provided the equipment, and the popular Whitlock press whirred away as it turned out the sheets and told the story, printing the paper on the spot.

* * *

As you wended your way up and down, stopping here and there, it seemed almost like "reading the signs" when you first come to town. From across the hall flashed the word "Atwood," and as you followed the sign you came to the very flying machine in which Harry Atwood made his famous cross country fly from St. Louis to New York. Few of the visitors realized that the machine was built right in Massachusetts, a striking standard of "New England Quality," able to stand the test of air journeys.

The Otis Elevator Company paid special attention to safety appliances. Then there was Rhode Island coal, which showed how this long overlooked natural product is now being utilized in New England.

The work of the Massachusetts Engraving Company, which has to do with the catalogs and printing that have so materially helped to make New England famous, indicates the close connection between art and commercial exploitation. The B. F. Sturtevant Company, famous for its blowers and ventilators, which are standard the world over in modern factory and public buildings; the Toppan Boat Company and George Lawley & Son Company, with dainty canoes and yachts that furnish the picturesque scenes on the Charles, in Wellesley and in New England summer retreats, had exhibits which further emphasized the idea of New England quality.

E. Chickering Co
ARTISTS

WHERE ELMER CHICKERING, THE FAMOUS BOSTON PHOTOGRAPHER, HELD FORTH

What a feeling of welcome there was to discover the familiar presence of John P. Squire's exhibit. For many years this house has been associated with the food products of New England. Though this was not a Food Fair, it was appetizing to see the beautiful white enameled stall of the John P. Squire Company with its tasteful display of Arlington hams and bacon.

The market idea as expressed when old Faneuil Hall was first established was well exemplified by the handsome exhibit in the attractive array of good things to eat, and New England has always been proverbially select and keen in her selection of the market. It seemed to ladies that they were getting things a little fresher for their breakfast table by buying Arlington Brand bacon and sausage at the Exposition before going home.

In the daily columns of "The Exposition News," printed in the building, appeared the announcement of many firms known nation-wide. Of course the famous "White House" coffee was there, a distinctly representative New England product of superlative excellence, whose widespread distribution is carrying unmistakable evidence to the country that "New England Quality" really means something. "Made in New England" is a legend used with pardonable pride to call the attention of the whole world to a section of these United States where purity and honesty in food products, and general reliability in manufactured articles, make them worthy of recognition wherever they may find their way.

WHITTEMORE'S
GILT EDGE
DRESSING
FINE SHOES
COLOR/LUSTRE
GILT EDGE
BLACKEST COLOR
WEAR LONGER
WHITTEMORE BROS.&CO.
BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A.

The famous "Gilt Edge" whose public favor established Whittemore Bros.' reputation

Wherever boots are polished the name of Whittemore is familiar, for Whittemore Brothers of Cambridge are the largest and the oldest manufacturers of shoe dressings in the world. It might be said that in establishing the "New England Quality" for these products they have, moreover, excelled internationally. From hob-nail shoes to fashionable vici kid oxfords has been brought about chiefly by the vogue of keeping the latter in trim appearance.

Whittemore's "Gilt Edge" polish has long been a family institution, and most mothers are grateful for having the large bottle always on hand so that the children's "go to meeting" shoes may be well shined. "Gilt Edge" was the first product of the company, but now they manufacture a polish for every color and kind of shoes. There was "Carmote" floor finish, which polishes floors and piazzas, taking the place of wax and shellac.

The exhibit of the S. A. Woods Machine Company proved most attractive to the passerby who had an interest in machinery. In fact, there seemed to be no phase that enters into the constructive force of New England advancement that was not represented.

The influence of the New England Industrial and Educational Exposition is felt far beyond those who attended and looked upon the various exhibits that interested them personally. The exposition indicated more than anything else the growing cohesive spirit of New England industrial institutions.

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All through the building there were signs directing "To the Farm," and to the farm everybody went. It was a real farm, with real cows, real horses, pigs and ducks, and plenty of pumpkins and potatoes brought in from the fields. It boasted the modern cowbarn of P. R. Ziegler & Company, with the latest arrangements in a model dairy. There were sleek Jerseys and Guernseys and other breeds of cows whose well-kept condition evidenced the advantages of modern sanitary stables.

A currying machine did away with the old, unsanitary curry-comb, and there was a demonstration of the way horses should be kept in their stalls. The animals showed the results of scientific methods in caring for stock animals these days. The D. Whiting & Sons Company exhibit showed the processes of milk-cooling and the way in which their products are handled from the dairy.

There was poultry that it did the heart good to see, and lectures were delivered by authorities on agricultural subjects. Prizes were awarded in the good old country fair fashion, and the farmers were right there to see what the other fellow was doing. There were the exhibits of the Bradley and Bowker Fertilizer Companies, and the products of the New Mineral Fertilizer Company, which had the proofs of its prolific elements in the production of apples large and red—more beautiful, it would seem, than the famed products of the West—and corn too that rivalled in quality anything exhibited at corn shows. Mineral Fertilizer is a New England product, and they say "that up in Maine" there is a big mountain of this wonderful plant food.

The evolution in sanitary ideas is again exemplified by the new hand cleanser "Flash," which is a new England product, but has found a world-wide market and is sold in all the continents even in Australia.

Of course you thought of Maine when you saw the display of the Johnson Seed Potato Company, and the "Poland water" from Maine is a product known the world over for its superlative qualities. The good old Pine Tree State was not lacking in representation at the exposition, and not a few sturdy farmers were on hand to see that their products were properly exhibited.

Exposition-goers in Mechanics Hall for years past have been greeted by Mine Host D. M. Shooshan in the restaurant hall. Here is a man who understands just what is needed by the tired exposition-goer, and whether it is an elaborate banquet for five hundred covers or a mid-day luncheon, the Shooshan service is just right.

Universal Winding Co.

FORMERLY THE ADVANTAGE OF A WINDING MACHINE WAS SIMPLY THE CONVENIENCE IN STORING AND HANDLING. NOW THERE IS AN ADDED BENEFIT, NAMELY: A CONDITIONING FOR TEXTURE, LIKE THE "AGEING OF WINE." TO THIS PROCESS MAY BE ASCRIBED THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF MANY TEXTILE PRODUCTS

You couldn't help thinking of Thanksgiving time when you went over to look at the cranberry farm. There was a model swamp, showing the cranberries in different stages, and how they thrive on Cape Cod. There were pickers, too, and I'll venture that few who have delighted in Old Aunt Mary's cranberry sauce knew that the berries were picked with a rake.

"Why, here's our White auto trucks," exclaimed the lad at my side, who feels that since his father owns a White auto there is none other. The White Automobile Company, represented in New England by Mr. J. S. Hathaway, had a most impressive exhibit of new White gasolene trucks and delivery wagons. One truck can handle about four times as much as a single team, and this means much in the Christmas rush delivery. White motors have become a factor in New England automobile development.

Ventilation is another important argument that has been brought forward by New England manufacturers. The simple device of the Autoforce Company is very effective, and quickly removes foul air from any kind of building or cellar. It has been very widely used in factories, churches, schools and public buildings, and goes far toward purifying the air.

With earth, water and fire yearly becoming more and more dear to humanity it behooves us to satiate our lungs with all the good air that is possible—for air is free. However, how many there are who work days and sleep nights in stuffy, ill-ventilated places and who are slowly suffering or still worse, becoming the prey for bronchial troubles and anaemic degeneration. The Autoforce Ventilator System when installed in buildings of any description keeps incessantly after the unwholesome air and dust. Being self-sufficient there are no expenses for maintenance or power. It's a Yankee invention that does credit to New England wherever it is introduced.

For more than fifty years the textile manufacturers had never seen any change in the methods of winding in a ball or on a spool. Then came the revolutionary departures in textile manufacturing by the Universal Winding Company, whose machines are now utilized in textile houses the world over. The exhibit marked the progress since the days of winding the yarn for grandma in the long ago. You remember she said not to wind it too tight, and spread out her fingers to have it come just right from the skein, into an egg-shaped sphere. These vital requirements are now performed by machinery, and when an adjustment is made, the machine never varies the thousandth part of an inch.

The Universal Winding Company have specialized on this important phase of textile manufacturing, and the uniformity and delicacy of texture often depends as much on the winding as in the days when grandma was so particular about that skein of yarn. The company has customers in all parts of the world wherever textiles are manufactured, and its machines have been shown at textile exhibits in England and elsewhere. The exhibit at Manchester, England, attracted widespread interest among foreign manufacturers, and made many European friends for the winding machine.

CHESTER I. CAMPBELL
Manager Boston Chamber of Commerce Exposition

The Universal Winding Machine Company's exhibit at the Industrial Exposition was indeed a revelation of a business that is closely allied with many dissimilar industries, yet it is distinctive unto itself. More than two hundred mechanical patents have been issued, and more than twenty styles of machines have been built, covering the wide range from raw silk that runs 300,000 yards to the pound up to one-half inch manila rope wound in packages of seventy-five pounds weight. The keynote in the whole matter is perfection, and the machinery of this company has won favor in almost every civilized nation of the world.

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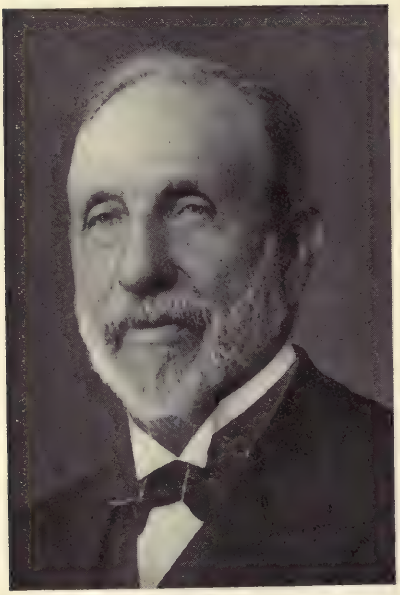
In a quiet way, the G. W. Sammet & Sons Company have been leading New England people from unsanitary feather beds to comfortable and cleanly silk floss mattresses. While this company manufactures all kinds of mattresses, those of silk floss have been so widely commended that their popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. The Sammet Company makes more silk floss mattresses today than any other manufacturer, and a steady and insistent demand has convinced buyers that the New England product even surpasses the curled hair mattress.



WILLIAM CARTER
Founder of the Carter Underwear Company

There was no lack of New England remedies. Here was Vinol, the good old-fashioned product of New England fisheries —a cod liver oil that doesn't taste.

The lover of the home beautiful found the work of "The Brasscrafters" irresistible as representing New England craftsmanship.

New England has long led in the manufacture of pianos, and those who listened to the sweet tones of the Vose felt a just pride in this exclusively New England product.

The financial bulwark of New England has been her pride; for her banking institutions have not only financed New England industries, but have built transcontinental railroads and have furnished capital for almost every prominent advance, by land and sea, which has contributed to the progress of the nation. The National Shawmut Bank was the first to erect a magnificent banking institution for its business, and was followed by such old established houses as the Commonwealth Trust Company, the Old Colony Trust Company and Hornblower & Weeks.

Woman's part in the finer industries was well illustrated by the exhibit of Madame Cairns' Studio of Dress. The attractive setting and refined appearance of this display showed great artistic taste and thoroughness of attention to detail. The blending and harmony of colors was both unusual and wonderful. Three original creations that attracted widespread attention were the "Autumn," the "Mermaid" and the "Homespun" gowns.

Not since Colonial times have the gowns that grace American womanhood been carded, spun, woven and fashioned under the same roof. Visitors to this exposition, however, had opportunity of viewing the result of the labor of spinner, weaver and modiste combined in the "Homespun" gown whose initial threads were woven within a few feet of where the finished result of its designer and maker was displayed.

Mrs. J. N. Jackson of Jamaica Plain, who manufactures genuine homespuns, attracted unusual attention during the exposition. There was always a crowd before the platform where her spinning wheels and ancient hand loom merrily buzzed and thumped. Madame Cairns, whose display of dainty frocks and elegant gowns was one of the strong drawing cards of the Woman's Department, became much interested in Mrs. Jackson's patriotic efforts to preserve an almost lost art, and with characteristic enterprise conceived the idea of designing and fash-

Continued in the advertising section

LET'S TALK IT OVER

CHICAGO turned out *en masse* at the recent aviation meet, and from all parts of the Middle West people flocked to the lake front to watch the surrounding heavens filled with flying machines. The pigeons in the Fine Arts building sought their crannies under the eaves rather than compete with the great heavier-than-air machines shooting through their invaded territory. The free heavens above, and the wide expanse of the lake front, free to many thousands of spectators, precluded the aviation promoters from gathering in many paid admissions. Baseball behind the high board fence will always be more prolific than aviation gate receipts. The infinite heaven is not yet within the franchise limits.

The great air-currents eddying between the skyscrapers made the Chicago field, in the opinion of the performers, a most dangerous aviation ground. Some even insisted that they would much prefer to make a sweep across Lake Michigan in a hurricane than to circle the treacherous air currents flowing out from the skyscraper canyons of the great city. To see the great monoplanes circling the waters of the lake suggested mammoth sea gulls. The biplanes and the other machines were numbered so that the spectators could know who the aviators were, and as they swept by one could readily imagine that the gigantic fabled roc was a reality and not a myth. As the machines came nearer, however, the thrumming of the propellers and the chugging of the engines rudely awakened such dreams and again came the remembrance that man had at last conquered the air as well as the other elements of land and water.

The greatest excitement came when thousands of people, with craning necks, gazed upward with all the devoutness of worship and watched one tiny speck far off in the heavens—Brindley, thought to have broken all records for altitude in a flying machine. As they followed this speck in the distance, sweeping on over the blue waters of the lake, it was hard to realize that a human being was in the machine. This was the wonder of it all—the machine without the man would have been nothing. It was a magnificent sight, and the multitude stood breathless until the hero of the day had safely alighted.

There was hardly a man, woman or child in Chicago who did not await with tense interest the evening "extras" containing Brindley's thrilling description of that trip. With the spell of conquest still upon him, he told of his hands growing so benumbed that he could scarcely navigate his machine, of the water freezing in his drip pan, and yet withal of that uncontrollable impulse to sweep on and on and up and up, little realizing that he had perhaps surpassed all altitude records. Not until his gasoline was exhausted did he commence his spectacular descent, which he accomplished with great rapidity, literally coasting on air.

At that time everyone in Chicago was

talking air. The young "colored gem'man" was earnestly describing the great aviators, and one precocious youngster defined the monoplane as an airship for one person and the biplane for two. At the fireside, in the park, in the office and on the streets, all were "talking air."

The two accidents in which Johnstone and Badger lost their lives—two more victims in the science of aviation—brought forth many heart-rending appeals to stop the meet; but the play must go on. The crowds gathered at an aviation meet seem as determined as the Aztecs of old to witness the hazard of human life if the play is so billed. It may be attributed to the interest of curiosity of science, or even of civilization, but it is spilling human blood just the same.

It was a heartrending scene when the little wife of one of the aviators who had passed from this world came to claim her dead. Hardly less pathetic was the grief of the dead aviator's comrades at his funeral. But still the play must go on, and with heroic purpose which nothing can conquer, scarcely an hour after the funeral his comrades again swept up into the skies to explore the mysteries of the air still further.

The meet emphasized the necessity of life preservers for air men. While the mechanicians at the hangars did admirable work in inspecting, adjusting and overhauling the machines, it was felt that the time must soon come when every machine will have its parachute or some safety appliance which will be just as efficacious as that of the sausage-like contrivance known as the life-preserver.

Aviation demands development along utilitarian lines, with due regard for the laws of physics. Even as a heavy weight which could not be lifted can be rolled up an incline plane, so it is thought in some way the law of physics might be developed, and thousands of pounds be rolled up in the air with perfect safety. Thus would be made possible achievements which even Archimedes contemplated as theoretical possibilities. Ultimately aviation may literally lift the burdens of mankind, as well as sweep the heavens with the joyous freedom of the birds of the air.

IN the archives of the new home of the NATIONAL will be treasured the address of Mr. H. E. Kiester, delivered while the bricks were being laid for the entrance of the new building, in the presence of several hundred subscriber friends from the old home of the Chapple brothers. The speaker's kindly and inspiring address was followed by every verse of "Auld Lang Syne" being sung from the "HEART THROBS" book. No more touching or inspiring tribute has ever greeted the editor of the NATIONAL, and sweet memories will always cling to the day when the "home folks" came to make and help build the portals of the NATIONAL and swing them wide open for every good impulse and inspiration.

Mr. Keister said:

"Mr. Chapple, it is especially fitting that so many of your good friends from your birthplace are present on this occasion.

"We come from that fertile land where it is said that Corn is King, and by our coming we wish to emphasize the fact that while corn is a ruler of no mean degree, yet the chief product of our great state is men and women of honest birth and noble character. And as we are wont to supply less favored countries from our bounteous granaries, so also we are wont to give of our best brawn and brain to the upbuilding of the nation's arts and industries.

"You hail from a state where optimism is a birthright—where true character is placed above goods and chattels.

"As the farmer toils in the seed-time with hopeful heart, the storm clouds may lower and the floods may come, yet he has faith in the future, and when the parching sun of summer seems bent upon destruction of the crops, his faith remains steadfast, for he knows that in the fullness of time the sky will clear and the warm sun will impart the vital spark of life to the growing grain. He knows, too, that in the proper season, the flood gates of heaven will again be opened and the yawning earth and drooping leaves will be refreshed and again his granaries will be filled—and so our daily associations, our lives beget that sterling virtue—patience.

"And now we are come together, proud and happy, to do honor to you, our kinsman, to join with you in the dedication of this splendid building which in itself is evidence—were evidence needed—that you possess the qualities I have mentioned. We know—the world knows—of your optimism and the world is better for 'The Happy Habit.' Countless thousands throughout this broad land who call you 'Joe' do by that familiar token speak of your character. And of patience we need but for a moment contemplate the nature and broad scope of your accomplishments.

"We knew you in your boyhood days—those carefree days when you as a barefoot lad were with us in our games. We saw you develop as a youth—and then the man. We have sympathized with you in your troubles; we have condoled with you in your sorrows. We come now to glory with you in your success. In thus speaking of the man, I am speaking of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is Joe Mitchell Chapple and Joe Mitchell Chapple is the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. They are one and the same.

"The NATIONAL MAGAZINE has attained its great success by standing for that homely sentiment and those wholesome ideals that make for better morals, for purer politics, for a truer religion and a fuller life, and in dedicating this building as the home of the NATIONAL, we do so with faith in its future, knowing full well that so long as the Chapple influence shall direct its course, it will remain a power for good in the world—and so let us join in dedicating this, the new home of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE."

* * *

THE views on the marriage question set forth by Florida's bachelor governor in a recent issue of the NATIONAL have aroused the ladies of his state. The following answer to Governor Gilchrist's "Matrimonial Deductions" shows how the ladies of that state feel that they can "talk right up" to a governor who hasn't as yet fallen victim to their wiles. "Florida" is quoting from the governor's deductions:

"The three times married woman's success,"—What do you suppose became of the three husbands? No doubt she divorced them, if she is a society woman. "Marriage is a matter of sense, not sentiment," yet we cannot deny liking some thoughts prompted by feeling. Paul says: "Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." A pure, good woman is the best of God's creatures. The many times married woman says: "No woman of your stamp ever got a desirable husband without making some effort." Her example proves she made mighty efforts, but what became of her three husbands? Modesty forbids a refined woman making "efforts" to catch a husband, besides, custom in nice society has the man to do the wooing. So, Governor of Florida, remember "a faint heart never won fair lady."

Again the much married woman advises us—"I am not suggesting that you throw yourself vulgarly at some man's head. Put yourself in his way, delicately keep yourself in his mind." No woman should angle for men. They do not admire such anglers for any length of time, therefore, Florida's Governor—"Nothing venture, nothing have."

Finally the everlasting marriageable woman tells us "Marriage is with woman a matter of much planning, and careful deliberation. With a man it is largely a matter of digestion, moonlight and propinquity."

LOVE AND HAPPINESS

Half the happiness in living
Comes from willing-hearted love,
Comes from sharing all our pleasures,
From dividing all our treasures,
And the other half is loving
First the Lord, then all things living.

About Naomi and Ruth! They sought charity from Boaz and obtained it. Afterward he married Ruth, it may have been for love or pity. Writing on this marriage, the ideal position which woman occupied in Jewish life found expression in many beautiful sayings. Several rare historical accounts are given of certain mothers in Israel. One is, "Love thy wife like thyself. Honor her more than thyself." "If she be small bend down to her." "For him who forsakes the love of a true wife, God's altar weeps." "It is through woman alone that God's blessings are vouchsafed into a house." "Procrastination is the thief of time." Governor, or "The observed of all observed," you write the muchly married woman's opinions, but in regard to marriage you are seemingly

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

"Example is greater than precept."

—Florida.

* * *

SOMETIMES when we are talking of friendship, and the vital part it plays in human life, we think of the friends of the NATIONAL. It is almost impossible to realize how much their enthusiasm has influenced the success both of the magazine and of the "Books the People Built." When our friends—yours and mine—praise us for some effort, we are stimulated with a desire to merit their commendation Surely the NATIONAL cannot be insensible to such words as these:

The NATIONAL stands for the First and best.—*Mrs. G. F. J., South Hingham, Massachusetts.*

We prize our Bible first and the NATIONAL next.—*G. E. G., Sawtelle, California.*

I enjoy reading the NATIONAL MAGAZINE very much. It contains material for all ages. I am especially interested in the beautiful and inspiring poems which it contains.—(Signed) *B. A. B., Nashville, Illinois.*

The NATIONAL is the best magazine for any American family, because of its adaptedness to instruction in up-to-date information upon national affairs and matters pertaining to the family. This is a rough estimate of my appreciation of it. The NATIONAL is indispensable. It has furnished some of the most remarkable stories of fiction I ever read; stories that appeal to every sentiment of the intellect or human affection.—(Signed) *G. F. Granville, South Waterford, Maine.*

In going over the pages of "Heart Throbs" I find many old friends and boyhood companions that I would not know where else to look for. In giving this publication to the reading public you have performed a distinct service for those who never grow too old or too great to remember the days of "auld lang syne."—(Signed) *E. D. N., Waterloo, Iowa.*

In every way "Happy Habit's" whole tone is so full of lofty aspirations and pure thoughts that one's heart must be calloused indeed who would not be benefited by its perusal. Each chapter is a gem of itself. Of course there are some that touch the heart more deeply, such as "Having a Chat With Myself," "Christmas Memories" and "Old Home Week." It is hardly fair to select any particular one, as each and all are worth much more, infinitely more, than the price paid for the book, and I confidently assert that I but voice the sentiments of all readers of "Happy Habit."—*J. M. H., Worcester, Massachusetts.*

* * *

ONE of the busiest men at Madison, Wisconsin, is Mr. K. K. Kennan of the State Tax Commission. For years he was engaged in adjusting and paying taxes for large corporations, and it is said there is not a forty-acre tract in Northern Wisconsin with whose tax title pedigree he is not familiar. Mr. Kennan is a tax specialist. Born in the early fifties in the good old town of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, he was graduated from Ripon College in 1875 and started life as a school teacher, later becoming a court reporter and newspaper man. He was admitted to the bar in 1878. In the early eighties he traveled and studied in Europe and returned with a knowledge of German, French, Spanish, Dutch and Scandinavian that would put to shame many a teacher of languages.

Mr. Kennan was tax commissioner of the Wisconsin Central Railway, which had a very large land grant to manage for sixteen years. In this position he had exceptional opportunities for studying the practical details of the Wisconsin system of taxation and in 1888 he made the first move toward inaugurating a tax commission, by introducing a bill in the legislature and submitting a printed argument in favor of it. He continued his efforts before each legislature until in 1897 a commission was authorized and, as Secretary of this Commission, he prepared the greater portion of the report submitted in 1909. This report aroused so much interest that the first edition of five thousand copies was quickly exhausted and a second edition of an equal number was ordered by special act of the legislature.

Partly as a result of this report and partly through the efforts of Senator Whitehead, aided by Mr. Kennan, the law for a permanent tax commission was passed. This permanent tax commission was given very broad powers and no limitation was placed on the amount which it might expend.

When the income tax law of 1894 was passed Mr. Kennan began the systematic study of that particular form of taxation and has recently published a book on "Income Taxation, Methods and Results" in various countries, which bids fair to become the standard work on the subject.

The honorary degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him by Ripon College. He has belonged for many years to the American Economic Association, the International Tax Association, the American Statistical Association, the Political Science Association and several other similar bodies. He is much interested in patriotic organizations, having been president of the Wisconsin Society Sons of the American Revolution and has held office in the Military order of the Loyal Legion and the Mayflower Society.

* * *

IT is refreshing to read the tribute of Mr. Henry Kolker, the star of "The Great Name," concerning Mr. Henry W. Savage, who is responsible for the realization of his stellar ambitions. "It is a source of my greatest satisfaction," declares Mr. Kolker, "to be under the managerial guidance of America's foremost theatrical manager. Mr. Savage has all the culture of the gentleman, the appreciation of the artist linked with the acumen of the trained business man. As a producing manager he has set and maintained the highest standard, and when the historian of the future chronicles the honored names which have been sponsors for the American drama in its best, most noble and dignified forms, the name of Henry W. Savage will be found to occupy a place of distinction and pre-eminence in the Academy of Immortals."

* * *

CHICAGO adds one more to its number of fine hotels, which have made it an ideal convention center and a city far famed for the excellence of its hostelries. This newest caravansary is the Hotel Planters, run on the European plan. In the midst of the rush and turmoil of the second city of America, it possesses a rare air of hospitality and welcome which amply justifies its boast of being "The home for the traveler."

The Hotel Planters occupies a new and completely modern ten-story building absolutely fireproof throughout. Most careful and expert attention has been paid to every detail for insuring the comfort and convenience of guests.

In connection with the Hotel Planters is one of the finest restaurants in Chicago. A feature illustrative of the management's attention to every comfort-securing detail is the cooling system. This is one of the most complete and efficient refrigerating systems ever devised. The air for ventilating the rooms is first passed through water, thoroughly cleaning it of every impurity. It then passes through refrigerating coils, which reduce its temperature to between sixty and seventy degrees. Thus, even on the hottest days of midsummer one is fanned by pure, cool breezes allowing the enjoyment of a meal without the slightest discomfort.

Artistic surroundings always add to the fullest enjoyment of the meal and no expense has been spared to make this part of the hotel beautiful. The exquisite mural decorations are in the period of Francis I. The trimmings reveal the lavish hand of the skilled and artistic decorator. The furnishings everywhere are of costly elegance.

Whether he comes to Chicago bent on business or pleasure, the visitor will find the situation of the Hotel Planters ideal, since it is centrally located in the midst of the city's activities. All the theatres and railroad stations are within a short radius, as well as the wholesale and retail business sections. It is in almost the exact center of the busy district bounded by the L loop.

The comfort of guests is further insured, so far as the personal element is concerned, by an especially able staff. The manager, Tom Jones, has had wide experience in the hotel and allied fields and is aided by an excellent corps of assistants. Somehow there is a spirit of sociability that suggests the book we have all read, whose title is suggested, when you meet "Tom Jones," and think of "school days."

* * *

FROM far-off Africa comes a letter with a peculiar postmark and a place where the stamp that was, alas, has been removed by the "foreign stamp collector." The missive bears the address of the Huguenot Seminary, Wellington, Cape Province, South Africa, and contains this sincere tribute to HEART THROBS.

> It is several years since I first saw HEART THROBS in the home of a friend. It appealed to me at once because it contained so many "old favorites," gems of thought or poetry which I had heard or known long ago and quite lost sight of. Since receiving the book I have taken great pleasure in reading it and showing it to my friends, American, Scotch, English and Colonial, and they all unite in speaking highly of the selections.
>
> I am glad to have it on my book shelf and

need hardly say that to an American residing in a "foreign land," messages from home are more highly prized each year.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) **Martha F. Baldwin,**
Huguenot Seminary, Wellington,
Cape Province, South Africa.

Was there ever a book more universal than **Heart Throbs**? Wherever the English language is spoken it may be found, and now comes the suggestion to have it translated into foreign tongues. One professor has written from Bavaria that no book gives a clearer insight into the wealth of English literature than the pages of **Heart Throbs** and it reveals again and again that the same things that appeal in our literature to the plain people touch the hearts of people of other races.

* * *

DID you send in your contribution to **Heart Throbs** No. II? They came in at the rate of two thousand a week, and a jolly lot they were. Everyone was ready to champion his or her selection with all the ardor of a lover of real "heart throbs." It became a habit to steal in now and then as the judges sat reading and deciding. One letter postmarked "Hudson Bay" claimed to be the furthest north and should be considered as a throb of warm-hearted interests. Letters from the Canal Zone at Panama mingled with those from Maine, and it seemed as if every person who owns **Heart Throbs** No. I had gone over the treasured selections which were not included in that volume, and had sent them for **Heart Throbs** No. II.

It was more than a renewal of old acquaintances. It gave the feeling of satisfaction that comes to one with a growing family. I'll just let you into a little secret—among the classic selections that are now being put in type for **Heart Throbs** No. II, we have found the only and original version of "Casey's at the Bat." In this day of baseball, breathes there a fan with soul so dead who never has responded to the sentiment of "Casey's at the Bat?"

"There was joy in Casey's manner, as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile upon his face,
And when responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat."

From "Casey at the Bat," Heart Throbs No. II

And yet while everybody knows of it, how many ever really read the lines from start to finish, and can put their finger upon this bit of verse that had so much to do with making baseball the national game?

Then there are the inspiring lines of "The House by the Side of the Road", that masterpiece by the late Sam Walter Foss:

"Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

From "The House by the Side of the Road," Heart Throbs No. II

There are also gems from thousands of homes to sparkle in **Heart Throbs** No. II.

* * *

IN the surging political life of today no novel has been written that reveals a closer knowledge of American politics than "The Second Amendment," by former Senator Henry Clay Hansbrough of North Dakota. His description of scenes in the United States Senate, of which he was a member many years, are vivid and graphic.

The scene opens with the story of the returned traveler in an age when flying machines are in general use and the completion of the Panama Canal is among the long past historical events. A love story runs through the plot, but the deepest impressions of the book are gained from the vivid description of scenes in Washington. There is a thrill of interest when the young Senator disappears while a bill is pending on which his career depends. The book has all of the thrill of mystery, and between the lines the author discusses the problems of the day. His pictures of the railroad lobbyist are sharply drawn, and the interest of the reader is sustained as he follows the thrilling maneuvers of the master lobbyist. For fourteen years Senator Hansbrough served North Dakota in the United States Senate,

An Exposition of New England Quality

Continued from page 352

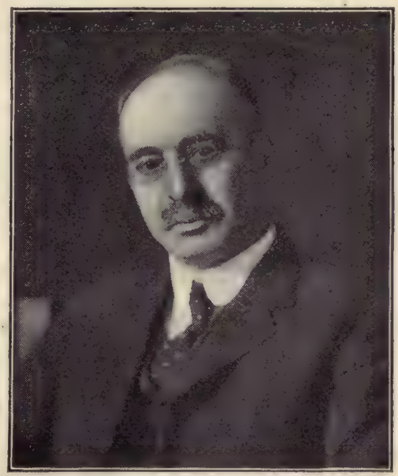
ioning a gown from the product of Mrs. Jackson's loom. Five days elapsed between the first handling of the wool to this finished triumph of the modiste's art.

The appearance of this unprecedented costume, while suggesting in some details the period in which its material seemed most appropriate, yet epitomized the last word in Twentieth Century fashion. Originality in dress designs that create and express individuality is the result of long years of study and training by Madame Cairns, whose studio is on Boylston Street, and she is the first modiste in America to study psychology and apply it to her art in the combination and harmony of colors, not only in relation to the costume, but in their relation to the wearer of the costume. For color has become an important factor in the pursuit of mental and therefore physical health. Madame Cairns gave an interesting lecture on this subject in Paul Revere Hall during the Exposition. Madame Cairns is also a prominent member of the Woman's Board of Trade and a director. It was through the Woman's Board of Trade that the extensive exhibit of merchandise handled by women, shown in the balcony of the Exposition, was arranged. Without the assistance of this organization it would have been impossible to bring together so complete and impressive a display. The thousands of people who have seen this Exposition will, as a result of the Woman's Department, henceforth have a more distinct realization of the growing importance of the women in merchandising and the capability which they show for co-operative spirit.

* * *

From the Globe Ear Phone to the latest invention in pitchforks the endless variety was complete. The exposition will remain notable as the first gathering together at one time of New England manufacturers. The isolation in times past of the various industries has been to the disadvantage of greater New England. The whole trend of affairs in business industries is "pulling together," and when you could see competitors in the same line forgetting all animosities and bickerings of former days, planning together how to get more trade for all dealers in a particular line—then you realize the line-up of today—how to create more trade.

Had our grandmothers known the comforts of houses fortified against the cold with Chamberlin weather strips, the old open fireplace would not have been so comfortless, and it really was, for while one side of you was warm next the fire, the other side was almost freezing. Now it is possible not only to keep the cold air from coming in around the window sash but to keep the warm air from escaping. Really we ought to be optimists with so many things of comfort.



WALTER M. LOWNEY
Chairman Trade Extension Committee, Chamber of Commerce, who had much to do with the great success of the New England Industrial Exposition

Howard, the "Dustless Duster" man, is out to reform the world. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and the Dustless Duster has a magical affinity for dust and dirt. It's good advertising for Boston and New England, because it makes friends wherever it is in use.

Dating back to 1847, the New England Confectionery Company began making the standard sweets of the nation. There are more confectionery shops and more chocolate manufactured in New England than any other part of the country. From the initials of this well-known company comes the word "Necco"—a trademark famous in confectionery trade.

Hosiery for men usually shows a vul-

SUNSHINE
SUNSHINE ARROWROOT BISCUIT
PERFETTO
SUNSHINE TOM THUMB BISCUIT

This Sunshine Revelation-Box Sent Free if you pay the postage

Daintily packed, ribbon-tied, like a box of choicest candy, we offer these fourteen delicious

Sunshine Specialties

They are so entirely different from any other biscuits baked in this country that we want *them* to tell their own surprising, toothsome and enticing story.

When you taste them you will readily believe that they are made in the lightest, brightest and cleanest bakery in the world. Literally baked in the sunshine—in the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows." The influence of sunshine is reflected everywhere in their delicate substance and delicious taste.

Just the things to serve with ice cream, chocolate, or any beverage. They solve the problem of the luncheon dessert, the afternoon tea and the "evening bite."

Send us 10 cents in stamps or coin (the postage alone costs us nine cents), with your name and address and the name of your grocer, and this attractive Sunshine Revelation-Box shown here will be sent free by return mail.

See that your grocer has a supply, so that you may be the first to introduce these wonderfully delicious dainties to your friends.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.
419 CAUSEWAY STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

nerable spot at the heel like the armor of Achilles. The Lasher Machines, on which are knitted the famous "Lasher hose," were invented and are used exclusively by the Vermont Hosiery and Machine Company in Bennington and Northfield, Vermont. Improving upon the usual half gusset they make the only full gusset machine-knit hosiery in the world.

Italy may boast of her azure blue sky, but New England has a Sawyer's Crystal Blue that is as much a family favorite as the Farmer's Almanac. Every woman knows that Sawyer's Blue makes her laundered linen white.

The New England manufacturer finds that his own interest is indissolubly associated with that of the country at large. There is a prejudice against New England in some parts of the country, and it is due largely to the fact that New England has not made itself rightly and properly known to them. Millions of dollars' worth of goods have been sold without a trade mark and have built up the fortunes of great mercantile houses. Today it means something to have a product "Made in New England" To maintain that standard and still further to exploit by pushing all together the superior qualities of New England goods would mean every year an increase in production that would amount to millions of dollars. If every manufacturer increased his business only ten per cent, it would be a direct benefit not only to the manufacturer in that and other lines, but to every individual who draws a pay envelope in New England.

* * *

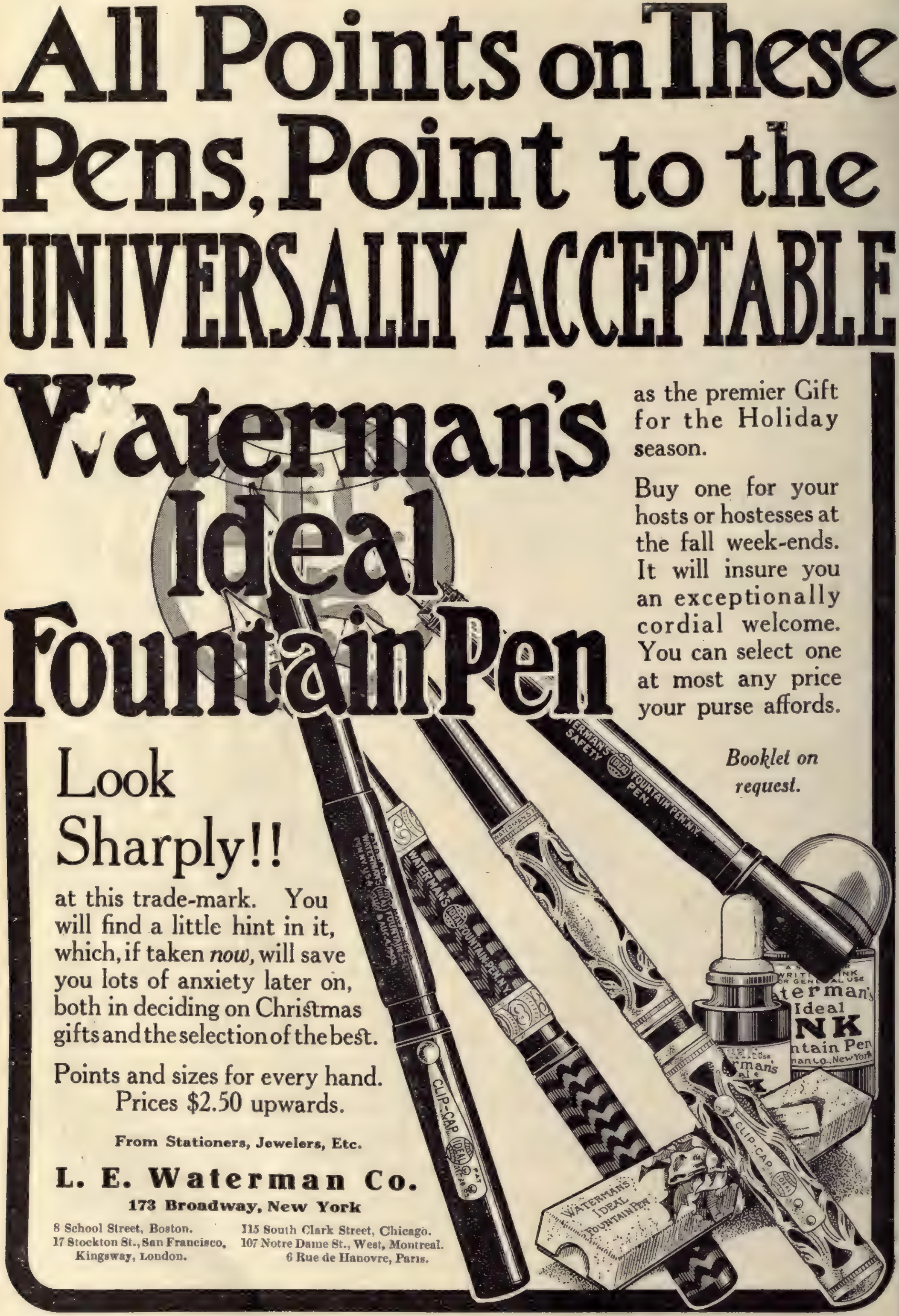
Advertising was not forgotten in this great expository of products. Many of the New England advertising agents—H. B. Humphrey, Franklin P. Shumway, A. W. Ellis, J. W. Barber, E. D. Kollock, W. C. Lewis, Patrick F. O'Keefe, James P. Wetherald, and Wood, Putnam & Wood—joined in the solid phalanx of New England advertising forces, not to mention the Pilgrim Publicity Association, which has its part to play in the exploitation of New England products.

In a tiny, gilt-bordered shield the trademark "Pequot" recalls Indian traditions, but it is used on pillowcases, and it is odd just how the making and marketing of pillowcases interest the women of today as it did the good housewives in days gone by. For all the things that go to make a home homelike are of interest to the ladies—in fact, New England homes have been the leading incentive to developing good goods.

Out in the hall is a great painting and model of the largest steamship in the world, the "Olympic," exhibited by the White Star Line, which is now furnishing special service to Boston.

The attendance from outside New England towns was most gratifying. Attleboro came two thousand strong; Keene people came by thousands, while Salem, Fitchburg, Beverly, Providence and other towns manifested a lively interest. Nor were the visitors confined to those who came from the New England states, or even from the South or West. Mr. F. Faithful Begg, Treasurer of the London Chamber of Commerce and former Member of Parliament, also Mr. I. P. Crowell of Scotland, editor of the widely known ***Edinburgh Scotsman***, were enthusiastic visitors, and their comments were most gratifying.

The exposition was largely due to the enthusiastic and untiring efforts of Messrs. G. S. Smith and James A. McKibben of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Walter M. Lowney, chairman of the Trade Extension Committee, and Chester I. Campbell, the manager. It served well its purpose in stimulating commercial activity in New England and in making the people at home enthusiastic as they realized the extent of their resources. It attracted the attention of the whole country to the varied industries and high standard of quality in New England products. In the gatherings about the booths and the attention given the exhibits of manufacturers even of competing lines the triumvirate of trade—the workman, the buyer and the seller—were all brought together to "talk it over." The most salient benefits of the exposition were not visible in the door receipts. The influence of the exposition upon the young people, who with wide-open eyes looked upon the achievements of their own New England, can never be estimated. As they realized through the various exhibits the great breadth and scope of New England industry, many an idea was conceived, the conception of which will come in future years, to add further to the glory of industrial New England.


WATERMAN'S SAFETY IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN. N.Y.
WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN N.Y.
CLIP-CAP
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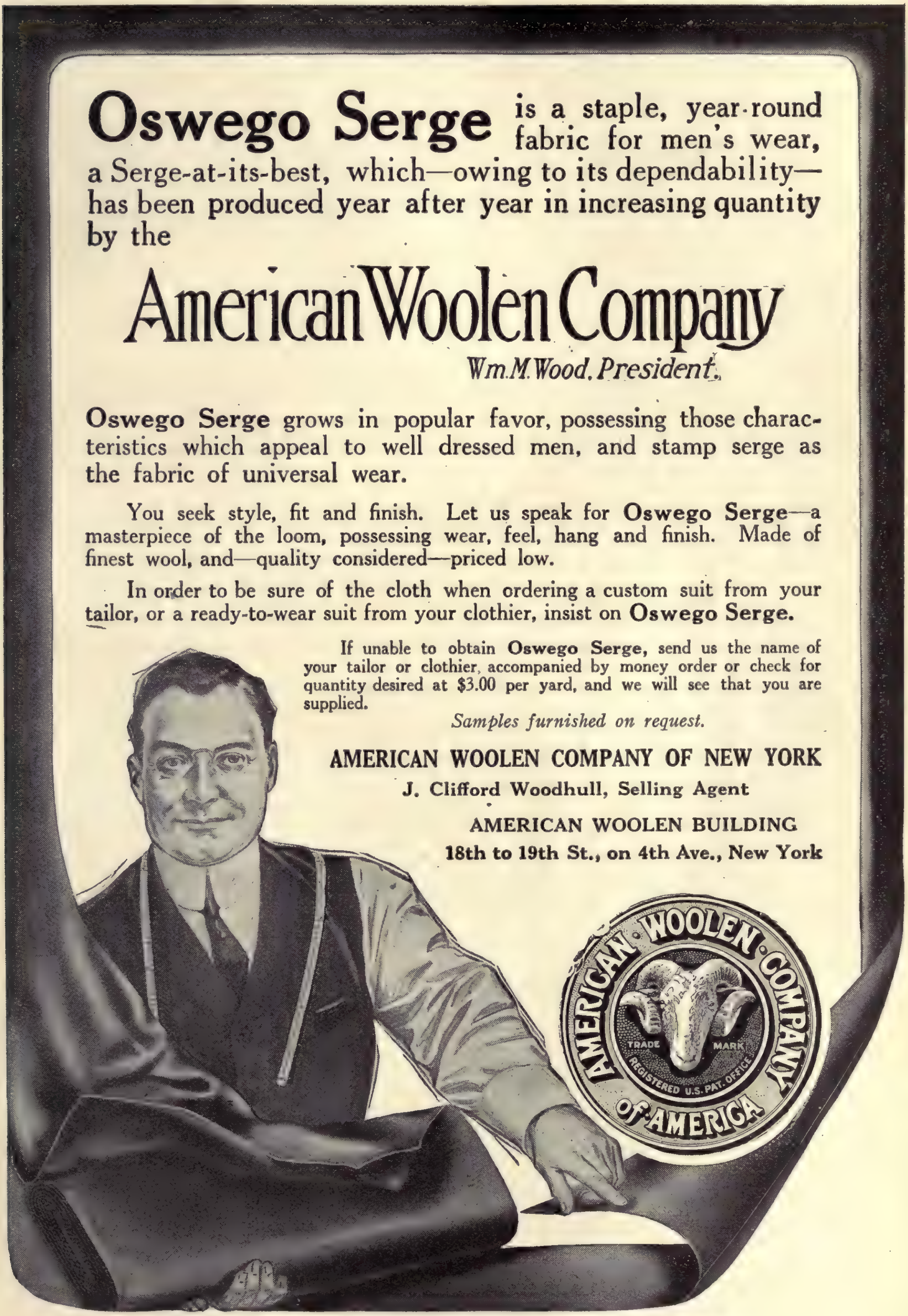

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REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

TO TEST LARD

By a Subscriber

When fat is hot enough to light a match that is touched to it, it is ready for potato chips, doughnuts, or anything to be cooked in hot lard.

To Remove Scorch

Wet starch to form a paste, cover the scorched place and put in the sun to dry; if badly scorched, repeat and it will soon disappear.

Storing Furs

If you have a tin box you can store a muff and stole in it without fear of dampness, moth, or any destroying element; a large metal bucket with a tight fitting cover will protect a fur coat.

Honey Butter

Mix one pound butter with one pound of strained honey; put in small tumblers; it is just the thing for hot biscuit or cakes. Do not melt either one on the stove.

A New Butter

Take one-third apple and two-thirds tomatoes, sugar to sweeten and cook until proper consistency; flavor with cinnamon. Very fine.

FURNACE HINTS

By Mrs. C. F. Streeter

We have learned to shut off the intake to our furnace on very cold or windy days, and at such times take the air from the cellar. When the hot air is not forced up rapidly enough we leave the doors open through the house, including that between the kitchen and cellar. This quickly produces a rapid circulation of air that warms the house speedily.

On cold winter nights the intake to the furnace should be kept almost closed. The low fire can heat only a small amount of air and if only that is admitted, the house will be warm in the morning. A wide open intake, however, and a low fire is a combination that will chill a house in less than an hour.

TO USE OLD WALL PAPER

By Madge Lotspeich

A small room was papered very tastefully by using different kinds of wall paper, all having a light background; the wrong side was used, thus making it all white; a suitable border was used to finish it.

To Clean Glasses

Nothing brightens the glasses you wear more than to wash them in warm water, using plenty of soap; glasses having a gold rim may be cleaned by letting them stand in gasolene a few minutes, then wash off.

FOR THE BUTTER MAKER

By Mrs. A. E. W.

To those who make butter the old way (by putting milk in pans), I would suggest that during the hot weather they stir a tablespoonful of the saturated solution of baking soda in each two quarts of millk before straining. This prevents the milk from souring so quickly and does not affect the taste of the butter.

A New Suggestion

When planning to have mashed potatoes, boil a small onion with them and note their improved flavor.

A SPEEDY RELIEF FROM EARACHE

By T. H. L.

Being the mother of several children I have found the following simple remedy an unfailing one for earache.

Make a poultice by scalding wheat-bread well-moistened with milk. Then stir in a good bit of catnip (blossoms are best), and add a few drops of laudanum. Spread on a piece of muslin with a thin muslin or gauze over to keep poultice from sticking to the flesh. Lay over ear, coming well below and back, and as hot as possible keeping it so with hotwater bottle or brick.

FOR CRAMPS

By Mrs. W. O. Merrill

A piece of old-fashioned candlewick worn around the leg in the garter place, next to the skin, will prevent, or cure, cramp in the calf of the leg or in the foot. I have proved this by personal experience; I believe this would prove effectual in preventing swimmers' cramp; those liable to cramp while in the water would be wise to try it. Cotton-batting, wrapped round the body from the arm-pits downward, saved the life of a man suffering agony from painters' cramp; it gave almost instant relief.

TO KEEP GAS STOVES POLISHED

By F. M. H.

To keep sheet-iron gas stoves polished and looking nice, go over them occasionally with some heavy oil, preferably lubricating or black oil, applying with a soft cloth. This will last twice as long as any blackening or polish. Be careful to avoid oils containing coal oil, as it will burn off at once with an awful smoke and odor.

FOR BURNS

By Mrs. Mary E. Heard

Epsom Salts, one pound, put in a gallon jar, fill with rain water, label "Put Aside," use immediately when needed.

FATHER and the BOYS

certainly enjoy one of life's greatest comforts when they wear Cooper's Spring Needle Underwear. There is the supreme luxury of that soft, non-irritating feel and the elasticity of fabric which permits of a perfectly close figure fit, neither binding nor bunchy—that sets well. There's comfort in Cooper's and there's the wear that means true economy.

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Refuse all others. For they are not Cooper's and cannot equal the genuine Cooper's, made only in *Bennington, Vt., by the Cooper who invented and makes the machines that make the fabric* that makes possible the Cooper perfection in underwear.

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Tread Surface

Heel Surface

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When ordering by mail give a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot, or your Shoe Dealer will obtain them for you. Do not accept any other kind.

100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free for your Shoe Dealer's Name

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.

CORNING BEEF

By Miss N. A. Deuel

This is the season for corning beef; no well-regulated family is without pickled beef in its season; whoever neglects to cure a quarter, or more, of beef, if the family is large, loses a luxury from his table.

The pickle should be made in the following manner:

To six gallons of water add three ounces of saltpetre, and when it is dissolved and the water boiling, dip your beef, piece by piece, into the boiling saltpetre water, holding it for a few seconds in the hot bath; when the beef has all been immersed and becomes quite cold, pack it in the cask where it is to remain, then add to the saltpetre water nine pounds of pure salt and three pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of soda and one quart of molasses; after the pickle is cold, pour it over the meat, which should be held down by a cover and a stone. Beef cured in this way will preserve its color and cut almost as juicy as a fresh roast. Hams and shoulders, with this same pickle, poured over them, are just right, only do not dip the pork in the hot pickle, but just pour it over the pork after it is cold. No one ever ate at our table, when we had ham, without asking us how we cured it, and stating they had never eaten any so nice.

Handy Box

The following is original with me. Make a box, something like a shirtwaist box, only line it with oilcloth and have the piece for the bottom loose so it can be removed and cleaned; then cover the outside with cretonne, or other suitable cloth; the box is to be used for rubbers and overshoes; I have been in houses, where they had large families; and such a collection of rubbers and overshoes as there would be back of the stove! Nothing can be much more uncomfortable to put on than rubbers that have been left on verandas or in cold rooms in winter; also much heat is bad for them, but put in boxes, as above described, they would not be too cold or warm, and they would be out of sight; the box could be used as a seat near the stove.

A Kid Glove Idea

One of my cousins used to clean kid gloves with alcohol, then color them with diamond dyes, and, after they were dry would rub them with sweet oil, mixed with French chalk; the more you rub them with it, the better.

Soft Gingerbread

One egg; one-half cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter, or the fat from fat salt pork; one teaspoon of ginger; one teaspoon of soda; one cup of molasses; three cups of flour; one cup of boiling water. Bake in a dripping pan. This is the very best gingerbread ever made. Try it.

SANITARY CUPBOARD FOR FOOD

By E. H.

Procure a good, tight packing box; remove top and bottom, pulling out all nails; take a plane and smooth edges until quite even. Take some clean cream colored wrapping paper, and paper inside of box carefully. Where there is a wide crack, cover with two layers of paper; next get some rustless screen wire and stretch tightly and tack on firm over space from which bottom of box was taken. Next saw some strips about two inches wide and make frame for door, using extreme care to have it fit very closely; use what is known as finishing nails to join this frame at corners. Now cover this frame also with screen wire—stretching very smooth and tight. Nail in small cleats to place shelves on—do not nail shelves in, so they can be readily removed to clean. Hinge door. Place this cupboard with back—which was bottom of box—to open window, and one can place warm meat in there or fresh meat and be assured the flies cannot trouble it; also makes secure place to cool bread or cake where mice and flies cannot molest.

APPLE BUTTER

By Mrs. S. G. B.

This year the apple crop being a failure in our part of the state, I decided to try and make apple butter with the little yellow garden squashes of which we had a large yield. I steamed the squash, mashed very fine or pressed through colander, then cooked in rich, sweet boiled cider, adding a little water if necessary. A small quantity of sugar is required and spices according to taste, cinnamon and cloves and the juice of several lemons. Grated orange in place of the spices would make an agreeable change. The sauce was an excellent substitute for "mother's" old-fashioned "pumpkin butter," in those days of scarcity of fruit. I want to suggest the use of squash instead of pumpkin for pies—particularly the Hubbard squash, as it is far richer and makes a better pie.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CANNED PEACHES

By Mrs. E. D. Stoner

Instead of buying canned peaches buy dried peaches, wash the fruit thoroughly, then put them in clear cold water and let soak for two or more hours, when you can remove the indigestible outside peeling; as you peel them place in a stew-pan, strain the water in which they soaked and add enough more to cover them, and let stew till tender, sweeten just before removing them from the fire; you will have a better flavored fruit, just as nice to look at and at the same time considerably cheaper.

You *need* this Book 4th Edition. New Revision *Free*

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FOR THE BUTTER-MAKER

By Alice Elizabeth Wells

Scalding of butter-making tools has long been considered essential to prevent the sticking of cream and butter to their sides. Scouring churn, bowl, ladle and dash with salt and rinsing with cold water before using will have the same effect as boiling water and is much less trouble. Even glass or crockery will not be sticky if rubbed with salt before using.

Spanish Meat Balls

Spanish meat balls are as palatable as they are rare, and made thus: One can of tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, garlic or cayenne to taste; this forms the "Spanish." One and one half pounds of hamburg steak. Soak half a loaf of stale bread, drain off all water. Take one egg, pepper and salt to taste, mix together, roll into balls the size of an egg and cook in the "Spanish" three quarters of an hour.

BREAD STICKS

By Mrs. F. A. Morrill

When making light bread, save out a piece about the size of a loaf. Let it raise until the loaves are ready to bake, then pinch off very small pieces and roll between the hands till about the size and shape of your finger (no larger). Fry these in hot lard and roll in sugar. They are excellent with coffee or tea, and so easily made. We call them "bread sticks." Try them and I'm sure you will not bother with the old-fashioned "doughnut."

For the Doughnut

If doughnuts soak the grease when frying, set the whole batch aside till next morning. They will be much better and will not soak a particle of fat.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN

By William A. Barry

Dip the spotted part in pure melted tallow; then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it.

To Cement Broken China

Beat lime into very fine powder, sift it through fine muslin; then tie some into a thin muslin, put on the edges of the broken china some white of egg, then dust some lime quickly on the same and unite them exactly.

TO CLEAN LEATHER FURNITURE

By M. Erdelmeyer Patterson

Make a suds of good white soap and rainwater; wash leather with a soft cloth and rub perfectly dry; then take cheesecloth, dip small piece in olive oil and rub until all absorbed. It takes very little oil for this.

IODINE AND AMMONIA

By A. Jay

Spilling iodine on the white paint in the bath room and applying ammonia as the "antidote,'" I was almost frightened at the result—it seemed to make it so much worse. But I simply let it alone for awhile, and every trace of discoloration disappeared. Do not be afraid of it.

To Keep Faucets Bright

After polishing brass faucets or brass pipes we rub them with a cloth on which there is a suspicion of lard or similar grease. We have discovered that this fine coating of grease keeps them bright and clean for three or four times the length of time that they will stay without.

A Pretty Little Shade

A pretty little shade for an electric light that needed to be really shaded was made of green ribbon of proper width and long enough to lie nicely around the white porcelain shade. Around the lower edge a sort of fringe was made with oblong transparent green glass beads. A casing through which to draw a ribbon near the top edge was made by simply sewing the beads near the top edge so that a narrow green ribbon could be run under the beads then drawn up.

Little bags are beautiful made on the same principle.

HUCKLEBERRY CUSTARD PIE

By Mrs. William Newkirk

Strain the juice from a pint can of berries and add to this liquor the yolks of two eggs, a scant dessert spoon of flour and sugar to taste. Bake with under crust; when done make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and put on top; this is much daintier and more attractive in appearance than the usual huckleberry pie.

To Keep Away Mould

Mould can be kept away from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edge of the jar before screwing on the cover.

FRYING BATTER CAKES WITHOUT GREASE

By F. B. W.

I have found that it is no longer necessary to grease any sort of griddle for frying batter cakes.

I use an ordinary iron griddle, heat in the usual way, and without greasing it, place a spoonful of batter on it for each cake. I fry three at a time and turn with a pancake turner.

This plan not only banishes disagreeable smoke and odor of burning grease, but materially decreases the lard bill.

December

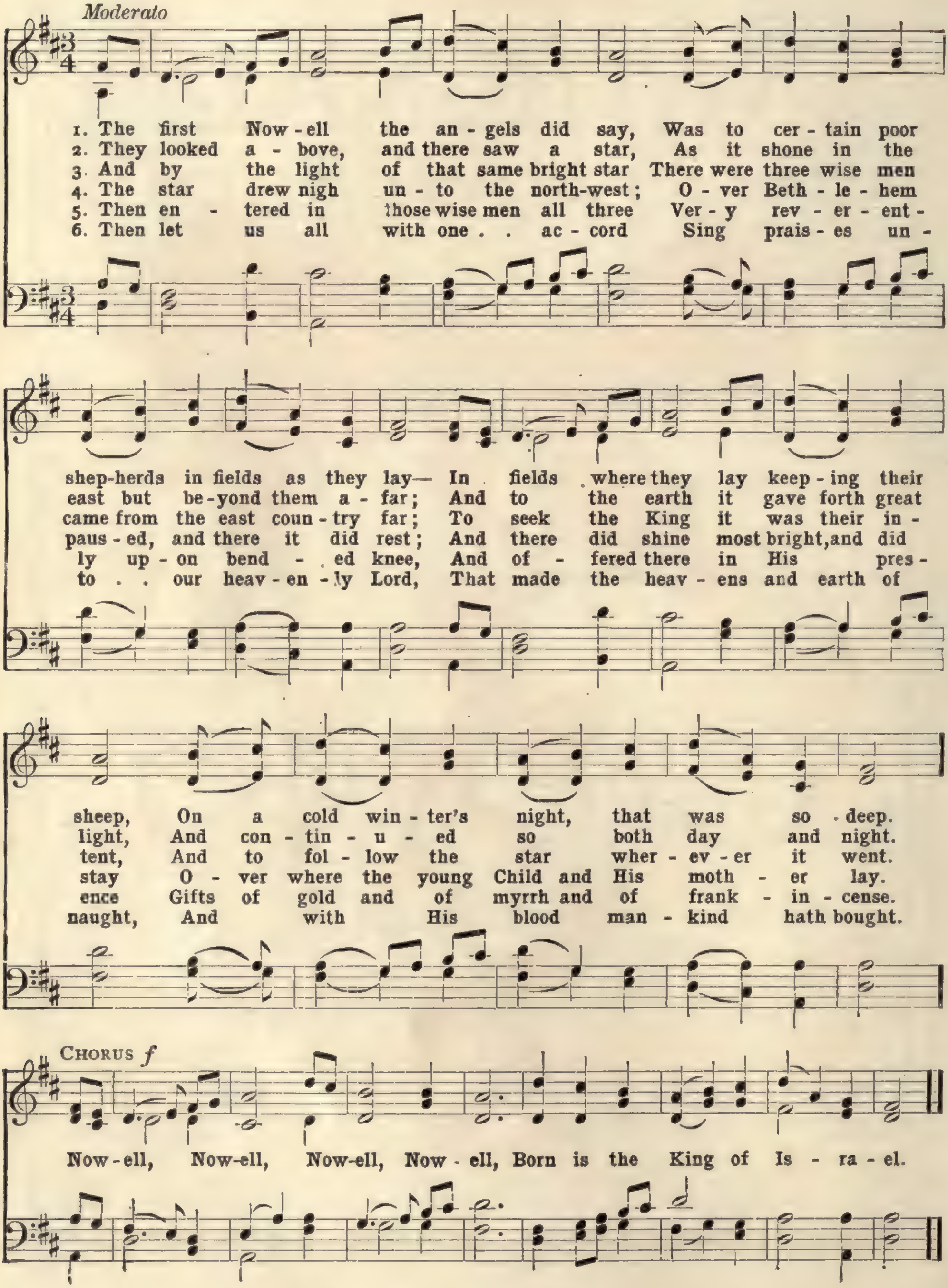
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1911

The First Nowell

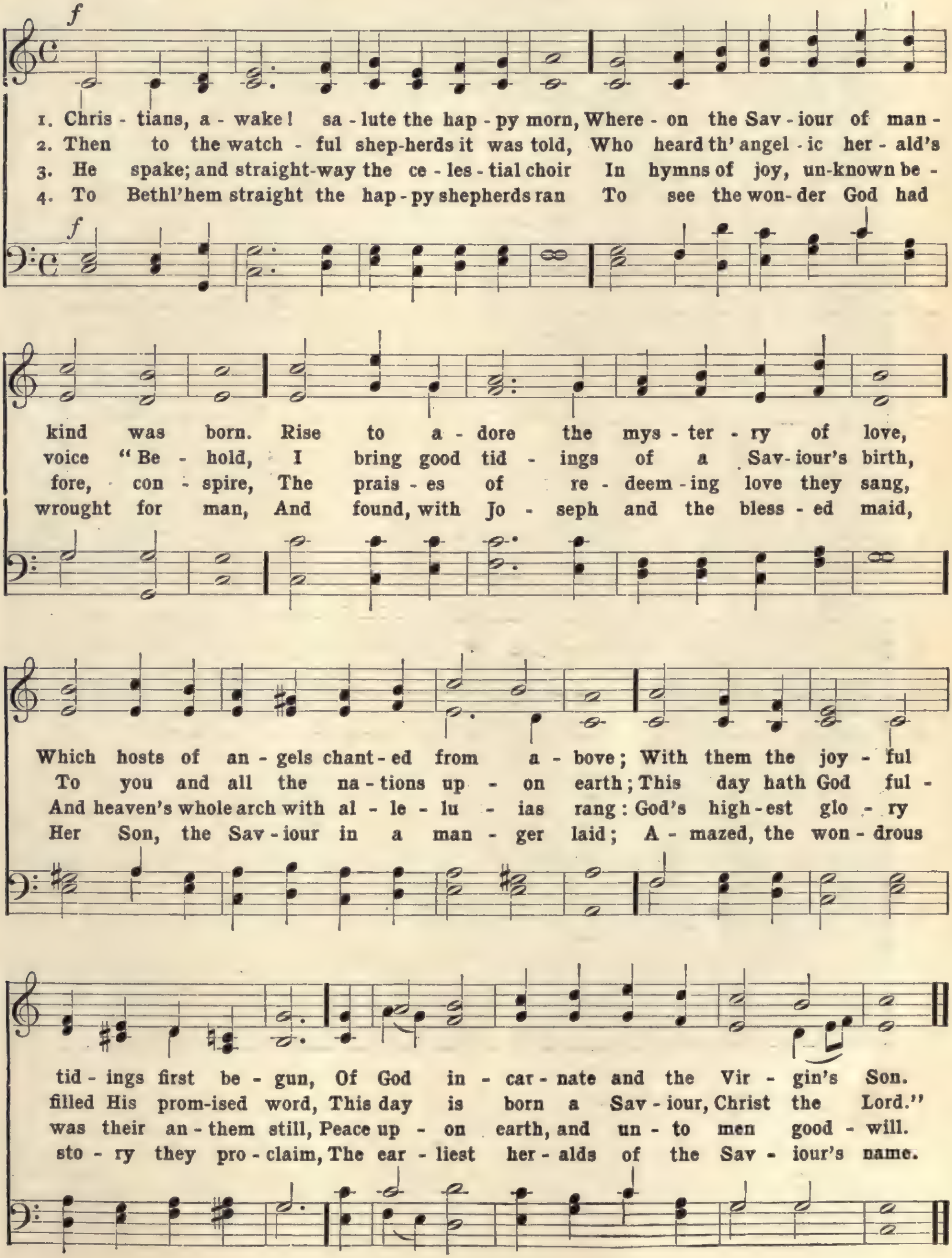
ANCIENT AIR


Moderato
1. The first Now - ell the an - gels did say, Was to cer - tain poor
2. They looked a - bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the
3. And by the light of that same bright star There were three wise men
4. The star drew nigh un - to the north-west; O - ver Beth - le - hem
5. Then en - tered in those wise men all three Ver - y rev - er - ent -
6. Then let us all with one . . ac - cord Sing prais - es un -
shep-herds in fields as they lay— In fields where they lay keep - ing their
east but be - yond them a - far; And to the earth it gave forth great
came from the east coun - try far; To seek the King it was their in -
paus - ed, and there it did rest; And there did shine most bright, and did
ly up - on bend - ed knee, And of - fered there in His pres -
to . . our heav - en - ly Lord, That made the heav - ens and earth of
sheep, On a cold win - ter's night, that was so deep.
light, And con - tin - u - ed so both day and night.
tent, And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.
stay O - ver where the young Child and His moth - er lay.
ence Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frank - in - cense.
naught, And with His blood man - kind hath bought.
Chorus f
Now - ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

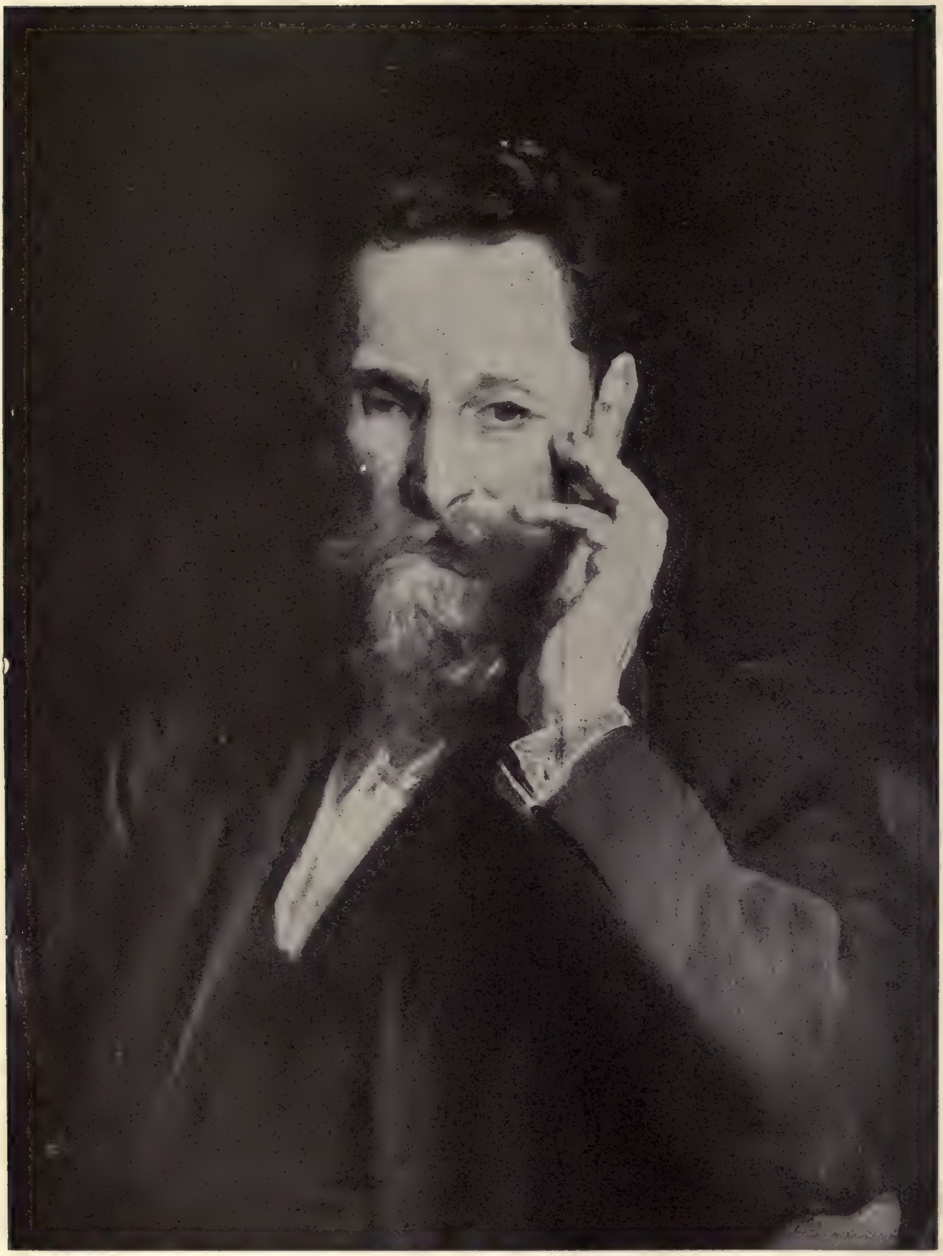
From the Book, HEART SONGS

Christmas Carol

OLD ENGLISH SONG


f
1. Christians, awake! salute the happy morn, Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born. Rise to adore the mystery of love, Which hosts of angels chanted from above; With them the joyful tidings first begun, Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
2. Then to the watchful shepherds it was told, Who heard th' angelic herald's voice "Behold, I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth, To you and all the nations upon earth; This day hath God fulfilled His promised word, This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
3. He spake; and straightway the celestial choir In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire, The praises of redeeming love they sang, And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang: God's highest glory was their anthem still, Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
4. To Bethl'hem straight the happy shepherds ran To see the wonder God had wrought for man, And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid, Her Son, the Saviour in a manger laid; Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim, The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.
f

From the Book, HEART SONGS

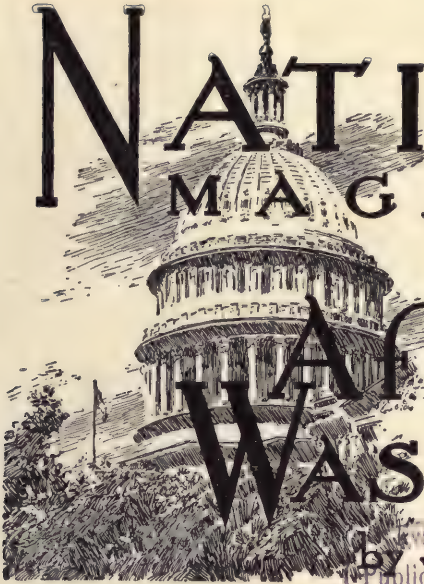


THE LATE JOSEPH PULITZER

Publisher of the New York *World*, who died on his yacht, "The Liberty," at Charleston, South Carolina, was without doubt the pre-eminent figure in American journalism. His life story shows in a most remarkable way the advantages in the land of opportunity where ability and perseverance are combined with thrift. His newspapers—the New York *World* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*—are monuments to his great power and strength. The Pulitzer School of Journalism (Columbia University, New York) has been endowed with two million dollars through his generosity.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1911



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

Public Library
Lawrence, Mass.

SINCE the early days of the republic the first Monday in December has been the date of the convocation of a new Congress. The session extraordinary of the Sixty-third Congress pushed forward the time of the opening session, and now the "new" members will take their seats on the first Monday in December as seasoned veterans because of that issue—now a nebulous bit of "passed" legislation—called Reciprocity.

Reciprocity is now past history, and the extra session will remain a modern version of "Love's Labor Lost." Other issues are crystallizing for the presidential campaign. The congressional action of the coming session will undoubtedly influence the selection of candidates and furnish national issues to be drawn in the presidential election. United with the government suits against trusts, the continued congressional investigation of corporations is looked upon as a preparatory skirmish to a lively political battle on tariff issues.

* * *

PERSONAL feeling at the opening of Congress in December generally partakes of the coming amenities of Christmastide, and bitter and rancorous debates seldom begin until after the holidays. There is an opening parley and a handshaking all around, an exchange of vacation stories and a general welcoming. Holiday atmosphere is over all in Washington during December days.

Old-time enmities such as existed between Blaine and Conkling have been unknown in late years at the Capital. A public man passing another without a word of greeting is a rare spectacle in the Washington of today. Public opinion has little patience with the man who holds a grudge, and the old-time "cutting" at social functions will not be tolerated. The most pronounced political enemies maintain a social poise and courtesy, and this marks a change in the intercourse of political life. Even leadership lacks much of the personal characteristics of former years. Issues today are predominant, and the political leader must keep his little personal grievance hatchet well concealed. Since the abolition of railroad passes, Washington has been much more lively at Christmastide, for now many of the members from the far West and South remain at the Capital for the holidays. The Christmas season promises to be gayer than ever, bringing to mind the

Yuletide splendor which figured in old-time novels,—holly and mistletoe, and stately minuets danced by candle light in old colonial mansions.

* * *

IT has been suggested that Christmastide will be an appropriate time for the President to urge the Senators to participate in the Christmas spirit of peace and good will by hastening the ratification of the arbitration treaties. The ladies of the country have been busy between exhaustive Christmas shopping expeditions in writing to their Congressmen urging favorable action on the peace movement. Never have the nation's solons been so bombarded with feminine correspondence from all parts of the country. Whether or not their state denied them suffrage, the ladies enlisted in the cause, and although this may have been the result of a special campaign, it nevertheless presents a new and interesting phase in national legislation and foreshadows what to expect when universal suffrage prevails.

HON. JOHN G. A. LEISHMAN
American Ambassador to Germany. Social Germany has given Mr. and Mrs. Leishman a cordial welcome

Whether the average statesman receives the missives with irritation or with a welcome, this avalanche of feminine suggestions on peace treaties is certain to create an impression, and it evidences the importance of woman as an influential element of the body politic. With emotions that varied from deep-dyed apprehension to an understanding and quickened interest, the Congressmen faced their generous baskets of letters. One of the messengers remarked that the ladies' campaign added tone to the Congressional correspondence, for their letters came on dainty stationery, with just a suggestion of perfume.

The letters, rest assured, will all be answered, although it would seem physically impossible for the Congressmen to reply in person to each one of the thousand missives that await them at the opening of the session. But feminine constituents must have prompt answers in "correct" form on the government's best paper, with the name of the Congressman embossed in the regular marine blue. In this line the gallantry of the Southern cavalier stands out in bold relief, as congressional responses are sent out, despite the rush of Christmas mail.

* * *

APROPOS of the movement toward breaking up monopoly, a story attributed to the late Senator Carter refers to two barbers who had a fierce battle in competition.

The first began by reducing the price of a shave to ten cents. The other came down to five cents, and in time both were offering free shaves. The situation was desperate. Finally one of the barbers called for a painter to put out a sign above his door, as follows: "What Do You Think With Every Shave I Give a Drink."

By ten o'clock on the first morning there was hardly standing-room. At last the first customer emerged from the chair and stood waiting. The barber looked indifferent. "Next," he called. Consternation reigned. "Where," demanded the irate customer, "is what goes with every shave?" The argument waxed fierce, and then the barber led him out to read the sign again. It was found that he had overlooked certain inconspicuous but vital punctuation marks that had been inserted. On close inspection the sign said:

"What! Do You Think with Every Shave I Give a Drink?"

One Senator who joined in the laugh said that this little anecdote served also to illustrate the ambiguity of many laws that are passed. Each Congressman thinks he has a bill that everyone must understand, but when someone else reads it there is often a difference. An Eastern member recalled the case of the famous semicolon law of Boston, in which that mark of punctuation changed the whole intent of the law's meaning.

Of the thirty to forty thousand bills introduced in every session of Congress, few could be understood if the little points of punctuation were not there.

"Thus," declared the Senator, impressively, "I have proved my point, and from barbarous competition we learn another lesson. Next!"

* * *

WHEN President Taft hurried over to the White House on the first day of his arrival home from his "sweep around the circle," there were statisticians on hand to verify their estimates on his travel record. They insisted that fifteen thousand miles had been covered by the President on this trip. Since he entered the government service in 1900 as Philippine commissioner, President Taft has traveled nearly three hundred thousand miles. This includes only the mileage of steamship and railroad travel and not the thousands of miles covered in side trips. One cannot travel long with President Taft without being convinced that here, at least, is one man who really enjoys the annihilation of space. He does not look back with horror on the five hundred and fifty-six nights he has spent in sleeping cars and on shipboard.

Even in the staid and sedate Congressional Directory may be read between the lines the buoyancy with which the President refers to his dashes to the Philippines, Panama, Rome, Mexico and other little whirls about the globe. Up to the time that President McKinley appointed him as president of the Philippine Commission, Mr. Taft had done very little general traveling, and now laughingly refers to his inoculation with the "travel microbe" at that time. He comes very near to exhausting the twenty-five thousand dollars allowed by Congress for presidential travel, since the passage of the law prohibiting railroad passes.

The table that has been prepared giving the mileage of the President on his various trips has established his record as the champion traveler of all republican or monarchical executives on earth.

* * *

ONE phase of the inland waterway project not always considered by prosaic politicians is the poetic beauty and allurement of the limpid arteries. Life on a houseboat has a charm all its own.

"VALLETTA," A JAMES RIVER HOUSEBOAT, OWNED BY COMMODORE A. T. LaVALLETTE, WHO IS KNOWN AS THE TERRAPIN KING

Former Congressman Goulden was found tanned and happy, following a tour on the "Valletta," a handsome twenty by sixty houseboat, with two decks, sumptuously furnished, and owned by Commodore A. T. LaVallette of Maryland, known as the Terrapin King. The Commodore comes of a noted Maryland family, and his grandfather was an admiral in the United States Navy.

During the Deeper Waterways Convention in Virginia, the "Valletta" was at the dock in Richmond, and had on board as her guests Congressman J. Hampton Moore and Congressman Goulden, besides many notable guests from all parts of the country. None of the party will ever forget the famous trip up the picturesque James River, with the old plantations on either side, bringing back a flood of historic memories.

* * *

PHILOSOPHER and friend — those words would be a fitting epitaph for the late Senator Thomas H. Carter. He was just a wholesome, old-fashioned, friendly, well-seasoned man.

THE LATE SENATOR CARTER OF MONTANA

Senator Carter was born in Ohio. His parents were Irish, and no truer American heart ever beat than that of "Tom" Carter. At sixteen he had to support his sisters and brother, and later when he couldn't make enough as a school teacher to support his family, he became a book agent and often he made a hundred dollars a month selling books. On one of his trips he met a Kentucky lawyer who became interested in the young book agent and took him into his office. He found Carter an apt student. The young man began the practice of law in Burlington, Iowa, and after he had accumulated about five thousand dollars he went further west and settled at Helena, Montana. He naturally became interested in the political situation there, and in 1889 was elected territorial delegate to Congress. When Montana became a state, her first representative in Congress was Thomas H. Carter. Afterward he served in the Senate and long since went down to fame for talking to death the fifty million dollar Rivers and Harbors bill. Yet Thomas Henry Carter was never a wordy man.

As Senator Carter used to say, the citizens in a republic must work. He believed that this country was the best governed in the world, and he always stood ready to prove it. It was one of his philosophies that if a man passed beyond the limits of competency, he entered the realm of slavery. "The rich," he said, "have lived and been envied and reprobated ever since the world was inhabited."

HON. DANIEL READ ANTHONY, Jr.
The young Kansas Congressman who has managed and edited the *Leavenworth Times* since the death of his father, Daniel Read Anthony, Sr.

Just to have stood and talked with genial Tom Carter, to have looked into those dancing blue eyes, and to have watched him stroke his beard in good old Uncle Sam fashion, made a picture never to be forgotten in the shifting scenes of official life at Washington.

SOME travelers insist that every time they arrive in Philadelphia the proverbs of "Poor Richard" come to mind. One is apt to think twice before being so improvident as to spend a street-carfare when visions of John Wanamaker and his wheelbarrows are recalled. Strangers have confessed walking from Broad Street down to the ferry just to emulate the example of Benjamin Franklin, and thus deprive the splendid new Subway of its just toll.

This is, after all, a talked-about impression and soon lost when once in the swing of Broad Street, with its automobiles lined up head on against the pavements, as the farmers of old used to hitch their horses to the post at the county seat. There are a myriad of historical associations connected with the Quaker city where the Declaration of Independence was signed and where the peals of the Liberty Bell were first heard.

There is another historical landmark always associated with the name Philadelphia. It is as natural to say the Philadelphia Mint, as for a Kentucky colonel to say "mint julep." This is the mother mint, so to speak, where the real government money has been coined since the first days of the Republic. How fortunate was the wayfaring editor to find "at home" that day Mr. George E. Roberts, the Director of the Mint. His office is located in the Treasury Building at Washington, but he makes frequent trips to find how things are running at the factory where Uncle Sam's money is made.

The mint building has all of the impressively artistic Grecian lines of a government structure. Through a glass partition, from a gallery inside, you find the great machines hammering out eagles, dimes, nickels, pennies and all denominations of money, with the regular precision of a ticking clock.

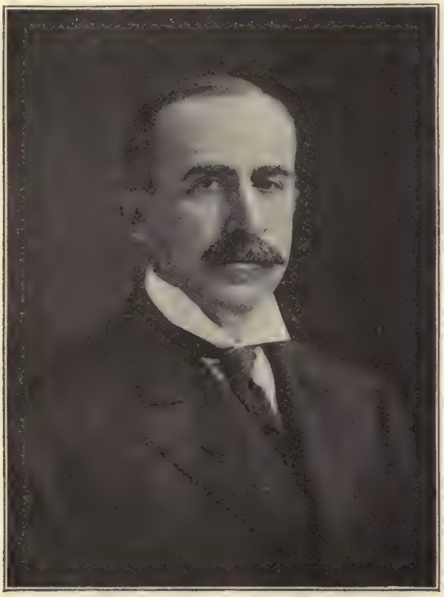
The sequence of a serial story is enjoyed when the visitor follows the process from the time the bullion is received and melted with the alloy, to the finished product in the great vaults where the billions in Uncle Sam's treasury are stored. This product has for many ages been a magic incentive for man to do good and evil.

The mint in Philadelphia was established in 1792, and its first production was a copper cent bearing the date of 1793. Silver dollars were coined in the following year, and gold eagles followed twelve months later. In the Philadelphia mint is the engraver who supervises the manufacture of dies used in the mints at San Francisco and Denver. The metal is used as it comes from the stamp mills or smelters and is refined, then assayed, and then reduced to bars. The gold bars, worth ten thousand dollars or more, are handled just the same and with no more care than pig iron in a foundry.

HON. GEORGE E. ROBERTS
Director of the Mint, Washington, D. C.

Standard gold coin has ten parts copper and ninety parts gold out of one hundred total. The gold and copper and silver and copper are melted together, stirred up and poured into moulds. After they are stamped out they go through a separate process of milling to produce the raised edge around the coin and the great retorts are kept at white heat.

How interesting it was to see the metal flowing out into dollars and units of dollars for the coin of the realm. The coins are put on a tray and are counted out very quickly as a hundred coins find their place in the holes where they fit. Finally the last test of adjustment is made as to weight and thickness. If they do not measure exactly they fall out and are remodelled. Many important improvements have been inaugurated by Director Roberts which have saved a great deal of expense in our national coinage system. Coin is stored in bags in great basement vaults, and millions of dollars are in reserve for any call. Many old mint traditions have been eliminated, enhancing the efficiency of the work.



HON. JOHN GEISER McHENRY
Congressman from the Sixteenth Pennsylvania District

The mint employes handle the coin like so many peas, or beans, or potatoes. They never seem to realize that they are handling real money; it seems to them like merchandise, and they actually grow sick and tired of the physical sight of money. Yet this is the stuff that keeps human energy astir in the world.

OUT in the Sixteenth District of Pennsylvania lives John Geiser McHenry. He was born in Benton township, and his ancestors represent the sturdy type of pioneer which has developed the country's best brain and brawn. Mr. McHenry was educated in the rural public schools of Pennsylvania, and drove a lumber team in his early youth, dreaming of the time when he could hang out his shingle as a lawyer. He was a practical dreamer, and realized that the first thing to do was to get started in business, and await an opportunity to study law. After a course at the Orangeville Academy, he launched into a business career. As farmer, manufacturer, banker and politician, Congressman McHenry is a type of Pennsylvania thrift.

A CORNER OF THE McHENRY LIBRARY

THE CONGRESSMAN IN HIS BUNGALOW LIBRARY

He was elected to the Sixtieth Congress by a handsome majority, which has been greatly increased in the two succeeding terms. A member of the Appropriations Committee, Congressman McHenry's judgment is always sought on weighty matters; and whatever McHenry advises goes a long way, because he does think out things. He believes thoroughly in systematic organization and rational construction of all interests as related to the best interests of the public, and as a whirlwind political campaign organizer he has but few equals.

On his farm home at Benton he is at his best, for if there ever was a man who loved a farm, it is John G. McHenry. His farms are under the direct personal supervision of Prof. M. E. Chubbuck, a graduate in agricultural science from the Agricultural Department of State College, State College, Pennsylvania. On these farms experimental and demonstrating work is being carried on not only for the benefit of his community, but for the entire country. Mr. McHenry's belief is that the first important step toward the solution of the high cost of living must be found in an increased production of our soil. And it is his belief that in this increased production great prosperity to the farmers as well as to the consumers will ensue. His bill now pending in Congress, asking for the appointment of an agricultural scientist to be located in every congressional district where agriculture is a leading industry, is said to be a measure of perhaps greater economic importance to the country than any other measure offered or acted upon in our national legislature in recent years.

CONGRESSMAN McHENRY'S HOME—AND IT'S A REAL FARMHOUSE

To hear Congressman McHenry talk on the subject, even on a railroad train with the deafening roar of whirring wheels, makes one realize that he has got to the root of things. He insists that if the soil of Germany and England, a thousand years older than our soil, and in a less favorable climate, can produce twenty-eight to thirty-two bushels of wheat per acre, there is no excuse for our producing an average of twelve to fourteen bushels. He has at his fingers' ends—and in his mind's eye, for use on railroad trains—the figures and statistics to prove the economic necessity of this policy of placing our scientific agricultural bureau at Washington in immediate touch with the farmers of the United States. This with scientific farm management, the Congressman declares—and you just have to share in his earnest enthusiasm—will in time make America first as an agricultural nation, viewed from the standpoint of acreage production.

CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. McHENRY AND THEIR TWO SONS

This would not only mean the addition of countless millions to our national wealth, but also would be a blessing to the people who are the ultimate consumers, and provide for our steadily increasing population. Farm production has been keeping pace with the increased population by the yearly increased acreage, and within the next few years it is feared that all available public lands suitable for agriculture will be exhausted.

Congressman McHenry is first and above all a farmer, but the economic soundness of his argument has enlisted the hearty support of officials and wage-earner alike.

A man of high ideals and purposes, relentless in his energy and enthusiasm to accomplish the things that he sets out to do, Congressman McHenry is deservedly strong in the affections of his constituents. You won't find many people in the Sixteenth Pennsylvania district who don't approve of their Congressman's agricultural bill. It is said that by stepping to the telephone he can in almost the proverbial "twinkling of an eye" organize his district for a campaign. All who know him trust him, and in this unfailing confidence is reflected the painstaking service of one who has in him the sturdy Scotch-Irish blood of the clansmen of ancient days, who made things hum when they came to town. The gentle-voiced and gracious Pennsylvania Congressman may not look the part—but the real Scotch-Irish of rough and ready ancestors is there.

HON. WILLIAM M. CALDER
The only Republican member of Congress from New York City

* * *

WHILE in the West the domination of Wall Street and affairs political is a matter of some apprehension, the fact remains that the great city of New York has only one Republican representative member of Congress. William M. Calder hails from the Sixth District, and while he is not one of the new men, and is a member of the minority, he has a notable constituency. As the one Republican member of greater New York, Mr. Calder is the only Congressman whom the President can consult on federal patronage in that great area designated on the maps as Greater New York. He enjoys the confidence of the President, and every time the New York Congressman is seen coming from the White House, the reporters are on the *qui vive* concerning possible future changes in the federal appointments of New York City.

As a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House, many responsibilities fall to Mr. Calder, and on naval matters he has long been regarded as an expert. He looks after the interests of the Brooklyn Navy Yard with a vigilant eye, and is kept busy with an endless chain of correspondence, although the voters in the cities seldom write their Congressmen at Washington. It is the members representing country districts that have to keep the typewriter busily clicking, sometimes far into the wee, sma' hours, to answer the inquisitive notes and intelligent comment bearing the postmark of a Rural Free Delivery route.

* * *

FOR the first time under the official sanction of the government, United States mail was carried by aeroplane at the aviation tournament on the Nassau field at Long Island. Mr. Earl Ovington had the honor of being the first American to deliver a package of letters sent in the "air route." Setting out from

Nassau he dropped his sack at Mineola, Long Island. The assistant-postmaster at the Long Island office was ready for the mail, and the bag was delivered by the aviator when about six feet above the post office. He dropped the bag, containing about ten pounds, and the letters were dispatched at once from the little country post office. There were a large number of army and navy officers present to witness this aerial scouting contest. The Thirty-third Infantry was on the field and took part in the meet. A number of soldiers were scattered about the field, and the plan was to send the air men to the surrounding country and try to locate the soldiers. Eight of the fliers passed over the soldiers without seeing them, although the soldiers were in the open. The khaki clad young men seemed to escape the little ticket weighted with lead which was to be dropped upon them to indicate that they had been discovered and "caught" in the aerial game of "tag." Mr. Harry Atwood passed over the group twice without seeing them, but the third time he spied them, dropped his ticket and won the race. Postmaster General Hitchcock was upon the field in person to witness the carrying of United States mail by the aero route.

At Cleveland a vigilant aviator discovered how to get a letter to John D. Rockefeller without the process of having it go through the hands of his secretary. A note was dropped by the aviator overhead which Mr. Rockefeller picked up and read, while the caretaker looked aghast at this intrusion on the exclusive Rockefeller estate.

* * *

AMONG the new Senators who was elected in the primaries by the vote of the people is Senator Miles Poindexter of Washington. For some years he represented the third district of the state, and took his place in the Upper House on the fourth of March last. His plurality in the primary election was more than 41,000. This vote was ratified in the Senate by a vote of 41 to 1, and in the House by a vote of 86 to 10, which represented not only the solid Republican

HON. FRANK H. HITCHCOCK
Head of Uncle Sam's Postoffice Department, who recently delivered a bag of United States mail himself by aeroplane

vote of the Evergreen State, but also a number of complimentary votes from Democratic friends.

Senator Poindexter was born in Memphis, Tennessee, and was a pupil at the famous Fancy Hill Academy of Virginia. He took the academic and law courses at the Washington and Lee University, and was graduated with the degree of B. L. in June, 1891. In the fall of the same year he migrated to the state of Washington and settled at Walla Walla.

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HON. MILES POINDEXTER
United States Senator from Washington, a Southerner by birth and education, who has become one of the leading political factors of the far West

The Southern friends who had predicted the young lawyer's speedy return from the far West received in June, 1892, the news of his marriage to Miss Elizabeth Gale Page, a Walla Walla girl, and the letters he wrote home with the announcements proved that Miles Poindexter went West to stay and to "grow up with the country."

He went to Spokane in 1897 and served as prosecuting district attorney and judge of the superior court until elected to Congress in 1908. He was elected to the United States Senate for the Sixty-third Congress.

Senator Poindexter's success has been largely an expression of the confidence the people had in him. He is progressive in political tendencies and has been one of the leaders of the progressives in his state.

* * *

THE storm center of the Postoffice Department in the postal investigations has been the office of the third assistant postmaster general, for here the matter of periodical and book postage comes up for consideration. Hon. James J. Britt, who now holds the position, is from Asheville, North Carolina, and formerly taught school. A close student of public affairs, he has gone at the vexed question of periodical postage in a practical way and has made some interesting comparisons as to the exact expense of the service. It costs the government forty-seven cents a pound to distribute letters, thirteen cents for merchandise, eleven cents for books and about eight or nine cents for periodi-

HON. JAMES J. BRITT
Third Assistant Postmaster General, whose office is the "storm center" of the department

cals. A new system has now been inaugurated whereby the cost of magazine shipments has been reduced by means of "fast freight." Mr. Britt has issued a booklet that clearly defines the law on second-class privileges, and the rulings of the department are definitely set forth.

The report of the Postoffice Department still continues recommendations for one-cent postage on letters. The economic conduct of the Postoffice Department for the past two years, reducing the postal deficit eleven million dollars, and inaugurating many substantial improvements, represents an enviable record of achievement.

* * *

AS the years pass, we seem to grow more fond of the mature beauties of autumn. Then it is that we begin to appreciate those deep, strong ties of friendship that have endured through many years with uninterrupted strength and power. As we look into the faces of the dear old friends and see in the full bloom of their powers the majestic splendor of well-seasoned lives of usefulness, how hard it is to contemplate that in a few short years under laws as immutable as time, they must pass from us—we must give them up.

The kindly, twinkling eyes, the gentle words of counsel and advice, given in that unselfish spirit of those who are really friends, the sincere sympathy offered in time of bereavement—all this must be lost as they pass into the great Beyond.

Every day my heart overflows with gratitude to those friends of mature age, whose influence and kindness began with childhood's earliest years. They always seem to be present, and their kind words, encouragement and confidence have furnished unfailing inspiration, and their loyal commendation has been the sincerest praise. Their memory lives in our hearts, and as the years come and find our brows silvered and our faces furrowed, we too begin to look back over the heights as do those who have gone before, and feel the nobility of heart and soul of many who have left us forever.

GOVERNOR JUDSON HARMON OF OHIO

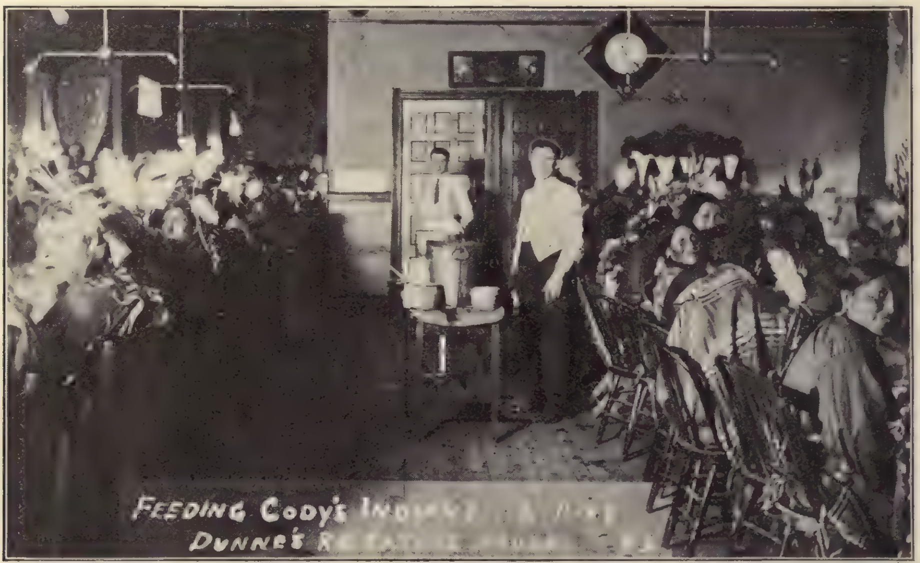
In the splendor of autumnal grandeur, when the leaves fall from the trees and gather rustling and whispering beneath, tossing in the flurries of fall winds, or sweeping like scattering birds in some sudden blast, the sun seems bright and strong as in summer; but beneath can be felt the chill of autumn—all an omen of approaching age. Yet how sweet, after all, is the maturity of life. What a comfort to feel that you are understood, to possess friends to whom no explanations are necessary—those friends whose sympathy is felt from afar and seems to increase as the years pass in its warmth and radiance. How pathetic it is to sit and talk with these old friends, knowing that the last days have come, and realizing that the curtain is falling slowly but surely. It seems that the last pressure of that aged hand, which may no longer impart the warmth of the bounding blood of youth, is nevertheless surcharged with all the spirit of long and useful life, and with a serenity which makes us understand that life without the royal kinship of the old friends ripened and enriched in the mellow and sweet light of maturity loses for us all its final chaplet of earthly affection and ripened and honorable experience.

* * *

MY first meeting with Mr. Louis D. Brandeis came about through the suggestion of a Boston banker, who referred to him as a lawyer of unusual ability and character. "There is a man," he continued, "who will give you a dollar's worth for every dollar paid. He'll give you straight advice, and he's a fighter to back up that advice. You can depend on him, and he generally wins."

This estimate of Louis D. Brandeis has become more general in recent years. He is already a conspicuous figure at Washington, one of those men who is pointed out to the casual visitor as he wanders among the Capital crowds. When a man is pointed out in Washington, it is certain that he has at least done something of note.

A phrase oftentimes makes fame. When after a long and arduous cross-examination Mr. Brandeis insisted that the railroads properly managed could "save a million dollars a day," the country became interested. When he returned a large cheque because he would not accept a fee in a case taken up for the public good, another distinction was added to his fame.



A GLIMPSE OF JAMES DUNNE'S RAILROAD EATING HOUSE WHERE COLONEL CODY'S "SIOUX INDIANS AND COWBOYS" ARE HAVING A FEAST ON THEIR RETURN HOME AFTER A SEASON ON THE ROAD

His clear, bright eyes and sensitive mouth reflect his foreign parentage, for his mother was Prussian.

Mr. Brandeis made his first great fight in Boston for cheaper gas, and was instrumental in the enactment of the Massachusetts law for savings bank insurance, His interest crossed the continent to Oregon to take up before the Supreme Court of the United States the fight for the law which prohibited women operators from working more than ten hours a day.

Years ago Mr. Brandeis made a vow that when he had acquired a certain competence, his work should be given largely to the public. He gives out facts and figures in an almost magical way. His competence has been made doing things for the railroads, manufacturers and other business men. Of late years he has been doing this for the people without charge. He says that his million-dollar estimate of possible railroad economics is conservative, and was reached after he had examined various precedents in rate cases. Mr. Brandeis is quiet and unassuming, but when his mental dynamic force is at work, you feel the irresistible power of his genius. While he has never held public office, and people marvel at his quixotic personality, he is today one of the prominent figures in public life.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS
The Boston lawyer, who is well known at the Capital

* * *

FOREIGNERS frequently comment upon the ease with which new words and phrases are coined in America. One Englishman was much puzzled over the derivation of "Samsam Day.' It had to do with a sort of general athletic celebration, and he couldn't understand why it should be called "Samsam Day." The "oldest inhabitant" was asked to give the information, and it was disclosed that "Samsam Day" was so called because two active citizens named "Sam" were greatly interested in the sports. "Then," suggested the narrator with a quizzical wink, "of course there is Uncle Sam."

A FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH OF GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON OF NEW JERSEY

"But anyhow this town had two Sams. There was Doctor Sam Ferguson and Samu'l McJunkin, the undertaker. The first, as I have said, was a doctor, and the last an undertaker. They were warm and intimate friends—in fact, business compatriots. It was gravely stated that when Dr. Sam began his work, Undertaker Sam generally finished it."

The Englishman saw the joke after awhile, and declared that really, don't you know, it seemed to have been lifted from the pages of *Punch*, although the next day when he tried to relate it, he had the doctor "delivering the goods" to the undertaker.

"Samsam Day" is now a familiar term

in Country Club circles, and its general adoption reflects a true and proper spirit of veneration for the traditional national Uncle.

* * *

SOME are prosaic enough to insist that the high cost of living is in a way a psychological problem. It is said that the cloth, trimmings and total labor on a suit of clothes costs only $5.88, while the suit must be sold for $15. The margin represents the expenses involved in exploiting, advertising and selling. The fact that only an occasional suit of clothes is sold and that it often requires alterations and other expenses makes the margin of profit smaller. Think of a store kept open, lighted, heated and ventilated for occasional customers, many of whom are only "looking around." If some economic plan could be devised to eliminate all this, there might be enough and to spare for all, but, inasmuch as thousands have stores, and cities are springing up like mushrooms over night, the soil must produce more to sustain the race, or there will be danger of the old famines which disturbed the history of Egypt in past centuries.

"BILL BARLOW"
The late humorist and the creator of "Sagebrush Philosophy"

There seem to be too many selling and too few producing. Of New York's five million population, not one perhaps is actually producing anything that will sustain mankind. There are two million people in Philadelphia, a million in Chicago, and half a million in Boston, and all these people are in a sense non-producers. The cost of living problem seems to resolve itself to the question of getting more people to produce something out of the soil.

* * *

IN listening to the constant recital of jokes about the corridors and in the cloakroom, one sometimes wonders whether they echo the vaudeville dialogue or monologue, or are really new. When a new joke comes out, no time is lost in having it properly labeled. It may be "Sam McCall's joke," "Senator Bob Taylor's joke," or "Captain Weeks' joke," and woe to the man who appropriates another man's joke, no matter what the occasion. He had better take his watch—for story-larceny is next to high treason in Washington.

One of the new Congressmen who, despite arduous efforts, still remains "jokeless," rushed into a committee room during recess and declared that he had a new story. He told of how a man laughed so heartily at the theater that his false teeth fell out. "And would you believe it," he hurried on, as he observed the menacing glare of eleven pairs of eyes, "four men were bitten by those teeth before they were caught? And we have no laws against dental hydrophobia." Even the dentist present refused to bite.

* * *

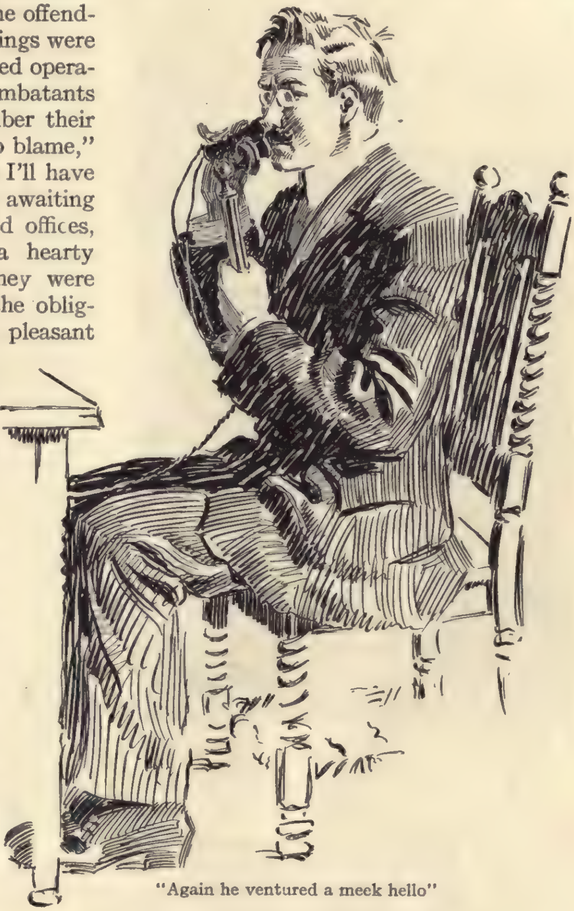
ONCE in a while it so happens that people will get on the same telephone wire, even though it is fondly supposed to be quite "private," and the other day there was a lively scrimmage at one of the telephones in the Capitol on the Senate side. The Senator was hurrying to get off an important call, and as he took off the receiver and called Central, a very positive feminine voice said, "Please get off the wire; it's busy." The Senator graciously acquiesced and waited while the flow of talk continued. Then he attempted again to get the line, to be met with the decided rebuff, "This line is *busy;* won't you please get off?"

Again he ventured a meek "Hello" and "May I have the use of the wire for a moment?" but the answer came back, "*No, sir,* this is a private wire; you will please keep off." This was the final declaration of war, and things were progressing with a heat that made the offending wires fairly sizzle. Just as things were reaching a climax, the gentle-voiced operator said "Number." Both combatants proceeded without delay to number their grievances. "Never mind, I'm to blame," comforted Central, "in a minute I'll have it all right." And while they were awaiting the telephonic peace-maker's kind offices, the Senator could not resist a hearty laugh, the lady laughed, and they were introduced over the 'phone by the obliging operator. Thus was begun a pleasant acquaintance, which later may lead to a ceremony that suggests the plot of George Broadhurst's new comedy, "Bought and Paid For."

* * *

WIDESPREAD and free discussion of the trust problem is characteristic of the times. Prejudicial features are being eliminated, and the people are beginning to insist that all sides of the question be presented. Judge Charles A. Prouty, who served fifteen years on the Interstate Commerce Commission, comprehensively discussed this phase of the situation in a recent address at Brooklyn. He argued for a commission to take care of trust regulation the same as has been done in the case of railroad regulation, and insisted that if we are to have "Big Business," it must be conducted on big corporation plans. Corporations can be better regulated by such a tribunal, the judge believes, than by having complaints and disputes drag their way through the courts.

The ambiguous interpretation of the Sherman law seems to be trying the tempers of corporation officials and the public alike. Judge Prouty pointed out some significant facts in the history of railraod rate legislation, and his conclusion simmered down into the one query which is constantly running through the minds of the people: Why not encourage business by making laws that are clear and definite, and present no wavering lines between what is right and what is wrong? Unfair competition and arbitrary peace-making in violation of the terms and intent of the law should be met with the same thorough executive administration of justice as that exercised in all other lines.


"Again he ventured a meek hello"

* * *

WHEN one is privileged to hear Dr. George Wood Anderson speak, whether in the pulpit or on the rostrum, he realizes that he has met a man in the real and unmeasured sense of the word. Of kindly and natural sympathies, and a clear-headed thinker in all lines of investigation, his every sentence is inspired by that broad spirit which wins affectionate and enduring regard. A thorough scholar, and a clergyman loved by the thousands in his pastorate, it is nevertheless in the rough and tumble of business life that Dr. Anderson's work seems most effective. His addresses before the Associated Advertising Convention in Boston and other commercial bodies have attracted widespread attention and have shown how a minister's work and influence is broadened and deepened by taking part in the everyday affairs of life. Simple, modest and lovable, his career has been rich in spiritual and practical achievement. He is in great demand on the lecture platform and in the pulpit and on all occasions where the general welfare of the people is discussed. His work in St. Louis has been remarkable in its scope, and Dr. Anderson has indeed reflected credit upon the city in which he resides and which he loves with all the intensity of an adopted citizen.

GOVERNOR CHARLES S. DENEEN
Who has for nine years been a prominent leader in Illinois politics

ECHOES of the Reciprocity campaign in Canada have almost died away. Premier Borden insists in well-measured words that the election was not an expression of hostility toward Americans, while Speaker Champ Clark continues to reiterate his annexation sentiments.

The reciprocity situation was summed up by a railroad president, who told the story of a beautiful domestic scene before the hearth. There were the good husband and wife who had traveled life's journey together in happiness. They sat before the open fire, and the blaze lighted up their sweet and serene faces. The family dog came in and stretched himself with a yawn on one side of the hearth. A moment later the house cat joined the group, and after a yawn and a stretch peacefully lay down at the other side of the hearth. The scene was now complete. The fire was genially crackling as the wife remarked, "How beautiful it is to see even our dog and our cat dwelling together in such harmony! What a lesson they present lying together thus in peace and amity."

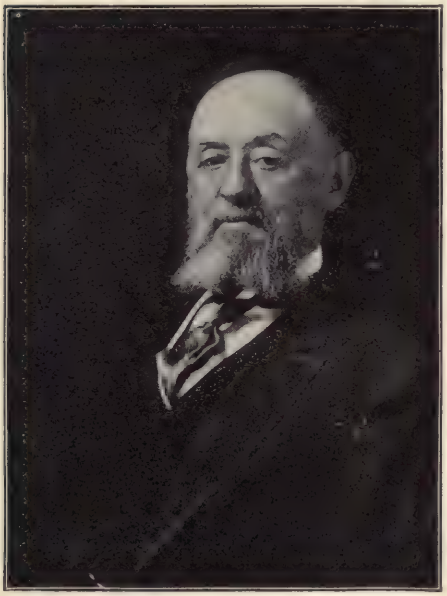
The old man stroked his beard thoughtfully for a moment. "Yes," he assented, "it's beautiful, but you just tie that dog and cat together and see them fight."

"This little story," said the railroad official, "illustrates how relationships that are compulsory are seldom congenial." The Senator who was listening nodded emphatically. "Yes, sir," he cried, "it sums up the situation between the United States and Canada exactly. As long as each can lie at the side of the hearth, they are part of the domestic scene between the nations. But tie them together in any way, even with a commercial arrangement of which both do not approve, and there will be trouble. Humanity is so constructed that it doesn't like the words 'you must' and 'you shall,' a point that is too often lost sight of by public men in framing legislation."

* * *

FOR more than twenty years, in season and out of season, with a persistence characteristic of his successful business career, Mr. Nathan Straus has been an ardent and enthusiastic advocate of necessary reforms in the proper feeding of babies. Tirelessly he has supplied and urged the use of pasteurized milk to protect them from tuberculosis and other diseases. As a mark of the nation's gratitude for this service, Mr. Straus was appointed by Secretary Knox as the United States delegate to the Third International Congress for the Protection of Infants.

He ably represented the United States at this convention and has made a most interesting report of the results of the Congress to the State Department, besides giving the country at large the benefits of the theories and ideas expounded by the delegates assembled at this notable gathering.



DR. NATHAN STRAUS
Who was appointed by Secretary of State Knox as United States delegate to the third International Congress for the Protection of Infants

Mr. Straus is a brother of Oscar S. Straus, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor. He believes that the real work of promoting public health must begin by providing proper protection for the children. Many thousands of mothers in the great city of New York are grateful for Mr. Straus' unrelenting purpose to fortify humble homes against the inroads of deadly diseases through his practical and sensible suggestions for the care of their children.

* * *

VITAL statistics compiled at Washington reveal the fact that the average length of human life is increasing, despite the prophecies of Dr. Osler. It must not be forgotten that a generation ago forty-five was counted rather an extreme age for a man to engage in new and important work. The change that has taken place is said to be largely due to improvements lessening the strain and wear of physical exertion. Violent athletic exercises have fatally weakened the heart muscles of many strong men because of the severity of training. It is now determined that the man reaching the Osler age limit of forty-five has lived his time of physical vigor, and to retain his health must not overdraw on his reserve of physical power. With this relaxation of physical effort comes an increased activity of mind and brain power. It seems strange to look

ADOLPH S. OCHS
Publisher of the *New York Times* and the originator of the phrase "All the news that's fit to print." Mr. Ochs has always been an earnest advocate of clean journalism

upon a ball-player as a veteran and retired at forty, when it has been found that the great enterprises of the world are chiefly carried on by men approaching and past three score. A study of the average ages of Congressmen and other public officials in recent years demonstrates that the number of older men in public life today is greater than ever before.

* * *

THE passing of Justice Harlan, ripe with years of rich experience and mature judgment, vigorous and virile to the last, is one of the most regrettable in the history of the United States Supreme Court. Had John J. Harlan lived until next June, his service would have surpassed that of any other justice on the Supreme bench. As one of the department chiefs remarked, it does not seem like the Supreme Court without the familiar form seated at the right of the Chief Justice, vigorously chewing tobacco in good old Kentucky style, his keen eyes flashing as the points in the arguments progressed.

THE LATE JUSTICE HARLAN

The vacancy occasioned by his death will make another important judicial appointment for President Taft. Already he has made four appointments affecting the Supreme Court, and has had direct influence upon five appointments, a record not equalled since Washington's administration.

The personnel of two newly created high courts, the Court of Commerce and the Court of Customs and Appeal, is entirely made up of President Taft's appointments. Altogether there have been selected by President Taft the judicial honors of nearly sixty men. As one friend grimly remarked, he has been kept busy since election in making judges, and if there ever ought to be a good judge of a judge, William Howard Taft is the man. Before making any appointment he has employed most comprehensive methods to confirm his judgment, never considering personal preference. Mr. Frank B. Kellogg once declared that the test to which the President puts a man recommended for the bench is the fourth verse of the seventy-second psalm:

"He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the opposition."

The old-time custom, which brought with each judicial vacancy a small army of Senators and Congressmen in full dress to the White House, is no longer in force. It is realized that already the President is burrowing into the decisions and judicial careers of those whom he believes worthy.

* * *

THE heat waves that of late years have swept over this country and Europe have evoked the interest and comment of prominent scientists. Mr. Eugene Finzi, a prominent business man of Jamaica, advances an unique theory in this matter. He insists that hot vapor cannot possibly come from the ocean, and that there is only one spot on earth where it can come from—the Desert of Sahara. Into this superheated atmosphere the earth revolving on its axis brings these great vapor mists across the ocean, sweeping down and across the continent until they are checked by the crest of the Rocky Mountains, and are reflected back over the country. Sometimes the pressure becomes so intense that they have even swept back again toward Europe, and this, it is claimed, accounts for the different temperatures to the east and the west of the Rockies.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION MONUMENT

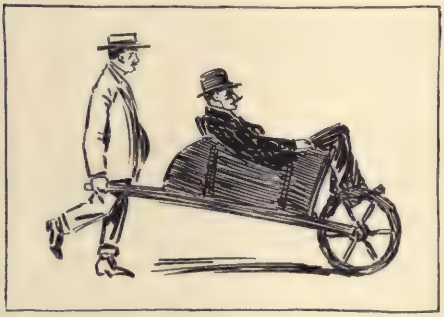
Mr. Finzi claims that the

West Indies and Jamaica escape the revolving mists of the Desert of Sahara, which results in the equable West Indian climate. Although born in Jamaica, Mr. Finzi was educated in England and has spent a great deal of time in America. He is intensely loyal to the land of his birth, and is proud of the fact that the West Indies produced Alexander Hamilton, whom he considers one of the greatest Americans.

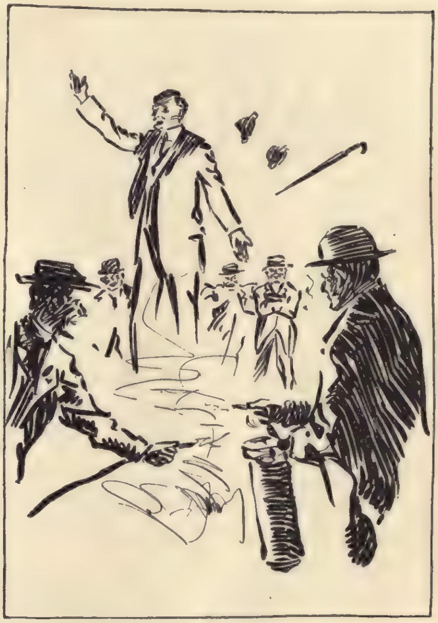
There has been a most remarkable revival of business advance in the value of property since the island recovered from the earthquake at Kingston, and the development of the Jamaican trade in bananas has made the tropical island productive of greater wealth than the mines the early adventurers sought.

* * *

THE old Yankee was whittling while he talked, to make something for his hands to do while his thoughts were busy. This illustrated a prominent trait of humankind, for we must do things now and then that are apparently useless in order to accomplish things worth while. It may be tearing a bit of paper, or smoking, or chewing gum, but it must be admitted that the incidental things of life are, after all, constituent parts of great movements.


Still a popular way of paying an election bet

A phrase coined just right has led on to many a political victory—the illustrious slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" swept a party on to glory. "The High Cost of Living" has been helpful to many a struggling campaigner. Now how good it is to find a phrase outside of the political field that seems to appeal. "The livableness of life" is more than an alliterative play upon words; it suggests wholesome ideas of strength and beauty. Most of us wonder now and then whether there really is "livableness" in our own lives. A few moments of introspection will bring about the realization that if life is not quite as livable as we would have it, there is, perhaps, a reason for which we cannot blame others. We are ill, and yet we cannot deny that there is wrong eating and wrong living, perhaps too much work, too much worry or too much indulging in things which would better be left alone.


" Tippecanoe and Tyler Too"

To live a peaceful life, being as kind and gentle as possible with others, repressing barbaric impulses and conforming our lives to the natural laws, will bring about an appreciation of "the livableness of life." Thoughts along this line bring to mind early days with William McKinley. Amid clouds of political campaigning and storms of financial disaster, when it seemed as if he was bereft of every friend, there still remained in his every word and act a manifestation of the sweet "livableness of life," the memory of which will always remain with me as an inspiring benediction.

Now Give Business a Chance

by

Joe Mitchell Chapple

WE ARE LIVING in exhilarating days. New ideas spring up and inventions flash forth with gatling-gun rapidity. Earth, air, electricity and water have been so repeatedly subjugated to the will and service of man that scarcely a ripple of astonishment pervades an over-satiated people when a new discovery is announced. We are influenced by impressions, caught up while in motion, in these swiftly moving times. Some of these impressions have been made by the little hammer of the knocker. Faintly at first comes the continued rapping, rapping of the dismal Ravenesque "evermore" by some of the leaders who earnestly believe that in order to attract the people's attention they must thump something or somebody. So accustomed is the public to the din and percussion of exposing mankind's frailties as exemplified in a system of corruption which has passed, that it is felt the hammering must continue. Note well the tense "*has passed.*"

The corporations of today are the result of a public demand for standardized products; a guarantee of value, quality or service, the result of remedial laws that have been passed—that *have been passed.* The thousands of articles that have been cheapened, the thousands of new necessities which were the luxuries of yesterday, are overlooked by the "impressionist" knocker whose hammer raps at iniquities that now are history.

* * * * *

The trend of the times is indicated and the future foreshadowed in the responses made by five hundred college boys averaging in age from seventeen to twenty-two years. They were asked whether they intended to go into business for themselves and enter the mercantile world, build a factory, own a farm or establish individual careers "on their own hook." A few decades ago the apprentice was ambitious to own a factory; the grocery clerk dreamed of having his name succeed his employer's on the store; the farmer lad hoped some day to have a deed of the land which as hired man he helped to till. Yet in these ranks of half a thousand college boys, only three declared themselves as desirous of launching an individual business. The others were fitting themselves for positions in large corporations or for professions related to these corporations, and they looked forward to the day when they would be able to command large salaries from the company, at the same time escaping the hazards of individual ownership. These boys saw their future in the collective system of capital and effort incident to corporate associations. They recognized the fact that the old-time battlements of individual competition have crumbled into dust and that the new order of things is founded on corporations built upon the fundamental conception of fair service to the public, just treatment of employes and an equitable distribution of profits. Yet in spite of this, the militant political leader continues his efforts to prejudice the public mind against this natural law of economic evolution, and in so doing he becomes the baneful reactionary who handicaps legitimate business development. Every law fashioned or born of prejudice disintegrates under the test of experience, and degenerates sooner or later into mere restraint of development.

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Verily business has been riding a rough race, with hurdle-jumps and deep ditches continually blocking the way through the legislative and legal action of Washington and the several state capitals, in response to the reactionary spirit of corporation-baiting. To prove their prowess and hold attention, political riding-masters crack the whip along the course to show how far or how high business must jump. Already hobbled to a short step and a slow pace, the business of the country has been handicapped throughout the past year in a way that in former years would have created a panic. How long will political ringmasters wield the whip? Will it be until business shall fall breathless in a last desperate leap over reactionary hurdles, too late to offer hope and work to the man without a job? Is it not time to stop lining the course and applauding the pranks of political horse-play, like Mother Goose's little dog, "laughing to see such sport," while the "dish ran away with the spoon"?

* * * * *

The agitation of the past ten years has revealed some skeletons in the closets of supposedly honest concerns, but the present high standards of men in public life and at the head of corporations are the result of the natural laws of development under the new order of things. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the "graft" which thrived in low as well as in high places was not abolished by arousing vindictive and destructive passions, but rather by the advancement of the new movement of broad and generous constructive ideals of public welfare based on a moral purpose that eliminated the old competitive system. The patriotic and ethical side of the question has not been advanced by mere appeals to sordid instincts or by encouraging the envy of wealth. It has been the crystallization of enlightened ideals, where the spirit of fair play predominates, transcending even the limitations of political party principle or traditions. To evoke hatred among men through sophistry has not accomplished any permanent results.

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The United States is engaged in a titanic struggle for foreign trade. The lusty arm of our business genius, because of the virility of its initiative, has made itself felt in all parts of the globe, impelled onward by the necessity of providing revenue and sustenance for a population growing at an unprecedented ratio.

The value of our manufactures is twenty billion dollars, only one billion of which is sent abroad. It is axiomatic in these days that business must be conducted on a large scale in order to secure any profit. Large capital is required in order to obtain cheap goods. Pessimistic protest against the fundamental law of self-interest, which has been the incentive of development since the world began, is being waged by quasi-altruistic conservation reactionaries. Why not be honest and make an adjustment that safeguards public interest without stifling initiative?

* * * * *

The corporation is encouraged and supported by the government and people of Germany, because the Teuton mind has analyzed this institution and thought out the proposition in its every phase. The Germans recognize the universal laws of trade, for they understand that the interests of all the people are directly dependent upon the great engineries of industrial trade which furnish a livelihood for one-third of their people.

Our very national prosperity today hinges upon the welfare of corporations, for corporations are the vital distributive factors. The corporation today is inevitably becoming more and more the distinctive institution of the people. Regulative and restrictive laws are necessary, but the public is tired of politicians who play with a Damocles sword, and of having the very heart of business torn out to appease political and private ambition.

The very foundation of public confidence is expressed in invested capital. Wage envelopes are already shrinking, and the people are beginning to understand, as they can understand only when their own pocketbooks are affected, that the assault on corporations is the real "reactionary" force that is throttling trade and diminishing wage distribution. Shall we tie the great business arms of the nation in the fight for its share of world trade by applauding the spellbinder who is busy collecting votes while the people cry for work? The spectre of the souphouses of 1893 has not yet been forgotten.

* * * * *

The history of our country records a series of periodic flashes of prosperity—unfortunately the forerunner of panics. Panics have come when everyone seems to lose confidence and after a spell of calling one another names, because some seem to have prospered more than others. Are we to learn nothing from the past? At such critical times, men of big brains, foresight and uncompromising optimism have come forth and helped to check the cry of the Ephesians and to inspire people with faith in one another. History records the return of confidence when the late Marcus A. Hanna, amid the gloom of smokeless factories and the cry for bread, announced McKinley as the "Advance Agent of Prosperity." It may have been a presumptuous campaign cry, an unexampled impertinence of political imagery, but the results that followed were consoling even to political opponents. In every crisis the business interests of the country have led the return to rational and sane sentiment. Why not, when the very genius of the age is business?

Strengthen the arms of industry; give business a chance. Uphold just corporations that are ready to share and that reveal to the public square policies and render honest service. Give corporations something of the old-time spirit of co-operation as when in the pioneer days the farmers looked forward to the arrival of the railroad to enhance the value of their land, hauling their crops to market and turning the mortgaged farm into profit-producing soil.

Give business a chance to push on. We can never return to the cut-throat methods of competition from which grows the canker of graft. Co-operation is expressed in the new order of things, and honest corporations deserve public confidence. We are primarily a corporate nation, and progress must mean harmony and unity of purpose. We will not go back to the old days of unrestricted competitive license and revert also to the methods of brigandage which shouted approval when corporations generally were harassed as common prey, solely because they were known to represent large aggregations of capital.

* * * * *

True, the antipathy to corporations was not without a cause and did not grow over night. Certain defiant corporations have in a large measure been responsible for the prejudices which took root and overran the country. Arbitrary abuse of power, flaunting evidences of wealth, marble buildings, luxurious offices, have given a distended picture of corporation revenues. The display of unprecedented wealth, the enjoyment of fabulous salaries for positions that were almost sinecures, have offended American democracy in days gone by. Any corporation official, high or low, who takes advantage of his semi-public position to affront the humblest individual has helped to sow the seed which reactionaries have propagated. Sitting pompously behind closed doors while their fellow-citizens dance attendance in the lobbies, stinging the self-respect and sense of justice of their subordinates—these things have ignited the sparks which flamed into feuds. Many bitter recriminations have had their inception in the waiting room, where uncivil and untactful subordinates, swelled up with assumed importance, misrepresented their chief and alienated those who might have been friends. Human nature is the one factor that cannot be safely overlooked in the satisfactory adjustment of human affairs.

* * * * *

The limelight of publicity has now been thrown upon every aspect of the situation. Is there any longer reason to linger in the past and to tolerate unceasing and unfair attacks upon business? Let the initiative and aggressive force of American business energy assert itself. Give the American brother a fair chance to win a world trade. If he has the power to create a commerce that will radiate prosperity the world over, why not applaud with as much ardor as we are ready to give to any other phase of national achievement? The building up of business in our own land has replaced the martial fervor of other lands and former times.

Why not glory in the achievement of our real genius as other nations have gloried in their armies and navies, in the sustaining consciousness that the world is fast approaching that day when business genius will accomplish what great armies of the past have been unable to achieve—the secure peace of the world, in which movement the young republic of the West has led all other nations? Our leaders may not parade in brass buttons and epaulets, but those quiet, firm-jawed men sitting at the business desks of the nation are moving, planning and pushing forward campaigns that mean more for the betterment of the world than all the glories of clashing arms. We are a business nation. The American of today is making his ideals, his home, his family and his citizenship the practical business of his life. Stand aside, good fellows—ye reactionaries in political buskin—move on and put aside mocking armor that belongs with the memories of the past—put up your flintlocks, for the clarion call "*to business!*" has sounded.

Robert Louis Stevenson

IN CALIFORNIA

By

George Wharton James

IT WAS part of the romance of Robert Louis Stevenson's life that he should live for a while in California. To this fact the world owes at least three of his books, and how much of some of his others none can tell. The three, however, are "The Amateur Emigrant," which recounted his experiences in crossing the Atlantic to New York; "Across the Plains," which told of the ride from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and finally, "The Silverado Squatters," which is the record of a very interesting portion of his California life.

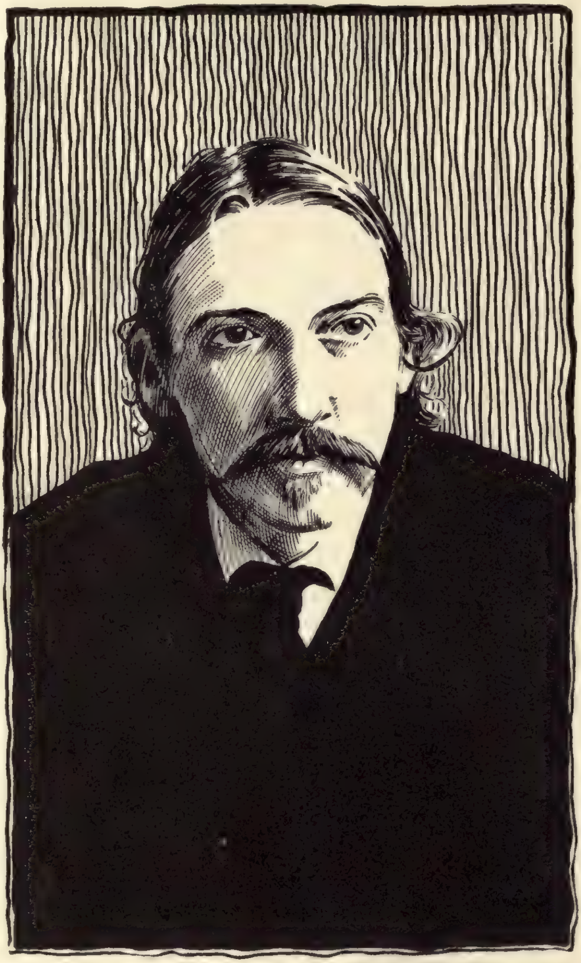
Two most urgent motives brought him to the Golden State; one was his health, and the other that here he sought the woman to whom he had lost his heart in the forests of Fontainebleau. Undoubtedly California helped to prolong his life, and here he won and wedded the lady of his heart's choice. He first went to San Francisco and then to Monterey.

In the December, 1905, number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE was published a very interesting chapter on "Stevenson's Monterey," by Charles Warren Stoddard, who often met him during his California life. So I shall practically omit reference to Monterey in this article. As is well known, the cool sea breezes and fogs were not good for Stevenson's lungs, and he was compelled to move inland to a higher altitude, and it was this move that led to the writing of "The Silverado Squatters."

Of this visit to America and the hopes it aroused in her husband's heart, Mrs. Stevenson has written both entertainingly and illuminatingly in her "Preface to the Biographical edition" of Stevenson's works, recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons. These notes of Mrs. Stevenson are exceedingly precious, especially to those who seek a more intimate knowledge of the personality of their favorite author.

Of the "Amateur Emigrant" and "Silverado Squatters" she thus writes:

"At first the apparent rudeness of the average American repelled him, but when he found that the gentlest, most kindly acts accompanied the off-hand address, his heart warmed toward his 'younger brother.' In San Francisco he made many friendships that were only broken by death—Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Williams, to whom he dedicated the 'Silverado Squatters'; Dr. Chismore, Dr. Willy, Judge Reardon, who recognized a kindred spirit in the unknown, shabbily dressed young Scot, living in the poor little lodging house on Bush Street kept by Mr. and Mrs. Carson. For the last few years on the thirteenth of November a small band of those who love to do honor to my husband's memory have met in San Francisco to celebrate his birthday. Nor would the party be considered complete without Jules Simoneau, now far past eighty years of age, but still as clear in mind and strong in heart as when my husband first knew him in Monterey, the best beloved of all the friends of that time of adversity.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

"The journey by emigrant train across the continent was an experience far worse than that on shipboard, but through all the fatigue and active misery of it, my husband managed to keep his diary posted up to date, and two months later, in Monterey, he wrote to Mr. Colvin: "'The Amateur Emigrant' is about half drafted.' It was from Monterey that he also wrote to Mr. Colvin: 'I am a reporter for the *Monterey Californian* at a salary of two dollars a week.' From this feeble joke the most foolish tales have arisen, and grown in the re-telling, of his having been a reporter connected with a San Francisco paper. The *Monterey Californian* was a tiny sheet that was hardly in a position to pay anyone two dollars a week. The editor was also the printer and did all the work on his paper with his own hands. The idea of a reporter in a place where 'the population is about that of a dissenting chapel on a wet Sunday . . . mostly Mexican and Indian, was thought very amusing both by my husband and Mr. Bronson, the editor, but someone seems to have taken it very seriously.

" 'The Amateur Emigrant' was partly written in Monterey, and almost finished in San Francisco under the most distressing circumstances of ill health, poverty, and letters of adverse criticism from friends in England. In an unfinished letter dated Calistoga, June 4, 1880, he writes: 'Today, at last, I send the last of that Double Damned Emigrant. It was all written, after a fashion, months ago, before I caved in; yet I have not had the pluck and strength to finish copying these few sheets before today. The attempt has cost me many a heavy heart. . . . I have done a quaint action—I have sent three of my poems to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a fourth, heaven of heavens! to Stephen! I am not mad; only a poet.' "

It was during his San Francisco life that Charles Warren Stoddard first met him, and was thus led to write of him: "From the lips of a common friend I first heard of Robert Louis Stevenson. This friend placed in my hand copies of 'An Inland Voyage' and 'Travels with a Donkey.' The author was then but little known. A few delighted critics had indeed piped his praises, but the great world of readers after all pays but little heed to the newspaper oracle. It is fortunate for the writer of books that the reader of them reserves unto himself the privilege of having an opinion of his own.

"It was rumored in those days that Stevenson was coming to California, and we wild Westerners who knew aught of him rejoiced thereat. Presently I heard that he had arrived at Monterey, a complete physical wreck, and was there restoring his soul in the presence of the charming lady who afterward became his wife. It is a question if any one of Stevenson's romances is quite so airily romantic—I had almost written fantastic—as his own love-story, a pastoral that began in the forests of Fontainebleau, and brought the exceptionally interesting hero and heroine to a blessed climax on the coast of Eldorado. But what an interlude of steerage-tossing on the Atlantic and an emigrant train of events lay in between the parting yonder and the meeting by the shore of another sea!

"Soon after Stevenson's arrival in California, we met. The happy hour brought us together in the studio of an artist friend; there, with a confusion of canvasses for a background, and an audience as clever as limited, all things were possible save only the commonplace, and in the prevailing atmosphere—an atmosphere not unpleasantly tinged with Bohemianism—the situation became spectacular.

"There I heard him discourse; there I saw him literally *rise* to the occasion, and striding to and fro with leonine tread, toss back his lank locks and soliloquize with the fine frenzy of an Italian *improvisatore*. We were all on our mettle. I am inclined to think that everyone was at his best—I mean that we were keyed up to concert pitch—while in the presence of that inspiring man. He was so entirely master of himself and of the situation that each listener was on the alert and thus unconsciously assumed his pleasantest expression. It is not unlikely that the exceptional brilliancy of the rhetorical Stevenson dared his guest to unaccustomed efforts and that in consequence he achieved an intellectual spirit that, though brief, was brave enough and astonished no one so much as himself, when he came to weigh it complacently in comfortable recollection. I wonder how many entirely harmless people have been led to think very pleasantly of themselves after an interview with such a man as Robert Louis Stevenson. I don't believe that he ever belittled anyone who didn't richly deserve it—no, not even in an irritable moment. Let us hope for all our sakes that he was tempted alike as we are.

"At the time I first knew him, Stevenson's itinerary was extremely limited; he usually travelled from his couch to his lounge, possibly touching at the armchair on the way. Those who are acquainted with 'A Child's Garden of Verse' will see the delightful possibilities of this prescribed journey in such company. For a long time his tours were not greatly varied; with him it was nearly the same routine with an occasional change of horizon. His familiars grew to think of him and to look upon him as being but a disembodied intellect; his was the rare kind of personality that inspires in the susceptible heart a deep, though passionless love. I take him to have been the last man in the world to awaken or invite passion.

"In his own select circle, necessarily a very limited one, he was reverenced, and it does not seem in the least surprising that there should have been found those who were glad to gather at his knee in worshipful silence, while he, in an exalted state of spirituality, read and expounded the Scriptures with rabbinical gravity.

VINEYARD IN THE HILLS NEAR CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

"I have visited him in a lonely lodging —it was previous to his happy marriage—and found him submerged in billows of bedclothes; about him floated the scattered volumes of a complete set of Thoreau; he was preparing an essay on that worthy, and he looked at the moment like a half-drowned man—yet he was not cast down. His work, an endless task, was better than a straw to him. It was to become his life preserver and to prolong his years. I feel convinced that without it he must have surrendered long before he did.

"I found Stevenson a man of frailest physique, though most unaccountably tenacious of life; a man whose pen was indefatigable, whose brain was never at rest; who, as far as I am able to judge, looked upon everybody and everything from a supremely intellectual point of view. His was a superior organization that seems never to have been tainted by things common or unclean; one more likely to be revolted than appealed to by carnality in any form. A man unfleshly to the verge of emaciation, and, in this connection, I am not unmindful of a market in fleshpots not beneath the consideration of sanctimonious speculators; but here was a man whose sympathies were literary and artistic; whose intimacies were born and bred above the ears."

In his "Wreckers" Stevenson gives a short but good picture of Stoddard's den in San Francisco. In one of his letters to Stoddard he thus refers to it: "I am glad I brought the old house up to you. It was a pleasant old spot, and I remember you there; though still more clearly in your own strange den upon a hill in San Francisco."

In another of his letters to Stoddard dated December, 1880, he concludes as follows:

"The mere extent of a man's travels has in it something consolatory. That he should have left friends and enemies in many different and distant quarters gives a sort of earthly dignity to his existence. And I think the better of myself for the belief that I have left some in California interested in me and my successes. Let me assure you, you who have made friends already among such various and distant races, that there is a certain phthisical Scot who will always be pleased to hear good news of you, and would be better pleased by nothing than to learn that you had thrown off your present incubus, largely consisting of letters, I believe, and had sailed into some square work by way of change.

"And by way of change in itself, let me copy on the other pages some broad Scotch I wrote for you when I was ill last spring in Oakland. It is no muckle worth; but ye should na look a gien horse in the moo.

TO C. W. STODDARD

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam;
An' since that I a Scotsman am,
The Lallan ait I weel may toot
As ye can blaw the English flute;
An' sae, without a wordie mair
The braidest Scot ma turn sall sair?

"Of a' the lingos ever printit
The braidest Scot's the best inventit,
Since, Stoddard, by a straik o' God's,
The mason-billies cuist their hods,
And a' at ance began to gabble
About the unfeenished wa's o' Babel.

"Shakespeare himsel'—in Henry Fift—
To clerk the Lallan made a shift
An' Homer's oft been heard to mane—
'Woesucks, could I but live again!
Had I the Scottish language kennt
I wad hae clerkt the Iliad in't!'"

"(Follows the Aria)

"Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
An' witnessed many a ferlie
Afore that I had clappit e'en
Upo' my billy, Charlie.

"Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
In lands accountit foreign,
An' had foregathirit wi' a wheen
Ere I fell in wi' Warren.

"Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
But ne'er was fairly doddered
Till I was trystit as a friend
Wi' Charlie Warren Stoddard."

And Stoddard thus comments on the lines and the poet:

"The writing of such lines as these seems to have been Stevenson's favorite diversion during his hours of recreation. A playful spirit made those hours the joy of the friends who were permitted to share them with him.

"One day I found the following little note slipped under the door of my den in San Francisco, where I was so glad to welcome him to what he calls in one of his letters to me, 'The most San Franciscoey part of San Francisco.'

"My Dear Stoddard:—Will you seriously oblige me and my dear gusset—not a pet name for my wife but a pleasant expression for the Human Pocket—by coming here to lunch and talk with me today?"

"A lunch in such company was enough to quicken the palate of the surfeited; but the talk. The talk was worth a pilgrimage. That I missed much of it must be my lasting regret.

"Sometimes he came to my lodging when I was not there to welcome him, and on one occasion he scribbled the following lines on a postal card and slipped them under my door. He was bubbling over with impromptus such as this:—

"O Stoddard! in our hours of ease,
Despondent, dull and hard to please,

When coins and business wrack the brow,
A most infernal nuisance thou!

"O Stoddard! if to man at all,
To me unveil thy face—
At least to me—
Who at thy club and also in this place
Unwearied have not ceased to call,
Stoddard, for thee!

"I scatter curses by the row,
I cease from swearing never;
For men may come and men may go,
But Stoddard's out forever."

But, as we have seen, neither San Francisco nor Monterey suited him in the delicate and precarious state of his health.

He had heard of the deserted mining camps of the interior where whole streets of houses were deserted, and with his imaginative and romantic mind, conjoined with the fact that economy was an important consideration, he conceived it would be a great thing to find one of these deserted camps, take possession and settle there. His attention had doubtless been directed to the neighborhood of Mt. St. Helena. In "The Silverado Squatters" he says:

"The whole neighborhood of Mount Saint Helena, now so quiet and sylvan, was once alive with mining camps and villages. Here there would be two thousand souls under canvas, there one thousand or fifteen hundred ensconced, as if forever, in a town of comfortable houses. But the luck had failed, the mines petered out, and the army of miners had departed and left this quarter of the world to the rattlesnakes and deer and grizzlies, and to the slower but steadier advance of husbandry.

"It was with an eye on one of these deserted places, Pine Flat, on the Geysers road, that we had come first to Calistoga. There is something singularly enticing in the idea of going, rent-free, into a ready-made house. And to the British merchant, sitting at home at ease, it may appear that, with such a roof over your head and a spring of clear water hard by, the whole problem of the squatter's existence would be solved. Food, however, has yet to be considered. I will go as far as most people on tinned meats; some of the brightest moments of my life were passed over tinned mulligatawney in the cabin of a sixteen-ton schooner, storm-stayed in Portree Bay; but after suitable experiments, I pronounce authoritatively that man cannot live by tins alone. Fresh meat must be had on an occasion. It is true that the great

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LINCOLN AVENUE, WEST SIDE, CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

Foss, driving by along the Geysers road, wooden-faced, but glorified with legend, might have been induced to bring us meat, but the great Foss could hardly bring us milk. To take a cow would have involved taking a field of grass and a milkmaid; after which it would have been hardly worth while to pause, and we might have added to our colony a flock of sheep and an experienced butcher."

A short time ago, in company with a number of friends and acquaintances, I drove from St. Helena, through Calistoga and up the grade to the Toll House to the place where Stevenson and his bride dwelt for a few happy months. They were happy months, for it was part of his honeymoon, though they were months clouded by the struggle of an indomitable soul against the weaknesses of a diseased body. We drove through the one main street of Calistoga which is thirty years older than when Stevenson thus described it:

"The railroad and the highway come up the valley about parallel to one another. The street of Calistoga joins them, perpendicular to both—a wide street, with bright, clean, low houses, here and there a veranda over the sidewalk, here and there a horse-post, here and there lounging townsfolk."

The other streets which he stated were marked out have grown a little, but the town is still a quaint, sleepy, jogging-along kind of a place, without much activity either of society or commerce, and would never have been heard of were it not the terminus of the Napa Valley branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the starting point for the stages that go up into the parts of Lake County which have no railway. The name of the town, as Stevenson says, "was invented at a supper party by the man who found the Springs," but he left it to the reader's imagination to discover that "Cali" stood for California, and "Stoga" for Saratoga, and this was to be the Saratoga of California. The man who coined the name even started out to make it such, for to quote Stevenson again:

"Alone, on the other side of the railway, stands the Springs Hotel, with its attendant cottages. The floor of the valley is extremely level to the very roots of the hills; only here and there a hillock, crowned with pines, rises like the barrow of some chieftain famed in war; and

THE COTTAGES AND PALMS AT CALISTOGA (CALIFORNIA) HOT SPRINGS

right against one of these hillocks is the Springs Hotel—is or was; for since I was there the place has been destroyed by fire, and has risen again from its ashes. A lawn runs about the house, and the lawn is in its turn surrounded by a system of little five-roomed cottages, each with a veranda and a weedy palm before the door. Some of the cottages are let to residents, and these are wreathed in flowers. The rest are occupied by ordinary visitors to the hotel; and a very pleasant way this is, by which you have a little country cottage of your own, without domestic burdens, and by the day or week."

Since Stevenson's time the Calistoga Springs Hotel has seen its vicissitudes. The new hotel, like its predecessors, has gone up in smoke, and while everybody concedes the value of the mud baths in cases of rheumatism, sciatica and serious diseases of the blood and skin, the whole place has been allowed to run down and is now as desolate, unkempt and ragged as a mangy dog. The little cottages that used to be so trim and neat are now dilapidated, and the porches cluttered up with the flotsam and jetsam of careless housekeeping, while the lawn has evidently been unwatered for years and in this month of July when we visited it, was burned as brown as the grass on the hillsides. The 'weedy palms' have grown up into stately trees of great height.

Dominating the landscape now as then is Mt. St. Helena, still overtowering "the tangled, woody and almost trackless foothills that enclose the valley, shutting it off from Sonoma on the west and from Yolo on the east." These foothills are still "rough in outline, dug out by the winter streams and crowned by cliffy bluffs and nodding pine trees. The mountain overtowered them by two-thirds of her own stature. She excelled them by the boldness of her profile. Her great bald summit, clear of trees and pasture, a cairn of quartz and cinnabar, rejected kinship with the dark and shaggy wilderness of lesser hilltops." No wonder that Stevenson found there was something satisfactory "in the sight of that great mountain that enclosed us on the north; whether it stood, robed in sunshine, quaking to its topmost pinnacle with the heat and brightness of the day; or whether it set itself to weaving vapors, wisp after wisp, growing, trembling, fleeting and fading in the blue."

VIEW OF MOUNT ST. HELENA FROM CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

One section of "The Silverado Squatters" is entitled "With the Children of Israel," and chapter one of this section is "To introduce Mr. Kelmar." While at Calistoga I did not learn whether Mr. Kelmar was still alive, but the picture drawn of him will live so long as literature lasts. He contemplated locating at a deserted mining camp called "Pine Flat" on the road from Calistoga to the Geysers, but there were several difficulties in the way, and it was because in his straits he needed advice that Mr. Kelmar comes into the story as follows:

"Now, my principal adviser in this matter was one whom I will call Kelmar. That was not what he called himself, but as soon as I set eyes on him, I knew it was or ought to be his name; I am sure it will be his name among the angels. Kelmar was the storekeeper, a Russian Jew, good-natured, in a very thriving way of business, and on equal terms, one of the most serviceable of men. He also had something of the expression of a Scotch country elder, who, by some peculiarity, should chance to be a Hebrew. He had a projecting under lip, with which he continually smiled, or rather smirked. Mrs. Kelmar was a singularly kind woman; and the oldest son had quite a dark and romantic bearing, and might be heard on summer evenings playing sentimental airs on the violin.

"I had no idea, at the time I made his acquaintance, what an important person Kelmar was. But the Jew storekeepers of California, profiting at once by the needs and habits of the people, have made themselves in too many cases the tyrants of the rural population. Credit is offered, is pressed on the new customer, and when once he is beyond his depth, the tune changes, and he is from thenceforth a white slave. I believe, even from the little I saw, that Kelmar, if he chooses to put on the screw, could send half the settlers packing in a radius of seven or eight miles round Calistoga. These are continually paying him, but are never suffered to get out of debt. He palms dull goods upon them, for they dare not refuse to buy; he goes and dines with them when he is on an outing, and no man is loudlier welcomed; he is their family friend, their business director, and, to a degree elsewhere unknown in modern days, their king.

"For some reason Kelmar always shook his head at the mention of Pine Flat, and for some days I thought he disapproved of the whole scheme and was proportionately sad. One fine morning, however, he met me, wreathed in smiles. He had found the very place for me—Silverado, another old mining town, right up the mountain. Rufe Hanson, the hunter, could take care of us—fine people the Hansons;—we should be close to the Toll House where the Lakeport stage called daily; it was the best place for my health besides. Rufe had been consumptive and was now quite a strong man, ain't it? In short, the place and all its accompaniments seemed made for us on purpose."

Stevenson felt in his bones "that there was something underneath; that no unmixed desire to have us comfortably settled had inspired the Kelmars with this flow of words. But I was impatient to be gone, to be about my kingly project; and when we were offered seats in Kelmar's wagon, I accepted on the spot."

He might have known what was in the wind when they started next day, a party of six, four of the Kelmars and Stevenson and his wife, when he saw in the wagon, "stowed away behind us," a cluster of ship's coffee kettles. These had been bought at "a bargain" by Kelmar, and this was a trip of business as well as of pleasure, and to Stevenson it was part of the humor of the trip to see the how and why of the disappearance of the kettles. Tradition has it that one of these kettles was an immense copper affair, made of copper, not tin like the rest of the kettles. It was capable of containing one hundred gallons and it was shown to me the day after our trip to Silverado with a great deal of eclat. I succeeded in purchasing it; what for I don't know, except that when I use it for holding water on the Colorado Desert, where I intend to take it, I shall get far more out of it than its cost in the vivid recollection it will suggest to me of the ride of Stevenson and his bride, accompanied by the happy Kelmar and his three Jewish women, on the trip from Calistoga to the Toll House.

lamps and stars. But the Toll House is far up stream, and near its rural springs; the bubble of the tide but touches it. Before you had yet grasped your pleasure, the horses were put to, the loud whips volleyed, and the tide was gone. North and south had the two stages vanished, the towering dust subsided in the woods; but there was still an interval before the flush had fallen on your cheeks, before the ear became once more contented with the silence, or the seven sleepers of the Toll House dozed back to their accustomed corners. Yet a little, and the ostler would swing around the great barrier across the road; and in the golden evening, that dreamy inn began to trim its lamps and spread the board for supper."

We did not go up to Silverado by way of the trail described by Stevenson. A new trail has been constructed which passes directly between the Toll House and the inn, and it was up this that we walked. How shady it was. Indeed it was so shady that we could well understand how Stevenson and the Jews, guided by "the little vile boy from the hotel, who was patently fallacious; and for that matter a most unsympathetic urchin, raised apparently on gingerbread," were led about for two hours looking for houses and unable to find them. We did not find even the remnant of the Silverado mining town where Rufe Hanson's house still remained, but we finally reached and followed the "good road along the hillside through the forest, until suddenly that road widened out and came abruptly to an end," and where we found everything just as described except that the house was gone. "A canyon, woody below, red, rocky and naked overhead, was here walled across by a dump of rolling stones, dangerously steep, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. A rusty iron chute on wooden legs came flying, like a monstrous gargoyle, across the parapet. It was down this that they poured the precious ore; and below here the carts stood to wait their lading, and carry it millward down the mountain.

POST CARDS·CIGARS
DRUGS·KODAKS·CANDY
ICE CREAM
SODA

LAKE COUNTY STAGE LEAVING CALISTOGA, CALIFORNIA

"The whole canyon was so entirely blocked, as if by some rude guerilla fortification, that we could only mount by lengths of wooden ladder, fixed in the hillside. These led us round the farther corner of the dump; and when they were at an end, we still persevered over loose rubble and wading deep in poison oak, till we struck a triangular platform, filling up the whole glen, and shut in on either hand by bold projections of the mountain. Only in front the place was open like the proscenium of a theatre, and we looked forth into a great realm of air, and down upon the treetops and hilltops, and far and near on wild and varied country. The place still stood as on the day it was deserted: a line of iron rails with a bifurcation; a truck in working order; a world of lumber, old wood, old iron; a blacksmith's forge on one side, half buried in the leaves of dwarf madronas; and on the other hand an old brown house."

There is a good deal of unconscious pathos in the account of the way in which Stevenson and his bride took possession of the deserted house, but one rich touch of humor thus bubbles up:

"As we were tumbling the mingled rubbish on the floor, kicking it with our feet, and groping for these written evidences of the past, Sam, with a somewhat whitened face, produced a paper bag. 'What's this?' said he. It contained a granulated powder, something the color of Gregory's Mixture, but rosier; and as there were several of the bags, and each more or less broken, the powder was spread widely on the floor. Had any of us ever seen giant powder? No, nobody had; and instantly there grew up in my mind a shadowy belief, verging with every moment nearer to certitude, that I had somewhere heard somebody describe it as just such a powder as the one around us. I have learnt since that it is a substance not unlike tallow, and is made up in rolls for all the world like candles.

"Fanny, to add to our happiness, told us a story of a gentleman who had camped one night, like ourselves, by a deserted mine. He was a handy, thrifty fellow, and looked right and left for plunder, but all he could lay his hands on was a can of oil. After dark he had to see to the horses with a lantern; and not to miss an opportunity, filled up his lamp from the oil can. Thus equipped, he set forth into the forest. A little while after, his friends heard a loud explosion; the mountain echoes bellowed, and then all was still. On examination, the can proved to contain oil, with the trifling addition of nitroglycerine; but no research disclosed a trace of either man or lantern.

"It was a pretty sight, after this anecdote, to see us sweeping out the giant powder. It seemed never to be far enough away, and after all, it was only some rock pounded for assay."

On the site of the house which Stevenson describes and which for those few months gave him and his wife such happy and beneficial shelter now stands a memorial tablet. This tablet recently came into being as the result of an editorial written by Mr. F. B. Mackinder of the *St. Helena Star* of October 8, 1909, in which among other things he said the following:

"Away up on the side of Mount St. Helena is Silverado, the mining camp, where, in a lonely cabin many years ago, the great author, Robert Louis Stevenson, struggled for health. Up above the fog, where the air was pure and the sun shone warm throughout the summer and fall days of 1880, Stevenson hoped to fight a winning battle against consumption, but in vain, and while death was the victor the noted writer left to the world his writings which are as imperishable as time, the admirers of which have become as a mighty army and are continually increasing. The old cabin in which Stevenson lived is not only neglected and falling to pieces, but all thought of the author and the interesting story, 'Silverado Squatters,' written by him while there, seems to have disappeared from the minds of those who reside in the immediate vicinity. A few weeks ago we received a letter from an admirer of Stevenson's writings, who resides at Burlingame, near San Francisco. He and his wife wanted to visit Silverado, see where the author lived and see with their own eyes Napa Valley and the scenes which are described with so much fascination in the 'Silverado Squatters.' They desired information and directions, and following our answer, made the trip as a week-end outing. Arriving at Calistoga the visitors first determined that their trip would be far more profitable with a copy of the book in hand so that they might more clearly understand the surroundings and scenes Stevenson described. At a Calistoga book store the young lady behind the counter had never heard of any such book. Going to a livery stable to secure a conveyance and inquire the way to Silverado, they were told there was no such place in that section. Amused and disgusted, but not discouraged, the gentleman and his wife started up Mount St. Helena, visited the Toll House, finally found their way to Silverado, saw the cabin in which Stevenson lived and wrote his book and returned to Calistoga, only seven miles distant."

As the result of this editorial the New Century Club of Napa, led by its President, Mrs. Percy S. King, and assisted by the Napa Study Club, Brown's Valley Woman's Improvement Club, St. Helena Woman's Improvement Club and the Calistoga Civic Club, gained a perpetual right from the Silverado Mining Company, which now owns the land, to the spot upon which the tablet is erected. The tablet is pictured in the accompanying engraving and it was unveiled on Sunday, May 7, 1911, in the presence of several hundred spectators. "The ceremony took place at the noon hour and, on the rugged mountain side, lovers of Stevenson's writings did honor to the memory of one, who, though dead, still lives in the best of the world's literature. Brief selections from the choicest Stevenson gems were read, addresses were made, and the life of the Scotch writer was eulogized, after which all mingled their voices in that grand and appropriate hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds."

THE OLD ORE–CAR NEAR THE STEVENSON TABLET ON MOUNT ST. HELENA, CAL.

The upper part of the memorial tablet is a pink Scotch granite book, on which is inscribed:

> This tablet, placed by the Club women of Napa County, marks the site of the cabin occupied in 1880 by Robert Louis Stevenson and bride, while he wrote the Silverado Squatters.

On the opposite page is the following quotation from Stevenson's poem "In Memoriam," and because of his early death and his wonderful nature it seemed especially fitting to him:

> Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
> Trod the flowery April blithely for awhile,
> Took his full of music, joy of thought and seeing,
> Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

The rocks of which the base of the monument is composed are themselves not the least interesting part of the monument, for they were selected from a mass brought up from the mines and over which the feet of Stevenson and his wife doubtless had often walked. Whoever selected them showed great care and discrimination, for they are beautifully marked and colored by the red of the cinnabar, and the yellow and blue of other minerals so as to produce a most charming and beautiful effect.

The principal address at the dedication was made by Mr. Alexander McAdie, Vice-president of the Sierra Club and Superintendent of the United States Weather Bureau for the Pacific Coast. He said:

"*Ladies and gentlemen:* I am sorry that the President of the Club, Mr. John Muir, is not here to honor the occasion and pay a lasting tribute to the genius of his fellow-countryman. He is on his way to

South America; but I feel sure he would want me to express his regret at not being present; and to say that we feel his spirit is present on this occasion.

"If you offer a Scotsman a sprig of heather, he at once unbends. It matters not how repressed and self-contained he may have been before, he now becomes gracious, genial and, if the thing were possible for a Scot, loquacious. He recognizes in the token, evidence of a kinship of feeling; he knows that the things he has been taught to hold precious will be likewise dear to you. Something of the same kind happens when a stranger speaks well of the fog in the presence of a San Franciscan. For these dwellers in the Bay-valleys love their fog and he who speaks kindly of it, when so many disparage, wins at once a way to their affection. And as no one ever wrote more charmingly of the sea-fogs than Robert Louis Stevenson, it goes without saying that he is dear to the people who live near the Great Gate where rolls the fog in stately strength and beauty.

"You will recall one never-to-be-forgotten morning here at Silverado when the fog rolled in. In two jumps he was out of bed and on the platform: 'Far away,' he says, 'were hill-tops like little islands. Nearer, a smoky surf beat about the foot of precipices and poured into all the coves of these rough mountains. The color of that fog ocean was a thing never to be forgotten. For an instant among the Hebrides and just about sun-down, I have seen something like it on the sea itself. But the white was not so opaline, nor was there, what surprisingly increased the effect, that breathless, crystal stillness over all. Even in its gentlest moods, the salt sea travails, moaning among the weeds or lisping on the sands; but that vast ocean of fog lay in a trance of silence, nor did the sweet air of the morning tremble with a sound.'

"Stevenson came naturally by his love of the mists, clouds and fogs and all out-of-doors life. He was born in that

" 'Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood. . . .'

and his fellow-townsman, Sir Walter, might have added

" 'Land of engineers and much east wind.'

"Our fogs were kinder to Stevenson than the fogs of his native land; and perhaps if he could have remained here under somewhat more favorable conditions, his health would have been re-established. But be that as it may; from here he saw the fog from *above*; elsewhere he saw it from *below*. Who shall say that he did not gain inspiration therefrom, enabling him to see humanity, likewise from a high vantage ground. Certainly he knew the dull and sombre side of life: and just as certainly did he try to show the bright, romantic and hopeful side of existence.

" 'As the sun brightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.'

"There speaks a man who saw the good side of his fellow men and sought to make them gentler by the contagion of his own unselfishness.

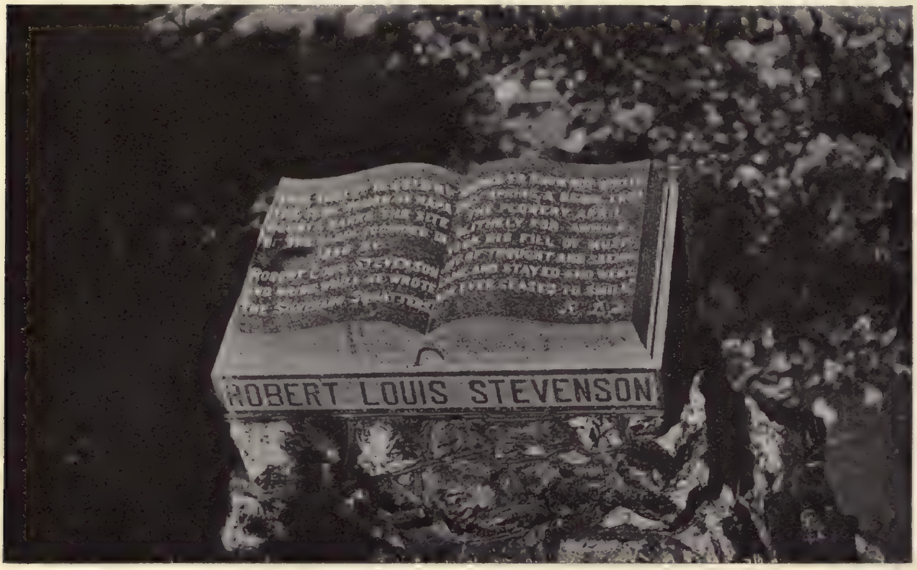
"Stevenson lived, back in the eighties, at 608 Bush Street, within a stone's throw almost of the building where the Sierra Club has its rooms. It is not of record that he ever went on one of our outings; but literature would have been the richer by one rare volume had he gone. His pen would have done justice to the grandeur of crag and pass and meadow. The stern-faced cliffs that color so warmly in the morning light, as if behind the granite features yearned kindly, human souls; the blackness of night under the pines, the stillness of noonday in the forests, the nearness of the eternal stars: these would have appealed to him.

"He would have delighted in the camp and its drolleries. You recall that in the 'Amateur Emigrant' he defines the difference between the Intermediate and the Steerage passengers. The former paid a little more, and had the privilege of saying whether they preferred tea to coffee, though as far as Stevenson could decide after trial there was no difference in the two. Well, we Sierrans have seen our tea made in coffee pots and our coffee in the wash-boiler. And many a time we have not even had the privilege of saying which we preferred. Then again Intermediate emigrants had tables to eat from while the steerage had none. In this respect the Sierra Club is distinctly in the steerage.

"Stevenson's life in San Francisco was at once both sad and hopeful. He was out of his proper setting and out-at-the-elbows in health. He came so near dying that he composed his epitaph, which later in a somewhat modified form appeared as the well-known requiem—

> " 'Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.'

"In that first rough draft of his own estimate of himself, his final, as it seemed to him at the time, review of the book of clouds the unharnessed forces of nature, and likened himself to the inconsequential mist driven and drifting before the wrathful winds. Some suggestion of his own human restlessness must have come from these high wanderers. Ships of that greater sea, sailing an unsounded, uncharted, boundless ocean of overhead blue, like one of these he felt himself to be. At times scraping along under a jury mast, again carrying topgallant sails. Driven by favoring or adverse winds, he came at last to pleasant ports.



THE TABLET ERECTED ON MOUNT ST. HELENA IN MEMORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON BY HIS ADMIRERS. IT WAS UNVEILED ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF MAY, THIS YEAR, WITH APPROPRIATE CEREMONIES

life, Stevenson included these words, 'of a family of engineers.' Yes, there were engineers in his family and in his race. Watt and Rankine and Thomson and a host of level-headed, far-seeing master minds who harnessed the expansive power of water-vapor so that the winds and the sea bar not man's progress nor stay his passage round the world. The same processes that work in the steam engine operate in the clouds, and looking up into the sky, this 'winged creature that would vanish to the uttermost isle' and yet sprung from a family of engineers, hard, practical, but who shall say unromantic men, must have seen in the

"Ever these words written in the loneliness of his stay in that crowded, gay and thoughtless city that we barely see from here, far on the southern horizon, ring in our ears, and perhaps best tell the purpose and ambition of his life: 'Can I make someone happier this day before I lie down to sleep?'

"We are grateful to the ladies of the united Ladies' Clubs of Napa County that they have placed this stone to commemorate the happy hours of the honeymoon spent here. I must also mention the full measure of service given by Mr. Daniel Patten, who gave the site and whose hands placed many of the stones here set and to his able helpmate, busy at this moment that others may enjoy, and to Mr. Newman for the design, and Mr. Miller for the work done in setting the stone.

"Far in the West where lie the isles of the Pacific there Stevenson made a home. And the islanders who looked up to him as clansmen do to a chief, said, when the pen dropped from his hand and the day's work was done, 'Tofa Tusitala' (Sleep, Tusitala).

"We can say no more. Gladly he lived, he laid him down with a will, he earned rest; and the memory of the man and his work is as bright as the sunshine and as beautiful as the clouds."

To Californians Stevenson's book "The Silverado Squatters," should be particularly interesting, as it helps to show a beautiful part of their Golden State as seen through his keenly discerning eyes. The more one knows of the Napa Valley and Mount St. Helena, the more beautiful and interesting do they become, and in a small book I am now preparing, to be entitled "Under the Shadow of Mount St. Helena," I hope to set forth more fully some of the charms and allurements that helped to console brave, hopeful, struggling Stevenson, while he battled with disease and yet poured forth work of the highest order of literary craftsmanship.

SOMETIMES

By CLEMENT HOPKINS

SOMETIMES, when all the world is very still,
My soul speaks with a voice so loud and clear,
I hear the promptings of a higher will,—
I feel the presence of a Spirit near!

Sometimes, when clouds are hanging o'er my head,
And worms of doubt and fear creep in my mind,
I see a light—and by it I am led—
As ghosts of darkness scamper far behind.

Sometimes, when on the crowded streets I walk,
And into wearied visages I peer,
Above the din of life and crazed men's talk,
The whispers of another world I hear.

And sometimes, when my mission seems in vain,
And Truth, a poor, mock-destiny of birth,
I see my vision shining through the rain;
I soar above the fog-encumbered earth!

I serve the Master—not the servant's whim—
Nor bow nor kneel to man-created thing;
Where others sink, I raise my arms to swim,
Where others hush, I lift my voice to sing.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CROWD AT TRAER, IOWA
A SHADY NOOK AT LEMARS, IOWA

A LADIES' COMPANY, GETTING READY FOR AFTERNOON OPENING
THE OVERFLOW CROWD ON "BRYAN DAY" AT WOODBINE, IOWA

On the Chautauqua System

by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE summer Chautauquas have become an influence in national affairs that must be reckoned with in political history. They are attended with the spirit of the old camp meeting assembly. The idea inaugurated by Bishop Vincent at Chautauqua, New York, has developed a system which has as direct an influence upon public sentiment in the districts covered as the press ever held. In the beginning the Chautauqua system sought to satisfy the popular craving and thirst for inspiration and information. In the hot days of summer it was found to be a physiological fact that people were more receptive to an emotional appreciation of solid things than at other seasons, which is contrary to the general belief that people seek only the lighter and more frivolous entertainments in the "good old summer time." From the New York Chautauqua camp grounds with the dainty salute of waving handkerchiefs, and the stimulation of substantial reading and serious thought concerning profound subjects has developed the Chautauqua spirit that strongly influences opinion in the small cities and rural communities of the Middle West.

Many a prominent public man today owes his fame more to these Chautauquas than to any other one channel of publicity, for once the newspapers begin writing about a man then the people express an interest to see him on the Chautauqua platform, and the long lectures throughout which the people sit on hard benches, without backs, and listen to a message are certainly indicative of an earnest search for information and truth among the patronizing Chautauquans. The speaker, for his part, must keep the message red-hot, and to the point, all of which results in more publicity.

It remained for an energetic young man, Mr. Keith Vawter of Cedar Rapids, who had enjoyed a wide and extensive experience with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, to conceive the idea of arranging a Chautauqua system for the various small cities that would give them as good an opportunity of meeting and hearing celebrities as their urban neighbors. The talent which he engaged during the winter season for the lecture course found themselves, like Othello, without occupation in the summer months. Mr. Vawter harked back to the philosophy of P. T. Barnum—especially in his belief that the allurements of tent life appealed to the nomadic spirit of mankind, and he organized a Chautauqua plant.

There are eight plants in all, each consisting of a large tent holding two thousand people, with chairs, stage, dressing rooms, flags, decorations, lighting plant, smaller outside tents—in other words, an equipment that makes a Chautauqua week as complete in a village as in a city. Under this plan programs are arranged for morning, afternoon and evening, something on the plan of a continuous performance. Tickets for the entire course are sold to the people, who go and come as they like. Every hour in the day is given up to a wide variety of entertainment that is both attractive and instructive.

Much has been written about Chau-

BAND DAY AT LUVERNE, MINNESOTA

A SNAP SHOT OF TWENTY-ONE AUTOMOBILES
A reception committee meeting Mr. Bryan at Lohrville, eleven miles from Lake City, Iowa, where he was to speak in the afternoon

INTERIOR OF TENT AT ODESSA, MISSOURI

tauqua; but in response to Mr. Vawter's invitation, a tour was arranged for a magazine editor to see and hear and actually feel the Chautauqua spirit as it ebbs and flows in summer days. The initial meeting was at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where a tent was erected upon the Coe College grounds. There was a general admission charged to those not holding season tickets, but everyone about seemed to have a ticket, for the ensign "Meet me at Chautauqua" was posted on every fence and on every corner, both in the city and on the country roads. The Chautauqua spirit was manifest in the streets, in the stores, in the homes—everywhere you went. The thermometer registered one hundred degrees, which is considered good Chautauqua weather.

The tent men all attired in neat uniforms arrange the seating with the punctilious deference of a grand opera performance (although it may be necessary to climb over a few benches occasionally to get your seat).

At an early morning hour the meeting was started full blast. First a reading was given on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." This story, representing the universal experience of human life, was just as keenly enjoyed by Iowa farmers as by the ultra-literary of Boston. The attention given by the audience to the reading of this Ibsen masterpiece vividly called to mind the last play in which the late Richard Mansfield appeared. The thermometer in the tent crept stealthily up as the recitation proceeded. The fans were scarcely moving as the intense heat of the sun blistered down upon the tent and the audience listened to the masterful lines of the great Norwegian poet. The various scenes were illustrated by selections from Grieg music on the piano near at hand, which made it altogether impressive and dramatic.

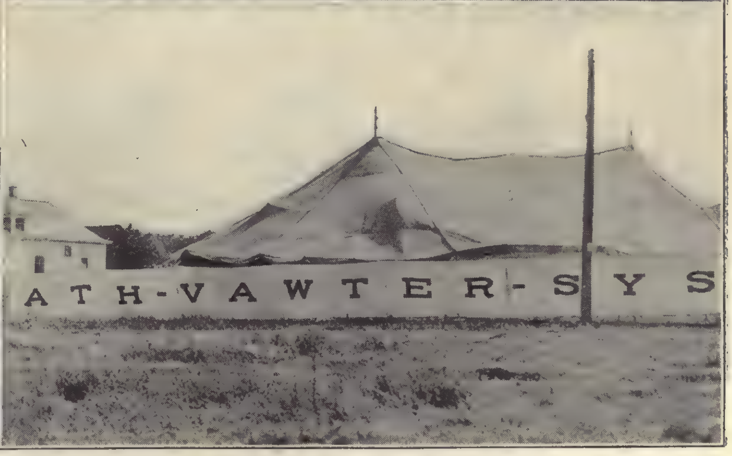
In the seats were many sturdy farmers

DR. McCLARY AWAITING HIS TURN IN THE CREW TENT

REDPATH-
CHAUTAUQUA
SYSTEM

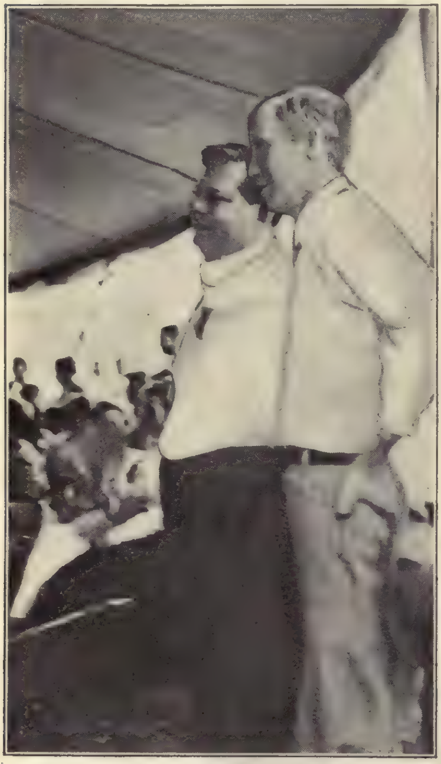
A SPECIAL TRAIN ON THE BURLINGTON IN 1908
These baggage cars contained the equipment consisting of tents, seating, etc.

PRINCE, THE TRAINED PONY


ATH-VAWTER-SYS

A FAMILIAR SCENE THROUGHOUT IOWA AND MISSOURI DURING CHAUTAUQUA SEASON taking advantage of this time "between hay and harvest" to store their minds with a harvest just as important to them as that contained in their barns and granaries.

In the afternoon session the children were there en masse. They saw the Philadelphia man with an Italian name, who had trained canary birds, an educated horse and cultured cockatoos from Australia. How delightful it was to see these little birds and the horse doing their work so faithfully, and although the hot sun streamed down upon the tent, the laughter and cheers of the children were inspiring. The boys lingered around outside at the dressing tent, fascinated with the birds and animals who "performed." What a cheer went up as the little canary birds, in unfurling the flags of various nations, reached the climax and unfolded the stars and stripes. The open-mouthed wonderment and expression of the faces in the audience was a study. The children clapped their hands with glee, and the applause of parents bespoke an interest quite as intent. Recitations and singing followed, furnishing altogether just as high-class vaudeville entertainment as one ever witnessed at Keith's.



THE WAYFARING EDITOR AND THE SUPERINTENDENT AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, WATCHING THE PONY DO HIS STUNT

Long before the arc lamps shimmered over the city's streets the crowd began to gather for the evening session. There was a "curtain raiser" in the form of readings, monologue and songs in which the audience and the performers seemed to unite in sympathetic interest. As the witching hour of eight approached an infectious whisper ran among the audience, "He is coming, he is coming" This was an indication that the oratorical star of the evening was about to appear. A moment later the familiar form of William Jennings Bryan was seen. He had the same smile and gleaming eyes that enthralled millions during three strenuous presidential contests.

Some people who have heard Colonel Bryan speak through a phonograph have been somewhat prejudiced against hearing him speak in person, but when one sees him in Chautauqua action, with perhaps a little more flash, yet not perhaps with the fire and spirit of the day when he delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech in Chicago years ago, one realizes that the years have brought a tolerance and frankness that is even more refreshing than his memorable political addresses.

Cheers filled the tent as he mounted the platform, and even the humidity of the night and the stifling atmosphere seemed only further to kindle the enthusiasm. For a brief moment there was silence as the Colonel mounted the platform and dipped his hand into a pail filled with ice, took a piece in his hand and cooled his head. You could almost hear the corn crackle outside, so fast was it growing in the hot weather. The orator started in by suggesting that the audience make the choice of lecture to be given—whether it should be the "Prince of Peace" or "The Passing of Plutocracy." A vote was taken, "The Passing of Plutocracy" chosen, and without further preliminary, the silver-tongued orator of the Platte launched at once into his discourse and held the enraptured attention of the auditors until he said good-night. His voice rang out as clear as a bell and was pitched rather high, so that it could be heard at least a quarter of a mile from the tent in the quiet of the night. It has been truly said that no speaker of the present generation possesses a voice of such clarion qualities as Colonel Bryan's.

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Paradoxical as it may seem the Fourth of July is a poor Chautauqua day, and the meeting at Independence, Iowa (appropriate name) did not find the usual crowd for Colonel Bryan. No table d'hote after this, only a hasty bite at a lunch counter and then a rush to catch the train, for another change of cars was coming and a short rest at a hotel before Traer, Iowa, was reached. Traer is a typical Chautauqua town. It boasts about fourteen hundred people, and the daily Chautauqua attendance averaged as high as two thousand—in the hottest weather ever known. Traer is the home of Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, known hereabouts as "Tama Jim." The town possesses one of the most pretentious little opera houses in the state, and the farmers thereabouts all seem to ride around in automobiles. Farm land in the vicinity sells at an average price of two hundred dollars an acre, and such corn has never been looked upon in the history of man as that which nodded in the hot breezes that afternoon and glistened in the moonlight that night. The band had given a concert on the previous day, and the carefully selected program indicated the appreciation of good music among the farmers. No Boston symphony was ever enjoyed more thoroughly, nor a program more earnestly or artistically rendered. To see the sturdy farmers with their great brown hands and tanned faces and the women folk in ribbons and white dresses keenly enjoying it all, one no longer marvels that Chautauqua week is looked upon in these little towns of the Middle West as the great annual event.

Traer is indeed a home town. The reception committee was ready to prove it. An automobile ride about the city came first, and then there was the inevitable church supper, which Colonel Bryan enjoyed with the rest. The tent was erected in the city park, and the interest of the city was manifested when permission was given to cut down certain trees so that the tent might be erected in a desirable place. Many people who had come twenty or thirty miles to renew old acquaintances they had not met since the last Chautauqua gave the occasion a general aspect that counts for much to people on the farm. It was just one grand picnic time. There were boiled eggs and Dill pickles, and hams with the flavor and smoke of the farm, not the red and lurid kind which the market affords, but just ham—and all ham.

MR. BRYAN AND MR. CHAMP CLARK

Of course at Chautauqua there is red lemonade, hot roasted peanuts, and all those things that go with the tent performance. It all brings to mind that benign philosopher, the late P. T. Barnum. When addressing Sunday Schools he aroused an interest in the nature stories of the Bible which he told to the children as only P. T. Barnum could, and then there was no peace in the homes until fathers took their boys to P. T. Barnum's menagerie, and, incidentally, his circus, despite the stern parental mandate against performances where barebacked riders appeared. Children and babies are taken to Chautauquas, and even if there are four or five babies crying at the same time, it does not disturb the well-seasoned Chautauqua orator. He goes right on, and many a mother who comes to the Chautauquas with her little flock clinging to her skirts is for the first time brought in contact with world affairs and prominent men of the nation. And in years to come, no doubt, she will tell little Johnnie and little Bertie that she heard this or that great man at Chautauqua when he was a boy.

Now picture this scene lasting a whole week and duplicated in hundreds of cities throughout the Middle West, where the insurgent and progressive has been pouring forth his story, and it is not surprising that popular sentiment has been created. Many people, however, told me they were becoming weary of mere political harangues. They felt that they had quite enough of that, without charge, during political campaigns and that once a celebrity expounds his message he seems to "draw" according to the law of diminished returns on a second engagement. One prominent insurgent beneficiary of the Chautauqua system, thoroughly believing that the only hope of the country lay in the things he advocated, was indignant when Mr. Vawter suggested that he might want to have the other side of certain issues presented. But Mr. Vawter feels that the people ought to be given all sides and all phases of popular issues instead of allowing one coterie of men to feel that they control the voice of Chautauqua.

The great thing in a Chautauqua tour is the visits at the homes of the people, dropping in for a meal in the old-fashioned way, here and there, and meeting the people. Colonel Bryan insists that his Chautauqua work, arduous as it is, is a season of rare enjoyment, and that he prefers to work during the summer and rest in winter on his ranch in Texas. However one may view Colonel Bryan and his political ideas, as a Chautauqua orator he possesses a charm that is irresistible. People just like him.

On the railroad motor car, which resembles a torpedo boat, made of steel, with round portholes, Mr. Bryan was given a hearty ovation and hand-shake by the people along the route. Men, women and children all vied with one another to meet the distinguished editor of the *Commoner*. The auto trip from Grundy Center in a rainstorm that had broken the drought and swept over the great cornfields surrounding will be remembered as an incident. Every leaf seemed to bow in grateful appreciation of the heavens' bounteous blessing. The last night of the Chautauqua at Grundy Center was a success, no matter if there were pools of water here and there. The people expected no red plush Covent Garden lounge seats, but were content just to see and hear those who came to meet them face to face, and many were loth to leave as the stakes of the tent were pulled up to move on to another town, like a scene in "Polly of the Circus."

The train was late that night, and Colonel Bryan could not make connections except by a swift automobile trip of eleven miles across country. A heavy rainstorm threatened and the night was as dark as that pictured over the river Styx. Into the automobile, we plunged with the Colonel's portmanteau, which hastens with him around the world. We agreed that the description of that wild ride should go down to history as a companion piece to "Sheridan Twenty Miles Away." The collective imagination of the party was called upon to embellish the scene, but as the rear wheels were chained and the engine began chugging, out over the roads dashed the automobile to catch the 11.30 train—"eleven miles away." Now the story of the ride of Paul Revere may be poetic, but here was a ride where every mile and every minute counted on "catching a train," and "catching trains" is the issue among a large number of Americans today. As we hurdled around a corner the mile-post indicated only "ten miles away" and the cornfields swished like lonely pines. The heavens were lurid with forked lightning and the rain had "fell," and we talked of how this night's experience might live in a story—if we caught the train. There was another automobile that we tried to engage—but its owner was indifferent, even to the fame and distinction of William J. Bryan, for he too had a train to catch, and insisted that he had too much "luggage" already aboard. With Christian fortitude we later looked upon this dyspeptic motorist who had left us in the distance, trying to adjust a tire. Then with Samaritan grace, we stopped and offered him a lift. It was not necessary, for the other train due at 11.30 was also late. While one cannot picture the craggy peaks of Alpine scenery in a trip across central Iowa, the odor of that rich, black loam, the fragrance of the fields of hay and the rustling on the seas of cornfields has a picturesque beauty all its own, in the witchery of a dark night, as well as gorgeous canyons. On the road the peculiar light of a buggy or a wagon glimmered under the headlights, and a hearty "hello," given to farmers returning that night to their homes, ten, fifteen or twenty miles away, widened the spell and charm of Chautauqua days.

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In Mr. Vawter's extensive Chautauqua program there is just enough of band music and a sufficient variety to satisfy the people that they have a real value invested in the "course." There are no two programs alike. Every variety of legitimate platform production is given, and the range extends from light and popular entertainments to the heavy artillery of profound orators. It is really a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." The week's Chautauqua closes with a feeling among the people that they have had a big money's worth.

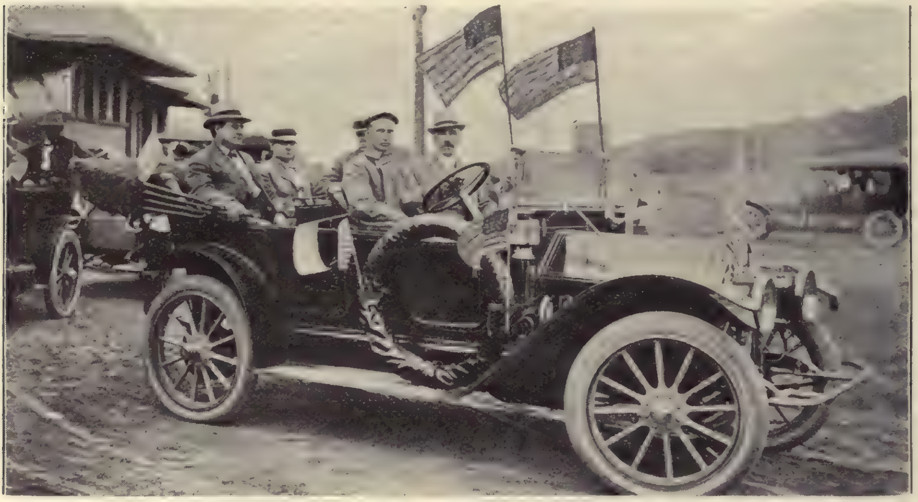
Sixty-eight cities and towns were included in Mr. Vawter's Chautauqua system the past season. There are ten plants all going at one time. The meetings begin on June 25 and continue until September first. A careful estimate upon the number of people immediately reached by his programs places the figure at a quarter of a million. No estimate can be made of the more remote effects of the work. The route selected and the details connected with the operation of a Chautauqua system is a marvel of systematic business development. Every detail of the organization is so nearly perfect that each man knows exactly what he has to do, and knows his route and the time allotted in the schedule so well that very seldom is there a hitch. The speakers and different entertainers are dispatched hither and thither with seldom a break in the program planned months previous. It may be that Governor Folk will have to change cars two or three times during the night at lonely junction points, or motor to some town for the early morning or night session, so that audiences will not be disappointed. But never mind—it is all a part of the Chautauqua system, and certainly no word was ever more appropriately used than the word "system" as applied to the Chautauqua work inaugurated and carried on by Mr. Vawter.

Not only is every detail in the handling and moving of physical equipment and talent perfected in advance, but an extensive and thorough advertising bureau is maintained. Literally hundreds of thousands of pieces of advertising are distributed annually. In addition to this, all local newspapers within the System territory are used for large display of the many features of the great programs. In this way the interest of the people is thoroughly awakened, and the sessions usually start off with the big tents filled.

The intentness and appreciativeness of the audience is inspiring to speakers and performers and more than compensates for the inconveniences of travel. Mr. Vawter oftentimes accompanies his star attractions and sees that they take plenty of rest and are given every comfort so that the audiences have the best service of all his talent. Leading men of affairs in all parts of the country have been out to the Chautauquas with their message. Mr. Vawter, with his system, has widely used such men as Senator La Follette, Speaker Champ Clark and Senator Gore. In the literary realm he has had Opie Read, Strickland W. Gilliland and others, and in the religious world such headliners as Dr. J. Parks

Cadman, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Bishops Quayle, McIntyre and McDowell and many others of prominence. "To be great," goes the saying, "is to be a Chautauqua star." Mr. Vawter visits many of the different towns and cities in person and has a most efficient corps of young college boys from all parts of the country who ably assist in the handling of his work. They not only attend to the details of the Chautauqua course proper, but they become the friends of the people in the various cities they visit, mingle with them and become a part of that city in its plans and purpose to make the Chautauqua a memorable success. After the guarantee is made by a number of citizens, the committee proceed to sell many tickets a year in advance before even a program is announced, which bespeaks the strong confidence the patrons of Mr. Vawter have in his Chautauqua week. It has taken patient and heroic work to make the Chautauqua System a success. Through every discouragement, Mr. Vawter has borne the trials, and against all attacks he has stood like a stone wall, and now that the System has proven a splendid success, there is a general rush for the band wagon.

The Chautauqua idea has a hold on the people of the West and proves the earnestness of their desire for information. It augurs well for the future of the republic—if they get the right information. True, the farmers have not the same problems as in the past, when fifteen-cent corn, three-dollar hay and ten-dollar land were the conditions that confronted them. The prosperity of today has its perils for farmers as well as for plutocrats. Many Iowa boys have left the farms and gone to other sections for cheaper lands, seeking their fortunes, which accounts for the decrease in the population of the Hawkeye State, but the loyalty to the Chautauqua and the educative spirit manifested indicates that lessons and ideas implanted in days of poverty and struggle have not been forgotten. There is sociability and comradeship in the Chautauqua, and the orators have something of the exhilarating experiences of the old-time circuit rider. Hotels and modern railway conveniences have eliminated many of the exciting events of pioneer days which brought people "close together" in neighborly association, in meeting common obstacles. The ruminating habits of the farmer, who ponders matters while in the broad fields and talks them over with neighbors, form a basic cornerstone of the Republic, and if he can hear all sides of a question discussed, the judgment of the farmer is like that of the weavers of Paisley—a keynote of national thought.



AUTOMOBILES IN THE RECEPTION AT DENISON, IOWA
Mr. Bryan and Mr. Vawter in the rear seat of the first machine

. . THE . .
LURE OF THE GUN

By

Samuel Wesley Long

BANG! Bang! Bang!

If, when taking a cross-country walk or a spin in your motor, you hear this incessant bang, bang, bang, do not think that a battle is in progress or that the feathered inhabitants of wood and field are being ruthlessly slaughtered. Nothing like that—no, indeed. It is simply a group of red-blooded sportsmen, and perhaps, sportswomen, too, satisfying the inherent American desire to burn gun-powder.

The means employed is a shot-gun fired at speeding "birds"—not flesh-and-blood birds, tender-hearted reader, but "clay birds" whose life exists only in the imagination of the shooters. The initiated call this trap-shooting.

But, perhaps, you have never been let into the mysteries and fascination of the sport. The trap-shooting fraternity is not a secret organization—though there is a Masonic-like brotherhood among those who know the allurement of the gun—so we will tell you of what the game consists which charms and holds its follower until Time robs the shooter of the strength to hold a gun in firing position.

While words may explain how trap-shooting is done, the most potent pen can no more describe the thrills and zest of the sport than it can convey an adequate idea of the goodness of a feast or bring to the quiet reading corner the soul-inspiring sounds of a symphony. You must eat the food, hear the music and shoot at the

WATCHING THE SCORE IN A TRAP SHOOTING EVENT traps before you can fully appreciate the pleasures thereof.

Five shooters take their positions sixteen or more yards to the rear of the trap-box, while back of them stands the "puller," grasping the lever which trips the spring and waiting for the shooter's word of command—"Pull."

A "clay pigeon" skims from the trap at a rate which violates all speed laws of man or bird. The muzzle of the shooter's gun swings with his body as if a part of him; his finger tightens on the sensitive trigger and a tongue of flame leaps from the barrel of the firearm. Bang! sish!—the shot has found its mark. A small cloud of dust floats in the air and myriad fragments of the target drop to earth.

"Dead," calls the judge and the scorer's pencil marks the figure "1" on the score sheet. A short three seconds have told the story complete.

The smoking shell from the first gun has scarce touched the ground ere the second man "up" has heard the welcome word "dead," or felt his heart sink within at the judge's decision, "lost" and the score board's showing of a "0."

Twenty-five, fifty or a hundred times, during an afternoon, the performance is repeated by each participant.

For the trap-shooter, Scotland may keep her golf, England her cricket, and India her polo—trap-shooting is American born and bred, and the powder-burning American will let no alien sport take the place of his own.

And how the trap-shooter pities the baseball fan or the football enthusiast! Poor fellow, all he can do is look on regardless of how his hands may itch to grasp the bat, or his body long to hurl itself into the struggling mass of twenty-one others. His part in the sport is simply mental—the trap-shooter enjoys the exercise of both mind and body.

"ALL READY, LET HER GO"—THE ANXIOUS MOMENT IN A TRAP SHOOTING EVENT

Out on the diamond, trap-shooting siren song lures many of the brightest stars in the baseball firmament. Hans Wagner, of the Pittsburg Nationals, has given it ear; "Big Chief" Bender, of the world's championship Athletics, finds satisfaction of his forebears' primeval hunting instinct in bagging "clay birds"; while Lester German forsook the pitcher's box in the New York Nationals to become a professional "player" in the greatest of American games.

John Philip Sousa gives millions pleasure in the music of his band; his own pleasure is found behind the traps with the accompanying music of the shot-gun's bang.

Trap-shooting, in a degree not approached by any other sport, draws its following from every walk of life. It knows no class or caste and neither purse or prestige establishes the shooter's standing—this is determined solely by his skill.

The trophies of the sport are not the mounted heads of "wild animals I have met," but medals, pitchers and loving cups galore. No other sport offers so many and so valuable rewards. All of these are for the amateur—the conditions laid down by the Interstate Association for the Promotion of Trap-Shooting see to this.

Trap-shooting is essentially a sport for the amateur, and professionalism, except the demonstration of guns, shells, and targets by paid representatives of the makers, is given scant encouragement. Nor is the inducement of a share of the "gate receipts" held out, for there are none. The game is decidedly more for the player than for the stand or gallery. The simple reason for this is that the spectator soon becomes a participant as the game can be played, with greater or less degree of success, by anybody and always with the keenest pleasure.

Trap-shooting is one of the most scientific of pastimes, requiring rapid calculation of "leads," "angles," "elevations," etc., nice decision and quick action. This co-ordinate exercise of the mental faculties, the nerves and muscles develops positive manly qualities which count in the affairs of life.

The sport is a panacea for brain fag, nerve exhaustion and kindred ills as it requires intense concentration on a pleasurable recreation without the physical strain which in so many sports more than offsets the benefits.

Other sports may boast of their attendance records—trap-shooting of the number who take active part in the meets. The Grand American Handicap is the most classic of modern sporting events with an annual list of over four hunderd entrants. The winner's reward in the principal event is $1,000 in cash and a diamond medal. The Eastern Handicap, Western Handicap, Southern Handicap, Pacific Coast Handicap, and the Post-Season Handicap are close rivals of the premier meet. The Eastern Handicap, held at Wilmington, Delaware, in July' had an entry list of two hundred and ten shooters.

HE FEELS CONFIDENT, HE KNOWS WHAT HE CAN DO

The Midwinter Handicap, an annual feature, on the grounds of the Pinehurst, North Carolina, Country Club is another shoot of national character. It has been dubbed the "Millionaires' Own," for the reason that the wealth represented behind the traps would make Croesus poor by comparison.

Then, there's the Westy Hogan shoot, an event as unique as its name is picturesque. And this is the story of the choosing of the title. In the smoking room of a hotel in a Pennsylvania mining town, a group of travelling men were recounting the glories of the quest of the furtive blue rock, when one of the number suggested the organization of a commercial men's trap-shooting club. As one man, all agreed to support the move, and there came the natural question of a name. Several titles were considered and each in turn was rejected, so the matter of christening the club was postponed to a future date.

The conversation drifted into other channels, and a member of the party told the story of Westy Hogan, the scene of whose exploits was this very town. Here's the story as the writer heard it retold: On the eve of an election for constable, some wag started a boom for Westy Hogan, a town character, in short, a hobo. So well did the practical joker manage the campaign that Hogan was overwhelmingly elected. With his election began the regeneration of Westy, and when he assumed his office, he launched forth as a full-fledged law-and-order guardian of the public peace and morals. Cocking mains and dog fights along with other crude and brutal sports were in vogue, but soon their death knell was sounded by the redoubtable Westy.

The first raid was made on a cock fight, held at night, in a barn. Big bets had been laid, and the sports were crowded about the pit urging their favorite birds on to victory when in walked Westy, an antiquated pistol in hand, and demanded the surrender of the fort. Consternation reigned and there was a wild scramble with volleys of oaths and imprecations on the head of Westy from the lips of his constituents. But Westy landed his chief quarry and the fat purse. Cock fighting thenceforth became unpopular as did its kindred sports.

The story finished, someone suggested that in honor of what Westy had accomplished in making sport clean, that the trap-shooting club members should be designated as Westy Hogans. And Westy Hogans they are. Today the Westy Hogans comprise one of the biggest clubs in the country. The annual meet is held on one of the large piers at Atlantic City. The targets are trapped over the broad waters of the ocean to be pulverized by the shot of some of the most noted amateur shooters in the United States.

AN IDEAL TRAP SHOOTING FIELD

Thousands of other clubs are scattered throughout the country. You will find them in every city and town, at cross-roads settlements, on the estates of rich men, and at colleges and universities.

Not alone in the land of its birth is trap-shooting popular, for "the king of sports" has become "the sport of kings" and a number of the crowned heads of Europe are among the devotees of the trap and spatter-gun. As do the king so do his subjects, therefore, the sport is not limited to court circles. Thus is being fulfilled the prediction that the breaking of the "clay bird" is the shot that will be heard around the sporting world.

Sut Lovegood's Experience With "Sody" Powders

By SAMUEL P. AVERY

“WELL, Sicily, she bought a tin box ov the sody from him, an' hid it away from her folks, a savin' it for me. I happen to pass by their place next day, an' ov cours I stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter, an' she wur mighty luvin' to me, put wun arm around my neck, an' tother wun whar the circingle goes around a hoss, tuk the 'inturn' on me with her left foot, and gin me a kiss. Says she, 'Sutty, love, I've got somethin' for ye, a new sensashun'—an' I believed it, for I begun tu feel it already. My toes felt like little minners wur a niblin' at 'em—a cold streak run up and down my back like a lizzard with a turkey hen after him in settin' time, my heart felt hot and onsatisfied like, an' then I'd a cut ole Soul's throat, if she'd hinted at needsisity fur sich an operashun. Then she poured ten or twelve blue papers ov the sody inter a big tumbler, and about the same number ov white wuns inter tuther tumbler, an' put nigh onto a pint ov water on both ov them, an' stirred 'em both up with a case knife, lookin' as solemn as a ole jackass in a snowstorm, when the fodder's all gin out. She hilt wun while she told me to drink tuther. I swallowed it at wun run—tasted salty like, I thot it wur part of the sensashun. But I wur mistaken, all ov the cussed infernal sensashun wur to cum, and it wurn't long at it, hoss, you'd believe me. Then she gin me tother tumbler, and I sent it after the fust, race-horse fashion.

“In about wun moment an' haf, I thot I'd swallered a thrashin' machine in full blast, ur a cupple ov bull dogs, and they had set inter fitin'. I seed that I wur cotched agin—same family dispersition to make cussed fools ov themselves every chance—so I broke for my hoss. I stole a look back, an thar Sicily lay on her back in the porch a screemin' with laffin,' her heels up in the air, a kickin' ov them together like she wur a tryin' tu kick her slippers off. But I had no time to look then, and thar wur a road of foam frum the house tu the hoss two foot wide and four inches deep—looked like it had been a snowin'—I had gethered a cherry tree limb as I run, and I lit astraddle ov my hoss a whippin' an' a kickin' like mad. This, with the scarey noises I made (fur I wur a whislin', and a hissin', and a sputterin' outer mouth, nose an' eyes like a steam engine), sot him a rearin' and cavortin' like he was skeered out of his senses. Well, he went, the foam rolled, and the old black hoss flew. He just mizzled—scared ni tu death, and so wur I. So we agreed on the pint uv the greatest distance in the smallest time.

“I aimed for Doctur Goodman's at the Hiwassee Copper Mines, tu get somethin' to stop the exploshun in my in'ards. I met a sercuit rider on his travels towards a fried chicken an' a hat full of ball biskits. As I cum tarin' along he hilt up his hands like he wanted to pray fur me, but as I preferred physic tu prayer, in my pecooliar situwashun at that time, I jist rolled along. He tuck a skeer as I cum ni on tu him, his faith gin out and he dodged hoss, saddilbags, an' overcoat inter a thicket jist like you've seed a terkil take water often a log when a tarin' big steamboat cums along. As he passed ole man Burns, Sicily hailed him and axed him if he'd met anybody in a hurry gwine up the road. The poor man thought perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't, but he'd seen a site, uv a spook, uv a ghost, uv ole Beelzebub himself, ur the komit, he didn't adzactly know which, but takin' all things together an' the short time he'd for preparashun, he thought he met a crazy, long-legged, shakin' Quaker, a fleein' from the wrath tu cum, on a black an' white spotted hoss, a whippin' ov him with big brush, an' hed a white beard that cum from ni unto his eyes to the pummil ov the saddil, and then forked an' went to his knees, an' then sumtimes drapped in bunches as big as a crow's nest tu the ground, an' hearn a sound like a rushin' of mity waters, and he wur mitily exercised about it enyhow. Well, I guess he wur, an' so wur his fat hoss, and so wur old blackey; wust exercised ov all ov 'em wur I, myself. Now, George, all this beard and spots on the hoss, an' steam, an' fire, an' show an' wire tails is oudacious humbug. It all cum outen my inards an' ef it hadn't I'd a busted into more pieces than thar is aigs in a big catfish. The Lovengoods are all confounded fools, an' dad ain't the wust ov 'em."

THE SMILIN' FOLKS

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

I'VE seen a lot o' people,
  An' I've been most ev'rywhere;
I've heard the joy-bells ringin',
  An' I've heard a pirate swear;
But wherever I have journeyed,
  In the North, East, South, or West,
I've noticed it's th' smilin' folks
  That get along th' best.

It's the man behind the scowlin'
  That gets the frosty mitt,
An' when brickbats are a-flyin',
  He's most likely to get hit;
While his neighbor who keeps smilin',
  Meets with welcome signs galore,
An' when good things are a-passin',
  Folks all say, "Do have some more."

It's the fellow with the jolly
  An' the glad an' ready hand,
That always takes first money
  An' leads the Joyville Band;
While the darn fool who keeps frownin'
  Has a sad heart 'neath his vest—
Yep, the folks that do the smilin'
  Somehow get along the best.

The Break in the RIVER

by

George Ethelbert Walsh

IT HAD been raining for a week, intermittently at first, and then in torrential floods. Beauchamp sighed with relief when the skies cleared. No one knew better than the engineer that the change had come none too soon. He had grown thin and hollow-eyed under the ordeal, watching the river-gauge rise steadily until it seemed as if the pent-up waters would burst their barrier and rush through the rock-hewn tunnel to demolish the half-completed dam.

"Another twenty-four hours of rain would finish us," he said slowly, a slight quaver in his voice. "Jim, I'm going to Caxton City tonight. I'll get back tomorrow early. Keep the men at the concrete work on the night shift, and in the morning we'll see how much damage the rain has done."

"But the men are afraid of the river breaking through. Burley told me that he had hard work to keep them from striking this afternoon."

Beauchamp yawned, and dismissed the objection with a remark.

"Yes, but it was raining then. Now it has cleared off there'll be no danger. Tell Burley he must rush them while I'm away."

Jim Warren opened his mouth to protest further, but the door opened and closed so quickly that he spoke to empty air. He glared a minute at the spot where Beauchamp had stood, and then shrugged his shoulders with contempt.

"Guess there won't be any work in the tunnel tonight, and the dam can go to—"

He whistled softly. His thoughts made him smile, but there were no words to give audible expression to it. Furtively he glanced at a letter which he abstracted from his pocket. It seemed to bring pleasant memories to his mind, and eventually he whispered under his breath:

"Ten thousand! Gee! it would take me five years to earn that!"

So absorbed in the contemplation of the prize dangling before his eyes, Jim did not hear the door of the shanty open, and was made aware of it only by the violent gust of wind which whipped the letter from his hand and sent it scurrying across the dimly lighted room. With the agility of an animal he leaped across the low wooden railing in pursuit of the precious document. But another was ahead of him. A small white hand snatched it from the floor and held it tantalizingly away from him.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody some good," a rich, girlish voice exclaimed.

Jim, forgetting everything except his guilt, snatched at the letter, and demanded gruffly:

"Give me that! It's mine!"

The girl, laughing in his face, held the letter back of her. In order to reach it he had to come close to her. With one hand grasping her arm, and the other half enclosing her body—fresh and fragrant with the keen scent of the outdoor air—the anger of Jim at his tormentor suddenly evaporated. He looked into the laughing eyes, admiring the fresh rose-tint of the cheeks, and for a moment felt the intoxication of the sudden contact with her lithesome body. His own eyes danced with a new light, and a smile changed the ugly expression of his face.

"Madeline," he said, holding the captured arm aloft, and looking straight into the eyes now so close to his, "that letter contains good news for me."

Somewhat sobered by his changed attitude, she attempted to relax her arm and yield the letter, but he was in no hurry to seize it now. "I'm glad of it, Jim," she said simply. Then coquettishly: "Is it from some girl?"

Jim frowned; he did not like her banter when it took such a turn; she knew—he had told her a dozen times—that there was only one girl for him.

"It's a promise of a fortune—not a very large one—but enough to begin with," he said slowly. "Enough," he added a moment later with deliberate emphasis—"for a man to get married on."

She grew suddenly uncomfortable under his gaze, and wrenched her arm free from his grasp. "I'm glad then for your sake, Jim," she repeated earnestly.

"But aren't you glad for another's sake?" he asked pointedly. Then seizing her hand again, he said, "Madeline, now that this is coming to me, you'll marry me, won't you? I know I've been a shiftless sort of a fellow, but with this to begin with I can make a new start. With ten thousand dollars what can't a fellow do? Ten thousand dollars, Mad! Think of it! It is a lot of money, and—"

"Jim, please don't," she interrupted, frowning so that her pretty face was painfully drawn. "You know I can't. I've told you—Jim, why can't we be friends and not think of the other thing?"

There was an earnest appeal in the eyes and voice, but they were lost on the man. His own brow darkened, and a menacing, metallic gleam glinted in the eyes.

"You don't love me any more," he began thickly, "because"—

"Jim!" she said warningly.

"Because he—this chap, with his money and good looks—"

She flung the hands from her, and faced him with flushed cheeks. "I never loved you, and you know it, Jim," she cried out angrily. "Please stop speaking of—of—"

There was a sneer in his laugh; it was bitter and merciless. When he spoke again an evil expression had distorted his features, a look full of craftiness and cunning.

"Well," he began slowly, marking time with his cruel words, "you will have your pains for nothing. He thinks of you only—only—"

Again she interrupted him with a sharp exclamation, and if there had been any mercy in his make-up he would have crushed the rest of the sentence on his lips; but Jim Warren was as unscrupulous in his love-making as in his somewhat shady business transactions.

The rest of the sentence was finished in a whisper, but the sting was as great as if the words had been shouted aloud. They electrified the girl into sudden rage. Turning fiercely upon the speaker she hissed:

"It's a lie, Jim Warren, and you know it!"

Then, with a sob escaping her tightly drawn lips, she turned away to hide her confusion. Jim Warren watched the effect of his words with crafty delight. Her anger and bewilderment did not conceal her real feelings—and this gave him a momentary pang of silent rage; but her rising pride and indignation he viewed with hope and exultation.

"Mad," he began in a purposely humble and contrite voice, "I'm sorry I had to tell you, but it was the truth—and I had to."

There was no response from the girl. She stood with her back to him, still unconsciously holding the letter in her hand.

"You won't hate me for this, will you?" he continued in a wheedling voice. "You know, Mad, I love you, and would do anything for you."

She shuddered at the mention of the word love, and it seemed to rouse her from her apathy. She turned fiercely upon him and exclaimed:

"Then if you will do anything for me, Jim Warren, never mention love to me again. If you do, I think—*I'll—hate—you.*"

Jim recoiled at this outburst. Gathering her loose cloak about her, the girl moved toward the door. She still clutched the letter in her hand. Jim was suddenly aroused from the bewilderment caused by the storm her words had invoked, by the sight of the fluttering piece of paper. He sprang between her and the door.

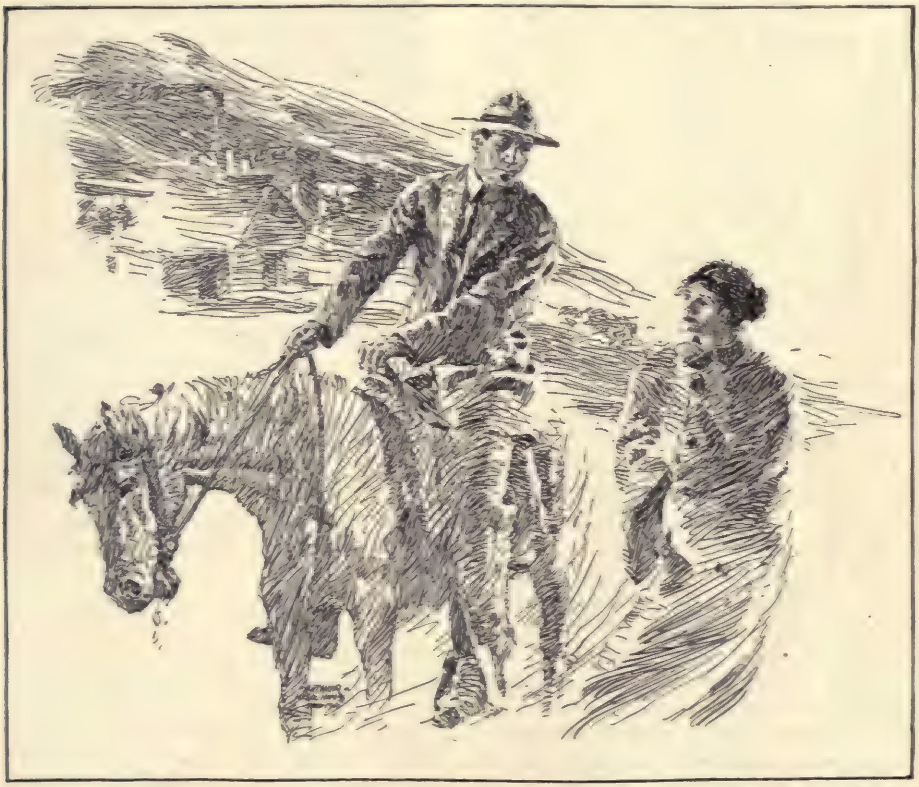
"That's mine," he said roughly. "Let me have it!"

Madeline shoved the letter toward him, but, with no intention of reading or even glancing at it, her eyes took in the heavy, black-typed headlines. The next moment Jim had seized and concealed the letter from her view. In the doorway she hesitated, and then, as an afterthought, she asked:

"What good fortune is the Power, Wenstock Company offering you, Jim?"

There was an inarticulate growl from across the room, but Madeline softly closed the door and disappeared.

Outside the air was cold and crisp, with a blustering wind sweeping down from the hills, which, as it roared through the great tunnel, gouged out of the solid mountain, whined and moaned like the sighs of departed souls. Madeline shuddered and drew her cloak tighter across her shoulders. Pools of rainwater had collected in the hollows of the rocks. She splashed in one of these and slipped so that she nearly lost her balance.



"The men can put in a good night's work on the concrete work. I told Jim to make Burley hustle with it"

Then out of the darkness a horseman suddenly loomed so close to her that she could have touched the rider. There was a moment of peering silence; then the man on horseback said:

"That you, Madeline?"

The girl nodded her head, but essayed no reply.

"Been up to the office?" Beauchamp continued.

Ordinarily the question would have produced no effect on the girl, but now it sent the hot flush of shame and mortification to her cheeks. She resented the idea that he should think for an instant that she had been seeking him. Was there no other reason why she should visit the office?

"Well, I'm sorry I've got to go to Caxton tonight," Beauchamp continued, not noticing the girl's quivering figure. "It's important business, and I must be back by early morning. This rain has worried me a good deal. I'm almost afraid of a break in the river, and then—"

He laughed harshly; it was unnecessary to finish the sentence. Madeline knew, everybody in camp knew, what it meant.

"I must be off," the rider said after a pause, as if speaking to himself. "The men can put in a good night's work on the concrete work. I told Jim to make Burley hustle with it." As if suddenly conscious of the silent figure at his side, he added, leaning over to touch her hand:

"Good-bye, little girl. I'll see you in the morning!"

But he did not touch the hand. Madeline withdrew it so quickly that he had no chance. Like a shadow she disappeared in the gloom, and Beauchamp, wondering at the unexpected repulse, remained in silent contemplation for a few moments. Nothing had ever come between the two in their year of companionship, and the girl's sudden actions made him sigh. Yes, Madeline had helped and encouraged him in those twelve months of almost superhuman work, when, lonely and sore pressed, he had struggled against almost insuperable odds. A hundred times he had sought her companionship when it seemed as if he must go mad without something to divert his mind from the terrible brooding. And Madeline had never failed him, with her sweet smile and laughing pleasant ways, with her womanly sympathy, which, in spite of youth and the seeming irresponsible innocence of a child, was more to him than if she had been of mature age. She understood—for she had been brought up in the mountains, and knew the terrible vengeance they could wreak upon man.

Unconsciously her footsteps led her now toward the great dam. The flare of the lights ahead made the darkness around more intense. Forms were flitting here and there, and she knew that the workers were busy filling the concrete forms. They had to make up for lost time, and the night shift was doubled.

In spite of her brooding, Madeline was drawn to the dam like iron filings to a magnet. The completion of the undertaking on schedule time had always been as important to her as to Beauchamp. The spirit of the enterprise had entered her blood like new wine.

When she reached the outskirts of the row of flaring lights she was astonished to see the men quitting work. Several forms had been tamped down and covered, but no new ones were touched. The men were piling their tools in the toolhouse, and a few were already peeling off their rough overalls.

Madeline, aroused from her unpleasant reveries by the sight, felt her old interest in the work revived. Why were they quitting? Orders. Who from? The boss. Where was Burley, the foreman? She caught sight of the big man before the words were scarcely out of her mouth. She almost ran to his side, tripping over a misplaced pick, and then breathlessly:

"Why are your men quitting work, Mr. Burley?"

"Orders, Miss Madeline," the good-natured foreman replied. He liked the little slip of a girl who seemed to haunt the tunnel and dam by day and night.

"But—but—" hesitatingly and with a rising flush on her cheeks—"I just left Mr. Beauchamp, and he told me that the night shift was to work hard on the concrete. He wanted to make up for the time lost by the rain."

Burley looked askance at her; then, apologetically, he stammered:

"Sure I understood right. But I'll make certain. It came over the 'phone from the office not ten minutes ago."

Madeline's quick mind tried to count backward. Was it ten minutes or half an hour since she left Beauchamp? Had he gone straight from her to the office and changed his mind about the night shift's work? No, he had ridden down the road toward Caxton City.

"I wish, Mr. Burley," she said slowly, "that you'd ring up the office again and make sure, for I—"

"Sure, Miss Madeline, I'll do it."

Burley strode into the telephone room of the old shanty. He was gone so long that Madeline was conscious of a sensation of disaster impending. When he finally appeared again he wore a perplexed expression on his face.

"Mr. Beauchamp has gone to Caxton," he said slowly, scratching his head, "but Warren's there, and he says to stop work. It was Mr. Beauchamp's last orders."

Madeline frowned and bit her lip. Had Jim fresh orders or—or—suddenly Madeline saw Jim's letter before her eyes, with the black-typed headlines of the Power, Wenstock Company on it. She gasped and held her breath. What were they writing to Jim for, and what good fortune were they promising him? Had Jim sold out to—

"Mr. Burley," she gasped suddenly, "will you do me a favor? I'm afraid there's some mistake. Order your men to work on the concrete and keep them there until I return. I'm going up to see Jim. I—I—think he must be mistaken, for I saw Mr. Beauchamp not more—"

"Sure, Miss Madeline—sure I'll do it for you," interrupted the foreman. "Not a mother's son of 'em will quit work until you return—not if it's until tomorrow night."

Madeline thanked him, and as Burley ordered the men back to work in his loud, raucous voice, she turned and fled back toward headquarters. Twenty minutes later she burst into the room so recently the scene of her mortification. But it was empty. The dim oil light was burning low, and into the murky corners she peered anxiously.

"Jim! Jim!" she called quickly. "Jim, where are you?"

There was no response. She walked behind the low wooden railing. Jim's desk was littered with papers, but nothing to indicate where he was. She drifted over to the other desk; it was Beauchamp's, and she hesitated about touching anything on it.

Then a great fear that something had happened or was about to happen possessed her. Alone there in the rambling rookery of a building, she instinctively glanced around in fear. Near her on the desk was a pistol, a small weapon which Beauchamp had playfully called his toy. She picked it up and slipped it under her dress. With the weapon in her possession she felt her courage return.

She stopped out in the middle of the room, and tried to think. Where was Jim, and what was he doing? Why had he countermanded Beauchamp's orders? What did the letter from the Power, Wenstock Company portend? What was the mystery of it all?

She puzzled her brain until her head ached. What could she do? Was it her duty to telephone Burley? She walked across the room, opened the door and looked out. It was starlight, but cold and crisp. The rain was over for good, and the weather ideal for concrete setting.

She could see the distant flare of the workmen's lights down by the dam, and she remembered Burley's words that he would keep them at it until she returned. She smiled. Well, she would not return at once. But where was Jim?

She walked toward the tunnel's lower end. It was dark and forbidding in the great hollow tube hewn through the rocks. A cold blast of air swept through it. Up at the other end of it was the Swift River, whose waters would some day flow tumultuously through the great bore. Even now they were chafing close to the top of the embankment to cut loose from their old channel and go plunging down the artificial way.

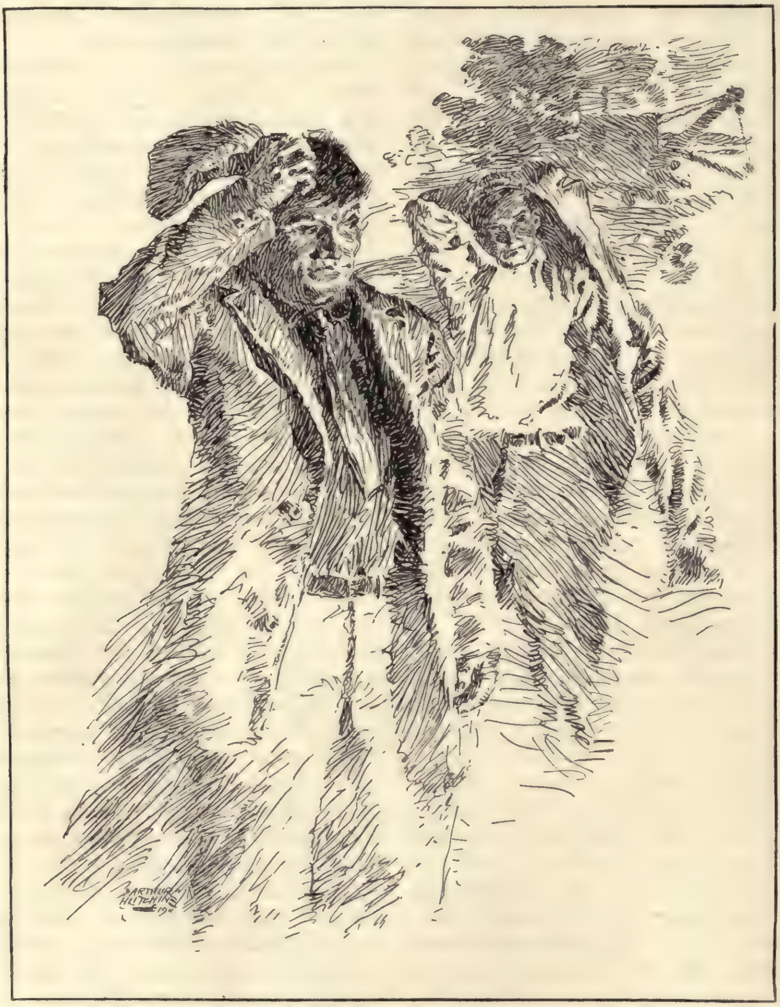
Madeline walked a few paces into the tunnel. She stopped to listen to the uncanny roar of the wind. Could it be that Jim had gone up to the head of the tunnel to see if everything was all well? Probably that would explain his absence. Possibly some new danger was threatening, a leak had been discovered—and Burley had been ordered to stop work on the dam.

The fear of this perplexed Madeline. First she turned to hurry back to Burley, and then she moved up the tunnel a few yards. Somewhere, far in the distance, a flicker of a light caught her gaze. It disappeared almost as quickly as it came.

It was near the head of the tunnel. Undoubtedly Jim was up there with a lantern.

Without further hesitation she ran as fast as the rough, uneven rocks would permit through the dark tunnel. The wind whipped her skirts and nearly tripped her. But, breathlessly, and with hair streaming behind like a banner, she hurried on. The wind suddenly ceased to torment her, and she knew she was out of the tunnel. Overhead the stars were shining.

She called Jim's name softly, fearing to raise her voice through some nameless dread. But there was no response, and no flickering light. Had she been deceived? Was the light but a mere optical delusion?



"Mr. Beauchamp has gone to Caxton," he said, "but Warren's there, and he says to stop work"

Another noise had now taken the place of the roar of the rushing tunnel winds. It was the low swishing, gurgling ripple of the river. Far above her head towered the natural embankment which confined the waters. This embankment had been cut away for the head of the tunnel, and props and artificial supports had been built up to strengthen it during the recent rains.

Madeline shuddered as she listened to the insidious gurgling of the waters. What wreck and devastation they could do if they once escaped their confines! Impelled by some subtle impulse to see the river, she climbed up the embankment, selecting an easy roundabout course which she knew. The turbulent stream was rushing like a race horse along the low shores, and the water had crept within a few inches of the top of the embankment. A rise of another twelve inches might have brought about disaster. How thankful she was for the clear skies overhead.

She looked up—and then started. A flash out of the darkness, not twenty feet away, made her heart leap. She drew near with stealthy step. She could see something dark huddled in a natural niche in the rocks. With staring eyes she tried to make out the outlines of the figure.

There was another flash of a match. This time she was so close that she made out Jim Warren's features. A great thankfulness entered her heart.

"Jim! Jim!" she cried. "Jim, what are you doing there?"

In reply to her query, the figure leaped up and exclaimed angrily:

"Damn!"

Something in the voice and manner of the approaching figure warned Madeline that she was dealing with a desperate man. She retreated a step or two, and said:

"Stop, Jim! Not another step until you explain!"

A harsh, bitter laugh escaped Jim's lips, and with a disregard of all consequences he exclaimed:

"Explain! I'll explain nothing to you—you—"

In the dim light Madeline caught sight of his ugly face. It frightened her; this was not Jim, her old playmate. It must be some stranger—some desperate wretch thirsting for her life and honor.

"Jim, stop where you are!" she commanded. "If you come nearer—I'll—shoot."

He hesitated for an instant, staring incredulously at the girl and the shining weapon in her hand. Then he laughed again.

"Shoot? You don't dare! There—take that!"

With a sudden duck and spring he attempted to run in and strike the weapon upward; but it exploded, either intentionally or by accident, at the same instant. With a curse and a groan on his lips, the man toppled over and fell face downward to the ground.

Madeline, appalled by the tragedy, stood a moment in absolute silence, too bewildered and confused to act or cry out. The weapon dropped from her hand, and she knelt by his side, her agitation so great that she could barely turn the face over to peer into the half-closed eyes. There was blood on his arm and hand, and a tiny stream trickled down one cheek.

She hurried to the river to bring some water to bathe his forehead; but her hands trembled so that she spilt it, and, half way back, she had to return for more. When she finally reached the spot where she had left him, with his white face staring up at the cold, starless sky, she looked around her in confusion. She was so bewildered that she spilt the water again, and a little sob shook her slender body.

Jim was not there! She peered here and there among the bushes, glanced up at the sky, and back at the river, as if to get her lost bearings. What mysterious witchery of the night had caused this magic? Or was she simply so agitated that she was not sure of the spot where Jim had fallen?

Something shining in the darkness attracted her attention. She uttered a little cry of surprise, and stooped to pick it up. It was the pistol she had dropped in her excitement. Then where was Jim? She had left him only a few minutes before lying cold and unconscious by the side of the weapon. Had he crawled away in the bushes to die? She hunted around on hands and knees, examining rocks and bushes with frightened, strained eyes. But fear and a guilty conscience had stripped Jim of all his bravado, and lent wings to his feet.

Her search led her to the spot where

she had first seen the flare of light. Her hands touched a hammer and drill, a few half-burnt matches, and then something soft and cottony. She struck a match, but hastily blew it out in alarm, for in that one short, swift instant she saw the fuse, the giant powder, the drilled hole in the rock, and Jim's cap.

Beauchamp found her there the next morning—cold, stiff and sleepy, but with eyes still alert and watchful. Her all-night vigil had told on her nerves, and Beauchamp gathered her unresistingly in his arms. When he spoke her name softly and tenderly, she broke down and sobbed on his shoulders.

"Where is Jim, Madeline?" he asked as he pressed a kiss on the cold lips.

She looked up wistfully, smiled and replied:

"I think he's gone on strike. He had another job offered him."

IN A HUNDRED YEARS

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THERE'S a lot o' folks a-kickin'
  But they're wastin' precious words
When they'd better be a-list'nin'
  To th' singin' of th' birds.
For y' won't live any longer
  If y' fill a sea with tears—
All your cares will be forgotten
  In a hundred years.

If creditors are many
  An' persistent in demands
For payment, an' they threaten
  To foreclose your house an' lands,
You might worry until doomsday
  And you'd still retain your fears
But your debts will all be outlawed
  In a hundred years.

This world's o'errun with grafters
  An' bad boodlers an' th' like;
Sometimes you'd think the honest folks
  Was all gone on a strike.
But it won't help things to worry
  Over this, when it appears
All th' grafters 'll be dead ones
  In a hundred years.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE PRINTER AND PUBLISHER; THE DISCOVERY OF PRINTING, 1400-1440

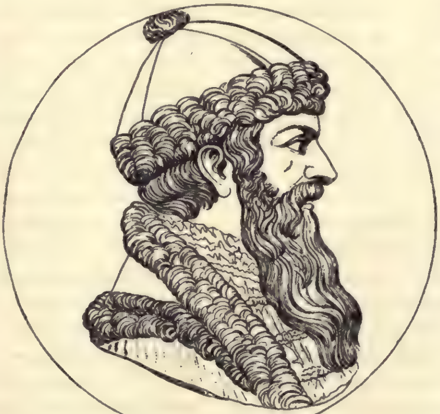
By Charles Winslow Hall

IT is a not uncommon idea to date the invention of printing at about A. D. 1440, and to consider the printer and publisher as distinct and separate callings; both of which views seem hardly to be sustained by the history of human development.

Since the beginning the nobility of human achievement has been recognized and recorded; chiefly at first by tradition embodied in song and story, but in a very remote past by rude emblems and ruder pictures carven on wood, cut or engraved in stone, ivory, metal or bone, or inscribed with various pigments or savage embroidery on the skins of beasts and the bark of trees.

From such aids to tradition and memory gradually arose the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and eventually the Alphabet, of which each letter to a greater or less extent perpetuated the salient features of some hieroglyph of the past. Nearly all ancient writing was done by hand, whether on enduring stone, lead or brass, on the soft clay of cylinder, tile and brick, the prepared skins of animals, smooth slabs of fine-grained wood, the bark of trees, tissues of linen, silk and cotton, or that far-famed papyrus paper, whose use as a cheaper substitute for parchment and vellum long survived Egyptian dynasties.

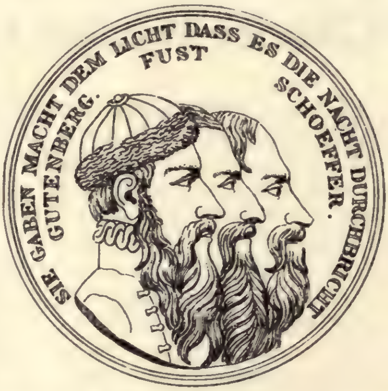
It was not until the Arabian Mohametans had conquered the valley of the Nile that the cultivation and manufacture of the papyrus died out in the land of its origin. In Italy its use was prolonged, but gradually growing less by degrees until the Eleventh Century; and some hundreds—nay, thousands of papyri containing Greek and Latin treatises have been exhumed from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In France it was still largely used, especially at Marseilles, until in the Eighth Century the scribes of Charlemagne (or Charles Martel) availed themselves of ancient papyri, from which they erased the wisdom of the past to



LARGE PLAQUE OF
JOHN GUTENBERG, PARIS, 1818

serve the more sordid needs of the monarchy.

The Greeks of Pergamus are said to have first prepared parchment from the skins of the goat or sheep. They were curried, deprived of all fat, thinned uniformly by the knife, dyed, or whitened, and finally rubbed down with pumice stone to a smooth and even surface. Called *pergamenum* from the city of its origin, the new material became *parchemin* in archaic French and "parchment" in the English tongue. In the Middle Ages the monks, who, indeed, were the chief consumers of writing materials, became noted for their skill in the production of fine, or as it was called "virgin" parchment; the Abbey of Cluny in France being especially distinguished in the Twelfth Century. It was made of the skins of still-born kids and lambs. The whiter, smoother and more transparent parchment, known as vellum, was made from the skins of immature calves.


SIE GABEN MACHT DEM LICHT DASS ES DIE NACHT DURCHBRICHT
GUTENBERG.
FUST
SCHOEFFER.

MEDAL TO GUTENBERG, FUST AND SCHOEFFER, MAYENCE, 1840

The cost of either of these materials for bookmaking or recording was a heavy and constantly increasing burden. As knowledge increased and the demand for books, records, legal conveyances and personal business and private correspondence increased, the supply of new parchment and vellum failed to increase in volume and to diminish in price, and the classics of Greece and Rome and many an antique history, romance and poem was ruthlessly expunged that the economical or pious copyist could secure a cheap and well-finished parchment.

Even this did not satisfy the ever-increasing need and demand for literature and correspondence; and it was a tradition of the horror-stricken *Scriptores* of "Old Gaul" that the Abbe Rivas, attracted by the extreme tenuity and smoothness of the leaves of a Bible of the Thirteenth Century, became convinced that the satiny skin of a beautiful woman had furnished the parchment-maker with raw material for his unrivalled product. In another instance, one Gayer de Sansale, a famous *bibliothecaire* of the College of the Sorbonne at Paris, declared that some one had dressed and finished human skin to make the parchment used for certain Decretals.

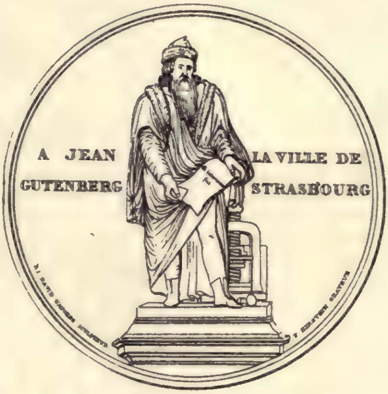
The cost of materials and copying, illuminating and binding books by hand made them the treasures of rich collectors and the pride of museums, palaces and convent libraries. Immense sums were invested in them, and a rare or unusually original copy became a gem in value, as well as sentiment. Cicero, whose magnificent library was almost as famous as its owner's eloquence, declared that he had seen a parchment roll containing the entire "Iliad" of Homer, which was compressed between the shells of a nut, a work of extreme skill and patience, which a French savant, M. Huet, has since demonstrated was within the range of possibility. Many such *tours de force* are said to have demonstrated the skill of ancient copyists and their economy of parchment and vellum.

In the Eighth Century it was with great difficulty that a monk of the rich Abbey of Saint Gall, France, gathered piece by piece sufficient parchment to begin the transcription of a rare work. Later, in 1120, a monk employed to prepare a copy of the Bible could not find in all England sufficient parchment for the purpose.

In the Fifteenth Century parchment had not only improved in quality, but diminished in price, until it became relatively cheap and plentiful. It was due to the appearance in the markets of Europe of "Greek parchment," as it was called in western Europe, when late in the Tenth Century the Venetians began to sell in the Occident the new fabric, "believed to be of Chinese origin," which they found in use at Byzantium, among the subjects of the "Grecian King."

Originally of cotton, which plant, by

the way, seems to have been grown to some extent about Jericho, in Palestine, and to have been described by the pilgrims of the Tenth Century, its soft fiber was at an early date used by the Greeks to make paper, and was soon after taken up by Italian manufacturers. It is said that certain diplomas issued by the Norman kings of Sicily were inscribed on paper, and in France, under Saint Louis, it was used for ordinary letters and memoranda. Thick, spongy, easily torn, and affected by humidity and heat, its bad quality and lack of durability and evenness long unfitted the new medium for authoritative laws or the transcription of valuable works.



STATUE TO JOHN GUTENBERG
CITY OF STRASBURG, 1840

So great were the defects of the earlier papers that the Emperor Frederick of Germany in 1221 ordained that all Acts written on paper should become null and void, unless the same should within two years be duly transcribed on parchment.

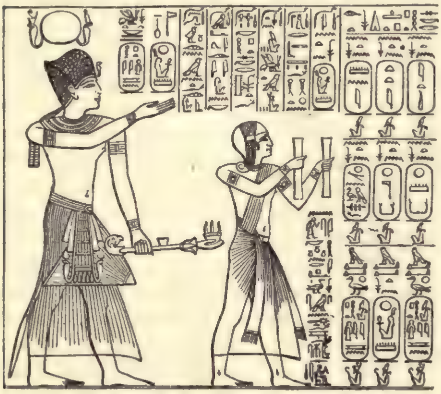
Linen paper appears to have been first made about 1125, and a French bishop of Lodere chartered a paper mill on the Herault in 1189, but its use was by no means general until over a century later. The most ancient documents on linen paper still existing include a letter of the Sieur de Joinville to Louis X of France (1315), and the minutes of the interrogatories of the hapless Knights Templars, charged with sorceries and other high crimes and misdemeanors in 1309. Still earlier is a register of the Spanish Chancellery of the year 1237, preserved at Barcelona, and an inventory of the estate of Prior Henri of Canterbury, who died in 1340, and some specimens of authentic titles, dated 1335, are kept in the British Museum.

Paper mills of considerable importance were established in France, notably at Essone and Troyes, in the reign of Philippe de Valois about the middle of the Fourteenth Century. Germany, Italy and Holland also took up the new manufacture at about the same date, and the water marks of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries are in themselves an evidence of considerable and varied competition. The first English paper mill appears to have been built at Hertford in 1588, the year of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

On the several materials used various writing instruments were employed. On stone and metal the graver and chisel; on the wax-covered tablet, the sharp point of the stiletto-like stylus; on the papyrus roll the pointed nib of the calamus reed pen or its Roman bronze or silver imitation, the prototype of our modern metallic pens; and on parchment and paper, quill pens from the wing-feathers of swan, eagle, goose and raven, deftly nibbed, split and pointed to suit the fancy of the scribe and the nature of his work. The Chinaman preferred, as he does today, a brush pencil, and the savages of a thousand tribes had their own rude representatives of the brush and pen. Lead plummets were used for ruling from the earliest times up to the Nineteenth Century.

The use of colored parchments, papyri and paper dates far back into the past, and even in the Middle Ages *de luxe* volumes, inscribed in gold and silver on purple or golden yellow parchment, were highly prized, and even forbidden by law to any but princes and church dignitaries. This style of display gave way to the lavish illumination in gold or colors on a white ground, which reached its highest perfection in the Fifteenth Century. It was also succeeded by the common use of the *rubric*, or red-lettered words and sentences, which represented the authority of a government, or "Mother Church," or the more important introductory or explanatory subject-matter.

Illustrations in ink and initial letters in the cheaper class of books were stamped upon the paper long before the development of the art of printing, which invention, it should be said, was rather the production of movable types, and using them in any desired combination, than a demonstration that a given word or emblem could be imprinted, instead of inscribed. That this was not the case numberless examples of the most ancient dates go to prove.



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS
FROM ABYDOS

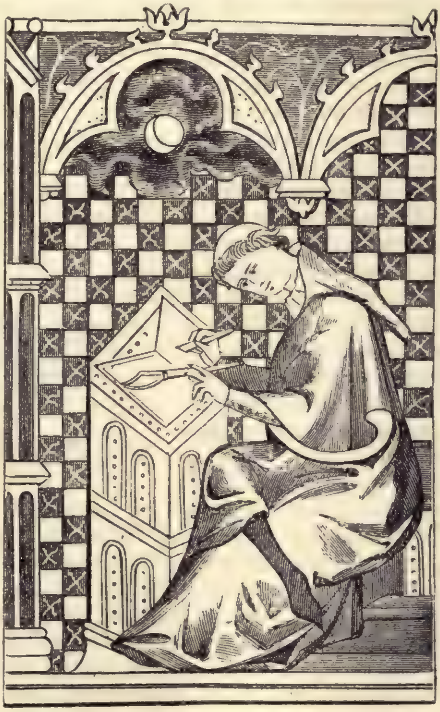
The imprint of the "Bloody Hand" on savage brows and breasts, carefully dressed robes and the prehistoric ruins of Uxmal and Palenque; the iron brand of the herdsman on unenclosed kine; of the executioner on the degraded criminal, and of the keeper of public property on the weapons and movables of king and prince; the cartouches of Babylonian monarchs on tile and brick, and the "badge of empery" impressed on coins of gold, silver and bronze were all too well recognized for it to be possible that men fourteen hundred years after Christ should "discover" that letters, words and designs could be imprinted as well as inscribed by hand.

Indeed, it has been well said by M. P. Louisy, a learned French professor of the University of Paris:

"In descending the course of ages, it seems at each instant as if printing was just about to be invented; there remains only a single step to be made; and then the inspiration is arrested, as if lamed or turned aside. In Egypt, in Greece, and above all, Rome, they engraved in relief letters, designs, legends in reverse that they impressed, either when hot or cold, on bricks, bread, money, even on the foreheads of runaway slaves. The Assyrians, as we have already seen, went a great deal further, as they cut in wood whole pages, destined to be reproduced on tiles of baked clay. Apropos of these first essays, without immediate utility, classical antiquity offers us more than one curious passage."

We quote the most part of the following details from the works of M. A. Didot, who has cast much luminous radiance on the origin of typography:

"Agesilaus, the Spartan commander, as Plutarch reports, seeing his soldiers discouraged on one occasion, wrote in the palm of his hand, in deep colors and reverse, the Greek word '*NIKH*' (Victory). Then, taking hold of the shoulder of the consecrated victim, he applied his hand thus inscribed, holding it there as long as was necessary until the impression of the letters was well imprinted on the sacrifice." The apparently supernatural omen secured him a victory.

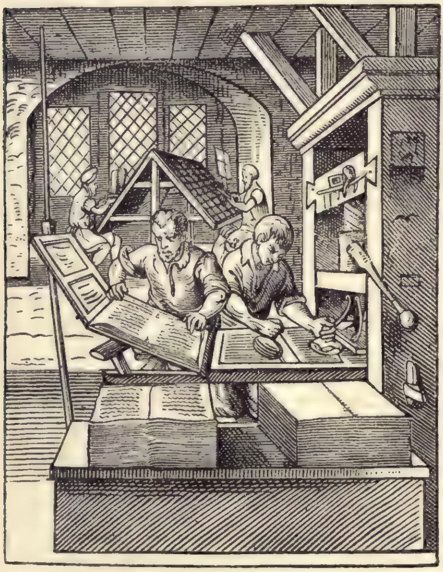


MONK COPYING A MANUSCRIPT
From a miniature of the thirteenth century

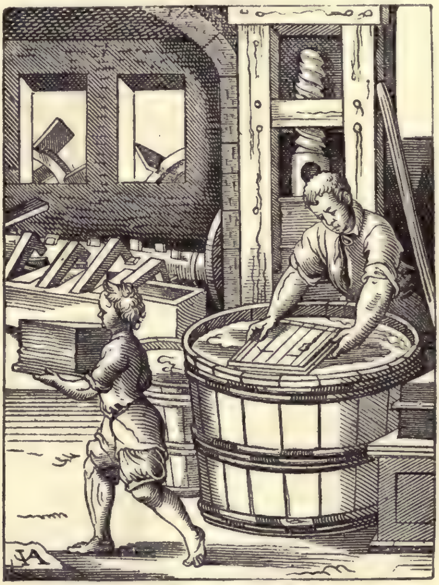
In order to combat the system of Epicurus, who pretended that the harmony of the world results from a fortuitous assembling of atoms, Cicero expresses himself thus in his treatise "Of the Nature of the Gods":

"Whoever could see that to be possible, would he not equally see that by casting on the earth millions of the twenty-one letters of the alphabet, it would be possible that they would fall in such order as to permit one to read the 'Annals of Ennius'? I doubt if chance would be sufficiently favorable to assemble a single verse."

Movable characters were known to the ancients; they were used in teaching children to read. The ancients had also stencil letters, which they used to secure a regular style of penmanship. They even made use of plates, thus open-cut, containing an entire page; it was placed on the papyrus to guide the pens of children; "an excellent means," saith Quintilian, "to learn them not to exceed the desired proportions." The Emperor Justinian (A. D. 518) could neither read nor write, an unexampled thing in one of such high rank. When it was necessary for him to sign his name, he had a sheet of gold, through which were cut the letters of his name. "Then," said Procopius, "placing this tablet on the paper, one conducted the hand of the Prince, holding the stylus dipped in purple on the type of the different letters, and took away the writing furnished with his signature." The same thing is reported of King Theodoric and of Charlemagne.



INTERIOR OF A PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY



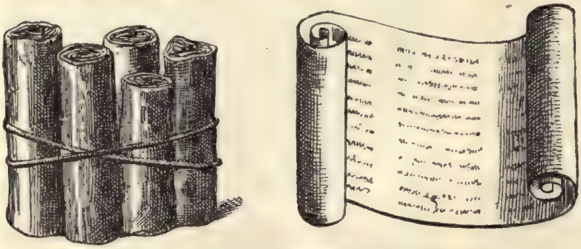
A PAPER MILL OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

In the Middle Ages the illuminators and decorators made much of such tablets for tracing involved initial letters, and even in a way composed entire works, such as copies of the plain songs, etc. A chartered abbey near Mayence possessed some sixty of the alphabets cut in leaves of latoun, a copper alloy. Later these patterns were replaced by stamps, whose imprint is proven by the evidences on the reverse of the page, as early as the Thirteenth Century. In 1288 the monks of Fribourg published a treatise relating to money in this way, and it seems, according to a passage in Pliny and another in Petronius that these stencils were used to publish figures and designs as well.

Playing cards, whose European use can be traced back to 1328, were nearly from the beginning made by this process, which rapidly traced the outlines for the colorist to fill in. About 1400, wooden blocks engraved in relief began to be used. In 1441 the card-makers of Venice complained of the great damage done their calling from "the competition of strangers in printed cards and designs."

The most ancient wood engraving in existence, accompanied by the text and bearing its own date, is that of "St. Christopher Traversing the Sea with the Infant Jesus on His Shoulder." It bears an inscription, fixing its date in the year 1423.

It will be seen that when this wood-cut was "imprinted," as it was called, the world had come to a point when the demand for books, pictures, cards, business forms, legal and polemical publications and the like, could no longer be provided for in the ancient ways, which indeed were rapidly destroying the treasures of the past, in the attempt to profit by and satisfy the demands of a newer civilization, and larger enterprises.



PAPYRUS ROLLS, CLOSED AND OPENED, FROM ANCIENT EGYPT

To some extent the process of printing had become familiar and effective, and the manufacture of paper had greatly reduced the cost of material, but there was needed some method by which a page could be made up and imprinted again and again, without the immense expense of carving every letter, figure and punctuation mark in costly wood or metal. The movable type only was needed to re-illumine the world with the light of more universal knowledge, freer and more general discussion of vital questions, and greater recognition of the nobility of the common people and their rights in church and state.

Who was it, then, who "invented" the movable type, when did he exploit his invention, and in what place was the first public spark struck which broke into a flame which has indeed, and in truth, "enlightened the world"?

Two conditions complicate the solution of these questions, the first difficulty being due to the fact that the first printers sought to maintain the secret of a "mystery," which was the more valuable as long as their publications were enhanced by their competition with the slow and painstaking transcriber of ancient and modern authors. The second difficulty is that some fifteen municipalities, more or less distinguished centers of early typography, make strenuous claims to the honor, and three at least, Harlem, Mayence and Strasburg, have more or less cogent reasons for their claims.

I certainly shall not attempt to decide where so many men of world-wide reputation have failed to satisfy contemporary scholarship and generally even their own settled convictions. Few indeed have approached these questions with unbiassed mind and unfaltering determination to find a just decision without coming to an indeterminate verdict, that probably some one man whose identity is still open to doubt had been the original inventor of movable types, type-setting, making up forms and properly printing with the same.

Holland comes first in her claims as the country in which movable types were first invented, and reasonably perfected. The principal account by Adrian Junius, in his Latin history, entitled "Batavia," states:

"It is now (1562), one hundred and thirty-two years ago that there lived beside the royal palace, Lawrence John, surnamed 'Coster,' 'Janitor,' or 'Governor' (of a church or public building, said to be the Great Church of Haarlem), for he possessed this honorable office by hereditary right. One day, about 1420, while walking in a wood near the city he began to cut some beech-tree bark into the form of letters, with which he traced on paper, one being placed above the other, a copy composed of several lines for the instruction of his children. Encouraged by his success, his genius took up a greater quest and thereafter, in concert with his son-in-law, Thomas Pierre, he invented a species of ink, more viscid and tenacious than that used in writing, and thus imprinted some images, to which he had adapted his wooden characters.

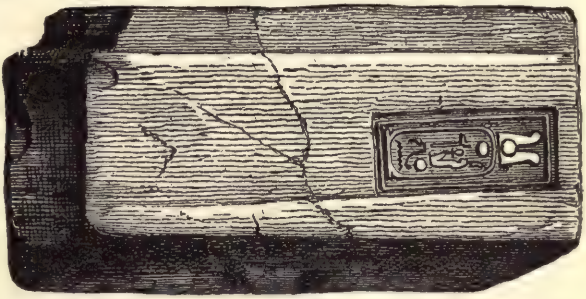
"I, myself, have seen several copies of this first essay at imprinting, made on only one side of the paper. It is a book written in the vulgar tongue (Dutch) by an anonymous author, bearing the title: 'Speculum Nostrae Salutis' (The Mirror of Our Safety). Later Lawrence Coster exchanged his wooden types for types of lead, and then again for pewter types. This new invention of Lawrence, patronized by studious men, attracted from all parts an immense concourse of customers. As the popularity of the art increased, the labor of his *atelier* increased also, and Lawrence was obliged to admit some workmen into his family.

"Among the workmen there was a certain 'John' that I suspect was no other than 'Faust,' who was treacherous and fatal to his master. Initiated under the seal of an oath in all the secrets of the printing business and becoming expert in the making of types, in their assemblage, and the other processes of the calling, this 'John' profited by the Christmas night observance, when everyone was at church, to plunder the workshop of his patron and carry away the typographical material. He fled with his booty to Amsterdam and from thence to Cologne, and established himself finally at Mayence as an asylum, where he founded a printing establishment; in the same year, he imprinted with the same characters used by Lawrence at Haarlem, '*Alexanri Galli Doctrinale*,' a grammar then in use and '*Petri Hispani Tractatus*.'"

This long-delayed claim of first honors to Coster and Haarlem was at first received with utter incredulity. The claims of Mayence, and her triumvirate of Gutenberg, Faust and Schoeffer, had been already universally acknowledged with some concessions in favor of Strasburg, and, except in Holland, the charming idyl of the amiable Coster was generally classed with the host of apocryphal beings and legends of the past. Soon the critics, excited somewhat by the history of Junius, examined the famous "Speculum" that no one had previously investigated, demonstrated the existence of wooden type impressions and sought out those attributed to Coster.

A. Jean Tritheim, who had described the origin of printing after information furnished by Peter Schoeffer himself, opposed the testimony of an anonymous chronicler of Cologne, who had stated that he had learned from Ulric Zell, one of Gutenberg's printers, and the first established at Cologne in 1465, the important declaration:

"Although the art of printing was first established at Mayence, the first details of this art were invented in Holland, and it was after the *Donatus* (a Latin Syntax by Coelius Donatus, of the Fourteenth Century) and because of them that the said art was set up under the auspices of Gutenberg."



BRICK IMPRESSED WITH THE NAME OF RAMESES II, KING OF EGYPT

But Zell himself had certainly testified for record in the chronicles of Cologne. "The first inventor of typography was a citizen of Mayence, born at Strasburg, named Jean Gudenburch; he was a noble." Zell, who worked at Cologne in 1499, had learned his art at Mayence also, and the date given by him, 1440, is one of the most probable; but after all, the testimony is not explicitly convincing on either side of this dispute.

Whatever may be the true solution, the Hollanders July 10, 1823, celebrated at Amsterdam and Haarlem, the *Fourth* centenary of the invention of printing by Lawrence Coster at Haarlem. The artillery fired salutes, the whole city was gay with bunting, bells rang and trumpets sounded from the loftier towers, and the volunteers and regulars escorted the burgomaster and town council to the cathedral where a sermon and musical exercises prefaced a collation in the City Hall, after which a great procession was formed and amid the boom of artillery and great popular enthusiasm proceeded to the grave where a monument to Coster had been erected, on the very spot traditionally pointed out as the place where Coster had first formed his types of beech bark. After the unveiling of the monument, many beautiful silver medals of two varieties were given away; the smaller one showing the monument as it remains today. Fireworks, games, the printing and distribution of facsimiles of Coster's publications and in short, two days of general enthusiastic observance, demonstrated the tenacity of Dutch belief in the claims of Coster.

In 1740 the city of Haarlem struck a silver medal in honor of Coster, in which the story of the beech grove with Minerva inspiring the inventor and a bevy of Cupids working the first rude form of press appear on the obverse. The larger medal shown was struck in 1856, to commemorate the dedication of the town statue to Coster erected in the market-place of Haarlem. The legend is characteristic: "He deserved it from the whole world; his country erected it"; beneath the statue "The Father of Typography."

Perhaps no story of an inventor's fortunes has more naturally attracted human sympathy than that of "Laurence Coster, son of John, Senator of Haarlem." The simple way and kindly thought of aiding the education of his children; the bolder, greater inspiration and continued experiments of the inventor; the oath-bound loyalty of employee to employer, and the treachery and robbery perpetrated under cover of the universal good-will of Christmastide, might seem of themselves to bear that natural and convincing semblance of truth which endures in spite of cold criticism and partisan attack in the hearts of the people of Holland.

If true, who was the robber printer who broke his oath of secrecy, while all men were celebrating the coming of the Christ Child, and stole the novel productions of his master's genius? Was it John Faust, who carried away book-plates, types and matrix from Haarlem to Mayence, as Adrian Junius practically claimed in 1562? Or was it John Gutenberg, as other Dutch investigators have chosen to declare? Or again, was it John Gensfleisch, the Elder, an older brother or uncle of Gutenberg, as has also been charged? No one can answer certainly, and indeed the mantle of charity is best thrown over them all; but the bad faith that is said to have ruined Coster's efforts was not escaped by Gutenberg, who indeed never throve, and in his own career was supplanted and impoverished.

According to Abbot Tritheim, who died about 1516, and secured most of his information from Faust and Schoeffer, the associates of Gutenberg: "Gutenberg did little more than to attempt to print from relief blocks or letters cut from wood or metal, and not differing greatly from the alleged inventions of Coster. Gutenberg," he goes on to say, "having risked all his means of existence, found himself greatly embarrassed, lacking so much in this, or that direction; and was at the point of quitting in despair, had not the advice and purse of Jean Faust, like him a citizen of Mayence, aided him to achieve his design. They imprinted at first a vocabulary called 'Catholicon,' in characters regularly written on tables of wood and with forms duly composed. But it was impossible for them to use their forms to imprint other books, since the characters could not be detached fron the plates, being cut in the same. More ingenious inventions succeeded this process, and they discovered a way to cast all the forms of the Latin alphabet. To the moulds they gave the name of "matrices," casting in pewter or tin the characters formerly graven by them on wood, and sufficiently hard to bear a high degree of pressure.

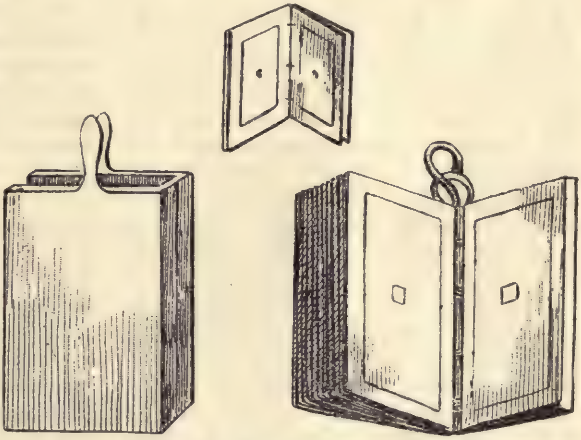
"In effect, as I was told, some thirty years ago, by Pierre Schoeffer of Gernsheim, a citizen of Mayence, and son-in-law of Jean Faust, this process offered great difficulties, for before they had finished the thirteenth form of four leaves of the Latin Bible, which they were attempting to print, they had expended more than

4,000 florins, ($1,600). But Schoeffer, then a workman, found an easier way to cast the types and complete the art to the point where it is today. All three guarded their secret until it was divulged by their workmen, without whose aid they could not practice their art; later, at Strasburg, and little by little in other countries."

There is no printed book bearing the name of Gutenberg, but numerous details concerning him have been collected from the documents of his time.

Certain papers ascribe his birth to Strasbourg; others to Mayence. His name is equally diversely set down, but in truth appears to have been "Jean Gensfleisch; surnamed Gudinberg." If born at Mayence, he left that city early in life to establish himself eventually at Strasbourg somewhere about 1420. In 1435 his name was borne on the tax-lists among the "notable citizens." He was married in 1437, not altogether joyfully, to a girl of good family, Anna de la Porte de Fer, who had brought suit against him for breach of promise of marriage, and forced him to fullfill it.

In 1439 a suit before the Grand Council of Strasbourg was brought against "Jean Gensfleisch, surnamed Gutenberg" by George and Nicolas Dritzchen, who, as heirs of their brother Andre Dritzchen, a former associate of Gutenberg, wished to be admitted to replace him in an association of whose objects they were totally ignorant, but from which they certainly knew their brother had promised himself great results. It was in truth the printing business that underlaid the mystery with which Gutenberg evidently surrounded the real nature of his business with Andre Dritzchen. For as the relator tells us, "Gutenberg, a poor but ingenious man, possessed divers secrets to enrich himself"; and Andre, learning of it, had besought him to teach him some of them. Gutenberg first taught him to polish stone, by which Andre profited much. Later, designing to exploit "another art," at the annual pilgrimage at Aix-la-Chapelle, Gutenberg agreed with Jean Riffen, Mayor at Lichtenau, to form a partnership, to which Andre Dritzchen and a certain Andre Hartman demanded admission. Gutenberg consented on condition that together they should buy a third interest, paying 160 florins down, and eighty florins at the final settlement. They agreed to this and were taught "the art"; but as the pilgrimage was remitted until the following year, the associates demanded that Gutenberg should teach them "all the arts and inventions" that he possessed. Under a new agreement, and upon the payment of larger sums, Gutenberg took these men into partnership to profit by "the art" for five years, and received an agreement that in the event of the death of any partner, "*all the utensils of the art and all works*" should remain the property of the survivors, and that the heirs of the deceased should be entitled only to an indemnity of 100 florins at the expiration of the five years.



ANCIENT TABLETS, OPEN AND CLOSED, FROM ANCIENT EGYPT

Gutenberg offered the heirs the sum agreed upon, but they demanded an accounting for the patrimony of Dritzchen, which according to them had been swallowed up in the enterprise. They claimed especially the value of a *quantity of lead*, for which their brother stood engaged. Without denying that he furnished it, Gutenberg refused to credit it to the defunct.

The mystery was exposed but not comprehended, and those who heard it still believed that the "secret art" of Gutenberg referred only to the polishing of stone, or the fabrication of mirrors. It also appears that these "mirrors," or to use the Dutch term "spiegel," concealed the Latin *Speculum*, which was the principal title-word of that "*Speculum Humanae Salvationis*," being published in imitation of the three or four editions already printed in Holland, in Latin and "the vulgar tongue."

The judge warmly commended the good faith of Gutenberg, declared his offers to the plaintiffs just and equitable, gave judgment against the heirs of Drietzchen, and left the surviving associates to continue their labors.

Soon after Gutenberg removed to Mayence, where he rented the house known as Zum Jungen, and in seeking to perfect his "mystery" quitted and resumed all the processes then in use. Wood engraving, movable letters in wood, lead and cast metals, improved presses and inks were iu turn tried and abandoned, but withont satisfactory results.

At last when almost despairing, fortune sent him an assistant in a rich goldsmith named Fust, or Faust, who advanced 800 florins for plant and 300 more for wages, parchment, paper, etc., to print a folio Bible, an immense undertaking in those days. Beginning in 1450 with this capital it was necessary to advance 800 florins more in 1452.

Confident in the immense advantages thus secured, Faust had left to Gutenberg all the works begun by the associates, only providing that Gutenberg should not advertise or sign his publications, but still keep up the fiction that they were copied by hand, like the manuscript with which they competed. Faust and Schoeffer on their part were anxious to maintain "the mystery" not only as a business policy, but because the exposure of their own treachery would probably end in a suit at law and heavy damages. Their first Bible, published in 1456, was popularly supposed to be a manuscript work, and had no colophon or signature to excite suspicion or inquiry. The lack of a patent or copyright protection at that time made the jealous concealment of manufacturing and professional discoveries an almost universal practice.

It was not until four years later in 1460 that Gutenberg completed his Bible, but although other and smaller publications had brought him in some money, he was hopelessly involved, and made over his business outfit to one Nicolas Bechtermuncze, a relative by marriage, who established himself in Eltwille south of Mayence. In 1466 he was appointed to a subordinate position in the suite of the Archbishop-Elector of Mayence, Adolphus de Nassau, having previously seen his rival's establishment closed up in 1462 by the assault, capture and pillage of Mayence, by the troops of the Elector. He survived his appointment but a few years, certainly not later than 1496.

The great art of typography was invented by degrees and thus its earliest originators are honored with an homage that is everywhere "clouded with a doubt" not only as to the time, place and individual inventor, but as to his good faith, honor and fair dealing.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

THE heart of him who lives in ease
Upon the land can never know
The call that comes when breezes blow
The siren voices o'er the seas.

But to the mariner how strong
The voices call by night and day!
His ear is tuned to them alway:
He knows the meaning of their song!

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

THE OWL'S LETTERS

by Isabel Anderson

FERNAND DE MARJORIE was a captain in the French army. He was dark, rather good-looking, and a bachelor of some standing. During his leave of absence he was taking a pleasure trip to Egypt, and was at this moment crossing the Mediterranean on the "Cleopatra." Although it was not late he had gone to his cabin. Through the porthole he could see the full moon dancing on the waves, while he could hear on the other side of his door the gay voices of his fellow-passengers in the saloon.

But the captain had no heart for either revelry or moonlight, although it was so early that he did not feel like going to bed. He was seated with his head in his hands, thinking, thinking of a girl whom he had seen on board the "Cleopatra," a girl he had never seen before. Her eyes were blue, her hair dark, and the corners of her mouth turned up in such a way that he could not help watching her. She fascinated him—even him, the veteran of many affairs. She was not French; he thought she might be American, but was not certain even of that. "*Elle est sympathique*," he murmured aloud.

At that moment the door of his cabin opened, a vision like a rainbow appeared with a rustling as of wings, and the very girl herself stepped quickly into the room. The door clicked behind her. Seeing Fernand she stopped with a little breathless gasp, and turned half frightened to the door again.

"I have made a mistake; I thought this was mother's cabin," she explained, fumbling with the door. "Oh, dear, I can't open it!" she wailed. Fernand sprang to assist her, but the door refused to yield; it had slammed when she entered, and the knob had fallen off.

"Pray do not be disturb', mademoiselle; I will try some more. But no, the knob does not fit itself." The Captain looked at it doubtfully, then with a winning smile, "I expect it fell off with the surprise," he ventured; "myself, I thought it was a little bird entering when you came."

The girl stamped her foot. "I want to get out," she said; "I have made a dreadful mistake." Fernand tried the door again and again, without result.

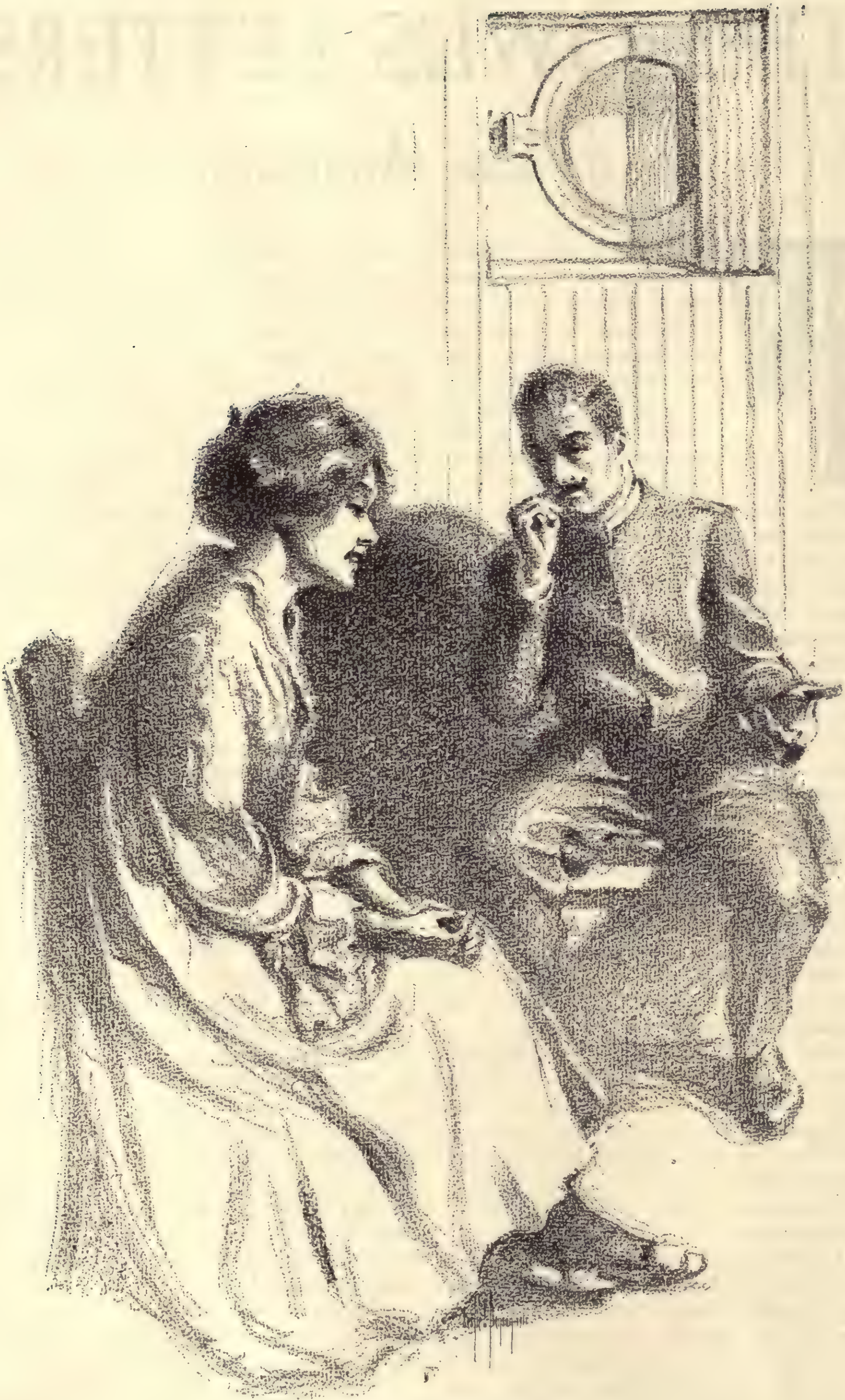
"It is of no use," he showed her. "But I will not eat you, mademoiselle; do not be frightened. Will you be seat' while I think what to do? Non? Then I will try to think queekly." He paced up and down the little room with nervous steps, talking in jerky sentences. "If we have the door broke open now, it will make noise. The people in the saloon will obsairve. If I ring for the steward, he get the carpenter, and they open the door. Then the good people will see us and they will say, 'That girl, she was in his room!' I do not like that they spik so about you," the Captain declared, stopping before her and twirling his moustache.

The girl leaned against the door as if for support, but she no longer seemed afraid. "You are quite right," she admitted, "but—what shall I do? I cannot go through the porthole!"

"No, that would not be of the wisest. Perhaps a little waiting—until it is very late, and the other passengers are asleep? Then we will ring for the watchman, and he will open the door for us so quietly that no one at all will know you were here." Fernand watched her eagerly for signs of assent.

"I suppose you are right," sighed the girl; "I am trusting you, monsieur." Fernand drew forward a chair.

"The cabin is yours, mademoiselle. Will you sit?" This time she consented,



"*That's a very good start*"

with an indifferent little "thank you." The gallant Captain watched her with pleasure in his wide-open eyes. How enchanting she was in her dainty little white lace cap that rested so lightly on her dark hair, and the tiny satin slippers that peeped in and out from beneath her long rainbow silken robe! She was on her way to say *bon soir* to mamma, the Captain remembered. Surely the Fates were kind.

The girl tapped her foot impatiently. "Let's talk about something!" she cried; "it would be better than sitting here like mummies."

"The situation, it is so—unconventional," Fernand explained; "I do not find words." They both laughed merrily; the girl's embarrassment had disappeared.

"Well, you are the host, and you must make the conversation," she told him.

"But I know so little about you, mademoiselle," he said desperately; "I do not even know if I should call you mademoiselle! It may be that you are wife, or widow, even!"

"That is a very good start," she decided; "I'm going to see how nearly right you can come by guessing. First, I don't believe you can guess where I came from."

"Oh, yes, I can." He shifted his chair a trifle, the better to watch the corners of her pretty mouth. "From Heaven!"

"Then you think I am a ghost?"

"Not a ghost, mademoiselle—an angel!"

"An angel with a turned-up nose!" she scoffed.

"If not an angel, then a bird—a naughty little hummingbird."

"That will do very well. And if I am a naughty little hummingbird why, you must be—let me see—an owl, a wicked old owl! I'm sure of it!" She clapped her hands with glee. "And I can guess, too—you're a French owl, aren't you?" Fernand admitted that he was, with a shrug. "And in the army, also?" she persevered.

"Yes, I am in the army. But it is my turn, now, mademoiselle. You question so successfully, I think perhaps you are a writer?"

"Yes," she admitted, "I write—oh, so many letters to my sister!" Fernand frowned.

"This is not longer a joke. Here is my card, with the address. Would I be impertinent to inquire your name?" The girl laughed bewitchingly.

"But, monsieur, you have already guessed it!" she cried. "Let it be Mademoiselle Hummingbird, for tonight, and then tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow, mademoiselle — what of tomorrow?" he demanded excitedly as she paused.

"Oh, tomorrow—we'll see. Tonight I am a hummingbird and you are an owl. Please do not forget, monsieur." She smiled again and drew the silken folds of her robe more closely about her.

"I can only hope that we also go up the Nile together," said Fernand; "there will you meet your so famous cousin, the Sphinx. Perhaps she can tell me about hummingbirds."

"Won't you please talk French?" she begged; "I should so like to hear you speak your own language."

"I prefaire to practice the English," he retorted stiffly. "Is it that mademoiselle finds difficulty in comprehending?" The Hummingbird bent such a sweetly reassuring glance upon the old Owl that he leaned forward as if he would take her hand.

"I hear a noise outside," cried the girl, jumping to her feet; "maybe—it's my husband looking for me." The corners of her mouth turned down. Fernand's heart stopped beating, then he saw the lips curl into a smile again and was reassured. The Owl blinked and scowled with pretended rage.

"I do not believe you have a husband, mees," he scolded; "you wished to frighten me that I should not take the pretty hand. If I were a real owl, I would take the little hummingbird and fly away to heaven with her, till we were lost in the mist among the soft white clouds where the angels print their feet—*n'est ce pas?* As it is—we sail in a magic boat, among the islands of the gods, where the heroes of ancient times have been buried, over water that is—what you call—fairy water, too, for at sunset it reflect the brilliant plumage of the phenix, and now it is all silver with the lady-moon. It must be magic boat, for I dream all day of mysterious mademoiselle who will not tell me her name!"

"No, it's not a magic boat, and I am not a dream—just a commonplace American girl, monsieur." The girl rose as she spoke and swept him a courtesy gravely. "It is late, and the others have all gone to bed by now. It is time I left you." She rang the bell and then held out her hand to Fernand in her frank little way. "Thank you for your hospitality," she said, "you are indeed a gentleman Owl."

The Captain raised her hand and pressed the tips of her rosy fingers to his lips. Then the watchman came and the door was opened and the Hummingbird flew away. So all night long the Owl lay and thought of what he would do—tomorrow.

At sunrise Fernand was on deck watching for his mysterious girl. But somehow in the confusion of the landing she disappeared completely, without leaving a trace of her identity. Fernand searched high and he searched low, at Alexandria, at Cairo, on the Nile; but the only answers he could get from the dragomen were shrugs of the shoulders. The soft voice—the song of the Hummingbird—haunted him night and day. He followed veiled women and looked deep into their eyes, but all in vain. In the excitement of his search his heart would throb with some sudden hope, the pupils of his eyes dilate and his body quiver—and then always the disappointment.

At last his leave was up, and Fernand was obliged to return to France without having found her. But still at night when he was alone and it was quiet he thought he heard the rustling as of wings and the soft singing voice of his lady Hummingbird. The longing to talk with her became intolerable and would not let him sleep. At last he conceived the plan of writing to her the thoughts which were whirling in his brain, more to relieve his mind than anything else. Later he could not help feeling that some day the Hummingbird would see the letters; the feeling became a conviction, and he wrote his love to her as his halting tongue could never have expressed it. Perhaps they would come too late, but sometime the letters would show her the real romance, the love and devotion of his youth. Of this he was sure.

These are the letters which the Owl wrote the Hummingbird:

My dear Mademoiselle Hummingbird—

14 *Juin;* century of the battle of Marengo; hurrah for the Emperor! hip, hip hurrah! *Cattacara* (Arabic for thank you) for our talk on the steamer "Cleopatra" that beautiful night bound for Egypt. *Cattacara cattir* (thank you very much). Oh, little hummingbird, come to me; do not stop to fish* on the way. I should be very curious to know you better. You are the most extraordinary and nicest little fish I never saw. Alas, I lost you. How horrible! horrible! alas! I suffer. I am well and inhabitant of this sad valley of tears without you.

You did not tell me enough of your life. I am desirous to know more. What you think is more interesting to me than what you do, because the secret agitations of the heart are more interesting than the tumult of the exterior life. I like to travel, but there is no as curious country and which I should like as much to visit as this mysterious country which is your heart. I like novels, but there is no interesting novel, and which I should as much like to read, as the closed book which is your soul.

Do pity me who walk alone in the desert of life. I feel you take interest in every one of my thoughts and all of my sorrows. I should like to be like Adam and give all of my ribs. I mind I have twenty-four, for making twenty-four girls, all just like you! And I would keep them all, and not let them run in the world without me.

I had one great excitement today. The postman of my regiment brought a letter in a woman's handwriting. It was blue, blue like the sky and had the perfume of flowers. I felt at last you found me out —the letter I have been waiting so long has come. My heart throbbed, my brain was on fire—but alas! it was from another —not a gay hummingbird, but a gray mouse. I am very furious. When my soldiers saw me this morning after my disappointment, they had never seen me so terrible. I think you decided to see me never again because you disappeared, and you have my address, but gave me not yours. I lost you in the landing at Alexandria, amid the cries of the donkey boys. I tried to follow you. Did you fly in the sky, my Hummingbird, and hide in the clouds? I spent days to look for you, but I could not find you. I then return from Egypt and search again on the Continent. I look for you in the streets, the cafes, everywhere. I think I see you sometimes, and when I about to catch you, you disappear again.

---

*The Captain seems to have mistaken this word for "flirt," for he continually uses them synonymously.

Just now I can no longer follow you. I am at Roanne for the maneuvers. It is cold and rain, but notwithstanding, my soldiers are always joyous and in high spirit. I like the maneuvers; it amuses me to go over the country. Sometimes I am received in the castle, sometime in the home of poor men, sometime there is no place in the house for all the officers and I go in straw with my soldiers.

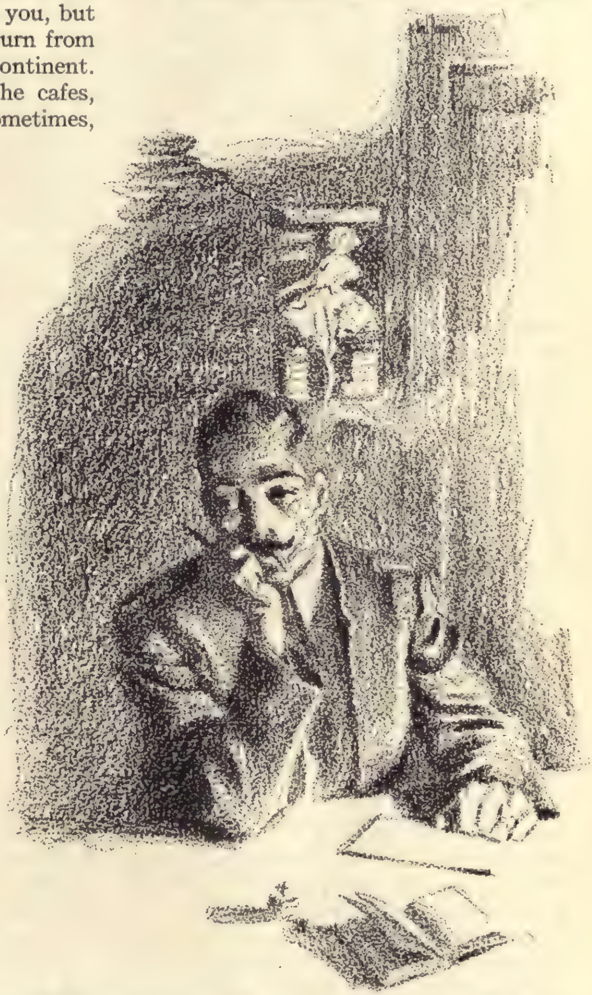
But indeed I should prefer to make the true war. I should like to run over the world, the saber in hand, as made French officers with Napoleon I. This little town is a revolutionary town. There are eight regiments of infantry, four of cavalry, two of artillery, about twenty-five thousand men. If you would only come, I would let you fish as you like.

—

Have you really decide not to ever write me? If it is so, your heart is darker than the Black Forest, and you are more wicked as the bears that live there, and if one of those bears eat you, I will say, "So much the better." But when they see you, I fear instead they will only lick your hands.

They have said once that I resemble d'Artagnan, and perhaps you were afraid to see me again, afraid of what Spaniards call a *furia franchese*. Perhaps you feel I take you away like a hero of antiquity, Priam, I think, took Helena away. I am not wooden, but was I not very correct that evening on the boat? The most I have dared to do was to kiss the tips of your fingers, and I have then begged your pardon. Was it very much?

You made a game of me. You ran away on landing. I say you good-bye this night, being ever very furious. I think I may write Mousie.



"Did you fly in the sky, my Hummingbird, and hide in the clouds"

—

Cherished little Hummingbird:

Here I am writing again to you, weak, weak man that I am. I have no other helper than my dictionary, and it takes me a long time for the writing in English, but I feel that some day you will see the letters and then you will like them better in your native tongue.

It is Lent. I will do a little penance soon. I must confess it is not amusing. Did I flirt much for you that evening? Flirting is not good for going in the Heaven, they say. In truth, God has punished me already for my sins in losing you, but I did one good action. That evening on the "Cleopatra," before you make the mistake of my cabin, I saw you in your stateroom, the door was a little open. I turned away and did not again look in. The devil pushed me very strongly to look a long time, but I did not. That is meritorious. You can say, "Beautiful indeed," as said Wellington seeing the charge of the French Imperial Guards at the battle of Waterloo. I hope God will exempt me two or three days of purgatory for that action.

I am reading much, trying to forget you. The language in the French books is instructive, but they are destructive for the moral. The bragging of the vice of the French, or the bragging of virtue of the English—which is better?

I finish this letter by kissing your hands and begging you to come to me. I say you good-bye for tonight.

Your old Owl.

I am for the life—your old Owl.

—

You said me on the boat you were commonplace American girl, but you are not. Please do not be so jingoist. (Is this word not one of Franklin's?) You are a brilliant little meteor in the sky, following an unknown way, disappearing, going I don't know where.

Did you run away because of my gesticulations? I think you grave girl, you find my funs very stupid. Were you angry with me that night for kissing your hand? Is this the reason you never send me a line?

You have forgotten me now entirely, I fear. I must not hope any longer that you remember me. Men are stupid and women wicked. Was it possible to be more wicked than Eve, and more stupid than Adam? And Cleopatra—did her spirit on the magic boat name for her enter your body, like the badgers in Japan into the dead?

I say good-bye, wicked girl.

—

I have tried for a long time now to find another woman, as much as it is possible like my hummingbird I have lost, but I cannot find her, so I fear Mousie must do. I still treasure the only thing I had of the hummingbird's—a handkerchief. When I went to see Mousie I left it behind. My mother say me marry Mousie, but I cannot tell her I love her this visit, but I will perhaps some day ask her to marry me, for my mother say me so. When I return, the handkerchief was gone. Proboably my soldier, thinking it was not mine, take it away. I had a sorrow life for the loss of a dear friend.

I am at the fort now, and have passed a week alone with thirty soldiers. I am very weary and I thought often to you. I should have given all my soldiers for having you. It is almost a year now since I saw you. I have absent leave again soon. I wish to live over again that best evening in my life. I believe I will take the same journey before I go to Mousie again. I will go to Egypt on the "Cleopatra," take the same cabin, and live over once more the beautiful dream of the night—the only night—we met.

—

This is my last letter, my love. I am on the boat "Cleopatra." I have beside me all my letters to you, and ever present in my mind and in my heart a strange emotion I felt on meeting the enigmatic girl—but I have not progressed much in the detection of the enigma. I feel now I shall die without having solved it, but the more I think about her the dearer she become to me.

The lady moon is dancing like a year ago on the fairy water. When talking with you here in this cabin I remember I felt like a child, daring do nor say nothing. How stupid I have been that night, how little I profited my time while you bewitched me! I told so few things, and I had so many to tell. Such a large place has had the hummingbird in my heart never since.

When you first appeared in the doorway, dressed like a rainbow in the sky, you looked more like fairy goddess than woman. Were you inhabitant of star?

"Can the little Hummingbird find it in her heart to make her nest with the old Owl"

But what have you done in star for having fallen down amongst us poor humans?

I feel crushed by the remembrances, now I feel strong emotion in my being. The music of Werther of Massenet flows through my head. All the things of a year ago rush by me. How the sea was beautiful that night, like tonight, the sky pure, the air sweet!

* * * * * * *

At this point Fernand ran out on deck. Had he heard the rustle of wings, or the click of the door? At any rate, the letters were scattered in his haste about the cabin like little snowbirds, and he did not pause to lock the door upon them. But all he saw on deck was the lady moon. In his disappointment he sought the smoking-room for comfort.

When M. de Marjorie returned to his cabin all seemed at first as he had left it, save for a strange faint fragrance which filled the air. Presently he remembered his letters, and looked for them. But they were not there. They were not on the table, or the chairs, nor indeed anywhere in the stateroom. And for some time there was no clue to their disappearance. Very likely he had left the stateroom door open when he rushed out, but why should anyone have wanted the letters? Nothing else had been disturbed.

Fernand paced up and down the tiny apartment, distracted. The letters he had dreamed of some time placing in the hands of his beloved were gone, and with them his hold upon the past. There was nothing left him now, nothing.

Suddenly his roving eye caught sight of something—a mere speck of iridescence upon the floor. One stride, and Fernand had it in his hand and was feasting his eyes with the sight of it—for what were all the letters in the world, compared with a tiny jeweled feather? Only a hummingbird could have owned it, only the Hummingbird would have left it there. It was a message to say that she had taken her letters. She was on the magic ship, floating on the fairy water, which had brought them together again from the ends of the world.

Yes, she was on the ship, and Fernand found her in the moonlight. It was truly she at last. He could not speak, his emotion was so great. The girl held out her hand.

"So it is really the same old Owl!" she said. Fernand seized both her hands in his own and kissed them.

"It is—that—I could not forget," he stammered; "so—I come back on a year of the day—to dream it again. You—perhaps?"

"I could not forget, either," confessed the girl softly, then blushed and drew away her hands. "You mustn't, truly," she said.

"Why did you run away the next morning off the boat? Did the American fish not understand the ways of the French fish? And I suppose you did not write to me because you were tired to write to so many men, or perhaps you were angry with me, not having found pleasure in my Gaulish jokes?"

"No, it wasn't any of those things. Our meeting was all so strange that mother, who didn't know you, insisted I must not see you again, when I told her the story. Then I lost the card you gave me with the address, and could never find it, though I hunted everywhere. I wanted to thank you. I never could forget how fine you were under the strange circumstances. So there was nothing to do but to come back on this anniversary of our meeting—for I hoped that if you had not forgotten—"

"Mademoiselle Hummingbird," said Fernand, "you see I have forget nothing. You have give to me very much pleasure. It is sufficient for me to see and to hear you. It make me pairfectly happy just so. I find you more charming than before. How must I say it—like, or love, you? In French we have only the one word, and the womans understand what they like. How you think? My letters, you read them? Will you marry me, mademoiselle, and let me carry you up to my castle in the woods? It is a little savage, among the old Gaulishers. Can the little Hummingbird find it in her heart to make her nest there with the old Owl?"

"Anywhere," answered the Hummingbird softly, "anywhere at all, that you care to take me. I love the old Owl and the old Owl's letters, too!"

"Darling!" cried the Captain, adding with sudden shyness, "I didn't know before exactly what means that word, but I think it very nice—for you!"

CHRISTMAS BY THE WAY

Gertrude Robinson

IT WAS Christmas Eve, but no one on board the "D. and H." local, plowing a slow way northward through the rapidly deepening Vermont snowdrifts, gave much evidence of the Christmas spirit, unless the multitudinous packages of the young woman in the blue traveling suit might be considered such evidence. Presently the shock-headed trainman trailed an oozy path down the car. At the door he paused to ejaculate some unintelligible syllables and then vanished to the accompaniment of a terrific banging of the door and howling of the storm.

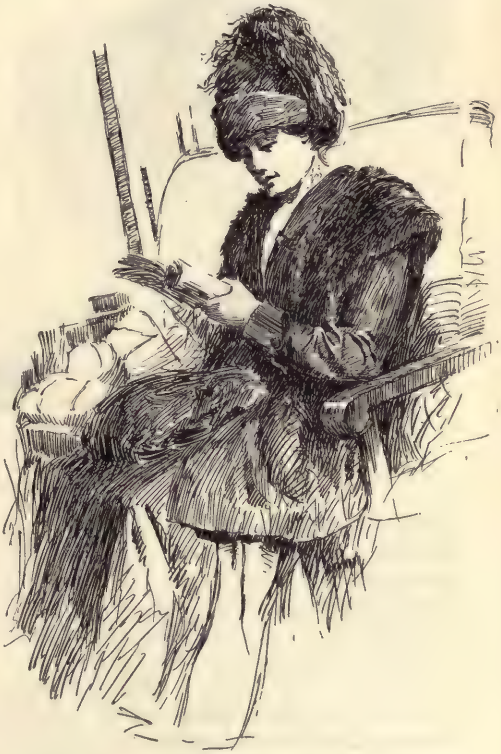
The fussy old gentleman in a fur overcoat leaned forward and tapped on the shoulder the saturnine-looking young man in front of him. "Can you tell me the name of the station?" he inquired.

The young man consulted his time-table. "Bloomingdale," he announced. Then he folded the time-table away in his pocket.

The wearer of the blue suit stopped drumming on the window-pane and collected her impedimenta. All along the way the man with the time-table had supplemented the vociferations of the inarticulate trainman. It was fortunate, for in the darkness and storm all outside landmarks were obliterated. With a lurch and a roar the train stopped. The girl picked up her last bag, pulled down her veil, and hastily left the car. The young man, having rubbed the frost from the glass, peered out into the night. For an instant he dimly discerned a slim figure with wind-tossed skirts slowly beating its way across snow-blocked tracks to the station platform. Then the train moved on.

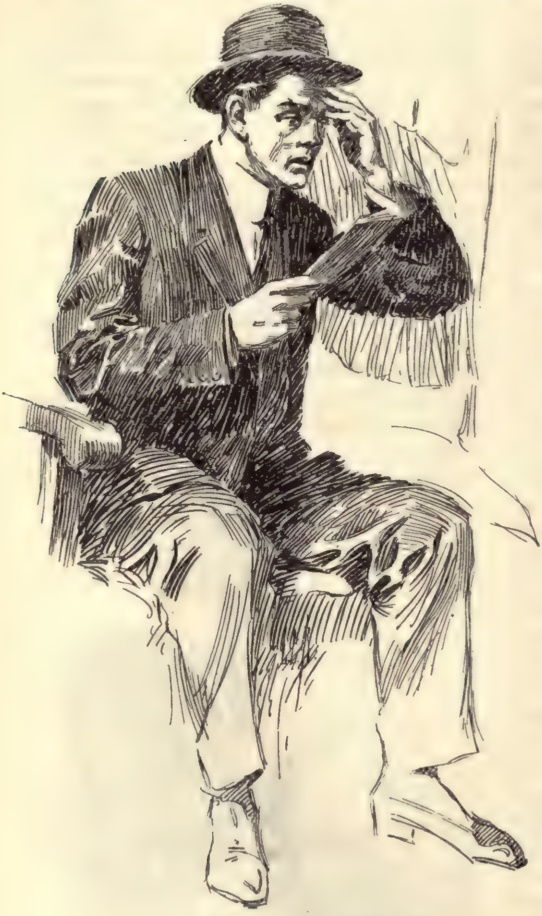
The old man who had informed the saturnine individual that he was going through to the end of the line, but always made a point of learning the names of all the stations on the route, leaned back in his seat, put up his feet, folded his newspaper over his face, and began to snore. Deprived of one source of amusement, the young man strode down the car and seated himself back of the portly conductor. He watched with interest the careful counting of coupons and tickets and the laborious penciling of a report. Then he inquired genially, "Is this the sort of weather Vermont serves up to a fellow?"

"Well, sir," slowly answered the conductor, "I've traveled the old 'D. & H.' up these hills fifteen years, and I never saw but one worse storm. That's the time when a woman going up to the Equinox



"No one on board the 'D. and H.' gave much evidence of the Christmas spirit unless the multitudinous packages of the young woman in the blue traveling suit might be considered such"

House at Manchester, and who had to change at Rutland, got off at the water tower back here by mistake and nigh froze to death. Maybe you read about it in the papers."



"'*Great Scott!" he muttered*"

"No," admitted the young man, "but I'd not like to get mislaid in these hills tonight."

"Wouldn't be nothing found to tell what had become of you until next spring," returned the conductor cheerfully.

A half hour wore on. The train passed through the streets of a faintly lighted town. The trainman came to the door and uttered his usual jeremiad. Lanterns flashed up and down the tracks. The conductor and yardmaster vanished together into the little office. The snow blew in blinding sheets down the narrow alley between the train and the station. It rattled like castanets against the windows. The conductor came struggling across the platform to the train.

"Is Miss Estelle Every on this train?" he roared. "Funny," commented the conductor to the interested young man, "I'm sure I took up a ticket from a woman for Bloomingdale. She was the only passenger not going way through."

"Any passenger for this station, Bloomingdale?" he shouted again. Then he passed down the aisle, scanning inquisitively each face as he went. There was not a woman to be seen on the car.

The saturnine young man suddenly became alert. Bloomingdale! He pulled his time-table out of his pocket and consulted it hastily. Then his eye fell upon the legend at the top. "Delaware, Lackawanna & Western," it ran.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "It is a lucky thing the rest of them are through passengers. I've been a regular Bureau of Misinformation." Then he pushed his hat farther down over his eyes, hauled on his coat, clutched his traveling bag, snatched the telegram from the hand of the stupefied official, and bolted for the door.

"Hey, there," roared the conductor after him, "you'll get left! This train goes at once." The man sprinting down the platform did not answer. The conductor ran out and watched him as he boarded a southbound train, heavily pulling out. "Some relative, most likely. Girl must have got off at the wrong station," he meditated as he started up his own train.

On the southbound the impromptu passenger with the telegram adjusted his belongings hastily.

"Ticket," demanded the conductor.

A rapid search revealed the unpleasant truth. His pocketbook was on its way to Rutland. In vain did he explain the situation. The conductor, an irate and pompous person, refused to listen. He had noted the haste with which the penniless passenger had left the first train and boarded his. The conclusions he drew were obviously not complimentary.

"I shall put you off at the next station," he asseverated. "You are fortunate not to be arrested for stealing a ride."

"But," protested the subject of his wrath, "I am a son of Bernard Lawrence of Pittsburg, who has an interest in this railroad."

"Show your pass, then! It is no use bluffing, young man. Off you go at the next stop!"

Young Lawrence sprang to his feet wrathfully. Then a sudden thought occurred to him, and he sank back in his seat, smiling quizzically. After all, he wanted to get off at the next station. It was there that the young lady in the blue suit, to whom belonged probably the telegram he held in his hand, had been prematurely deposited.

When the next station, which proved to be labeled Four Corners, was reached, he left the train without waiting a second reminder. He fought his way with difficulty down the wind-swept platform. Not a trainman was in sight. Baggage room and freight office alike were deserted. The door of the waiting room did not yield to his imperative jerk. Evidently the ticket agent and telegraph operator had departed for the night, though where they could have vanished to in that snowy waste was a mystery. He scraped off a little of the ice and sleet from the window and looked in. There was a dull red glow from the big sheet-iron stove in the middle of the room, which appeared to be deserted, however. He turned and looked up and down the drifted roads. Not a sign of any habitation, not even a barn. Whether the darkness hid great stretches of snow-piled meadows or snug dwellings whose inmates were peacefully sleeping out the storm, it was impossible to tell. He shuddered as he thought of the probability that the girl in the blue suit had attempted to settle that question for herself. Just then there was the grating sound of a bolt shot back, and the door of the waiting-room opened. In it appeared the girl. The sprig of holly he remembered in her buttonhole glowed cheerily, but her face was anxious and tired.

The young man sprang forward.

"Thank God you're not lost in one of these drifts," he cried.

The girl drew back. A look of indignation came into her eyes. She stood still for a second, the snow blowing like a veil across her face, then she retreated to the waiting-room and closed the door.

The son of Lawrence of railroad fame stalked gloomily up and down the slippery platform. He was perfectly conscious that the girl had reason to scorn him. A second later the door opened again.

"I can't let you stay out in the storm to freeze, if you are a heartless joker," sounded a voice too acid by far to belong to the wearer of the holly sprig.

"A joker," he gasped. Then he marched into the room, shut the door, and ostentatiously warmed his hands at the fire. Suddenly he bethought him of the telegram.

"Are you Miss Estelle Every?"

The girl flushed and did not answer.

"Because if you are, I have a telegram for you." He pulled the yellow slip from his pocket and handed it to the girl. She read it once—twice. "Oh," she cried, "are you young Bernard Lawrence? I'd never have thought it!"

"Did I unwittingly hand you a letter of introduction?" he queried.

The girl passed him the slip. He took it and read:

"Miss Estelle Every, on board train north 47: Stay on train. Meet you at Rutland. B. roads impassable. George Every."

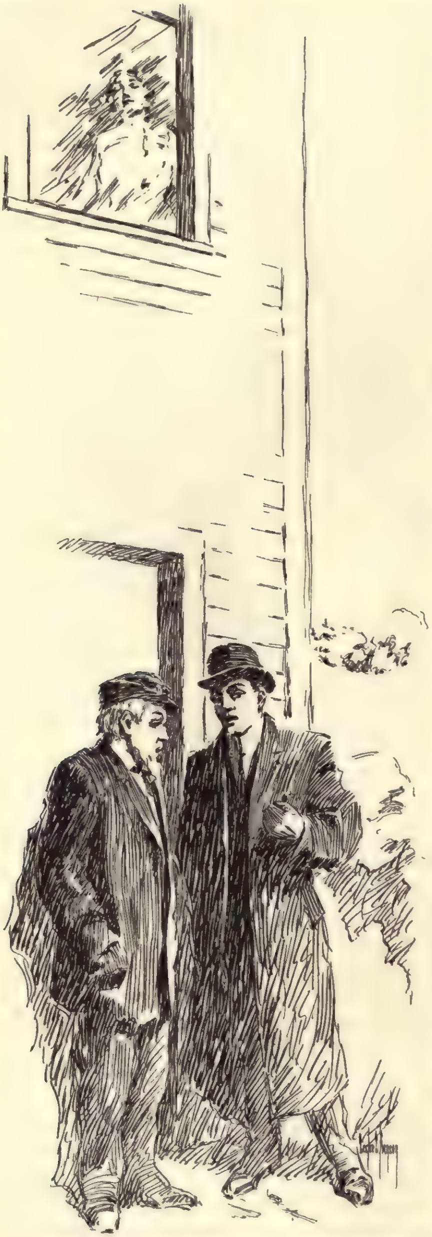
"You see I am on my way home for Christmas. Brother George was to meet me at Bloomingdale."

"But I don't see where I come into that—"

"That," interrupted Miss Every, mischievously, "may be left for future disclosure. The important thing for you to attend to now is the explanation of why you caused me—an innocent and unoffending stranger—to be cast upon the mercy of this desert waste."

Mr. Bernard Lawrence pulled out of his pocket a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western time-table and showed it to the girl. Then he explained the whole story.

"That northbound train will find itself well endowed with purses," she observed



"Two lusty voices struck up the notes of a Christmas carol"

when he had finished. "It has mine, too. The operator telegraphed to Rutland about it."

"They'll probably round them both up together, then. By the way, where are ticket agent, operator and the like?"

"Operator, agent and station master are one, and that one is married and resides overhead. Since the frau is absent, I elected to stay down here. Of course, there is no such thing as getting out of here to the village, two miles north, tonight. I've a suspicion that the man upstairs is going to get something good to eat. He appeared a hospitable fellow, only a bit unaccustomed to midnight lady passengers who stop off inadvertently at his small burg."

There was a sound above, a creaking on the stairs, a door at the side flew open, and the station-master himself appeared. "Another!" he exclaimed.

When the tale had been told him he stepped into the dispatcher's office. A moment later he came out, looking even more disturbed.

"Wires down?" asked Lawrence.

The man nodded. Then he called Lawrence one side.

"Now, Miss Every," said Lawrence when he came back, "Mr. Coogan here says the wires are down and that there can be no communication and no trains through for hours—not until the storm stops and the snow plows get busy. He also says that you are to go upstairs to his wife's room and go to sleep. There is a fine cat up there to keep you company. We'll camp out on blankets down here." And before Miss Every could object she was ushered upstairs, given a big bowl of hot broth, and left to make the acquaintance of a large gray cat and a spotless little bedroom opening from the kitchen.

It was late when she wakened. The storm was over. The sun shone over a great, unbroken field of white. Presently her gaze was arrested by the sprig of holly still in her buttonhole. Christmas morning! She sprang up, dressed hastily and went to the kitchen. Nobody there! Evidently the men below were still sleeping. The kitchen fire had kept, though, and the room was hot. As she flung up the window she noted that the intense cold of the night before had abated. In the sunshine back of the station a tall young fir tree glistened. It reminded the girl of the use to have been made of her Christmas bundles that morning. For a moment her lip quivered. Then a daring thought suggested itself to her. This should be Christmas morning at Four Corners Station, too.

By the time she had found an apron and had reduced to order the clean but littered kitchen, she felt quite gay. She stirred the fire and boldly investigated the breakfast supply.

An hour later the station agent, coming hurriedly up the stairs to conjure a breakfast for his involuntary guests, paused on the threshold in astonishment. The orderly room was cheery with Christmas tokens. Wreaths of holly festooned both windows. Strings of tinsel trinkets depended from the lamp brackets. Little bells jingled merrily from the drooping branches of the young fir just outside the window. There was the odor of things good to eat in the air.

"Merry Christmas," called the girl.

The man said nothing. He bolted down the stairs. A moment later there was a great stamping on the porch outside. And then two lusty voices struck up the notes of a Christmas carol. The girl threw up the window and joined the song, her clear voice ringing gaily on the frosty air.

Later, when they sat down to a jolly breakfast of ham and eggs, coffee and johnnycake—with an untimely dessert of Christmas nuts and candies—they had almost forgotten that they had never seen each other ten hours before. On the plate of the station agent reposed a woolly bear. A calico cat eyed it belligerently from the vantage of young Lawrence's upturned cup. A bunch of violets from the sunny little window garden in the telegraph office window lay beside Miss Every's plate, and a box of Huyler's appeared from the depths of Lawrence's battered satchel.

They were still sitting at the table when the snow plow whistled at the crossing, a mile below. It brought dispatches, announcing the safe recovery of two pocketbooks, which were waiting for their owners in Rutland. An hour later a train came puffing in from the south.

When the girl in the blue suit and the man of the unauthentic time-table boarded it, armed with permits from the agent, ordering the conductor to carry them free of charge to Rutland, the same peppery fellow confronted them who had put Lawrence off the train the night before.

"Why, Miss Every," he cried, "how do you come here? I thought you were to go up last night."

"I stopped off here," she answered coolly, "and my friend, Mr. Lawrence, brought me a telegram from my brother to meet him in Rutland."

"Yes," chimed in Lawrence, "you will be glad to know that my pocketbook has been found."

The conductor passed on, looking very much confused.

"He knows my father, who is a railroad man," explained Miss Every.

"But all this does not make clear," commented Lawrence, "how you found out my name and suddenly decided to treat me like a human being, though I had apparently all the qualities of an unmitigated idiot."

Miss Every handed him a card, one of his own business cards. "It had stuck to the back of the telegram," she elucidated, "and I immediately recognized the name as that of a college chum of my cousin, Clarence Jameson."

"Clarence Jameson your cousin! Why, I have in my pocket now a telegram from him received in Troy, telling me to be on the lookout for his cousin Stella on the train. I am on my way to visit him now. He evidently thought I knew the lady's surname."

"That is I. I am going there, too. He always called me Stella. My brother George is with him now. I was taking the trinkets to Clarence's children."

The rest of the journey passed quickly. When they alighted in Rutland they were greeted by Miss Every's brother and cousin, who did not appear in the least surprised to see them together.

"I was a little worried about Stella until I sent you the dispatch to look her up on the train. I knew you wouldn't let her get off at Bloomingdale in such a storm, though I didn't anticipate your both getting stalled on the road over night," said Mr. Jameson.

"I found a chance to introduce myself to her," said Lawrence.

"He was rather slow about it," commented Miss Every, smiling, "but he certainly did prevent my spending the night in Bloomingdale."

Lend a Hand

By J. ANDREW BOYD

THE things that count in the world, my boy,
That make a success of your life,
Are the things that you do to bring others joy
And to quiet the turmoil and strife.

Then stretch out your hand to the weary soul
Who is toiling along life's way,
And help him along to the end of the goal—
Time is flying, so do it today.

To the soul that is crushed with a heavy loss
Speak the comforting word it needs;
The man who is bearing the heavy cross
Is your brother regardless of creeds.

Lend a hand to the doubting sons of men,
The fearful, the timid, the weak;
Raise up the fallen and start them again—
To the lowly a kind word speak.

Help the poor who are battling for daily bread
To keep the wolf from the door;
Help the weak who in ways of sin are led,
And start them aright once more.

Lend a hand that is open, a hand that is strong,
A warm hand, a hand filled with love;
As you pass on life's way cheer the faint with a song;
Help them on to the haven above.

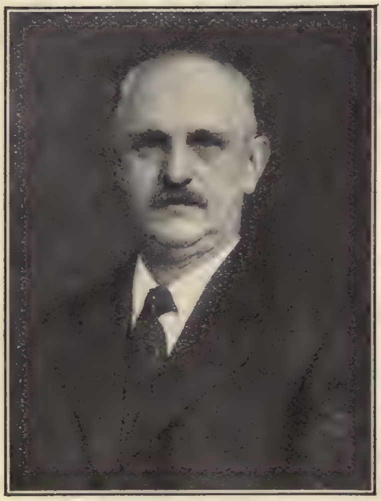
The Why and the Wherefore of Type

by

FLYNN WAYNE

ARMED with a "rule" and "nippers," proof positive of membership in the printer's craft, a pilgrimage was made to the headquarters of the American Typefounders Company at 300 Communipaw Avenue. Now Communipaw may be a heritage or aboriginal from the old Dutch nomenclature of which Dietrietch Knickerbocker wrote so deliciously, yet Communipaw Avenue is hardly fifteen minutes from Broadway, "over on the Jersey side."

It was a rainy day—a really *wet* day—but in a snugly comfortable corner of the great brick building located near the railroad, President Robert W. Nelson was found, genial and smiling, despite the tearful weather. He was one of the founders of the American Press Association, which initiated the press service that has made the modern country daily something more than a mere jumble of "locals" and advertising. He has also been prominently identified with the production of the "patent insides" which made it possible to publish a great many country papers that otherwise could not have existed. In fact, Mr. Nelson's life has been devoted to the exploitation of all phases of the printer's craft. Having been a printer and a country publisher in his earlier days, he knows what is needed.



ROBERT W. NELSON
President and General Manager American Typefounders Company

Visitors at the president's office—from Germany and several other foreign countries—had preceded me, so I dropped into the library, where Mr. Bullen presides. On the wall at the entrance I found spread out a genuine old-fashioned "blanket-sheet," such as our grandfathers were wont to peruse through horn spectacles.

Within this library were displayed most interesting exhibits—to the printer, at least—for in glass cases were contained original copies of the first German, Venetian and Roman printed books, which revealed the sedulous care and excellence of the early printers and evidenced Mr. Bullen's exquisite taste in bibliography. Whether in the "make-up" of a page or in its ornamental design, those ancient volumes have not been excelled by modern printing. Prepared with painstaking care by monks, who also illuminated their florid initial letters on parchment, these books of the middle ages are today of great value as object lessons, as well as rare art treasures. The whole history of book printing, from its infancy down to the present time, might be traced from the volumes in this library.

The job printing of a few years back seemed crude; like an old-time crinoline gown, it was painfully "out of date"—style in printing is nearly as pronounced as the decrees of fashion. During the examination of certain changes in typographical styles, Mr. Bullen pointed out that many of the old Venetian "make-up" rules were still in force. The top margin of a page, for instance, is narrower than the lower, because when a book is held at an angle of forty-five degrees, the margins appear uniform all round, in accordance with optical laws. The "layout" of a sixteen-page form, with its peculiar numbering of pages—1, 2, 3, and 4 at the four corners of the form, the other numbers skipping here and there over the sheet—furnished a mathematical problem not propounded or explained in Euclid.

In strolling about the great type foundry, recollections of the first time I set type were recalled—how I tried to pay close attention to the "nicks," the difficulty of distinguishing between p's and q's and b's and d's. I recalled the spacious *e* box, close at hand, a comforting oasis in a desert of perplexity, and how desperately my nails often scraped the shallow case to dig out the "thin" spaces and semicolons. No two cases in different offices seemed to agree on the j's and apostrophes. The foreman's whim was the final arbiter.

Visions of Foreman Hank Scroggins came up before me. A typical old-time printer was Hank, with his long-drooping moustache, tinged a faded sepia in part; hair glossy with scented bear's grease, shirt front liberally spattered, socks of days unnumbered—Hank, the foreman, who was above all else a true lover of good printing and plug tobacco.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CENTRAL FOUNDRY
Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey

"Follow copy" was his rule, and though the niceties of syntax and such things as misplaced verbs and split infinitives sometimes offended the compositor's literary sensibilities, little sympathy was to be had from Hank. "*Follow copy*" was his stereotyped reply; "follow copy, even if it blows out the window."

Hank insisted upon "book" spacing and upon the division of words just right, even in "locals." How glorious it was when we received, through his continued "kicking," new fonts of glistening, sharp-edged type, to take the place of the lye-soaked, battered junk that had seen a round half century of service. In the mirrored reflection of that new type, as I "laid" it, I wondered what a type foundry was like.

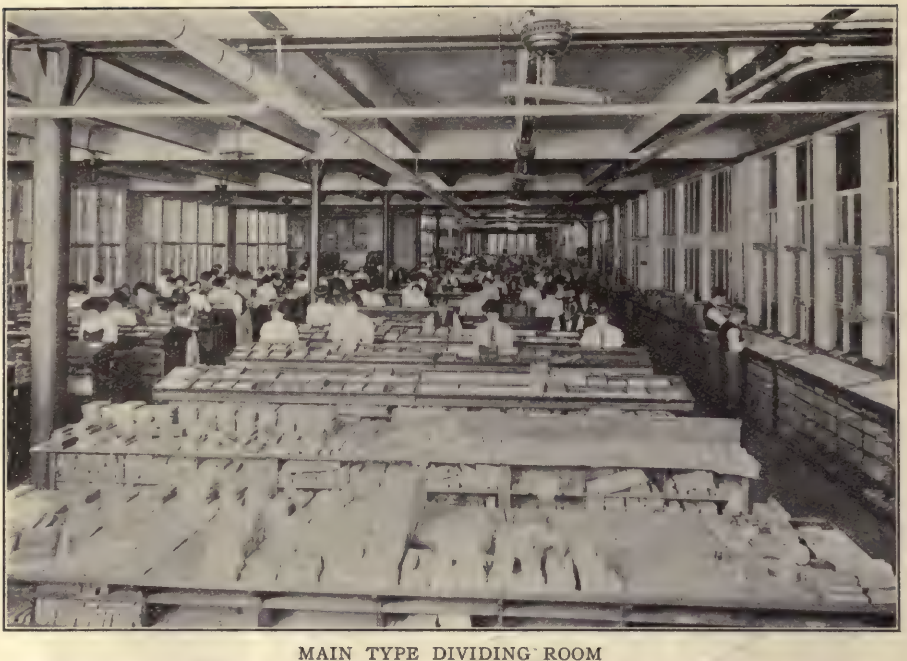
Here I was now, walking over acres of floor space wherein clattered great casting machines, turning out all sizes and "sorts" of type in all of those tongues that so helplessly struggled to be understood in the days of the Tower of Babel. The gatling-gun rattle of the machines was enough to make an old-time printer sigh for action.

In making new type, the center of origin is the drafting room. Here the letters are drawn on a large scale and reduced in exact proportions. The different "faces" are studied with all the assiduity of a psychological research. Mr. Benton, the typefoundry man from Milwaukee, who in the old days gladdened the heart of many a youthful printer by giving him a bright rule when the boss ordered a "new face," here determines upon the creation or rejection of a proposed new series. The exquisite nicety required in making the dies for a new face, the scientific adjustment of every feature of the various letters—using the lower case *m* and capital *H* for standards, and the rigid inspection of details under the microscope—all these precautions indicate the skill and taste required to make such letters as the Cheltenham, the Jensen, the Gothic and other approved forms.

Great piles of carefully labeled packages of type and other equipment awaited shipment to the company's branch offices. As one looked upon these packages, each containing a mass of metal in the form of tiny letters from four to one hundred and forty-four point, the question "Where is it all going to be used?" came to mind. Millions of metal letters, scattered broadcast by freight and express from the shipping rooms of the American Typefounders, set up the printed pages of myriads of books, magazines and newspapers.

Although many packages were directed to foreign countries, the bulk of outgoing type was to be sent throughout the United

VIEW OF LIBRARY AND MUSEUM
Showing portraits of early type founders



MAIN TYPE DIVIDING ROOM

States, where papers and periodicals thrive as in no other land. The contrast between American and European newspaper reading is marked—our cousins oversea seldom read on the train or in the street cars. The American reads everywhere—at table, on the car, at home, and in bed.

The fact that every column or page of printed matter must first be put into

SHIPPING ROOM

type, and that a large proportion of this type comes from the factory at Communipaw, gives the world at large a considerable direct acquaintance with the American Typefounders. The broad policy of the company, under Mr. Nelson's direction, has done much to spread the influence of the press. Who can conceive of a progressive town or hamlet that has not made liberal use of type, ink, press and paper?

Since the consolidation of the various type foundries into the American Typefounders Company, the service to the printing guild has been greatly improved. A letter, a telegram or even a telephone call instantly places a complete outfit at the disposal of the printer. An order cabled from Europe, Japan, Hawaii or South America is quickly assembled, and soon is on its way to produce literature, perhaps half-way round the world.

Yes, says the cynic, the order is received promptly—but the invoice grows old and thumb-marked before it is paid. This was in the old days; today a series of discounts stimulates a prompt adjustment of accounts, and the printer's craft has leaped to the front rank of profitable industrial pursuits. The problem of "What's the Matter with the Printing Trade?" is being solved by conforming operations to the systems of other manufacturing pursuits. Printing has jumped to the seventh place in the business world, and the name and fame of Benjamin Franklin, the printer who raised money abroad for a struggling republic, has been glorified in the credit and advancement of the craft. The cost system, in force in most progressive printing houses, has done away with the hazards of "guesses" for estimates.

VIEW OF LIBRARY AND MUSEUM
Showing cases containing rare volumes and also the regular steel book cases

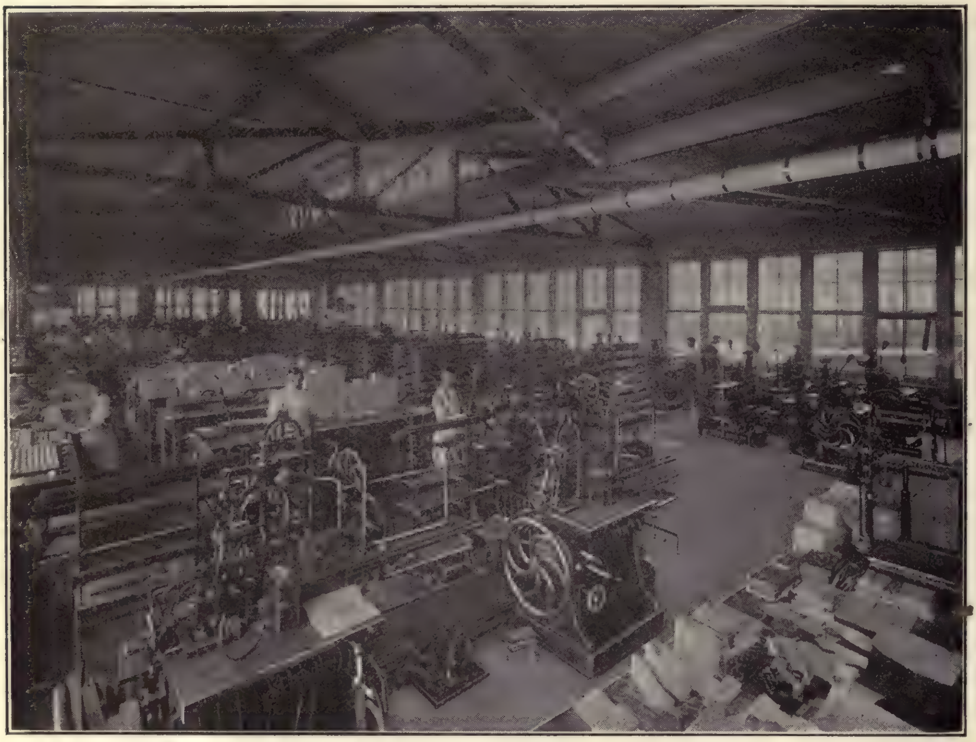
The roster of famous old-time printers—those who have known and felt the nicks of type—include the late Mark Twain, Horace Greeley, Bret Harte, not to mention William Dean Howells, Colonel Henry Watterson and many other men living and dead, eminent in public life.

Many a printer has gone to the case and there set up his own article in type, and without a doubt the physical exertion in setting every letter caused him to avoid verbosity. Once the smear of printer's ink is on the fingers, the devotion to the "art preservative" never wears away. It is a trade that one comes to love, perhaps because of the patience acquired in the task of "make-up," of readjusting a "pied" stick or form on the galley, and of handling the magic letters and words, the basis of all human intelligence.

Today I find delight in dropping into old-fashioned printing shops when they are "wetting down" the paper before going to press, and in watching them polish the rust from the bed of the old "grasshopper" preparatory to putting on the weekly forms, and spreading forth the weekly intelligence of the dear old town.

When it comes to deciphering unintelligible handwriting, the old-time printer at the case can still set type from "copy" that would throw the modern printer into despair. Who can forget this printer of the old days, who by "pulling out hard" could get up a string of ten thousand ems, "making even" on the different portions of an article? He knew how to plan so as to "make even" without the warning ring of a typewriter bell, and with what care did he watch the copy on the hook, either "sojering" or "pulling out for a fat take" or waiting for "thirty."

The real, old-time printer represents a factor in American progress that entitles him to reverent memory by any who have ever held the compositor's stick, and have lifted the rule with thumb and finger as the letters crept in with a click, line by line, and the story was told.



CASTING BAY

After a visit to the Cambridge press in England, and to the spot in Germany where Gutenberg first printed from movable type, it was an inspiration to view in the great factory on Communipaw Avenue the wonderful strides that have been made in the printer's art. Since the days when printers cast their own type, the specialization of the various operations of the craft has become sharply established, until typefounding is today a separate business and indispensable science of the printer's supplies. It ranks as a manufacture second to none in importance. Balzac at one time established a model typefoundry in Paris, but civil unrest forced him to abandon the project just as his equipment was completed, and he often said that the rest of his life was spent in paying the bills contracted. The first type cast in America was made in 1735 by Christopher Saur, at Germantown, Pennsylvania. Ben Franklin once attempted to set up a typefoundry—but in those days the printer's long credits were too much — or too little — for "Poor Richard."

In the early part of the Eighteenth Century, Messrs. D. & G. Bruce (the latter for whom Hon. George Bruce Cortelyou was named) established a typefoundry in New York City. Previous to this, type was cast by hand, first cutting a punch or die resembling the required letter in hardened steel. It was a long and laborious task to make the matrix and then the metal, but today on the machines of the American Typefounders, every character, figure and point of punctuation has its own distinct punch and matrix. Years of labor and millions of dollars have been expended in perfecting automatic machines to multiply the work of human hands and to furnish greater accuracy than by the old methods. At the present time everything is reckoned by "points"—brilliant is three and one half point and so on up to pica, twelve point. Thus has been avoided confusion of the bourgeois, brevier, minion and nonpareil of the old days.

The rainy day at Communipaw was not "cold and dark and dreary," like that described by Longfellow. Every nook and corner of the great foundry was explored with intense interest. No one was "out of sorts" that day in the splendid establishment of the American Typefounders. The workers in the different departments were most courteous in explaining various processes and cordially welcomed the visitor.

The first impulse of any development is indissolubly associated with printing, and as I saw miles of neat cases containing the different "sorts" and styles of types, the thought came that the typefoundry might well be termed the mint of industrial progress, in fact, the mint universal—for here are designed and recast, year after year, the coin of all realms that disseminate intelligence and information.

The wind was howling without and the rain spattered the window-panes, but wandering along the great corridors, I felt that a day at the great typefoundry was one which every printer would enjoy. The visit revealed more objects of interest than could be found in a museum, for there was shown the actual making of things that are indispensable in the progress of the art preservative.

Every delightful day must have its close. "Thirty" was called as the night-bell rang and the last "take" fluttered from the hook. The forms were closed. The noise of the planer resounded with familiar clatter and the thump of the "shooting stick" on the quoins punctuated the last word to be spoken by the letters in the form as they were whirled to the presses, there to tell the story sculptured in type from the factory at Communipaw.

THE BRIENZ ROTHORN ASCENDS FROM THE MEDIEVAL VILLAGE OF BRIENZ AND AFFORDS MANY CHARMING VIEWS OF AN EXTENSIVE AND VAST PANORAMA. IT IS AN ALWAYS POPULAR EXCURSION FOR THE VISITORS TO THE BERNESE OBERLAND

Swiss Mountain Climbing by Rail

by B. G. Bowman

IN the very heart of Europe, at the highest point of the mountain crest, where some of her mightiest rivers begin their course from the glaciers to the seas, Switzerland, smaller in area than many American states, attracts every year an army of tourists, estimated at 2,500,000 souls.

A confederated republic of thirty sovereign states or cantons, unequal in area and population, diverse in race, language, religion and customs; often in the past bitterly antagonistic upon issues that have estranged and desolated nations; and yet, for fifteen centuries and a half, united against foreign invasion or intrigue and true to liberty and justice beyond all surrounding countries—the character of the Swiss people, as well as the sublime majesty and beauty of her scenery, have secured such a firm hold on the imagination and esteem of mankind that hitherto no mountain-land, however grand and beautiful, has been able to attract to itself a tithe of the yearly concourse which considers the Swiss tour the very heart's desire of the summer *wanderlust.*

Only half a century ago, the heights of Switzerland and the magnificent views obtainable from their empyrean peaks, were only accessible to the comparatively few tourists who, with alpenstock, steel-shod foot-gear and the aid of rope and ice-axe, could follow the local huntsman or herdsman guide across the treacherous glaciers and scale the jagged ledges, which, like the very bulwarks of Olympus, barred the way aloft.

A host of great men, and not a few famous women, thus visited in those days the peaceful valleys, beautiful lakes, broken pasture-heights and snow-clad peaks of this mountain land: Gœthe, Schiller, Byron, Humboldt, Longfellow, Bodin, Voltaire, Calvin, Agassiz, D'Aubigne, Thorwaldsen, Rousseau, Dickens, Napoleon, ah! how many more immortals have deemed themselves fortunate—however rich or great—that, with wearied bodies but inspired souls, they were permitted to view and sojourn in the mountain-land of freedom, into which every civilized country poured an ever-increasing stream of tourists and temporary residents, seekers of health or pleasure.

A country of many highways, country roads, bridle paths and footpaths innumerable, the demand for improved transportation long ago exhausted the ordinary resources of a country in which even the agriculturist spends a large part of his busy season in removing with his herds and flocks from his fields and vineyards of the arable valleys to the higher meadows and loftier mountain pastures, and back again, as the exigencies of cultivation and harvest, or the approach of winter demand. Railroads paralleled the highroads; steamboats replaced the antique ferryboats and packets on the lakes; bridle roads were broadened, graded and bridged; and iron spikes and rods made firmer supports to adventurous climbers of hitherto inaccessible peaks and mountain walls; but even these improvements could not begin to meet the needs of travelers.

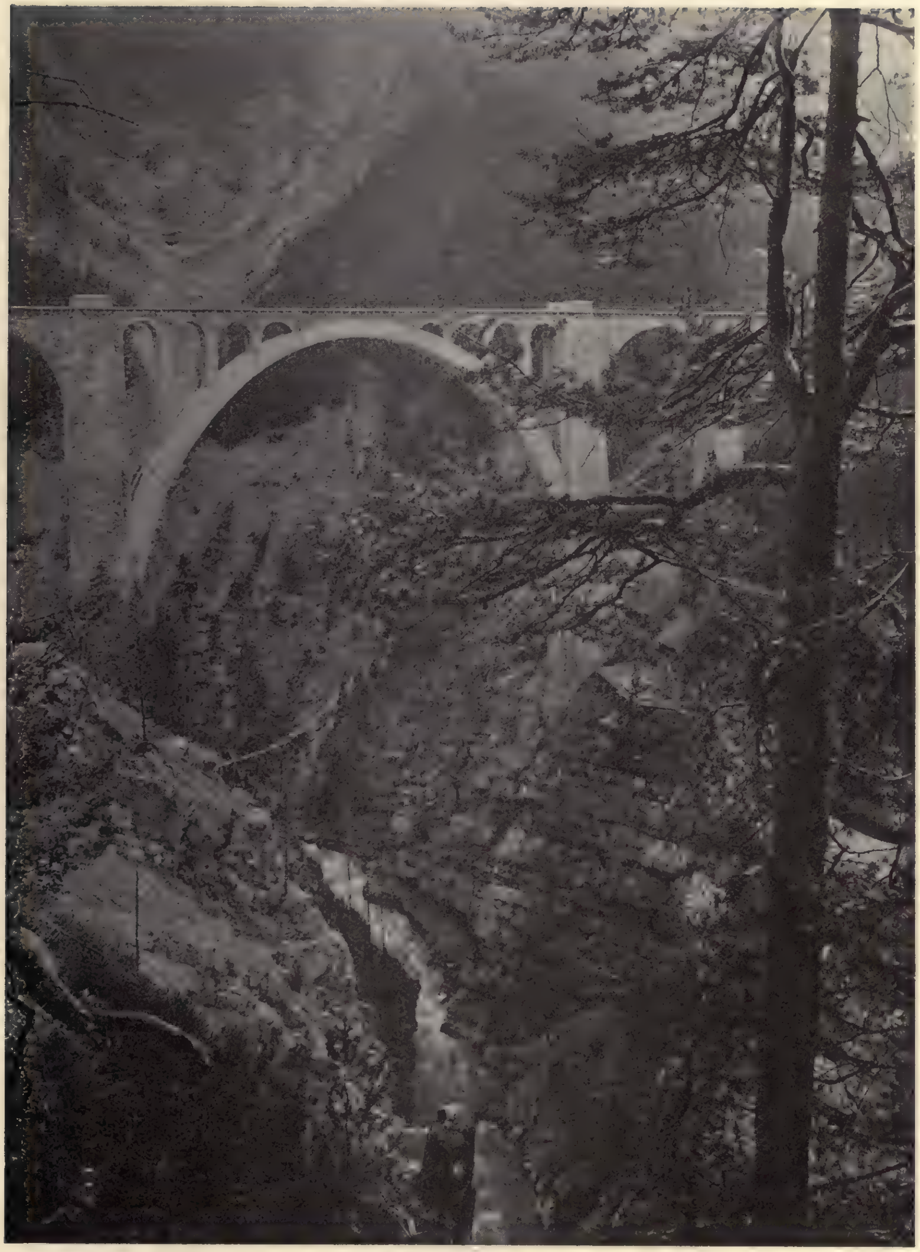
As a result, not only the great mountain passes were tunnelled for railway transportation, but the utmost resources of modern engineering were enlisted in the task of providing mountain railways, which, unassailable by avalanche or landslide, should surmount the dizziest heights and establish shelter and comfort for travelers within a few paces of the crests of great mountains.

THE STANSTAD–ENGELBERG LINE BRINGS ONE THROUGH THE ROMANTIC VALLEY OF THE AAR, TO THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE OF ENGELBERG, MUCH FREQUENTED

The Stanstad-Engelberg Line brings one through the romantic valley of the Aar to the prosperous town of Engelberg, now greatly visited by tourists in both summer and winter.

Stans, the capital of the Nidwalden, the eastern half of the canton of Unterwalden, has a population of over three thousand people, and is surrounded by vast orchards and a valley whose meadows are, in their season, ablaze with the varied colors of the many wild flowers for which even the Swiss mountain pastures are especially famous.

From Stans, a cable railway four thousand yards in length, and divided into three sections, conveys the tourist in fifty-seven minutes to the summit of the Stanserhorn. Each section has its own power house, the electric motors of the first and third being supplied from the dynamos of the central station. At the center of each section the ascending and descending cars pass each other. There are no toothed rails, safety being secured by a very powerful automatic braking system. On the first section the car ascends very slowly at first, passing through orchards, vineyards, meadows and fields of grain, but eventually reaches a gradient of twenty-seven feet in the hundred. Reaching the end of this section, the passengers change cars to a grade of forty feet in the hundred and are carried through wooded



THE RHAETIAN RAILWAY PASSES THROUGH SOME OF THE WILDEST AND GRANDEST SCENERY OF THE GRISONS, AND CONVEYS, BOTH IN SUMMER AND WINTER, THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS TO THE POPULAR RESORTS ALONG ITS LINE steeps and over rushing torrents, into a deep cutting, from whence emerging they reach the third section in thirteen minutes, the grade having increased to a pitch of sixty feet in the hundred.

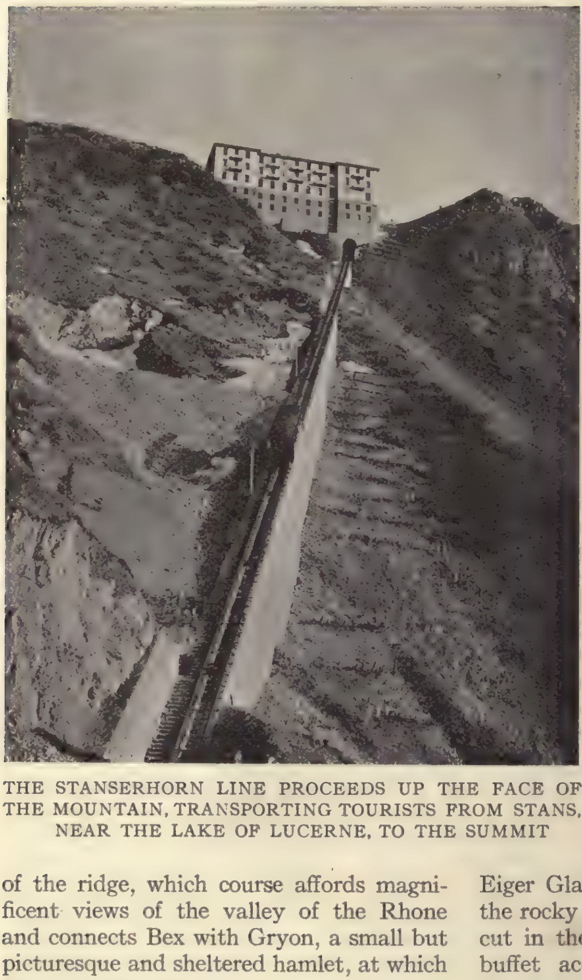
Here, from the hamlet of Blumatt, the cars of the third section proceed, at the same steep gradient, and pass through a tunnel four hundred and fifty feet in length to the terminus at the Hotel Stanserhorn, whence a mountain path leads by easy stages to the summit of the Stanserhorn, only sixty feet above. The view, said upon the whole to be unexcelled in the Bernese Oberland, commands the peaks of the Bernese Alps, the Lake of Lucerne and the hills of northern Switzerland, besides the lakelets of Zug, Baidegg, Hallwill and Sempach. The ascent on foot is made by an active man in three hours and a half.

The Bex-Gryon-Villars Line runs from Bex, a city of nearly four thousand people on the Avancon River, a very popular resort for summer tourists, and even more famous in autumn, when the surrounding vineyards are glowing with luscious golden-green, topaz and purple clusters. The grape-cure for indigestion, kidney and skin diseases is here a specialty, and many patients eat little or nothing else for weeks but Tokay, Burgundian and other famous grapes, of course under the direction of physicians who have made the grape-cure a specialty. Other "cures" are specialized at other Swiss villages: Gais, in northeastern Switzerland, has, or had, a "whey-cure," which consisted of drinking large quantities of goat's milk whey. It is told of one ironical Switzer that, it being remarked by some of these faddists that the real cure consisted in "going back to nature," he exclaimed with a laugh, "Back to nature! Back to Mother Nature, eh? Is that their notion? Then why don't they go to Heinrichsbad?" Which resort, by the way, is noted for a "cure" through imbibing asses' milk.

At Bevieux (Old Bex) the road passes the rocksalt mines, from which the Swiss government procures most of the salt whose sale is a government monopoly and often sold only by the local postmaster, who deals not only in stamps, but in salt. At this point a toothed rail is brought into play, and the gradient rapidly increases, as the cars pass through woods of walnuts and chestnuts, here an important item

THE BEX-GRYON VILLARS LINE SERVES SEVERAL POPULAR SUMMER AND WINTER RESORTS AND PASSES THROUGH SOME CHARMING COUNTRY

THE PILATUS RAILWAY IS KNOWN TO EVERY VISITOR TO LUCERNE, AND MANY SPEND A NIGHT ON THE SUMMIT TO ENJOY THE GLORIOUS SPECTACLE THAT THE SETTING AND THE RISING OF THE SUN AFFORD of the diet and income of their owners; cross the brawling Avancon, issue into a section of mountain pastures, affording charming views of the Vallee des Plans and its encircling glaciers, besides serrated and lofty peaks which few tourists should essay without an experienced guide. A curving tunnel six hundred and fifty-four feet long carries the road to the north side of the ridge, which course affords magnificent views of the valley of the Rhone and connects Bex with Gryon, a small but picturesque and sheltered hamlet, at which many tourists winter.


THE STANSERHORN LINE PROCEEDS UP THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN, TRANSPORTING TOURISTS FROM STANS, NEAR THE LAKE OF LUCERNE, TO THE SUMMIT

Leaving Gryon and crossing an iron bridge on the picturesque Gryonese, the train ascends to Villars-sur-Ollon, almost as greatly frequented in winter as in summer. The air is mild but bracing, and chilly north winds are almost unknown.

The views of the Mont Blanc group from this point are magnificent in the extreme.

From Montreux on the southeastern arm of Lake Geneva, nestling among its famous vineyards and orchards and itself a great resort for tourists and especially converts to the "grape-cure," the Montreux-Oberland Line has long connected the port with the Bernese Oberland. A new branch, some two miles in length, with a rack-and-pinion system, and surmounting the steepest grades, passes under the old line by a tunnel 1,401 feet in length, crosses the gorge of the Bay de Montreux by a splendid iron bridge, skirts the hillsides, affording magnificent views of Lake Geneva and the Alpine range; dives through a tunnel under the Territet-Cable Road and encircles the picturesque tufa cliffs of Tooeyres. Turning back by a spiral tunnel 130 feet in length and gaining in altitude 164 feet, it connects with the Glion & Naye Railway for Lake Thun and way stations.

The Jungfrau Railway, an electric rack-and-pinion system narrow-gauge road, begun in 1897 and completed in 1905, has a maximum gradient of twenty-five in one hundred, ascends from the Scheidegg ridge over pastures and rocky wastes, commanding views of the Jungfrau and other guardians of the Lauterbrunnen valley, and reaches through a tunnel 276 feet, along the Eiger Glacier station. Thence ascending the rocky slope, the train reaches a terrace cut in the living rock, where a well-kept buffet accommodates tourists, who can thence survey part of Lake Thun and an immense area of northern Switzerland. This road is now being extended, and will eventually reach a platform of the Jungfrau only 240 feet below the summit, which has an altitude of 13,670 feet.

The Jungfrau was considered "impossible" until 1811, when Rudolf and Heilro-

THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY AT PRESENT ASCENDS FROM THE KLEINE SCHEIDEGG TO EISMEER, 10,370 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, AND AFFORDS A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF THE SURROUNDING PEAKS AND GLACIERS solymus Meyer of Aarau first reached the summit, a feat successfully achieved but four times between that date and 1851. Although difficult and fatiguing, it has never been the scene of the tragedies which have attended Alpine climbing in other localities.

The bold and isolated peak of Mount Pilatus, about one mile to the southwest of Lake Lucerne, reaches an altitude of 6,599 feet above sea level, and in ancient times was called "*Mons Fractus*," or the "Broken Mountain," later known as "*Mons Pilatus*" (the hatted or cloud-capped mountain), because its summit was so frequently obscured by mists. It also became associated with a tradition that Pilate, who delivered the Christ to his executioners, found in a dark and savage lakelet in its fastnesses the rest denied him living or dead elsewhere upon earth. One tradition is that on his return to Rome from his term of service as governor of Judea, he was cast into prison, and overwhelmed with remorse and shame, committed suicide. Cast into the river, Father Tiber would not receive his body, and after a terrific storm of many days, the accursed corpse was taken into Gaul and thrown into the Rhone at Vienne, near Lyons. The Rhone also refused it sepulture, and again the dead Roman governor was committed to the deep, this time in the Lake of Geneva. Again the Genevan waters, lashed by continuous storms, refused to harbor the evil spirit, still chained to its accursed clay. A third time it was taken up and cast into a deep and lonely mountain tarn; even here, however, storms and floods testified to the revolt of nature, and brought destruction to the hamlets, flocks and herds at the base of the cloud-capped mountain. Finally a scholar, wise in necromantic lore, exorcised the unblessed spirit, which consented to a pact by which on Good Friday alone, whoever dared to visit Pilatus' Lake would be confronted by the Roman governor, who "saw no evil" in the accused Christ, but permitted his crucifixion.

Henceforth the land was at rest, but on the return of Good Friday, whoever by ill fortune stumbled upon Pilatus Lake saw Pilate seated on a throne-like rock above the gloomy waters, grim, ghastly and towering in his red toga; sure omen that the terrified beholder would die in a twelvemonth. A variant of the tradition tells that Pilate, driven from honor and home, threw himself into Lake Pilatus and so perished. It was not until another scholar, Conrad Gesler, in 1555, ascended the mountain and gave a scientific explanation of certain phenomena that the people of Lucerne regained courage enough to frequent the scene of this tradition. It is generally held that while the cloud hangs over the peak, fine weather will prevail, while, if it is drawn off in long, stringy clouds, rain or snow may be expected.

But today there are few legends and little weariness to agitate the tourist, who simply wishes to enjoy the fine bracing air and beautiful scenery accessible from Lucerne by the Pilatus railway. It is an electric rock-and-pinion system roadway, with a very steep gradient, averaging forty-two feet in the hundred. Its terminal station at the summit of Pilatus, while considerably lower than some neighboring peaks, is so located apart from the nine other peaks of the group as to afford the most comprehensive and magnificent views of the whole.

The Rhigi and Mount Pilatus divide between them the great majority of such as make "the grand tour," and have no desire to risk life and limb for the privilege of carrying home an alpenstock carved with the name of each mountain which he has ascended; all the more that the alpenstock can be bought and inscribed all the same. Seriously, however, the construction of these and like mountain railroads have enabled millions to visit and enjoy to the full the pleasures of Alpine travel who could never have scaled the heaven-piercing observatories in the old, heroic way.

We are more gratified by the simplest lives or words which can suggest the idea in its own naked beauty, than by the robe and the gem which conceal while they decorate. —*Ruskin.*

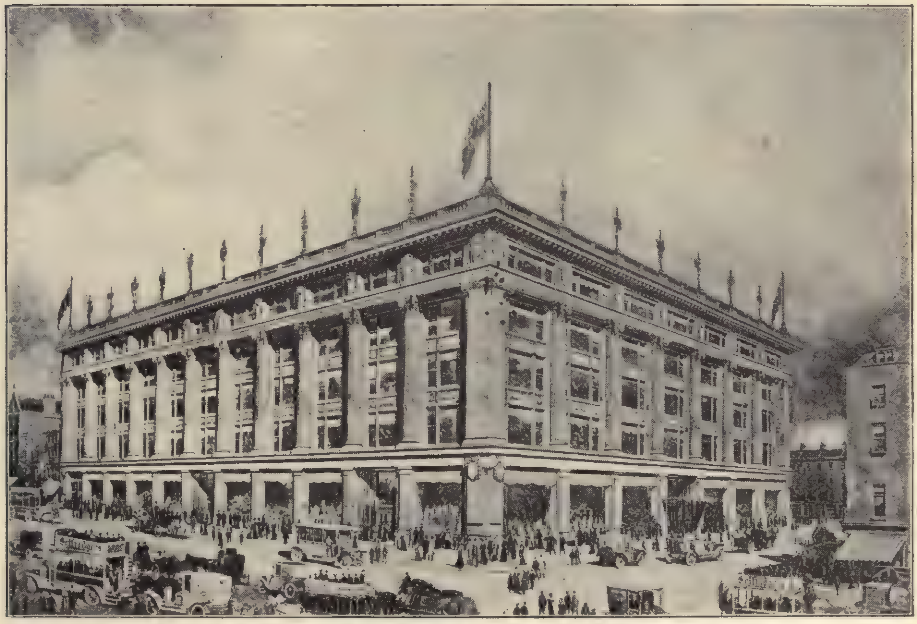
AN
American Merchant Abroad

By

FLYNN WAYNE

A QUESTION that always comes to the London visitor these days is "Were you at Selfridge's?" It seems as natural as a query concerning the Tower or Crystal Palace. This fact is most significant of the power of exploitation as conducted on the American plan. The historic houses of London carry the messages of trade in advertisement. The very air of London—conservative and dear old town—is surcharged with the modern shopping spirit which the intrepid merchant has recognized as an international trend of trade.

When Mr. Harry Selfridge was manager of Marshall Field's in Chicago, he dreamed of running a modern "shop" in dear old London that would surpass even Liberty's or Peter Robinson's in its hold upon the buyer's confidence. The United States has many successful merchants who were born and reared in England, Scotland and Ireland. Why not an American in England? For many years in close touch with the markets of European cities, Mr. Selfridge



THE GREAT STORE OF SELFRIDGE & COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON
Situated at Oxford, Duke and Somerset streets, halfway between Bond Street and Marble Arch

knew that American shops sometimes received the very latest modes and fabrics from Europe as quickly as these reached the leading shops of Berlin, London and Paris. Now remember in England you must say shops—not stores.

PORTION OF THE DRUG AND PERFUMERY DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT SELFRIDGE STORE IN LONDON, ENGLAND

Following his retirement from Marshall Field's, the young American started at once to carry out his life's purpose. A model department store was built in London on Oxford Street, the great retail shopping center. The details were carefully planned. Each department was fitted out with complete attention to stock and the comfort of shoppers. The traditional prejudice of English women against shopping on the American plan was made the subject of international physiological study. In England it is not the custom to go into a shop and inspect goods unless you know precisely what you desire to purchase. This notion has been changed since Selfridge's was opened in London, and now women of all nations are found at Selfridge's shopping on the American plan. The great luncheon hall is crowded every day to its fullest capacity—thousands seated at one time. Some critics insist that the owner wins English trade via the palate route.

Mr. Selfridge's exploitation campaign was one of the most effective ever launched in England. The best artists, the best writers, were employed to prepare the announcements which occupied full pages in the London papers. The motor busses have cards suggesting a visit to Selfridge's at the very entrance. "You must go to Selfridge's"; every woman is impressed with this fact from the moment she comes within the historic walls of London in these days. Only a few shillings may be spent, but the joy of a shopping expedition is dear to the hearts of women. And Mr. Selfridge's campaign was in no sense offensive to the cherished traditions of English shopping. He simply furnished the notion of shop-keepers "with a continuous public exposition of the goods in all markets for inspection." As our English cousins remarked to me, "It's quite as good as a real visit to America—to shop at Selfridge's. In fact, I may say it's almost equivalent to a trip to Paris—just to see things."

SILENCE ROOM

The rest room of the great Selfridge stores in England

H. G. SELFRIDGE

AT THE HEAD OF THE GREAT LONDON STORE BEARING HIS NAME

What a sight it was on a warm, sunny day to see the aisles of Selfridge's thronged with purchasers inspecting and purchasing all kinds of useful and necessary commodities with all the intensity and "form" observed at Marshall Field's on a great sale day. English people that first doubted have come to appreciate the American phenomenon here displayed. The modern department store has become an international institution, and London has recognized the necessity of Selfridge's to complete the reputation and facilities of the world's greatest shopping center.

MOTHER'S SPHERE

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THERE'S never a place on the whole wide earth,
  There's never an hour or minute,
But something happens—for grief or for mirth—
  There's always a mother in it.
Oh, maybe a Little Boy Blue has died,
  Or maybe fledgling linnet.
Somebody's darling and somebody's pride—
  There's always a mother in it.

There's always a crown or coveted seat—
  Someone stands to lose or win it;
Whate'er the issue be, or sour or sweet,
  There's always a mother in it.
Whether a wedding dress or whether shroud,
  There's always a hand to spin it.
Sighing and sad or radiant and proud,
  There's always a mother in it.

Oh, maybe it's just a bonnet or cap
  That's needing a pin to pin it.
Oh, maybe a cry for cookie or snap,
  There's always a mother in it.
Oh, maybe a lesson so hard to learn,
  Curlylocks fears to begin it.
Wherever you go, wherever you turn,
  There's always a mother in it.

For everywhere in the round of this life
  And in every day and minute,
Come joy or pain, or come peace or come strife,
  There's always a mother in it.
Oh, maybe a little Christ Child is born,
  Or maybe nestling linnet—
Someone is happy at night and at morn,
  There's always a mother in it!

Christmas in Alaska

: *by* :

Louise I. MacWhinnie

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year" may be true of every other place over which floats the Stars and Stripes, but it is not true of Alaska. Russia, at the dawning of the Twentieth Century, turned back her Julian calendar twelve days to accept the Gregorian and to celebrate the incoming of the new era with other civilized nations; but Alaska, child of Russia, adopted daughter of our own country, has not done so, and the natives of the Russian-Alaska church still follow the reckoning of the Julian calendar. This means that they observe their Christmas Day just twelve days after our own. To many of these natives, Russian America is a dearer name than the United States, and the Czar's picture, shrouded in mosquito netting, means more than that of the President.

According to the Russian church in Alaska, Christmas begins at two o'clock in the morning of January sixth, by our time. The church bells call the people to prayer, and when the natives come out of their barabaras, or huts, they see a shining Star of Bethlehem over the church to guide them on their way. The church itself is a square, wooden building decorated with pictures of saints, hanging brass bowls for incense and tall candlesticks of wrought brass and copper. There are no seats nor is the building heated. The men and women are on opposite sides of the room, either standing or kneeling, and on Christmas morning the service lasts for two hours. Other services are held during the day, but the actual celebration begins on Christmas night, when bands of carol singers start forth to sing at different houses, each band having a large star, which is constantly turned while they sing.

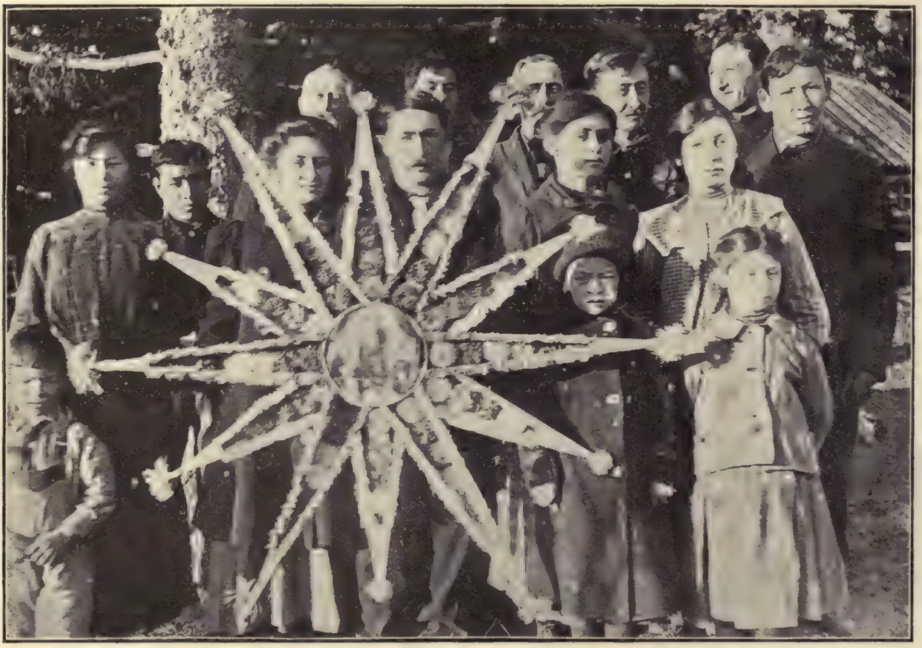
This star is made of tissue paper of every color, elaborately trimmed with tinsel and silver. Balls of crinkled paper hang from each point of the star, and red, white and blue roses are fastened to the center. The singers also carry tall standards, or transparencies, and through crepe paper of various shades the candles throw their light. They first visit a stable and then go from house to house, expecting to be treated to vodka for their singing. The songs are weird monotone chants in the old Russian, or in the Aleut language.

During the remaining nights of Christmas week another Biblical scene is presented—Herod's men searching the infant Jesus to kill him. Someone knocks at the door, and when it is opened, a small masked party enters very softly and mutely occupies itself in searching. After some little time it passes out as silently as it came. This carol singing and masquerading are continued for three nights, but they must be wary on the third night, for then other masqueraders are abroad to destroy every star they can get hold of. The priest discourages this, and those who participate in it must take a plunge in the icy Pacific before they can go to the church services. But the young natives prefer to pay the penalty, and masquerading continues until the end of the year.

On their thirty-first of December a ball is usually given by the chief of the island. The dance hall is a small room lighted by dripping candles, and the floor is most uneven. Music is furnished by an accordeon and harmonica. The old year is represented, and enjoying himself, he dances with everyone until twelve o'clock, when the new year enters and the old one is kicked out of the door.

During a month's stay on one of these distant Aleutian islands a group of native singers came to welcome us and sang for us their chant of the Bethlehem Star. An Alaskan is ever hospitable and friendly, for it is one of the teachings of his sacred ancestor, the Raven, and he must always be ready to entertain a stranger, whatever his mission may be. We, in turn, tried to show our friendliness and gave our guests something to eat, but when the songs were sung and the food gone, they did not know how to leave. Finally the old blind man, leader of the singing, arose and said, "It is go-time," and out into the night went the little band, following the gleam of the only star they knew, while the harmony of the solemn Russian music grew faint in the distance.

But the real leader of the group waited for a few moments and in detail explained to us the meaning of the ceremonies. "Nicholas Pavloff, interpreter," is this man's best known title. He is the son of the last Russian lieutenant-governor of Alaska who held office when this country was called Russian America. Nicholas Pavloff was born in St. Petersburg, and came to Alaska when a very small lad. He was educated in San Francisco, and was later made an agent for the North American Commercial Company. He has a speaking knowledge of German, French and English, while he speaks both Russian and Aleut to the island natives.



A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF FAR-OFF ALASKA
Mr. Pavloff will be seen in the back row next to the tree

No Greek church service is complete without his deep tones to help chant the responses, no Russian gayety wholly joyous without his leading voice and no gathering of English-speaking people is able to talk successfully with the natives unless Mr. Pavloff interprets. He may be called the lay-reader of the Greek church on one of these Pacific islands, for when snow and ice prevent the priest from making the perilous journey from island to island, Mr. Pavloff acts in his place. His home is the neatest on the island, his hospitality the truest, as he offers you roses, preserved whole with their buds and leaves, or salmon berries drenched in oil. A winding road leads to his cottage, o'ertopped by the straight Alaska cedars, symbolic, like himself, of the sturdy strength of this great white country. From his windows you look for miles out over the boundless Pacific, or to the snow-covered mountains to the westward. Here, looking over to the islands beyond, Nicholas Pavloff told me, in his broken English—and his words I quote—the true story of the Russian Christmas.

Read, those of you who live safely bounded within the forty-eight best states of our Union and consider that you are listening to the son of one of the last Russian officials of "Aliaska," who remembers this territory, not as the northern possession of the United States, but as a country loyal to the Czar of all the Russias.

"OLD CUSTOMS OF RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS

"The star is the principal part to begin with—the frame of which is made of wood, glued to the center double hoop, to which are fastened two cross wise strips of wood, and a small hole is made, through which is put a round about foot-long stick; at the front of it is fastened fancy trimmings, some suitable for the occasion picture, such as the birth of Christ and a Virgin with an infant Christ. These stars have sometimes eight prongs with tasselled ends. To accompany it they have two or four square paper colored lanterns set on a four-foot stick and lighted with a paraffine candle set inside of it.

"On the first day of Russian-Alaska Christmas, after sunset and the short church prayer, young men and boys and girls, in groups of six or more, take their star and go visiting people. The owner of this Bethlehem star (as it is called) keeps it revolving while they sing different carols, such as:

Glorify the Christ who is born today,
Christ came down from Heaven,
Christ on earth, exalt yourself
Whole earth sing to the Lord,
Men, sing with delight to the Glorified One.

This day the Virgin brings forth the Existing God,
And from all inaccessible caverns
Angels with shepherds announce the birth,
And the magicians are traveling with a star.

Now universal joy appeared to us,
Glorified God was born from Virgin Mary,
To this heavenly angels wonder much,
People on earth rejoice to this.

And after they get through singing, the holder of the star says a short speech to the host and hostess of the house, wishing them many happy days, while his choir will sing 'Mnogaia letta,' which means 'many happy days.' If they are poor they get a little money. Otherwise they get sweetmeats, and so they get on their way to the next house."

LOVE UNDYING

LIFE is not long,
Joy hath an ending ever,
Brief is the sweetest song;
But Love flows on forever
Till its clear waters join the mystic sea,
Unfathomed, boundless, of Eternity.

Charles Winslow Hall.

Sabianism and Christ

By JOHN IRVING PEARCE, Jr.

WHEN the ancient Chaldeans in Babylon fair,
That gate "of the gods" with its gardens of air,
Kneeled down and adored at the shrines of the stars,
Saturn, Jupiter, Mercury, Venus and Mars,

They were not so unwise as at first it would seem;
There was something unique in their beautiful dream—
That poetic conception of gods in the night
Beaming down starry-eyed from their tourmaline height.

And though Babylon fell and her temple of Bel
These their heavenly shrines trembled not at her knell,
But argent, serene and untroubled of man,
Still harked to those prayers that no mortal could ban.

It was thousands of years before Jesus was born,
And the star of Nativity challenged the morn;
Yet these child-like Chaldeans' pre-instinct of Love
Chose the same stellar symbol to guide them above.

In Acadian fields, through the night's triple ward,
The lone shepherd, rapt-orbed, sought his star-spirit lord;
The prophetical prototype, humble and true,
Of his brothers who watched for the Nazarene Jew

Came this beautiful thought of a beautiful faith
As I walked in God's night-blooming garden of grace,
And the light of the stars seemed so holy and still,
Shining down on the altar of ev'ry green hill.

And this faith was, I felt, the forerunner disguised
Of the promise and coming and glory of Christ,
And the pure heart's libations had power to atone
In that past ere the bright Star of Bethlehem shone.

New Books in My Library

by

Joe Mitchell Chapple

EVERY well-regulated library is supposed to have rules and regulations in conventional form, properly posted, but I know of one library free from all rules and regulations, as a single glance would prove.

On returning from a long trip I mount the steps to "the second floor back" for an evening all alone in the library. There are pyramids of papers on the desk. I find the inkwell a vagrant, the paperweight on the floor, the wastebasket in a chair, and the books standing around atilt, as if they arrived home late in the morning.

Yes, it's on one corner of the desk—the northeast corner to be exact—a new pile of books from new and old friends smiles at me—all just as I left it, according to the understanding that one pair of hands only keeps that corner of the house.

That library desk is like human affairs—I may as well be frank—the friend is recognized before the stranger, and as I pick up the several volumes the thought comes, "Now, here's for a session all alone with the books of friends." The overture is a lingering glance at each cover page and then a glance at the contents page. Gently the jacket is slipped off—for it's warm in this library—an admiring glance at the bold letters in gold and then the pipe—we're off.

These are not literary criticisms; they are the fruit of an evening with a group of book friends that dropped in and are sitting on the corners of the table. There is no room for the cynical critic here. Every chapter and every page is covered with a hop and skip. And sometimes I wonder if careful and painstaking reading of a book is the best method of getting at its big broad purpose.

* * *

ON the top of the pile I find "The Songs of Cy Warman." It's a neat book, daintily bound, and the inscription, "To Vonda Marie Warman, with the Full Tide of a Father's Love" shows that human blood courses in the veins of the volume. The Rand-Avery Company of Boston are the publishers and hold the copyright. But again hold—for the first of Cy Warman's songs is "Sapho." Visions of a censured drama come to mind. But read Cy's opening song, in a soft and gentle tone:

> Soul of Sapho! if tonight
>   When my boat is drifting near
> Your fair island, spirit bright,
>   If I sing, and if you hear,
> From your island in the sea,
> Soul of Sapho, signal me.

Now a locomotive engineer—and that's what Cy was long ago—has one thing uppermost in his mind as he holds the throttle and dashes over the rails. The signal is the absolute mentor, and it seems appropriate that the first verse in Cy's book should include an appeal for signals.

Turning over, skipping a page, perhaps more—I find the pastoral gem "When the Cows are Coming Home," and one line sings itself over and over again:

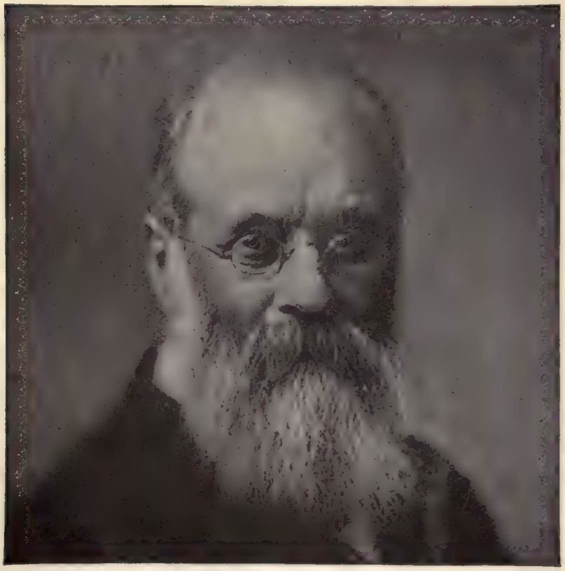
> Oh, the sweet forget-me-never,
> I should like to live forever.

Here is a duet entitled "You, Love," and of course a duet means two. Then there is "Take Me Back to Indiana,"

CY WARMAN
Whose verse will sing itself into the hearts of future generations

whose lines are fervid with all the intensity of a son of Hoosierdom.

"This Little Pig Went to Market" recalls treasured moments with the littlest and dearest of babies. There is a tribute to the old town, and the clickety-click of verse that suggests the haunting rhythm that so often besets the fancy of the wearied passenger by rail. No wonder that Charles A. Dana insisted after reading some of these verses that Cy Warman was a poet who penned the real stuff. It is proven in every page. No wonder that Eugene Field, the old chum and crony, expressed enthusiastic interest over the lines of Cy Warman.



CHARLES A. DANA
The late publisher of the New York *Sun*, who predicted great things for Cy Warman

On page 63 we are reminded of that well-whistled melody associated with the popular songs of its day. For "Sweet Marie" is Cy Warman's, and it will live when many other late songs have faded from memory.

The arrangement of the book does not appeal to me. How much better to skip along page by page without the freezing classifications, "Thoughtful Rhymes," "Cities I Have Seen," and "More or Less Personal." Somehow in these days the reader wants to make his own classifications, and above all—give him variety. In the last division are poems to the various cities, from Jerusalem to Cheyenne, and including San Francisco. We look in vain for an ode to Boston. Cy has certainly slighted the head center of culture and missed the joke about codfish balls and balls.

Among the lines "More or Less Personal" there is a splendid tribute to the late Doctor Drummond, which somehow makes us take right hold of Cy's hand. In the stanzas "Ju Jitzu *vs.* Hockey," indited for Colonel Roosevelt, one can realize why there has been such a hearty bond of friendship and admiration between these two scouts of the breezy life.

The cream of the book—the masterpiece—if I may speak my mind under breath, is that one bit of verse that leads off the Thoughtful Rhymes—"Will the Lights Be White?" The poem is more than thoughtful. It is a universal heart expression. Dear old Cy, if you never wrote anything else, those three stanzas ought to insure you a crown among the immortals. Who can resist the music, the soulful symphony and the rugged strength of these lines?

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals show;
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome,
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

* * *

ON an Atlantic liner returning from Europe I met a former member of Parliament, and we enjoyed many a delightful chat in the smoking room. One subject which we found of common interest was books, and the British statesman told me of a new book written by his nephew on illuminating and lettering.

It was delightful now to find the volume among the books in the northeast corner, and doubly delightful to note the beautiful inscription, the work of the author, Mr. Edward Johnston, in lettering most distinctive and individual.

The book is a classic on this subject, and well deserves the place it has already attained as a text-book in schools. The subject is so thoroughly and exhaustively treated that no one interested in writing, lettering or illuminating should be without a copy. The publisher is John Hogg, 13 Paternoster Row, London. It is a workshop book, and critically examined from every point of view, is a complete compendium of lettering from the earliest times. It gets back to the basic principles of the blocks. There is a revival of the artistic fervor of the old monastic copyists, in the beauty of Greek and Roman letters, showing the derivatives of the alphabet.

"Writing and Illuminating and Lettering" is purely an instruction book, a reference book, a text-book—and yet where is there a person who has not at one time or another been interested in the subject of lettering? The small boy in primary school begins it on his text-books. The young ladies admire dainty monograms, and it is interesting to see how frequently and differently this is attempted when guests sign their names on the hotel register. Mr. Johnston has a book of rare and instructive value.

EUGENE FIELD
Cy Warman's chum and crony and one of the first to realize Cy's greatness as a poet

* * *

NEXT I find a book that I had glanced at long ago, but now could read thoroughly to enjoy. John U. Higinbotham has written a number of popular books on travel. His "Three Weeks in

Europe" and "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium" are followed by "Three Weeks in the British Isles." The author indulges in a preface, which is quite unnecessary, because by this time everybody ought to know the delightful kind of book that John U. Higinbotham writes.

He starts out in the book proper—Chapter I, page 9—with "London Shops and Streets," and calls to mind familiar sights and scenes to those who have been there, revealing a most vivid picture to those who have not yet covered the ground.

It is plain to see that Mr. Higinbotham's camera started in action early, for he even catches a taxi on the wing. With inimitable gaiety he continues to contrast American and European customs. There is a smile as he remarks that he seldom has found running water in a foreign hotel room unless the roof leaked. The humor in the book is always brimming over—pardon the liquid metaphor.

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM

Who has written another of his inimitable books on travel. This time it's "Three Weeks in the British Isles"

The pages glisten with bits of fun that are refreshing. The author tells about finding a sentry in front of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid's residence in Dorchester House while Theodore Roosevelt was there, and suggests that it might have been a precaution.

He finds his way from London with a third-class ticket to Windsor. He keeps in that part of the alphabet by going to Winchester. He finds a good restaurant in Salisbury, and like Charles Dickens seems to be partial to the places where they had good things to eat. Mr. Higinbotham refers affectionately to the immortal author of Pickwick Papers who made Pecksniff's pupils draw the towers of Salisbury's cathedral.

To be entirely proper and fashionable the author fights his way to Bath, the good old health resort so often mentioned in the writings of Fielding and Smollett, Thackeray and Dickens. He might also have gone back to the time of Caesar, who, it is said, knew something of the famous well. The Roman baths built by Claudius about 43 A.D. are mentioned, but the author doesn't record whether or not he took a bath there.

With the enthusiasm of the British undergraduate, Mr. Higinbotham "took the 10.35 up" train to Oxford. He doesn't mention how he got "down" again.

Sir Walter Scott's thrilling novel is recalled by a delightful description of Kenilworth. Mr. Higinbotham finds a very toothsome pudding in Yorkshire, and has a delightful trip through the lake country among the haunts of the distinguished "lake poets." Melrose and Abbotsford are described with an air that indicates something of the author's preference, and he brings in the moon for the Melrose picture.

The whole book is so colloquial, so chatty, that one just simply travels along with the author to Edinburgh, whereat he sees the statue of Abraham Lincoln which graces the capital of Scotland and brings a thrill of American fervor. The Trossachs, Glasgow and Ayr are rich in suggestions of Scott and Bobbie Burns, and there are sketches of the Giant's Causeway, not forgetting the Irish colleen in Galway, a day in Cork, a trip to Blarney Castle and a visit to Dublin.

What more could you ask in a book of travel than to have with you such a charming companion as John U. Higinbotham?

THERE is a homely winsomeness in the title "Wally," the new novel by Guy M. Steely. Here, indeed, is a story of the West, for from the opening page a Western atmosphere pervades every chapter. The frontispiece and illustrations inspire a realization of the genuine thrill of the frontier, and every modern girl, to say nothing of the modern boy, finds a fascination in the life of the saddle. Mr. Steely is a facile writer, and he knows his ground. His experience as the press representative of the Ringling Brothers' circus has given him special vantage points for observations which lend a peculiar charm to "Wally."

The great West of "Wally" is, alas, passing away too rapidly. The days of cowboys and wild adventure are numbered. Barbed wire fences and neat farmsteads encroach more and more upon the wide and open ranges, but we must still have our books that gleam with the wildfire spirit of the prairie lands.

* * *

VISIONS of Rostand and one of the most notable court trials on record for plagiarism are called to mind as I open up "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," by Samuel Eberly Gross of Chicago. It is in play form and was the subject of international litigation in which Mr. Gross secured an injunction against the production of Rostand's play of "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Richard Mansfield in the United States.

The manuscript of the play was submitted in Paris, and it was shown that from it the famous Cyrano was constructed. Aside from all the notoriety that made the book the most sought after of all American comedies, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" is a delightful piece of work and has something of the genuine Shakespearian spirit. Its form and construction heralded the dawn of that class of plays which created such a furor in later years and which have made secure the fame of Rostand and his contemporary dramatists, Barrie, Maeterlinck and others.

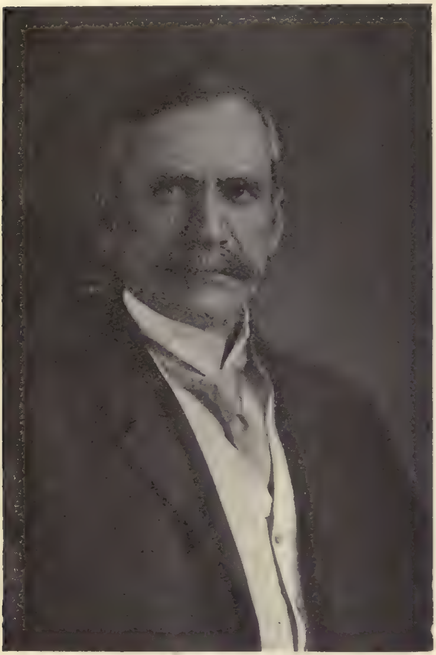
To think that the so-called prosaic thread of American village life could be woven into such a charming drama is impressive. The first seventy-five pages will be read without stopping, and then one will turn to follow the fortunes of Violet Whetstone and Fopdoodle.

The play was presented in London at the Novelty Theater in 1896. Mr. Gross wrote the play during an active—and that means superactive—business career in Chicago and he has good reason to be gratified with the reception of a work that had such a potential influence upon the new form of drama.

GUY M. STEELY
Whose book "Wally" is permeated with the spirit of the old-time West

THE delicate red border lines on the cover of Horace Smith's book, "The War Maker," are only a faint indication of the lurid and fascinating story therein. There is a frontispiece of the hero of this true story, Captain George B. Boynton. The book is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and the preface and the opening note of the book calls attention to the fact that the Captain Boynton was a "real man," the hero of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldier of Fortune," and also responsible for many of the incidents related in Guy Boothby's works. Captain Boynton died at a ripe old age in the early part of 1911, after a career that makes the most thrilling "blood and thunder" novel seem dumb.

Mr. Smith tells the story of the Captain's career as it was told to him, putting the recital in the mouth of the hardy old "soldier of fortune" himself. Captain Boynton outlines his early life and tells of the irresistible impulse that resulted in his career. The call of the sea and the love of adventure was in his veins, and he thought no more of joining a filibuster than some people think of taking a Sunday excursion. One thing that the redoubtable soldier seemed always to respect, perhaps because of his early enlistment in the army, was the Stars and Stripes. He filibustered for the Cubans, explored Latin America, preyed on pirates in Singapore, had most startling adventures on the Nile, and as Mr. Smith says, "From Hong Kong to Valparaiso, fighters of all races knew the name of Boynton. From Cape Horn to New York he did not permit himself to be forgotten."



HON. H. C. HANSBROUGH
Former Senator from North Dakota. His novel, "The Second Amendment," reveals his first-hand knowledge of the political affairs of the nation

In later years he participated with Castro in the exciting events in Venezuela. Then he came back to New York and ended his days as quietly and respectably as any respectable citizen could have desired. He always insists that if he had his life to live over again he would go the same road; he felt that it was for just such a life that he was created, and that he was a sort of reincarnated filibusterer and buccaneer, and he passed away without disclosing even his true identity, because he felt that all those whom it would interest were dead.

HORACE SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE WAR MAKER," AND CAPTAIN BOYNTON, THE HERO OF THE BOOK

The book is one that whets the curiosity, and you read and read and put down the volume with a sigh that there are no more worlds to conquer or a longer life for the gallant "soldier of fortune."

* * *

IN a handsome blue cover, right at the bottom of the pile, is Dr. Max Heinrich's "Classical Principles of Singing." Dear Max Heinrich, the happy-hearted singer, has for years been one of America's foremost figures in oratorio. A master among instructors, whatever he says upon the subject of singing is authoritative. The interpretations, examples and excerpts from different compositions in the book are of especial value to the student of music, but the early chapters are of great interest to all lovers of good music.

"Classical Principles of Singing" is the title of this textbook, and it is altogether a valuable addition to the literature of music. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company of Boston have the honor of the imprint as publishers. The chapters include papers on "Voice Production and Voice Placing," "Breath Control," "Phrasing and Diction," "Tone Color" and "Personality." In the last discussion the reader entirely forgets that he is reading a textbook on singing. The author's criticism on personality is able and strong and as interesting as a novel.

What loving tribute is paid to Franz Schubert and his songs! It is easy to understand now why the delightful chamber concerts given by Max Heinrich have so many times offered that great Austrian's masterpieces.

The close relationship of art in all its branches is emphasized by the author, and it is refreshing to find an artist of Mr. Heinrich's ability who can write as well as sing.

Mr. Heinrich was born in Illinois, but has spent much time in Europe, and has been from earliest manhood identified with choral and oratorical music. His appreciation of Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is emphasized in the illustrations which he furnishes. These examples seem like one of those incomparable concerts in which Mr. Heinrich is able not only to sing those passages which express the soul language, but to explain in passing the constructive phases that seem to illuminate and enlarge the wonderful universality of music. After a discussion of all phases of singing, the closing pages conclude the romantic story of "The Brook's Lullaby." The sound of the brook and the hunter's horn in the wood, with the full moon rising, the mist vanishing, the blue sky above and the blue flowerets below make a most appropriate and picturesque finale of a charming and useful book.

* * *

THERE are memories of long ago as I pick up that dainty volume called "Track's End," by Hayden Carruth, published by Harper's. The story appeared as a serial in *The Youth's Companion* fifteen years ago, and the boys who read it then are still talking about it. It is a story of early Dakota life in territorial days and has the snap of thrilling adventure. Every page gleams with the personality of the man who started his journalistic career as the editor, publisher, business manager, art critic, general manager and printer of the *Estelline Bell*, published at Estelline, Dakota, when the two great states were one great territory. The *Bell* ran exchange paragraphs in all the leading papers at that time.

MAX HEINRICH OF NEW YORK
The great authority on music whose latest work is "Classical Principles of Singing"

"Track's End" is of deep personal interest because it was my pleasure to see the proofs of the manuscript. Later I read the story in *The Youth's Companion* and again now that it appears in book form it has been re-read a third time with increased interest.

On the first inside cover of the volume is a famous map, a real "blue print," which the author confesses as his own handiwork, and the first map he ever made since geography days. It is a praiseworthy effort and you never could make a mistake in following the graphic indications of location of the "points of interest" as the newspapers would chronicle.

HAYDEN CARRUTH
Author of "Track's End," who began his career as editor of the *Estelline Bell* at Estelline, Dakota, and is now on the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*

"Track's End" is the story of a snowbound village in Dakota, and for graphic interest and animated portrayal of vivid scenes the book makes "Snowbound" seem like a dream. There is something wholesomely human in "Track's End." It is told in a sparkling, rollicking way, and no matter whether it is a boy or his elders, the book holds the reader's interest from beginning to end.

If you want a book to give the boys for Christmas—a book that they will take to bed and prize as you prize those books that you read in youth, get them "Track's End." It has the quality and character of *The Youth's Companion*.

Few of our contemporary authors have ever had a more enthusiastic audience of boys than Hayden Carruth. His rough-and-ready experiences in the early days of Dakota, and his editorial work on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, *Harper's Monthly* and the *Woman's Home Companion* have given him a rich fund of experience with early days of adventure from which to draw material.

As I finished the last page, a scene not recorded in the book came vividly to mind. It was on board a steamboat on the Mississippi, and as the stars shone and became dim with approaching dawn, two young men stood on deck and earnestly discussed the roseate future and the world of literary crusaders. As the boat curved and swung around in the current of the great "Father of Waters," they still talked. One of them was Hayden Carruth, and the pleasant memories of that conversation have been more than realized from the whispered secrets of a young writer's ambition on the bow of a Mississippi steamboat.

The "Who's Who" record declares that Mr. (Fred) Hayden Carruth was born in Lake City, Minnesota, in the year — well, look it up, because you know I referred to two *young* men.

THE WAYSIDE INN

By

Mitchell Mannering

EVERY year witnesses an increased interest in the historic shrines of New England. There are perhaps more historic associations of early days in and around Boston than in any other place in the country. When the stranger arrives the first impulse is to see Bunker Hill, Boston Common and the other spots that figure in Colonial and Revolutionary days. Even after the regular routine has been completed it is found that there are many other places not recorded in the guide books. During the summer days hundreds of autos find their way over New England roads toward Sudbury. After a dash over well-traveled highways, the sign of the "Red Horse Tavern" is seen in the distance. What inspiring memories are stirred up at this historic "Wayside Inn"! One feels the force of all he has read of the early colonial history.

Ages ago an Indian trail led from the Shawmut Peninsula at the head of Boston Harbor to the Connecticut River, and when the Puritan had planted the land with infantile settlements, and followed the Valley of the Connecticut to the sea, the "Bay Path" followed the ancient trail and became, in due season, a highway over which packhorse and ox-team, horseman and pedestrian, carried on the archaic travel and transportation of an era which did not lose all of its primeval and picturesque features until within the memory of men yet living.

* * *

It is now hard to realize that less than a century divides us from the days when the stage-coaches for Worcester set out several times daily from the Elm Street booking offices, and made their time schedule with considerable exactness, as they followed the well-traveled highway across West Boston Bridge, through Cambridge, Newton, Waltham, Sudbury, Marlboro, etc., to the Main Street in Worcester. Sudbury was the principal stopping-place on the Worcester route, and for nearly a century not one but some half a dozen taverns were kept busy by the traveling public and the wagoners and drivers, who moved their commodities from the interior to Boston, and carried back other goods in return. Among them, none were larger or more commodious than the "Red Horse Tavern,"

THE SON OF CHARLES DICKENS AT THE WAYSIDE INN built about 1702–05, by David Howe, whose father, Samuel, a son of John Howe, the original grantee, left him a farm of 130 acres at the foot of the most northern spur of Nobscot Hill, shaded by primeval oaks and tall chestnuts and bordering with precious fringes of meadows the purling waters of Hop Brook.

On this farm, some time in the first years of the Eighteenth Century and during the reign of good Queen Anne, David Howe built the great tavern now known throughout the world as "The Wayside Inn." It is said to contain no less than eighty-one windows, on one of which, in the parlor, was long inscribed:

"The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago
By the great Major Molineux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made."

These rhymes, with the pane in which they were cut with a diamond ring by Major Molineux, have been framed and so preserved from danger and loss; they run as follows:—

"What do you think?
Here is good drink;
Perhaps you may not know it,
If not in haste,
Do stop, and taste;
Yon merry folks, will show it.
William Molineux, Jr., Boston, June 24th, 1776."

The house seems to have been planned for a family mansion, and intended to maintain the prominence and dignity of a race who were entitled to wear coat armor, and in the early days appear to have been possessed of considerable property. At a very early date, however, David Howe established himself as a tavern-keeper, and was succeeded in 1746 by Colonel Ezekiel Howe, who put up the sign of "The Red Horse," which to this day overhangs the portico, and from which it was long known as "The Red Horse Tavern." He became a colonel in the Continental Army, and died in 1796. Adam, his son, succeeded him in the business until 1836, when Squire Lyman Howe became the owner

THE WAYSIDE INN IN WINTER

"Perchance the living still may look
Into the pages of this book
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro"

and landlord of "The Red Horse Tavern," dying a bachelor in 1866, and with him the family became extinct.

In approaching from the east, the road leads among and under enormous oaks, which date back to a period anterior to the settlement of the country. Along the narrow trail which once threaded the forest beneath them, the tribes of the Massachusetts and their hereditary enemies moved in war and fought or retreated in battle.

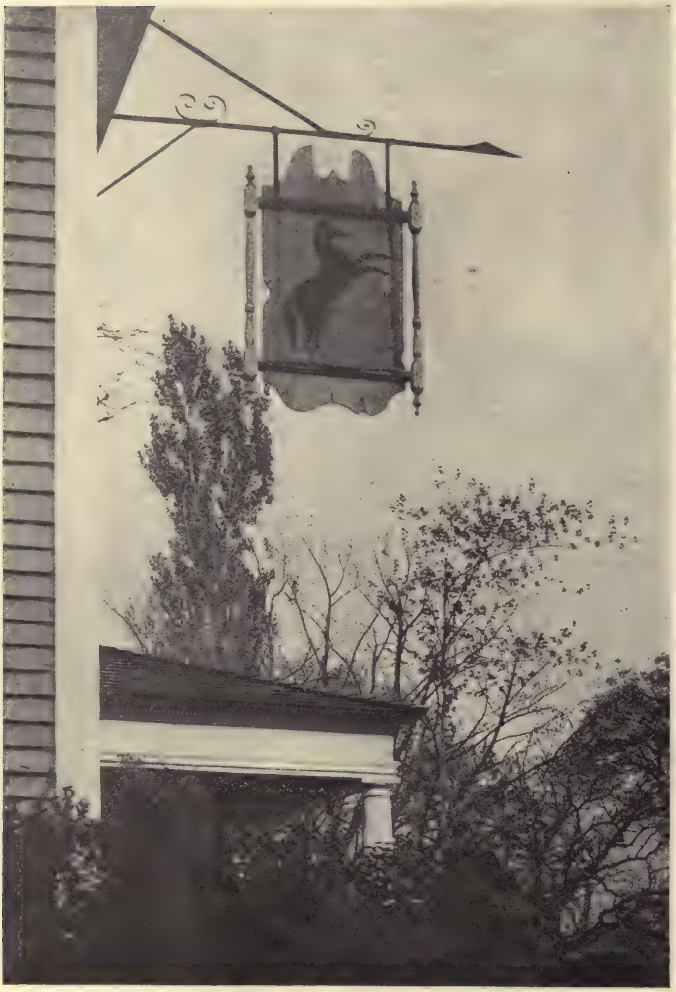
Later on, as we have seen, they guided the early settlers into the western wilderness by the easiest ways and the most practicable fords, and naturally, to the most fertile and desirable portions of the inner land. Widened to meet the necessities of the nascent civilization, they were traversed by herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, strings of pack-horses and rude wagons drawn by slow-moving, patient oxen, all guarded by horsemen and footmen, who knew that their own strong arms and ready muskets must be ever on the alert against their savage enemies. During the Indian wars, Sudbury suffered fearfully from the great attack made by King Philip at the dawning of the twenty-first of April, 1676, in which every dwelling and building was destroyed, except the garrison houses, and the forces sent to aid and protect the threatened town suffered a loss of fifty-two men.

Under these oaks, the re-enforcements from Marlboro, commanded by Captain Wadsworth and Captain Brocklebank, marched to the unequal combat, and although that terrible day of loss and defeat was soon followed by the death of King Philip, and the destruction of his people, still for many years an Indian raid was a danger to be reckoned with and guarded against.

PORCH OF THE WAYSIDE INN

**"Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality"**

In the years of the long French and Indian wars that succeeded and in the Revolution, large bodies of troops were moved along this highway, there being no other method of transportation, unless it was possible to go by sea, or along some of the large lakes and rivers. By



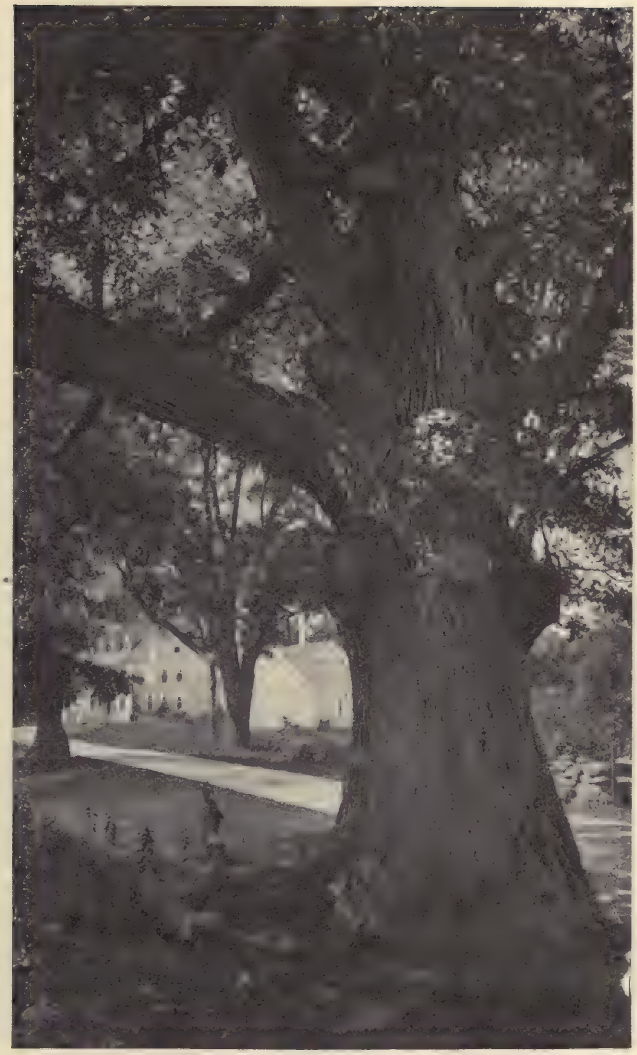
THE RED HORSE SIGN
"And half-effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign"

this route General Knox, the Boston book-seller, brought to Boston, over frozen lakes and drifted roads, the captured cannon of Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and in due season, the captured veterans of General Burgoyne and his Hessian levies made their way to their long detention at Boston. Until the Boston & Albany and Boston & Providence Railways ushered in the new era of speedy travel and rapid transportation, thousands of travelers, drovers and wagoners rejoiced at the welcome sight of the "Red Horse Tavern," seen through the vista of the ancient and broad-spreading oaks.

* * *

Alighting at the ample porch, the passenger was made welcome with a heartiness and simplicity, in strong contrast with the perfunctory greeting which one now receives at a crowded hotel. The experienced landlord was a man of large acquaintance, and to a considerable extent met his customer several times a year; was acquainted with his peculiar desires and took a just pride in satisfying his wants and even catering to his special tastes wherever possible. Not infrequently the man of leisure, especially if accompanied by congenial friends, remained at such a tavern for several days, or possibly for an entire week; often devoting the days to field sports, especially fishing and shooting, and spending the evening over their wine or punch, smoking Virginia tobacco in long church "warden" clay pipes, and discussing the topics of the day or one after another relating some jest, interesting tradition or "moving adventure by flood or field."

The great bar-room, wherein a portcullis and railing shut off one corner, defending the mixer of beverages and his precious liquids from any aggression, was, however, the soul and center of a tavern of this era; and herein, every evening and stormy day, gathered a considerable number of travelers and neighbors, most of whom were men of



APPROACHING THE WAYSIDE INN
"And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled"

some marked character or peculiarity, and many of them of varied experience and more or less education. A simple spirit of democracy, kept within decent bounds by the recognition of personal merit, assured position and a certain reverence for just authority, promoted a general feeling of hilarity and good cheer, and at the same time restrained the license which too often characterizes the personnel of a modern bar-room. Almost everyone in those days considered the moderate use of cider and malt liquors as a part of the family provision, and it is said that a hundred years ago many Sudbury families consumed from two hundred to four hundred gallons of cider alone, every year, together with no inconsiderable amount of strong liquors, chiefly wines and New Engand or Jamaican rum; the latter were largely used in winter in the form of "flip," a mixture of liquor, hot water, sugar and spices which, at such hostelries, [illegible] often brought to the boiling point by the insertion of irons heated in the fire, or in a peculiarly shaped iron vessel, with a sharp point, which could be struck firmly into a burning back log and held the precious contents until sufficiently hot. Cider and beer were in cold weather often "mulled" in the same primitive way; the heating of hard cider or strong beer greatly reducing its apparent strength.

In short, the "Red Horse Tavern" was a sensible, comfortable, old-fashioned hostelry, something now almost wholly unknown to the present generation.

It was, and is, however, one of unusual size, surrounded by scenery of unusual beauty and attractiveness, and fully worthy of the commendation of the poet, when he sings

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old colonial day
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hob-goblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys, huge, and tiled and tall.

In the days of Longfellow, when he first visited it, it seemed to have retained no inconsiderable part of the business and prestige which it had so long enjoyed; for he said:

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote, among the wooded hills,
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds,
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road, the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay;
Through the wide doors, the breezes blow;
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned quaint abode,
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the country road;
And skeletons of leaves and dust
A moment, quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And thro' the ancient oaks o'erhead,
Mysterious voices moaned, and fled.

* * *

Into this almost sylvan solitude, already blending its beauty with the decay of the year and the steady curtailment of its ancient activities, the poet introduces an interior picture of great beauty and cheeriness.

But from the parlor of the Inn,
A pleasant murmur smote the ear;
Like water rushing through a weir,
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of the violin.
The firelight, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor, large and low;
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace,
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead;
On the old spinet's ivory keys,
It played inaudible melodies.
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red,
The landlord's coat of arms again.

Into this scene of light and festivity he introduces his dramatis personae, whose individuality and wealth of dainty conversation and interesting saga-telling have made "The Wayside Inn" a classic the world over.

THE PARLOR OF THE WAYSIDE INN
"But from the parlor of the Inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear"

First the Landlord, "Squire Lyman Howe," Justice of the Peace, somewhat dignified and grave, as becomes his commission, his membership in the Congregational Church and choir, and his official dignity as selectman and member of the town school committee. His townsmen tell of him yet as he leaned back in his old "one-hoss shay" with the leather top flung back, and drawn by a fat, well-conditioned horse on official duties intent.

The student, Henry Ware Wales, scholar, litterateur, book collector, died too soon to demonstrate his fullest powers, but his rare collections of modern and ancient volumes are among the choicest treasures of the great Harvard Library today.

The "Young Sicilian" was Professor Luigi Monti, a close and congenial friend of Longfellow's; "the Spanish Jew from Alicante," Israel Edrehi, dealer in rare silks, spices, embroideries and perfumes; yet with all his mercantile acuteness a mystic, oriental linguist, and seeker after ancient mysteries. The theologian was Professor Daniel Treadwell, a physicist of considerable reputation with a turn for theological dissertation; the poet, T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante's "Divina Commedia"; the musician, Ole Bull, the violinist, and saga-man, and certainly one of the noblest men of his day. Of all these, Parsons, Monti and Treadwell alone were in any sense habitual frequenters of the Red Horse Tavern; and it is barely possible that all the seven had visited it at one time or another; certainly the visits of Longfellow were few and brief, but it is probable that the tales were founded on some romance or sentiment dear to the friend by whom it is said to have been related.

THE LIVING ROOM OR BAR
"What do you think? Here is good drink."—*William Molineux, Jr.*, 1776

From his own brief acquaintance with the famous poet, the writer knows that few men took greater pains to learn about men and things beyond the circle of his own experience, and with remarkable success in comprehending new points of view, or alien peoples and customs, and of enshrining them in a new glory of mystery and of song.

* * *

Far back in the antiquity of Oriental literature, the caravanserai and tavern, figures in song and story, and philosopher, poet, scholar and priest are depicted as exchanging their wisdom with the lighter purveyors of witty and entertaining gossipry. In the Book of Judges, Samson exchanges with his ill-willers the riddles and anecdotes that once passed current in ancient Philistia; Dan Chaucer mustered his Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, London, and the landlord thereof was the leading spirit of that fair companionship of merry story-tellers. Robbie Burns, in strong and garish but faithful colors drew a marvellous picture of the evening diversions of mendicant, tinker, trull and vagrant musician at "Poosey Nancy's," and the magical pen of Dickens has made the White Hart Inn, and many another English and continental inn undying in the realm of literature.

But of all such famous enshrinements of ancient inns and forgotten worthies, with their simple, hearty, and yet not unworthy gossip and entertainment, "The Wayside Inn" stands first in purity of tone, elegance of diction, biographical interest, and dainty, firm and natural treatment of character, scenery and incident. Whether or not all the characters depicted ever met at the old Sudbury inn, or whether, as is certain, some three or four made it their favorite summer retreat, it matters not greatly. The bonds and friendship between all these and the poet were too strong and simple, that the attractions of the Wayside Inn should be forgotten in those numberless conversations which Longfellow held with the characters of his great poem. To learn of Ole Bull the stirring mystical Saga-tales of Gamle Norge; to hear Luigi Monti grow rapt over Boccaccio and Ariosto; to listen while Wales displayed some rare volume in creamy vellum, or the florid blazonry of some medieval binder; or Treadwell grow earnest over his theological beliefs; to watch the lustrous eyes of Israel Edrehi, as lost to all mundane things he revived for the moment the mystical and grave Cabala of the chosen people; and to exchange with

WAYSIDE INN AND GARDEN

"Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the country road"

the amiable Parsons the unenvious tribute of poet to poet, were the sufficient inspiration of this singularly faithful picture of the higher types of comradery and entertainment in such ancient inns less than a century ago.

But a few weeks ago the son of Charles Dickens, now visiting America, visited the "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury, and viewed the old-fashioned garden, the antique architecture, the noble pillared porch and ample offices which were, in fact, a bit of old England transplanted into the New England, while love of the homeland and loyalty to an English sovereign were still potent bonds and held fast the love and loyalty of our people.

* * *

And now, as the snow falls and the drifts gather, the old Red Horse Tavern seems more cosy than ever and merry parties draw up before the ancient portal much the same as in past years, save that the stage-coach, with its resounding horn, or the champing, nervous coach and six have been supplanted by the honk of the automobile and the chug of the engines.

Scarcely have the party thrown off their wraps and received the kindly welcome of the host before there is a general rush from cellar to garret in an inspection tour. There is a trip to the old tap-room and an examination of the great colonial fireplace. A happy troop set forth to the Longfellow room, where many of the Wayside Inn tales were written. In the Lafayette room the same paper hangs on the wall as when the great French statesman was there. There is the same bed in which the distinguished visitor slept, and the little room occupied by his valet.

Mine Host Lemon and his good wife have perhaps the most famous collection of antiques in the country, and every nook and corner of the house is surrounded and fitted in appropriate colonial style. One young lady is found in the Washington room, microscope in hand, carefully studying the floor for possible scars where the great General's boots might have struck the floor, while another couple were wondering how he must have stooped to shave by the light of the tiny mirrors.

THE SON OF CHARLES DICKENS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE INN

In the old ballroom one can almost fancy the sound of dancing feet to the rhythm of the stately minuet, as colonial dames and gallants made merry under the glow of myriads of candles.

The old well still provides water for romantic guests, and the kitchen has the same great bake ovens as in olden days, when no matter how many arrived there was always enough and to spare. The colonial methods of cooking are still preserved, and such meals as may be had at the Wayside Inn!

It may be a bright October day with the forests aglow with autumnal splendor, or a rainy day in early spring when the glistening drops patter on the tiny panes and the guests gather about the fire, taking turns stirring up the crackling logs with the ancient tongs; but whatever the season, you feel as if you wanted to stay there for a week or so, and enjoy the cosiness and hospitality of the storied shelter of the Wayside Inn.

RECEPTION IN HONOR OF HUMANE SOC.
IN THE CHINESE SIX COS. HALL, S.F.
Photo by R. F. LYME

A BOSTONIAN IN 'FRISCO

By GUY RICHARDSON

Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*

SAN FRANCISCO supplies the need of the sated American traveler for "something different." No sooner does one step through the city portals of the Ferry Building than he feels the thrill of the cosmopolitan life that throbs here on every side. Only New Orleans, of great American cities, so impresses the Easterner that he is in another world. This is better realized when one arrives at Los Angeles, where "how much more like Boston," we involuntarily remarked, after having visited all the other Coast cities from Vancouver down.

It takes a few days to get "acclimated" in 'Frisco, or rather a few nights, for it is not till toward evening that one feels the unexpected chill in the air. But there is no frost in the hospitality of the people, for nowhere could be found more cordial hosts than the officials of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, who welcomed us to the National Humane Convention in October. Was it partly because of something in the reverential tone with which the word "Boston" was pronounced, whenever we were introduced?

One of the keenest pleasures of living in California must be that of telling of the wonders of the state or of its cities to the man from "back East" who has come prepared to hear great stories of resources and achievements, but who is totally unprepared to be convinced of their truth until he has seen for himself. California certainly does have the goods, all the way from matchless Mount Shasta to charming Catalina Island. Only it takes the real Californian of San Francisco, rather than the adopted Eastern citizen of Los Angeles or Pasadena, to adequately tell about them. How those big-hearted hosts—men and women interested in child and animal protection—showed us the sights and wonders and glories of subterranean, terrestrial and ethereal San Francisco is the inspiration of this article—the hard work of the three solid days of the business sessions of the Convention is another story.

CHINESE CHILDREN ON THE SIDEWALK

We descended into Chinatown, of course,

or rather ascended its principal street. Early in the evening set aside for this trip, someone remarked the unusual appearance of the office floor of the St. Francis Hotel. It had been cleared, as if to be used for a ball-room. Presently music was heard, and in marched a band of twenty or more Chinese youths, in white uniforms, with a retinue of attendants carrying illuminated transparencies in the form of immense fishes decorated with fantastic characters. Hardly had the onlookers, who rapidly gathered from street and hotel rooms, realized the meaning of the demonstration, before another band of music, composed of a second delegation of more mature Chinamen, joined the procession, which now began to march around in a wide circle on the floor. This was our escort to Chinatown. With the courtly President of the Convention and portly Taft-like president of one of the entertaining societies leading off, the humane delegates—men, women and children—all followed in twos, while the bands played, through Powell and Sutter Streets to Grant Avenue and up through Dupont Street into the real Chinatown.

MATTHEW McCURRIE, S. P. C. A. SECRETARY
A typical San Francisco boomer

We must have made a striking spectacle, for the sidewalks were crowded with spectators, Chinese of all sexes and ages and the American visitors who nightly make a tour of this fascinating section. And what a long route it was! We wheeled to the left twice before we finally halted in front of the hall of the Chinese Six Company. It was some minutes before all could be ushered into that spacious room, where a long line of distinguished Chinese hosts, from the High Consul down, waited to receive us. Small side tables were set with oriental delicacies; Chinese girls in richly-embroidered bisected skirts added color to the white uniforms of the band boys; and aged Chinamen looked on while their more active countrymen practiced their best English in making the visitors welcome. The picture here reproduced was posed with the Consul in the center, and taken by a Chinese photographer. When we gave our address to Mr. Lym for a copy of the photograph, that bright young Chinaman smiled very broadly and said, in good English, "Boston? Oh, I've lived there, on Dudley Street."

From the hall the delegates were escorted to "see the town" in squads of about six in charge of one of the band boys. We inspected the only Chinese telephone exchange in America (several pages of names in Chinese characters are inserted in the regular San Francisco telephone directory); were escorted up a dingy flight of stairs to a lavishly decorated joss-house, where one had a wide choice of gods at whose altars candles were burning; and then taken into a cellar where a few seats were reserved for visitors to the "musician," who came in from some mysterious anteroom and performed first on a kind of zither and then on an instrument that looked like a second cousin to the guitar.

We wound up at a restaurant, where all the hosts, escorts and visitors rallied for a general good time. Under the auspices of the Chinese Business Men's Association we were served a collation of tea, lichee nuts and various sweets known only to Chinese menus; and a program of speechmaking that for intelligence and earnestness was the equal of any at the Convention. While the exercises were in progress we had the pleasure of decorating some fifty or more young Chinese boys and girls with the Band of Mercy button.

When we approached one promising young man, he said, "I know what it means. See?" and he pointed to his badge of membership in the Chinese Auxiliary to the Oakland S. P. C. A. It was inspiring to learn of the interest taken in humane work from the consul, who spoke through an interpreter, to the smallest boys and girls, who showed their appreciation in the intelligent manner with which they accepted the buttons.

To Guy Richardson,
with Scraggles's love and mine
George Wharton James

But Chinatown is not all of San Francisco, not even of its subterranean attractions! There is a cafe life at night in this city which is second only to that of New York. There is the famous Poodle Dog, or rather there are three Poodle Dogs, for the telephone book discloses a "new" one and an "old" one, as well as the "only original"; there is the Bismarck with its unique "beefsteak" room, where you may entertain your friends under the rafters; and right at a most convenient corner is the Portola Louvre. It was not the unsurpassed quality of the table, nor the novelty of the vaudeville performance going on, but the company with whom we were favored, that made a dinner hour at this last-named resort a never-to-be-forgotten treat. For among our guests was the one man living who best knows California—Dr. George Wharton James. In the two hours during that dinner we learned more of the real nature of California than we succeeded in picking up in all our reading and conversation during the rest of our fortnight's visit to that state. No wonder the governor of the state told Dr. James that he envied him his knowledge of California. "You know California better than any other man," said the chief executive. And we think we learned something of the reason for this, as Dr. James told of his life on the desert, sleeping under the naked skies, where no human being has ventured before him, and where it is a common experience for wild animals to show no alarm at his presence. Yes, the quartet which listened to Dr. James' table-talk that evening traveled over much of California. He took us to his beautiful home in Pasadena, and told of the great variety of fruits in his own garden—there were actually more than fifty-seven of them—from which he could choose his simple breakfast; he transported us to the lofty heights of California's mountains—a hundred of whose peaks reach an altitude of ten thousand feet; he told of repeated New Year's experiences in making snowballs on Mount Lowe in the morning, then riding through the beautiful flower carnival at Pasadena, and finally bathing in the open Pacific at Long Beach—all within a few hours of the same day; he let us into the secret of his intimacy with "Scraggles," the feathered heroine of one of his most pleasing books; and talked familiarly of Jack London, Joaquin Miller, and all the famous California writers for a generation back.

He had just vividly portrayed Miller's unique presentation to Mrs. Langtry at the home of Lady Rothschild, as described by him in the October NATIONAL, when we learned that he was writing for this magazine.

"Then you know Joe Chapple?" we ventured.

"Oh, yes," he smiled, "I know Joe. I'm writing something for him. Have you met him?"

WELCOME
A·H·A

FLOWER CARPET, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER, 1911
In honor of the American Humane Association

We referred to a pocketful of letters of introduction with which we had been equipped by the generous Joe before starting from Boston, by way of reply.

Readers of the NATIONAL know something of the facility with which Dr. James can write, but he is even more charming in conversation. That same evening he gave a public address on "The Spirit of Humanity," illustrated largely by his own experiences in dealing with wild animals. His bear stories held the attention of dignified delegates as if they were children, and when his time was up, the Convention president so far forgot the importance of his schedule as to extend the time half an hour longer for more nature tales. When it comes to the right story, rightly told, we are all children. If only public speakers would remember this oftener, how much more could they hold the attention of their hearers! Dr. James convinced us that even a bear has a heart, if one knows how to look for it. Would that every zoo keeper and employe could learn the secret of the common bond between men and animals!

No finer monument of San Francisco's grandeur exists than beautiful Golden Gate Park, with its more than one thousand acres of luxurious flowers, plants and trees, where once only bare sand-hills were washed by the Pacific. Now look at the palms, lawns, artificial lakes and many miles of walks and drives, culminating in Strawberry Hill, over four hundred feet above sea level, with its cascade, and you have a visible proof that water plus San Francisco enterprise can metamorphize the face of the earth. The conservatory, which appears in the picture, has a dome fifty-eight feet high, and contains many rare orchids, water lilies and tropical plants. The "Welcome" was extended by the city in these immense floral letters to the American Humane Association. No visit is complete without a lunch at the Cliff House and a visit to the viewpoint of the Seal Rocks, now fast losing their right to fame, though we actually saw one seal sporting in the water about the rocks.

The Golden Gate itself is unchanged by tidal wave or earthquake shock. There it stands, the mile-wide entrance to the harbor of San Francisco. Figure in romantic literature as it has, the Golden Gate nevertheless swings one away from the visionary, leads one to forget the esthetic, to drop for the time the poetic, for we must bow to the beck of Commerce. Here come salmon from Alaska, barrels by the thousand and cases by the million, for men must eat; through the Golden Gate is floated lumber, soon to be turned into gold, for it is measured by the hundreds of thousand feet, for men must be sheltered; and every now and then amidst this shipping, indicative of prosperity and peace, there steam through the Gates of Gold mighty engines of war, for men must fight or be prepared to fight—so they are taught to believe, and so fifteen hundred acres of San Francisco's natural park land are appropriated for the principal military post on the Pacific Coast, the Presidio, with its batteries of guns ever watching, like so many infernal eyes, the glistening heights of the Golden Gate and that precious expanse of water that tranquilly stretches between.

Ever, in San Francisco, one feels the lure of the heights. At night, from the hotel window, myriad lights gleam from hills near and distant. In the daytime, as one looks northward over the Golden Gate, or across the bay to Oakland, one object dominates the scene. It forms a striking background to the picture, unlike that of any similar setting. It is Mount Tamalpais, physically the climax of San Francisco. Hither one must go if he would see it all. It is hard to believe that this mountain is only a trifle less than half a mile high, but it rises so directly from the sea level that it commands a view unsurpassed for its kind by any other peak in the world. It is ascended by a standard broad gauge railroad, widely advertised as the crookedest in the world. At one place the track parallels itself five times within three hundred feet, forming a "double bow knot." Its terminal is at the Tavern of Tamalpais, very near the summit of the mountain. We had time between trains to enjoy a lunch and then clamber up the steep but short path to

EASTERN DELEGATES ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS the observatory at the tiptop, where the cities of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, the Farallone Islands, the Golden Gate, Cliff House and Bay of San Francisco are all in view, also Mounts Diablo and Hamilton. It is claimed that on a clear day the Sierra Nevadas, one hundred and fifty-five miles away, can be plainly seen, but though we had a fair day, our vision did not extend quite so far. We found that the rocky summit afforded an excellent sky background for pictures, and many snapshots were taken. On the descent several made the trip in the gravity car, a most novel and exhilarating ride.

Leaving the main line of the railroad about half way down the mountain, a branch runs off to the Muir Woods, only a few miles distant. These were accepted by the federal Government as a national monument January 9, 1908, and were named for the distinguished California naturalist, John Muir. They comprise nearly three hundred acres of virgin forest of giant redwoods of fabulous age. Some of the trees reach from two hundred to three hundred feet in height, while in the hollow trunk of one of them thirty-six humane delegates, some of them of uncertain girth, were able to stand at the same time. The walk of a mile from the Muir Inn, where the railroad branch terminates, down to the Sequoia Canyon, over paths carpeted with fallen leaves, where the banks are one mass of ferns and the soft air is charged with the perfumes of an actual forest primeval, with these stately old trees rising to unseen heights above, brings one about as near to the heart of nature as the promises of earth lead us to expect.

But already we are back in 'Frisco; the week with its business, its banquets and social affairs, its city of wonders and great-hearted hosts, is over. The south of California, land of magic and of dreams, calls us thither. San Francisco is but a memory—tall buildings—lights high up on sea and land—lichee nuts—lectures—sandab—cafe music—Dr. James—S. P. C. A. Secretary and Directors—Panama—Pacific 1915—

THE OLD SONG

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near.
But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As rises from the rudest tongue
The tribute to the heart.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,
In forests wild, on lonely hill,
And away on the prairie lea.
But dearer far the old song
When friends we love are nigh,
And well-known voices, clear and strong,
Ring out the chorous cry.

Quoted by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in Heart Throbs, Vol. II

Baseball—The Play of the Nation

ITS HOLD ON THE PEOPLE, ITS DEVELOPMENT AND A RESUME OF THE LATE WORLD'S SERIES

by Nicholas J. Flatley

WHEN our soldier boys were trying conclusions with the Spaniards on the island of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and our sailors were whirling about the seas, sinking Spanish battleships, gunboats and cruisers in 1898, the editors of the staid, eminently respectable newspapers throughout the land deemed that the occasion warranted a departure from ironclad customs and issued "extras," blazoning forth in big type the happenings of those troublous times. The last two presidential elections have seen them follow the same policy. Popular interest demands it, concur these unexcitable, conservative gentlemen.

Last year not a few of these journals came to time with special editions on the championship baseball series between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs. A month since, almost without exception, these *ne plus ultra* conservatives vied with the so-called "yellow journals," in whetting the public's baseball appetite with their extras, detailing each play of the struggle between the Philadelphia Athletics, champions of the American league and the New York Giants, winners in the rival organization, the National. For the editors have come into the realization of the wonderful hold baseball has taken on the heart of the American people. Nothing short of a war, or perhaps a presidential election, could, even for a moment, make their interest swerve, when the leaders of the two respective leagues are battling for the gonfalon of final supremacy.

An observant French visitor to these shores happily remarked, "The American people are as serious in their play as in their business." He spake true. Never before has a sporting event excited such a commotion in this oft-commoted country of ours. From the northmost corner of Maine to the most southern point of California, from far distant Oregon to sunny Florida's capes, from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Rio Grande, every man and boy, and most of the women and girls, hung on the reports that daily came filtering over the wires, and cheered or sighed as their respective favorites won or lost. Every newspaper that could draw from its hoard the funds necessary for hotel, railroad and telegraph expenses, and still avert bankruptcy, sent its representative to cover the games. Every individual of the *genus* baseball fan, who could at all afford it, and thousands who couldn't, hied to New York and Philadelphia and watched the titanic battles. Before the bulletin boards in all our cities foregathered multitudes of enthusiasts who fed their hunger on cold figures, heedless of chill or discomfort.

Such a love of sport is no national abnormality. Every great country of the world, since history began, has had its one form of athletics, which attracted universal attention. In ancient Greece, the Olympic winner was the idol of popular acclaim; the winning gladiator saw the sands in the arena of Rome's great Stadium sparkling with gold and priceless gifts—the tribute to his superior physical prowess; the victorious bull fighter of Spain is a demigod, endeared to both royalty and the populace. Baseball, America's

Courtesy Boston American A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE POLO GROUNDS AT

national pastime, is merely analogous to these.

Baseball is indigenous to the American people. It is intricate, yet quickly comprehended by the average American mind; it is of itself a test of physical superiority, yet intermingled is an element of brain work and quick thinking, which, while scarcely ever appreciated fully by the general run, is none the less sensed and applauded. The smallest urchin on any city street will tell you that a pitcher wins because he has the "bean" (popular phraseology, signifying that the individual in question is a clear-brained, quick-thinking exponent of the pitcher's art). The same youngster likewise could inform you, though he might express it differently, that the team that plays "inside ball," that is, the one whose play is most machine-like and whose players subvert their chances for individual starring to a systematized method of battle, which in the course of a season will prove far and away more advantageous; that team will accomplish far greater results than the one composed of individual stars, who go at it on their own hook and cast discretion and advice to the winds. Team work has ever been a fetich to the American people. It was good team work that enabled our sturdy Revolutionary farmers to drive the British Lion across the seas; we see the fruits of the "work together" spirit in the gigantic industries which American brains have built up and brought to their highest perfection. Small wonder then that a game in which team work is the *res sine qua non* should appeal to all Americans.

In its every detail baseball is typically American. The short, sharp, but none the less decisive conflict of the ball field has its analogy in the hustling business methods of the day. The sudden shift of fortune, a constant occurrence on the diamond, raising or dethroning hope, as the case may be, warms the very cockles of the American heart, loving as it does the sensational and the unexpected. The people, whose money oils the wheels that the baseball machine may labor on, by this very fact feel that the ball team and its component parts, the players, are a part and parcel of their personal property. Wherefore they deem it incumbent on themselves to cheer when fate is kind and jeer when destiny is cruel. The outcast of today is the hero of tomorrow. Likewise the chap who with a home run wins today's game and is therefore carried off the field on the shoulders of happy admirers, may be the target of pop bottles tomorrow, because his error lets the opponents triumph. Popular judgment is as fickle as the winds,

NEW YORK DURING THE LATE WORLD'S SERIES

and its shifts are very oft unfair and unthinking. Perfectly blameless ballplayers have not a few times been made to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous, biased baseball fandom. This trait of such a representative body of average citizens might, with no small effect, be urged by the opponents of the popular recall of judges. "Thumbs down" by the general assemblage of Americans, take them in what position you will, nine times out of ten, proves rather the sentiment of hot-headed heedlessness, than of calm, conservative thought. They are always looking for a "goat," to revert again to colloquialism, and care not whom they hurt.

Here perhaps, we might make mention of the absolute monarch of the baseball diamond—the umpire—he whose word is the court of final appeal. Such a judge of plays, it is perfectly evident, is an absolute necessity for a game like baseball. Yet so unhappy is his lot that his sorrows form the refrain of endless songs and stories in the joke books of the land. It is human nature to err, and the very man who hoots at the umpire and calls him "thief" and "robber," would emphatically tell you so. A baseball play, as seen by the umpire, on the field and close to it and as viewed from the stands, presents two entirely different aspects. The official judge can have no possible reason for favoring one team more than another, yet if his decision does not coincide with the judgment of every Tom, Dick and Harry on the stands, Babel breaks loose, wrath and opprobrium are heaped on the head of the unfortunate arbiter, and occasionally even physical injury is done him. Yet half an hour afterwards, the very men who have been most bitter in their expressions would consider themselves highly honored if they were permitted to shake the hand of the person they abused, and would go about for days, braggingly announcing that they knew Umpire "So and So."

In the play of the children is symbolized the spirit of the country. Years past, what times the rumble of war was heard in the land, every kid "played soldier." Mimic armies of youngsters fought their sham battles on street and playground. Now is the era of peace, and the boy soldier has almost disappeared from the land. Now is the era of peace, and peaceful, though no less energetic, is the pursuit of our youth. Every back alley, street and sandlot is an embryonic baseball diamond. Coming heroes of the ball field there perform, with their ragged balls, and sticks for bats—supes in the great American play. To them the deeds of the heroes of the diamond are far more familiar than the stunts of our ancestors on historic battlefields. In fact, we have heard of a schoolteacher, clever reader of the infant mind, who impressed his teachings in geography by making his maps resemble baseball diamonds, with the cities, as infielders, outfielders, bases, etc.

The college student who has the ability today takes to the profession of baseball as a far more lucrative means of livelihood than the many possible business pursuits opening before him. No longer is the ballplayer looked down upon as a thug and a rowdy. The rougher element has passed out of the game; just as the salesman of today is considered a strictly high-class business man, by no means alike to the drummer of a quarter of a century ago. Judges, senators, trust heads, clergymen—every species of the best class of American men flock daily to watch the big league teams play. The grandstand in some of our cities might be taken to be a meeting of the board of trade or city government, rather than a gathering for sport, judging by the men who frequent it. Governor Tener of Pennsylvania is a graduate of our professional baseball school, while Judge Cavanaugh of the Superior Court of Arkansas is also president of the Southern League. President Taft and Vice-President Sherman are familiar figures at the American League games in Washington. Thousands of other prominent Americans who have played ball or are intimately connected with the game, might here be named, had we but space. Suffice it to say, that the diamond game is without question of doubt the great national pastime. What time the weather does not permit baseball, football has a warm regard in the American heart, but it never supplants baseball. While there is no baseball, football will do, but if the two games should be played at the same time, the former would outdraw the latter, two to one. It might be argued that larger crowds attend the college gridiron games than can be found at any baseball contests. The reply comes readily enough. There are comparatively few football

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW YORK GROUNDS DURING THE WORLD'S SERIES games, while baseball is played every day. Think you our college games would attract if they were in order every day for more than six months?

The history of the national sport, from its beginnings down to the present day is as interesting as the story of the development of American business, with which it runs parallel. Starting in the forties, in a crude and now scarcely recognizable state, its sway spread rapidly, until the Civil War nipped its young life. But immediately after that historic struggle it sprang anew into being, spread like a spark along a powder train over the whole land, until now it is the greatest sport the world has ever known.

The late Henry Chadwick, known universally as "the father of baseball," the first writer who took baseball as a subject, writes as follows on the origin of the game:

"Baseball in its origin is English, but now has so few of its original features beyond the mere groundwork of the game as to be scarcely recognizable. As we propose briefly to note the progress of baseball from its origin, we deem it appropriate to introduce the rules for playing the English game of Rounders, from which baseball is derived. We quote as follows from an old English work:

" '*Rounders:* This game is played with a ball and bats, or sticks something of the form of a policeman's truncheon. A hole is first made about a foot across and half a foot deep. Four other stations are marked with pegs stuck into the ground, topped with a piece of paper, so as to be readily seen. Sides are then chosen, one of which goes in. There may be five or more players on each side. Suppose that there are five. One player, on the side that is out, stands in the middle of the five-sided space and pitches the ball toward the hole. He is called the feeder. The batsman hits it off, if he can, in which case he drops the stick and runs to the nearest station, thence to the third and all around if the hit has been a far one. The other side are scouting and trying to put him out, either by hitting the batsman as he is running or by sending the ball into the hole which is called "grounding." The player at the hole may decline to strike the ball, but if he hits at it and misses twice running, he is out. When a player makes the round of the stations back to the hole, his side counts one toward the game. When all the players are out, either by being hit or the ball being grounded, the other sides get their innings. When there are only two players left, a chance is given of prolonging the innings, by one of them getting three balls from the feeder; and if he can give a hit such as to enable him to run the whole round, all his side come in again and the counting is resumed. The feeder is generally the best player on his side, much depending upon his skill and art. The scouts should seldom aim at the runners from a distance, but throw the ball up to the feeder or to someone near, who will try to hit, or to ground, as seems the most advisable. A caught ball also puts the striker out.' "

Courtesy Baseball Magazine

JOHN FRANKLIN BAKER

The greatest hitter in the World's Series, and the more they spiked him the better he hit

Courtesy Baseball Magazine

A TYPICAL BASEBALL BLEACHER CROWD

These rules prove conclusively, it seems to us, that our national sport had its birth in this old English game and its later American development into what was called "Three Old Cat," though the fact has often been contested and at one time a special commission appointed to investigate the matter decided against them.

The first baseball team of which there is any history was known as the New York Club and existed about 1840, but no trace can be found of its record or the rules under which it played. The first club to adopt any rules was the Knickerbocker Club of New York, which we first hear about in 1845. Before that time the rule of play to put a player out was to hit him with the ball, but this proved so dangerous that it was now so changed that he was declared out if touched by the ball.

The rules of the Knickerbocker Club, the first piece of baseball law ever legislated and the foundation of our present code, follow:

Section 1. The space shall be from home to second base, forty-two paces; from first to third base forty-two paces equidistant.

Section 2. The game to consist of twenty-one counts or aces, but at the conclusion an equal number of hands must be played.

Section 3. The ball must be pitched and not thrown for the bat.

Section 4. A ball knocked outside of the range of the first or third base is foul.

Section 5. Three balls being struck at and missed, and the last one caught, is a handout; if not caught, is considered fair, and the striker bound to run.

Section 6. A ball being struck or tipped and caught either flying or on the first bound, is a handout.

Section 7. A player, running the bases, shall be out, if the ball is in the hands of an adversary on the bases, if the runner is touched by it before he makes his base—it being understood, however, that in no instance is a ball to be thrown at him.

Section 8. A player running, who shall prevent an adversary from catching or getting the ball before making his base, is a handout.

Section 9. If two hands are already out, a player running home at the time the ball is struck, cannot make an ace if the striker is caught out.

Section 10. With three hands out, all are out.

Section 11. Players must take their strike in regular turn.

Section 12. No ace or base can be made on a foul strike.

Section 13. The runner cannot be put out in making one base, when a balk is made by the pitcher.

Courtesy Baseball Magazine

JOHN BARRY
Connie Mack's sensational shortstop

Section 14. But one base allowed when the ball bounds off the field when struck.

It is evident that these identical rules remain practically in force today.

* * *

Under the leadership of the Knickerbockers many other clubs came into being and played under the above rules until May, 1857, when the various managers met in New York and formed the National Association of baseball players. Thereafter this association met each year and drafted and revised rules until 1871 when the National Association of professional ballplayers was formed.

Prior to this time baseball had been purely an amateur sport, but professionalism was beginning to creep in and much money was wagered on the various games, so it was thought best to organize a new body and to take over the game as a business proposition and save it from the ruin with which a rough outside element was threatening it.

Courtesy Baseball Magazine

AS THE CAMERA VIEWS A CLOSE PLAY

But until 1876 matters went from bad to worse and the final dissolution of baseball seemed imminent when Mr. William A. Hulbert, of Chicago, a lover of baseball and Mr. Albert G. Spalding, then a member of the Boston team, drafted a new set of rules, called a meeting of the representatives of the Mutuals of Brooklyn, Boston, Hartford, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and Athletics of Philadelphia clubs, and on February 7, 1876, the National League of professional baseball clubs came into existence, with ex-Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut as its first president.

From that time on the progress of baseball has been steady and persistent, until at the present day it is one of the strongest organizations in the entire country. Much of the praise for the success of the game is due Albert G. Spalding, the famous pitcher and one of the organizers of the league. Spalding, in the early days of the National League, steadied the helm of its troubled ship of state, lent it his critical judgment in times of trouble, often gave it financial aid, and saw it safely through the shoals of distrust and rebellion. To him above all others must we give the credit of its ultimately reaching the port of financial stability and popular confidence.

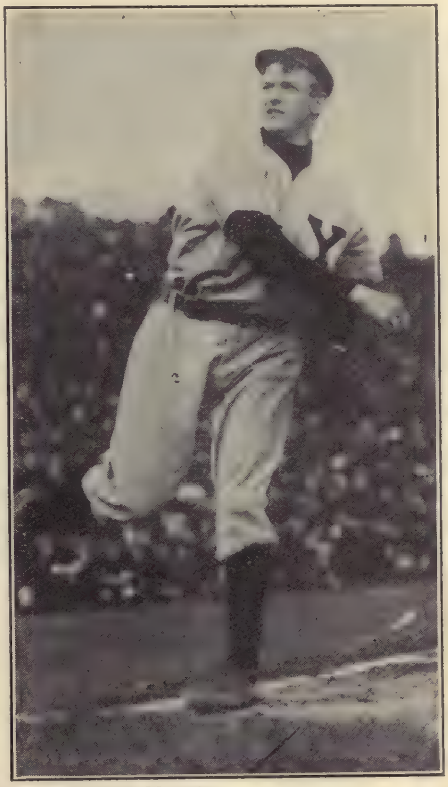
In 1884 the first inter-league or world's championship series was played between Providence, National League winners and the Metropolitans of New York, champions of the then recently formed American Association. Until 1891, when the new league disbanded, the two pennant winners contested annually. From thence until 1903 there were no post-season games, but in that year the Bostons, winners of the American league, a rebel organization formed in 1900, and Pittsburgh, winners of the National League, resumed these interleague battles. Each year since, excepting 1904, these games have been played with ever-increasing interest until today they cap the climax as the leading sporting event in this sport-loving nation.

The Philadelphia Athletics for the second successive time are champions of the world. They clearly demonstrated their superiority over the hosts of the New York Giants, battle-scarred victors of the historic National league race, winning the necessary four games in six contests.

On Saturday, October 14, at the Polo grounds in New York, was staged the first great contest of this series. In the amphitheatre packed with more than forty thousand baseball crazed fans the tribes of Mack and McGraw locked horns in their first struggle. Two of the greatest baseball managers known in history, Cornelius McGillicuddy of Philadelphia, and John McGraw of New York, directed the destinies of the two fighting teams. Two hard-earned reputations of brain and skill were at stake. Back in 1905 these two same leaders clashed, and the little New Yorker triumphed. For the Philadelphia director there was now the chance to erase the one dark spot on his major league record. Then, too, his team had won the series in 1910, and another victory would prove that the laurels were earned, not captured through luck. For McGraw there was the supremacy of his league, a year ago snatched away by these same terrible Quakers, to be restored.

The best pitcher on each team was selected for the task of working in this first game, which meant so much. For Philadelphia, the big Chippewa Indian, Charles Albert Bender, whose pitching feats were in a great way responsible for the winning of three American league pennants and one world's championship; for New York, Christopher Mathewson, admittedly McGraw's one hope for the series, the hero of the 1905 victory and a veteran of ten years' sterling work in gruelling pennant races.

When that day's low descending sun had seen the crowd wending its way out of the Polo grounds, New York was hysterical, roaring, stark mad. "Matty," popular idol, had sent his doughty opponents down to defeat, 2 to 1, in a terrific struggle, and the baseball wise knew that the real test was yet to come, for the Indian Bender had pitched as well as the great Christy, had proved that the New York batters could not worry him, and had lost the game only through an unfortunate error.



Courtesy Baseball Magazine
CHRISTOPHER MATHEWSON
New York's star slab artist

On Monday the scene shifted to Philadelphia. The home manager sent Edward

Plank into the box, while McGraw pinned his hopes on Rube Marquard, the young left-hander, who had mowed down his National league opponents with ridiculous ease all through the season. In this game one J. Franklin Baker, who hibernates in the heretofore unheard-of town of Trappe, Maryland, stepped into undying fame. With the score tied and Marquard going splendidly, the New York fortunes indeed seemed bright. In the sixth inning two were out and his teammate, Edward Collins, on second base, when said John Franklin came to the plate. He swung his trusty bat flush against one of Mr. Marquard's most fancy shoots. The ball shot high and fast and carried far over the right field wall, while Collins and Baker trotted around the bases and over the home plate with the two runs that settled the game and paled the bright star of Giant hope.

That was a troublous day for New Yorkers who were packed about the bulletin boards in their beloved Gotham. While the battle was nip and tuck, their hysteric enthusiasm bubbled and seethed. It is related, how truthfully we venture not to state, that early in the afternoon of that day, an Englishman, who in the morning had landed from one of the liners, was strolling down Broadway. He came to Herald Square just when the mob was cheering the New York score.

Courtesy Baseball Magazine

THIS PICTURE SHOWS A TRICKY PLAY WHICH HAS MADE THE "OTHER FELLOW" WORK. A BASERUNNER DASHED IN FROM THIRD ON A LONG OUTFIELD FLY AND ALTHOUGH THE BALL WAS FAR AWAY THE CATCHER STOOPED AS IF TO RECEIVE THE THROW. SEEING THIS THE RUNNER MADE A DESPERATE SLIDE TO SAFETY. THE CATCHER HAS JUST RISEN SMILING TO SEE AN OPPOSING PLAYER WASTE HIS STRENGTH UNNECESSARILY

"I say," he asked, "what's the row?"

"The Giants just scored."

"My word! Who are these bally Giants?"

Just then a vindictive hand descended on his derby and crushed it over his eyes. He was seized and flung into the street where a waiting copper grasped him and ran him in, despite his protestt. Next morning, in court, he had a difficult time explaining himself. The judge, who the day before had reports from Philadelphia handed him between cases, finally saw the light and released him.

When Baker's home run switched the current of victory, gloom, black and heavy, descended on Father Knickerbocker's children.

But hope was not entirely quenched, for New Yorkers assured themselves that Mathewson would lift their drooping banners and again put their darlings in the lead. Had it not been for the same Baker's terrible club, these hopes might have seen fruition. For eight long, bitter innings Matty sent down the sons of William Penn runless, while New York had managed to garner a single tally off the puzzling delivery of Jack Coombs of Philadelphia. In the ninth inning one man was out and cheers of New York joy were already making high heaven ring, when Baker hove in view. Sorely had Mathewson criticized Marquard for letting this youth get his fatal homer the day previous.

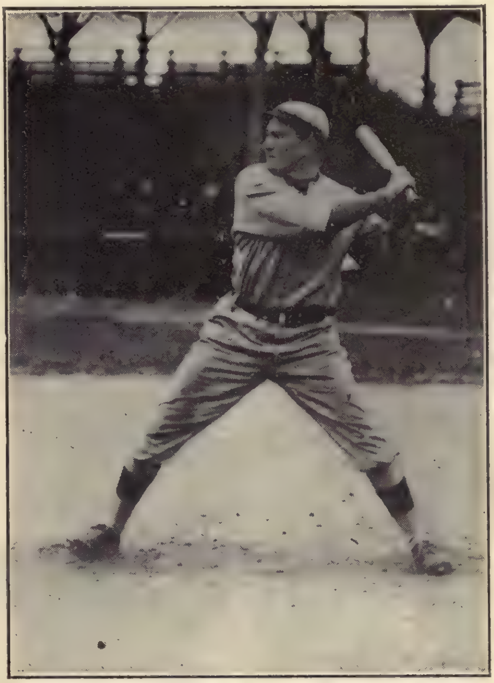
"He will never hit Matty," joyful fans told themselves.

Picture then the dismay when the lanky youngster again swung that fatal stick; again drove the ball over the fence; again rallied the tottering Quakers and again won himself an almost anthropomorphistic regard in the popular heart of Philadelphia. Two more innings the game spun out, but the Athletics would not be denied, and in the eleventh scored two runs, cut down the Giants' threatening rally and vanquished them, three to two.

The Athletic youth's mighty hit, encompassing as it did the downfall of the great Matty, must be conceded the turning point of the series. It was the Gettysburg. The impossible had happened. Mathewson had been beaten in a world's series game. The faint, flickering spark of cheer was quenched. Well might we paraphrase the author of the immortal "Casey at the Bat," and sing:

Oh, somewhere the sun is shining, somewhere the sky is clear,
And somewhere hearts are happy and somewhere people cheer,
And somewhere joy is rampant and somewhere victors shout,
But there is no joy in Gotham, mighty Christy has lost out.

For a week then rain flooded the earth, and the impatient ballplayers cooled their heels in Philadelphia hotels. The delay only served to increase the interest in the great games. One distinct advantage it gave New York—it allowed the overworked arm of Mathewson to rest. It permitted the depressing effect of two successive defeats to wear off the hearts of the Giants, and game as ever, they lined up for the fourth battle of the series at Philadelphia on the twenty-fourth of October. This day the Mack men would not be restrained. The charm of Christy Mathewson had been dispelled. The Giants scored twice in the opening inning, but Bender steadied and thereafter held them safe. Meantime the Athletics had solved the curves of Mathewson. They hit him to all corners of the field, and in the seventh inning, after four runs had been made off him, he left the box, a crashed idol, crestfallen and defeated.


Courtesy Baseball Magazine
LAWRENCE DOYLE
Captain of the New York Giants

But in New York on Wednesday, with Philadelphia leading by three runs, Coombs strained himself, overreaching on a pitch, and the Giants scored once in the seventh, tied the game up in the ninth and batted Plank, who had relieved Coombs, for the one run necessary to victory in the tenth.

The day following saw the end of the series. The Philadelphians descended on the New York pitchers and literally hit them as they pleased. The New Yorkers, pitted against a faster team, by their gameness alone had drawn out the battle. The strain was terrible and this last day they broke under it and went to pieces. Unable to hit Bender, they lost heart and after the dust of battle had lifted off Shibe Park, the Athletics had won the game, thirteen to two, and with it the world's championship of 1911.

Courtesy Baseball Magazine

BENDER, THE ATHLETICS' GREAT PITCHER

Three things stand out pre-eminent on the victor's side: the great hitting of Frank Baker, the splendid pitching of the Indian Bender, and the crafty, clever planning of Manager McGillicuddy.

Never before in the history of baseball has any one player made two such telling hits, in successive games, as Baker's couple of mighty victory-bringing wallops. A homer is at all times a matter of luck, but to get two, in successive days, at critical moments, is wellnigh past belief. But the hitting of Baker right through his three years in the big leagues has always been hard and consistent. True, his homers were lucky, but the fact that he hit safely was not. He was merely acting according to the dictates of habit.

'Tis said an Indian never forgets, and the work of Bender in this series goes far to prove the statement. Since 1905, he has continually been tortured by the sting of defeat. It is safe to say that he was as happy as any member of the New York team when the Giants won their pennant, for he knew that it was his one chance for revenge. How amply he secured it we have already told.

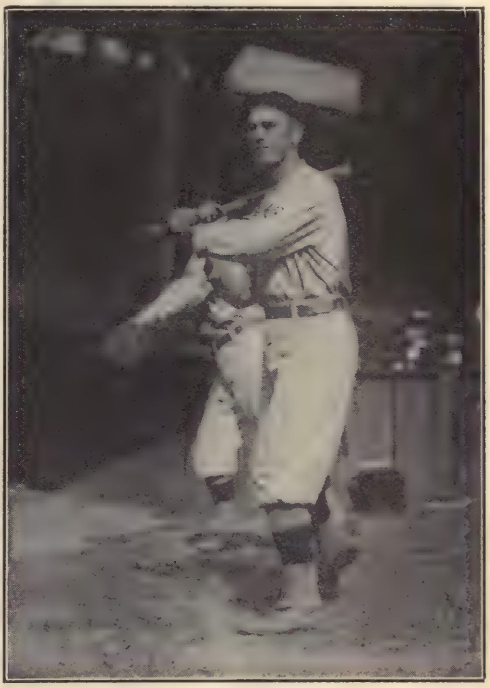
Connie Mack, as the baseball fan knows him, has always been famed for his head work. He is noted for his ability to develop players, to keep them spurred on to do their best, to size up trying situations and make the most of them, and to keep his team plugging despite defeat. All these requisites of managership he displayed fully in his triumphant strategical program of the series. There seemed but one possible weakness in the Athletics' infield. At first base was John McInnis, a mere schoolboy, against whom the crafty and fighting McGraw planned to make his attack. He figured that, coaching at first, he could kill the youngster's nerve and thus break up the defense of his opponents. Mack, however, realizing the trying situation, placed the veteran Harry Davis on the base. It was a totally unlooked-for move, caught the Giants napping, and found them unable to carry out their plans along this line. Davis evidenced the soundness of Mack's sense in more ways than one. His batting and fielding were features of the games.

Again, in the last game of the series, Mack out-thought his rival, and by sending in Bender once more caught New York unawares. In doing this Mack was taking a gambler's chance. Had Bender failed to win, the series would have been tied up and Mack left with but his younger and less experienced twirlers to depend upon. True, Plank might have been used, but on Wednesday the Giants had shown an evident fondness for his delivery, and working him would have been dangerous. But Bender went in and won and vindicated his manager.

For New York, the bright, particular features were the playing of Captain Larry Doyle, at second base; that of Herzog at third; the all-round work of the Indian Meyers behind the bat, and the interchanging of pitchers by McGraw, in his desperate efforts to stem the tide of defeat.

Apart from the actual playing, the most interesting side of such a sporting event is the financial, showing as it does the real interest that exists, for it has been well said that when you touch a man's pocket-book, you pink him in his tenderest spot. The total paid attendance at the six games was 179,851, far and away the largest in the history of inter-league games. The total gross receipts amounted to the imposing figure of $342,364.50. The National Commission, which handles and conducts the series and receives ten per cent of the gross for their services, appropriated $34,236.45 of this sum. The Philadelphia and New York clubs each received $90,108.72. The players divided $127,910.61, which was disbursed as follows: the twenty-one members of the Athletic team each were paid $3,178.40. The twenty-one Giants each received $2,436.39, the players sharing in the receipts of the first four games. Each of the four umpires received $100 per game, or $600 for the series, in addition to having hotel and railroad bills met by the Commission.

The gross receipts, however, do not actually show the exact amount of hard-earned cash handed over by the American public for the privilege of witnessing these contests. Many thousands of tickets fell into the hands of speculators, and were brought into the possession of the clamoring fans only by the turning over of exorbitant prices. It may be said on good authority that three dollar tickets for the first game in New York brought as high prices as fifteen and twenty-five dollars. Just how the tickets fell into the hands of the "specs" is a mystery which is as yet unexplained. The National Commission determined the prices of the tickets, but allowed the matter of their disposal to rest in the hands of the clubs. Charges have flown thick and fast. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, claims that officials of the New York club are directly responsible for the outrage. John Brush, owner of the National team, asserts that Johnson's claim has no foundation in fact. A date has been set for such an investigation, but nothing will come of it. Nothing ever does come out on baseball scandals.

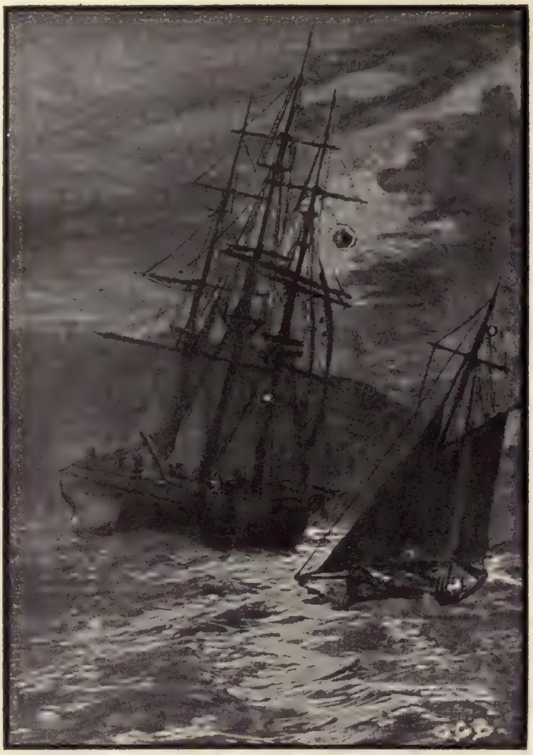


Courtesy Baseball Magazine

SNODGRASS, THE GIANT SPIKER

Who succeeded in spiking Baker twice during World Series

No weight, nor mass nor beauty of execution can outweigh one fragment of thought. —*Ruskin.*



OFF TO THE ISLES

The moonlight silver summer seas,
   Like silhouettes the ships go by;
The sails are trimmed to catch the breeze,
   The swell is slow—and like a sigh.

Our friends are sailing back again,
   And o'er the waters sing farewell!
The breeze is fresh'ning toward the main
   And at the Cape, moans low the bell.

Oh! Moonlit waters silvery white
   When first we sailed to see the isles
The very night, reflected light
   And all the sea waved back their smiles.

Charles C. Boland

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— FREDERICK HULZMANN

PREPARATION for the holiday season is manifested by the different phonograph companies in their lists for the month. There are many listings of old songs—real heart songs—and of ballads, old and new. Even the humorous numbers seem to have the holiday spirit, and the grand opera selections furnish inspiring material for a holiday program.

* * *

A series of records by Miss Ellen Terry is an important announcement on the Victor list for November. This great actress is most famous in Shakespearean roles, and the selections recorded by the Victor Company are from the works in which she made her greatest successes. The Terry records are ten and twelve-inch, with imperishable discs, and technically perfect. The selections are: Ten-inch, 64191, "Much Ado About Nothing" ("I Have Brought Claudio"—Act II, Scene I), Shakespeare; 64193, "A Winter's Tale" (Act II, Scene I—Mamillius, Hermione and Ladies), Shakespeare; 64194, "Merchant of Venice" (Mercy Speech—Act IV), Shakespeare; twelve-inch, 74239, "Hamlet" (Ophelia's Mad Scene—Part II), Shakespeare; 74240, "Romeo and Juliet" (Potion Scene—Act IV, Scene III), Shakespeare.

The engagement of Paderewski, the world-famous pianist, to make records exclusively for the Victor Company, will be interesting to all lovers of music. The Victor Company states that its contract with the inimitable pianist will be in force for a long term of years, and gives as the introductory records two favorites at Paderewski concerts. One is Chopin's "Valse Brillante" (Op. 34, No. 1); the other his own "Minuet in G" (Op. 14, No. 1), which is always demanded by his numerous and appreciative audiences.

The approaching holiday season brings about a demand for the old songs that have evoked heart sentiment for generations past. Mr. John McCormack, the grand opera tenor, has never sung more beautifully than on No. 74242, "She is Far from the Land." "Loch Lomond," the well-beloved Scotch ballad, is sung by Mr. Evan Williams, who is regarded by many as one of America's leading singers of folk-songs.

Especially appropriate is No. 74250, "In Native Worth," from Haydn's "The Creation," sung by Mr. George Hamlin. Still another Haydn air is recorded, "With Verdure Clad," from "The Creation," sung by Miss Lucy Isabelle Marsh. Record No. 16966, "Holy Ghost, with Light Divine," and "Holy, Holy, Holy" come as an appropriate holiday offering.

The Victor Light Opera Company has arranged a most attractive record of "Gems from Carmen." The opening chorus "Habanera," the Jose-Micaela duet, the sextette from the Smuggler Scene, the "Toreador Song" and the Finale are included in the potpourri. Another favorite opera selection, the "Spinning Wheel Quartet" from "Martha," is recorded on No. 70052 by the Victor Opera Quartet.

Many popular songs are listed, among them George M. Cohan's "Hey There! May There!" sung by that inimitable comedian himself.

* * *

Timely holiday offerings appear on the Columbia list. Mr. Frank Croxton, the well-known bass, is singing "Crucifix" with Mr. Reed Miller, tenor. The record is double-disc, "If With All Your Hearts" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," sung by Mr. Charles W. Harrison, on the opposite face. Messrs. Miller and Croxton join in Hildach's "Passage Birds' Farewell" on No. A1060. The old Thuringian folk-song "How Can I Leave Thee?" is rendered by the Columbia mixed quartette on the other side of the record. An exceptionally beautiful harp record is No. A 1055, double-disc. The Columbia Company itself hails this record as "beyond any question the greatest harp record ever issued." The selections recorded are "Annie Laurie" with variations and Rubinstein's celebrated "Melody in F."

Mr. Frank Coombs' voice seems peculiarly adapted to the singing of old songs. "The Chiming Bells of Long Ago" and "Hard Times Come Again No More," both accompanied, are beautifully rendered by him on No. A 1052.

Two of the favorite numbers from David Bispham's repertory, Homer's "Banjo Song" and the old Welsh air "All Through the Night," are sung on No. A5320.

The special offering for the month is the accession of Mme. Lydia Lipkowska, the Russian coloratura soprano, to the Columbia ranks. This young singer, whose debut was made at the Imperial Opera House of St. Petersburg five years ago, has met with success both in Paris and in America. Four double-disc records are offered, and the selections may also be obtained separately.

Characteristic Princeton songs are recorded on No. A1053. The "Princeton Cannon Song" and "Princeton Steps Song" are rendered by the University's celebrated "Nassau Quartet."

A number of the late successes, both vocal and instrumental, are listed. One of the Prince's Band records cannot be passed without mention—No. A5322, with waltzes from "The Count of Luxemburg" and Finck's "In the Shadows," the intermezzo that is included in the musical program of nearly every theatrical production now running.

It seems appropriate to find a record from the inimitable "Uncle Josh," Cal Stewart, in the holiday season. Many will search their record cabinets for past recitals of "Uncle Josh" that have to do with Thanksgiving and Christmas. No. 830, on the November Edison list, is an irresistible laughing song entitled "I Laughed at the Wrong Time."

Some of the late songs are particularly well recorded. "Billy" is sung by Miss Anna Chandler; "I Want a Girl" by Walter van Brunt and chorus; "Alexander's Ragtime Band" by Mr. Billy Murray and "The Old Town is Looking Mighty Good Tonight," by Walter Van Brunt and chorus.

The splendid array of sentimental songs should be popular in this season of sentiment. "The Harbor of Love" is effectively sung by Mr. Irving Gillette. Then there are some of the old ballads: Stewart's touching "Only to See Her Face Again," rendered by Mr. Will Oakland and chorus; "Dream Faces," by Elizabeth Spencer and chorus; and "The Bloom is in the Rye," Sir Henry Rowley Bishop's charming melody, rendered by Messrs. Anthony and Harrison.

A lively musical number is "The Washington Waddle," called "a new movement in rag songs," and well rendered by the Premier Quartet. Mr. Daab contributes a clever xylophone record, No. 829, "L'Elegante Polka."

A paraphrase of the "Twenty-Third Psalm" has been made into a record as a tenor and baritone duet. The anthem in this form has been a favorite in the repertory of Messrs. Reed Miller and Frank Croxton, who sing it admirably.

The latest number of the Sousa's Band suite, "The Dwellers in the Western World," is presented on the November list. It is called "The Black Man"—the others, it will be remembered, were "The Red Man" and "The White Man"—and completes an important series, representative of John Philip Sousa's art. The second record in the series of Pinafore airs includes "My Gallant Crew," "Sorry Her Lot," "Over the Bright Blue Sea," and "Now Give Three Cheers."

The Gathering of the Clans

By

George Willoughby

WHEN the Chosen People began their famous pilgrimage from Egypt, it was to see the "Promised Land." The chronicle of the struggles of those years has been the cycle of experience repeated in degree by the pioneers in opening up new "promised lands," as the population of the earth increasing required more cultivated land to feed the people. The one great problem to which all others revert in the last analysis is to wrest from the soil the sustenance of the race.

New Yorkers saw the "promised lands" of a continent at the Land and Irrigation Exposition held at Madison Square Garden in November, 1911. There was a notable "Gathering of the Clans" with a cry of "Back to the Land" that struck a responsive chord. It was the greatest land exposition ever held in the metropolis of the nation. In all its brilliant history, ranging from horse show, circus and walking matches to grand opera, Madison Square Garden has never held within its massive walls an event so astounding in its revelations of soil resources and so

THE PRIZE CUPS AWARDED AT THE NEW YORK LAND AND IRRIGATION EXPOSITION gratifying to our innate love of Nature's handiwork.

They crowded into the great hall in the evening with the ticket takers echoing the "step lively" of the subway. The people were packed in the broad aisles like Wenatchee apples in a box, and looked—and thought—and wondered. They gathered up the printed circulars and booklets in armfuls—remember this is New York—with eager faces that were a study. Here were thousands, perhaps born on a farm, that saw in the wonderful exhibits a call "back to the land" and again stimulated that dream of a farm home somewhere to spend the sunset of life amid the glories of Nature—almost forgotton in the dizzy rush of city life.

NORTHERN
CIFIC RY.
YAKIMA LLEY
ASSOC TION
A PACKED BOX MAKES A HEAPED UP BUSHEL

THE APPLE DISPLAY OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

The New York Land Show was a climax of experiences. It revealed the wonderful constructive work of the American railroads in empire-building on both sides of the boundary line. Here was the concrete triumph expressed in the fruits of field, forest and orchard. This was a focussed picture of field triumph. The visitor's attention was riveted on the one subject of soil production. Chicago and St. Louis held expositions commemorating great historical events and emphasizing the triumph of industrial arts. The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo blazed a pathway for South American trade and the triumph of electricity; Jamestown fostered traditional sentiment in honor of the early settlements; Seattle celebrated the acquisition of our great Seward Peninsula, glistening with glacier and gold, minerals and frost; San Francisco is soon to chronicle the realization of the great dream of the centuries in the opening of the Panama Canal. All of this is glorious and fitting, but the basis of these celebrated achievements goes back, fundamentally, to land development. Without the plowshare pushing on toward new fields, these occasions would never have been observed. The land fever of the people is becoming more intensified as the new areas are settled. In such a great "back to the land" demonstration there is an indication of a swinging of the pendulum, where the industrial development more and more reverts to farming, and mechanics to labor-saving in soil production.

In the jostling crowds James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, was found, his dark eyes sparkling with gratification as he looked over the exhibits not only of his own road, but of those competing for the prize awards. Here at a glance one could see the triumph of husbandry. Years of patient toil and unrelenting scientific research were revealed in the great cyclorama of farm exhibits. Mr. Hill has been the ardent champion of agricultural development, and his greatest monument will be that strip of land over which he blazed a trail across the continent where now are clustered productive farms and prosperous people.

Visions of Jay Cooke were emblazoned in the brilliant exhibit of the Northern Pacific Railroad, where from the plains on which buffalo bones once lay bleached agricultural districts have blossomed. Almost every known fruit and grain grown was here shown in the myriad of bottles. It was an education in itself. There were boxes of luscious rosy-cheeked apples from the North Yakima section, where orchards sell at $4,000 an acre, in the very spot declared by the early engineers as the most God-forsaken and barren spot on earth. Water did it. Science and intelligent cultivation have worked miracles, and the wizards of discovery and invention have found the farms as well as the factories a fruitful field for research.

SCHOOLROOM PART OF THE NEW YORK STATE EXHIBIT AT THE LAND AND IRRIGATION EXPOSITION

A catalogue was useless. Every minute had its impression of wonderment. There was a castle made of Vermont maple sugar; the marvelous display of what New England is doing after having provided for her people among the rugged hills for three centuries. The old plantations of Virginia and North Carolina were represented with a fine and as numerous a

THE FAMOUS MORMON CHOIR FROM SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, THAT SANG DURING THE LAND AND IRRIGATION EXPOSITION IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

variety of crops as can be grown in any other country on earth. Reclamation would have rejoiced the heart of the "Father of his Country," for no greater lover of field and crop ever lived than George Washington, and to find the country once more recognizing the pre-eminence of husbandry makes still more secure and enduring the nation he struggled to found.

There was the old country school bell ringing, and in the New York exhibit was a real schoolroom with a blackboard and true scholars working away at the great problems associated with farm development. There were busts of President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt in butter and a great cheese resembling a gigantic millstone. The Empire State has reason to be proud of its exhibition, and the work of the New York State Commission was an important factor. The New York Central expressed in an exhibit the systematic attention which that road is giving to the matter of soil conservation and the rehabilitation of abandoned farms.

Pomegranates from the southern part of the state, where a veritable tropic climate exists, emphasized the exhibit from Utah. There were also raisins and almonds; in fact, the products of every clime seem to prosper in the land of the beehive. The Salt Lake Route, which diagonally penetrates the great state, opening up a vast area of country, had a most impressive exhibit. The display of silver cups won for their exhibits at other Irrigation and Dry Farm Congresses all told the story of the industry in Utah. Two great cacti surmounted the door posts, the same cacti that thrive in the desert sands and which the plant-wizard Luther Burbank is transforming into food for stock. The exhibit was provided through the enterprise of private individuals, as there was not time to have the state legislature take action. The interest and enthusiasm manifested public welfare along the newer Western countries as an inspiring example of true democracy.

There stood the noble red man in

blankets and feathers and paint, touching elbows with New York's Four Hundred, bringing together the aborigine and the effete civilization in one small space. The Wild West spirit of the small boy was remembered in the plans of the managers in gathering together this wonder story of the West and the triumph of agriculture.

* * *

The message of the Land Exposition was carried in a most effective manner when the Utah choir from the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City raised their voices and filled the spacious area of Madison Square Garden. The story of the promised land was fittingly proclaimed in song as well as in the literature and the exhibits. New York has never been visited by a musical organization that was more enthusiastically received and appreciated by those who heard them. Wherever they sang, whether it was in the Hippodrome, or at the banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, the singers took their listeners back for the moment to the tabernacle in Salt Lake City, where millions of tourists, as many as 300,000 per year, have been entertained at organ recitals and various other concerts. The benefit concerts held at Salt Lake City have been patronized by travelers perhaps more generously than those of any other city in the country. The concert for the Johnstown sufferers netted over $7,500 in a single night. The choir has been making an extensive tour of the country, singing in the largest cities of the East and has been met with the highest appreciation of audiences. On the classic tower of Madison Square Garden was emblazoned the name of Utah, and the message of the choir singers formed one great attraction for the multitudes who attended. When the silver service was presented to the Battleship "Utah" they sang a special hymn composed by their leader, Mr. Evan Stephens. But the climax was when the choir attended the performance of "Chantecler" as the invited guests of Miss Maude Adams, on the last day of their stay at the Land

VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA, FLORIDA, ALABAMA.
SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM.

THE EXHIBIT OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM, PRESENTING FINE SPECIMENS FROM THE SOUTHLAND

Show. It was a superb performance, and there was an awakening of memories of the old days of dear old Salt Lake as the play progressed. Miss Adams was given an ovation by the Home Folks, and as the final curtain descended they led the audience singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which the orchestra joined. Immediately after the performance, Miss Adams received the choir, and there was a hearty greeting for more than one of her girl chums as they passed by; for it is characteristic of Miss Adams to retain the old friendships as the years pass.

Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, opened his palatial home in New York for the entertainment of the Utah choir for two days. Organist McClellan played on Senator Clark's organ, which is perhaps the finest in any private home in the world, and gave one of his remarkable organ recitals. The complete choir consists of more than five hundred voices, and two hundred were in the New York chorus. They were entertained by President A. E. Stilwell of the Land Exposition Company at the Waldorf, and also sang in the splendid auditorium at the Hotel Astor.

The prize "Ode to Irrigation," written by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg, which has been sung at every Irrigation Congress since 1904, was given by the great Mormon choir. The composer of its music, Mr. John J. McClellan, organist of the choir, helped in its rendition, and while this is the first time the famous ode has been sung in the East, it is produced annually in Utah at a cost approximating ten thousand dollars. The invasion of Western odes and music on a subject so unfamiliar to the average Easterner was a bold musical stroke, but the evident appreciation of its subtle charm of beauty and rhythm caught quick favor.

MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE ISLAND.
NEW ENGLAND

THE NEW ENGLAND EXHIBIT AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

* * *

Let us not forget that nuts are a very important product of the soil. The king of nut trees, the famous pecan, was repre-

AROOSTOOK HAS MANY FIELDS LIKE THIS ONE

sented in the Land Show, where a delicious sample—a fine, large, paper-shell pecan nut, was handed out to visitors one at a time as they were told of the wonderful possibilities of pecan raising. It is only in recent years that there has been the proper appreciation of the real value of a pecan grove. The pecan nut is the highest priced nut in the market, and bearing trees are matured after something like five years. It was a sixteen-year-old boy of Brooklyn who won the five-acre pecan grove, worth $1,260, given away by the Florida Pecan Endowment Company.

How appropriate it was to look upon the famous automobile truck that had made the trip from ocean to ocean. The pioneer freighter, the modern prairie schooner, is something that calls to mind the trekking of the Mormons across the plains to find their new homes in the oasis bordering on the inland salt sea. Here were the very wheels that had swept across the prairie of the Middle West, forded streams, pushed over the rocky roads, pulled themselves through the muddy bottoms, swept along the rich farming zone of the western slope, climbing

A TYPICAL AROOSTOOK FARMHOUSE

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway

EXHIBIT OF CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

mountains with ease and less than in a month traversed the country. This journey of the motor truck marks a new era in land development, for land located fifty miles from railroads and river ports can now be developed, because supplies can be transported to remote regions which were almost impossible with the expensive horse team truckage. The welding and the triumphs of industrial achievement adapted and outlined for the advancement of agriculture were never more clearly emphasized. The world advances as space is annihilated. The swift-moving motor and the sweeping aeroplane are but evidences of man's craving to annihilate space, which is bringing closer together in every decade the world itself. The Darkest Africa of Livingstone and Stanley, the farthest north of Peary, the explorers of the Behring Sea, the sweep of the Andes in South America and the penetration of the Siberian deserts do not seem remote to the average American, who can pack up his household goods in one or two days, find a railroad rate to the point he wants to go and locate upon virgin land and have the plough turning the sod and his home established within a fortnight, although the journey may be thousands of miles. This annihilation of space in the transplanting of homes, in finding the occupation or the climate or even the crop that interests the individual most, is a simple matter. One delights in raising chickens, another hogs, others cattle; some delight in alfalfa, others oranges; so that there is no mood or temperament that cannot in some place in this great country find a vocation for their enthusiastic interest; and when the question is asked "Does farming pay?" it all depends on how you like it. Thus the trip of the Saurer Motor Truck was a demonstration more important than simply proving the prowess of its mechanism. It was actuated by the bold and venturesome spirit of the pioneer who pushed on and did things that others had not accomplished, and the range of service of the motor truck not

THE EXHIBIT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

only on the farm, but in the development of new areas of land not yet touched by railroads is an important phase of national development. On this truck one man does the work of two, four or more men in driving horses. There are no horses to consume great quantities of oats and hay while not working on Sundays, holidays and stormy days. The expense rests as well as the farmer, when he locks up his garage without worrying over horses "eating their heads off" in the barn. The Saurer pioneer freighter, carrying its 7,000 pounds load 4,760 miles across fourteen states, has accomplished a feat very important in its relation to the land problem. No area has been inaccessible to the chugging engines of the Saurer. Ice, snow, mud and sand, boulder, stream, water-courses, freezing, thawing, and hot, arid plains of the West—nothing could resist the onward march of the Saurer motor truck. For it solved in a demonstration in less than a month the new problem of transportation that vitally concerns land development.

The New York Central lines expressed in an exhibit the enthusiasm of President W. C. Brown in the development of Empire State agriculture. Intensified farming was emphasized, and what has been done in the older countries of Europe to make the soil produce adequate returns is the subject of a well-defined movement in New York. The greatest railroad in America realizes that its function is not only to carry the tide of people to and from the East to the Middle West, but to develop on its adjacent lands farms to produce local traffic and to feed the increasing millions. More than twelve million people were added to the census records of the country in the last decade. Thus twelve million more people must be fed. The glory of the farms of Genesee and Mohawk Valleys, the picturesque memories of the Erie Canal, the glories of the Hudson, the Catskills and the Adirondacks, the majesty of Niagara—all these are nothing compared with the one great object of making the soil of New York State do its share in feeding the race. By showing just what can be done on the farms from which the lusty youths who long ago have moved on to the West, Horace Greeley's slogan, "Go West, young man," is being refuted. The ebb of the tide is at hand. Fifty thousand young men who have graduated at agricultural colleges in the East, the Middle West and the West are now looking for locations in which to test and prove their knowledge. The exchange of population is the great problem of the country, the transportation of people from one section to another. The Western boy is coming East to throw down the gauntlet, by taking what has been termed "worn-out soil" on abandoned farms and making it "blossom as the rose." Indeed the exhibit of the products of New York State has proven that it has right and title to those attractions which won the admiration of the husbandry of Holland in the early days of the Republic.

A TYPICAL CANAL FOR RECLAIMING RICH AGRICULTURAL LANDS IN THE SOUTH

* * *

One of the most interesting sights of the State to New Yorkers was a display of cotton raised by Mr. Finlay of Orange County, twelve miles south of Newburg. It is said that just before the war, when cotton was a dollar a pound, it was not an uncommon thing to find farmers raising it with care and diligence for their homespun.

A photograph of Lady Cornell, the highest rated hen in the world, with a record of 257 eggs in one year, was viewed with interest by the poultry lover.

Fruit from an apple tree one hundred years old laying beside that of a four-year-old tree shows that notwithstanding the disparity in age they came out about even in the production of the luscious red apple.

* * *

There was Peter Henderson's seed man, known to generations with his wheelbarrow, filled with delicious specimens of snowball cauliflower. The seed for this vegetable is the highest price of any vegetable in the catalogue, costing four dollars per ounce. Amid an impressive embankment of prize vegetables that fortified the booth was a two hundred pound squash—the record of its kind for the year 1911—and enough to furnish pies for a multitude. The display of greatest significance, however, was a stalk and ear of wild corn, the same as found in the tombs of the Pharaohs and in the North Sea Islands. It stood about four feet in height and while the ear was enclosed in husks as ordinary corn, each individual kernel was enclosed in an individual husk, with a bit of corn silk protruding. The kernel resembled the corn of our own prairies, except that it was more round than flat, and very hard. As the parent of all corn, the foundation of the great maize business of the world, it was a novel exhibit and attracted much interest.

* * *

The old school geography always pictured a big load of logs being hauled by ox-team when describing Maine, with sometimes an ice-cutting scene. It is logical, therefore, for people in other states to regard Maine as a "forest primeval," especially as it is also advertised as a sportsman's paradise with all the big game a-plenty.

But lumbering is only one phase of Maine's resources, and the splendid exhibit of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad's potatoes won great interest from people of all quarters who visited the New York Land Show to gain facts and figures.

The Aroostook County's population has grown from sixty thousand to seventy-five thousand in the decade since 1900, and the valuation has increased in the same time from eighteen millions to thirty-seven millions; and all this is chiefly due to the prosperity of the Aroostook potato industry. Everybody knows the Aroostook potatoes at least by reputation, and they command top prices in all markets on account of their delicious flavor and long-keeping qualities. When used as seed by Southern early potato growers the crops mature from ten days to two weeks earlier than acclimated varieties which means extra advantages for the growers.

The Aroostook County, Maine, contains 4,000,000 acres, and while the expansion of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad has continued to open up new territory there are many opportunities for getting good land near the shipping points.

One of the coming crops in the Aroostook country is wheat, as it is especially suitable to rotate with potatoes and clover. Large roller-process flouring mills are being erected, and the Aroostook flour is of excellent quality. The yield of wheat is above the average, being about thirty-five bushels per acre, and the broad level country admits of all the modern machinery as used on the great Western wheat ranches.

Aroostook is a natural grass country, and timothy, clover, red top and other varieties thrive without the admixture of many weeds so pestiferous in some sections.

Farm buildings in Aroostook, which is known as the "Garden Spot of New England," are large and bear the evidence of comfort and prosperity. The Western spirit prevails, and one who expects to find the people inert or behind the times in any respect will find instead that the farmers enjoy many of the luxuries of urban life.

* * *

Of course, Texas was there. Can you conceive of the greatest state of the Union not being represented at a land show? Delegates were there with the true spirit of the Alamo and with all the enthusiasm of Texans. The San Benito plantation had an exhibit, and just to watch the people stand and talk and inquire and become interested in the possibilities of land purchase recalled the same degree of interest awakened in the early days of the automobile show.

PRIZE TROPHY
PRESENTED BY
A. E. STILWELL ESQ
FOR THE BEST POTATOES GROWN IN AMERICA
EXHIBITED AT
AMERICAN LAND & IRRIGATION
EXPOSITION
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK

THE ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR POTATO CUP TROPHY THAT WAS GIVEN BY PRESIDENT ARTHUR E. STILWELL AND WON BY THE EXHIBIT ENTERED BY THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

* * *

In the great exhibit of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound were two massive "butcher-block" tables, being cross sections of two immense fir trees. One of the great round blocks of wood measured seven feet in diameter, the other nine feet, and upon them were placed interesting pamphlets, buttons and souvenirs for free distribution to the visitors. At the back of the exhibit was a painted panorama showing the great Kittitas Valley, in the State of Washington, which has become one of the great fruit-growing valleys of the West, producing apples, pears, grapes, plums, hay and grain in abundance. This picture was a striking illustration of the marvelous development which follows the building of a railroad through regions which had formerly been almost inaccessible. Lying at the foot of the Cascade Mountains the miniature railroad track and station are made more realistic by the tiny trains that travel across the picture. The artist, Mr. G. Renze, has after visiting the spot succeeded through a combination of light and shadow in catching the clear Western atmosphere of the mountain country. The Mount Rainier National Park, sometimes called the "roof garden of the New World," is one of the scenic attractions along the company's lines to the Pacific coast, and many beautiful illuminated views of the park told the story of its majestic grandeur.

ARTHUR E. STILWELL
President of the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, held in the Madison Square Garden, New York, November 3–12, 1911; also president of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway

The $1,000 silver cup prize given by Mr. A. J. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, for the finest white oats grown in the United States during the present year, was won by Mr. A. J. Hartman of Bozeman, Montana, in the Gallatin Valley. The prize oats weighed forty-six pounds per bushel as against the standard weight of thirty-two pounds, while the average yield was 110 bushels to the acre.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad is thoroughly awake to the cry of "back to the soil," recognizing in it an all-important national movement. While the Dominion of Canada considers it a matter for public support, the burden of expense in this country lies with the railroads, even when these railroads have no land to sell. Through well-defined and far-sighted plans they are striving solely for the greater development of the country, knowing full well that reciprocity awaits their efforts in the future freight and passenger service to the new settlers.

Although the first passenger train was operated over the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound in May of last year, towns have sprung up along the line as if by magic, and crops to the extent of nine thousand carloads were grown and shipped.

Millions of acres of good lands opened for homesteaders have been filed upon, and men who had not the opportunity to own their own farm any other way are now very happily settled and highly prosperous in this great new section of the West.

* * *

The exhibit of the Great Northern Railroad was a wonderful display of grain and fruits. The $1,000 prize offer by J. J. Hill for the best one hundred pounds of wheat raised in the United States was won by James Todd of Geyser, Montana; the best barley and oats also came from the state of Montana. It was interesting to learn at the exhibit that Chateau County, Montana, having an area of 15,000 square miles, was the real magnetic point of new settlers in 1911. The government land office reported 3,500 new homesteaders within the year, who located within the fertile county, and the grazing lands for stock have given way to the march of agriculture.

An enticing exhibit of luscious apples from the Wenatchee Valley and Okanogan Valley told an ample story of fruit raising.

The artistic display contained a painting of the great West by Charlie Russell, the famous cowboy artist. The majestic scenery of the Glacier National Park, which was established by the Sixty-first Congress and opened to the public last year, was shown in beautiful paintings decorating the walls. The new National Park, which bids fair to rival the Yellowstone in its rare beauty and wildness, is slightly larger than the state of Rhode Island and contains two hundred and fifty beautiful lakes and sixty living, creeping glaciers, from which it gets its name. Under the direction of Mr. L. W. Hill, president of the Great Northern, Swiss chalets are being built throughout the park for the convenience of travelers and tourists. The past year over $40,000 has been expended in the wonderful display of paintings on the new Glacier National Park, and the coming year will see $50,000 more expended in advertising to bring the tourist to the new wonderland. In its slogan, "See America first," the Great Northern Railroad has created a growing sentiment among American people to see their own country.

GILBERT McCLURG
Vice-President and General Manager of the American Land and Irrigation Exposition and well known from coast to coast

The Blackfeet braves in war paint and feathers were a strange and interesting feature of the exhibit, and the greeting and handshakes they gave the little children as they passed will ever be remembered by the young New Yorkers. The Blackfeet nation is the highest type of Indians, with many peculiar customs. One of the unwritten laws of the tribe is that a married man must never meet his mother-in-law. If he does the penalty is a handsome gift. At the land show in Madison Square Gardens these Indians contrasted the old with the new.

* * *

With the usual modesty of Eastern colonization people, the Norfolk Southern Railroad occupied but a few feet of space on the main floor, but combined within its area perhaps one of the most notable exhibitions of cereals, fruits and vegetables. The eyes of the American people have hardly yet been drawn to the fertile coast lands of Virginia, North Carolina and encircling states. Among the great advantages of the territory contiguous to the Norfolk Southern Railroad are the all-round farming opportunities. Hardly any crop grown within the temperate zone is here impossible, while the opportunities for stock-farming, especially hog-raising at low cost, should awaken a wonderful interest in this section. Peanuts, cowpeas, soy-beans, Irish and sweet potatoes, to say nothing of almost every namable cereal and fruit, make the income of the Coast Country farmer an assured thing if he goes into diversified farming.

Far above the partitions of the Norfolk Southern exhibit, which by the way, was immediately beneath the choral seats of the Utah singers, arose giant cornstalks, bearing two and three full-fledged ears, far up out of reach. It is reported that curious visitors often stopped to inquire about these ears, so far above the reach of anyone, and a laconic reply was sometimes made that they were raising their ears to hear the singers from Utah.

Scenes In Yellowstone National Park
NORTHERN PACIFIC

THE EXHIBIT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

With further reference to this tall corn the frequent statement was made that every farmer had an elevator with which to gather his crop. Some of the cornstalks stood seventeen feet high, each bearing several ears, and the clinging cowpeas emphasized how several crops can be raised on the same ground at the same time.

Cotton, as grown in the fields, made up another important feature of the exhibit; great stalks eight feet and over in height and with wide-spreading branches white with open bolls. Cotton in these days is an ever-increasing factor of farming income in the South, the export of cotton increasing and the demand of our own American mills multiplying in almost arithmetical ratio. It must be understood that the boll weevil has never invaded the northeast section of the cotton belt, North Carolina and Virginia never having suffered from its ravages.

Both cotton and corn were shown under field conditions, at home in their setting of soil, pure black vegetable mold, the native coastal plain soils being on display as representative of the wonderful fertility of these Carolina Coast Country lands. This soil exhibit was the marvel of the visiting farmers, particularly of those living on more sterile land.

Sweet potatoes, large as sugar bowls, covered the ground, while in a cabinet were the product of scuppernong grape wineries.

The argument which most appealed to visitors when considering Norfolk Southern territory was the fact that Eastern North Carolina is but twelve hours from New York and connected therewith by both rail and water transportation. From Norfolk, Virginia, the terminal of the Norfolk Southern Railroad, twenty-five cents will take a barrel of produce to twenty million people, representing Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

* * *

Like a veritable caravan the Northern Pacific has invaded the East with its astonishing big show. Three heavily loaded, closely packed cars for the Land and Irrigation Exposition were brought across the continent, and in each car there was a full complement of essentials, providing against any loss or mishap by delay in transit. Thus the Northern Pacific's exhibit might be termed a threefold one, not depending upon any one prize selection, but having three winners.

CORN GROWING ON A "DRY FARM" IN MONTANA (DR. W. X. SUDDUTH IN CENTER OF PICTURE)

High above the main floor, across the whole end of the Madison Square Garden opposite the entrance, was a scenic painting of the Yellowstone National Park, especially prepared by New York's famous Lee Lash Studio. On the left of the Yellowstone scene was an individual painting of the Old Faithful Geyser, with its column of scalding steam and water over two hundred feet in height.

The Northern Pacific exhibit was complete in almost every conceivable variety of fruit and grain, but seemingly the fruits were surpassing anything ever before exhibited in variety and in the care of preparation. Like vases and pilons immense crystal glass jars containing grapes, pears, apples, vegetables and even the many varieties of salmon found in the Columbia and Puget Sound waters were invitingly placed and received ovations of praise and expressions of wonderment. To the left, rising from the floor-like walls on either side of the aisle arose tier on tier of apples shipped from the famous Hood River, North Yakima and other Washington and Oregon countries. Though picked weeks previously and shipped three thousand miles, these apples won the majority of prizes and awards for size, quality, uniformity and condition in which they arrived. Even the breaking of a stem or the bruising of the blow would detract in the points of judgment, yet in a possible scoring of two hundred, several of the boxes received 199 points and seemingly should have received the full two hundred score.

FIRST CUTTING OF MONTANA ALFALFA—TWO SUBSEQUENT CUTTINGS EACH YEAR

* * *

This conclave of exhibits was not confined to products alone. There were celebrities and notables gathered at this great competition who have been makers of prosperity. It has been sometimes declared that a man who has once tasted the freedom of the roving life of a cowman will never lose his nomadic spirit and settle down on cultivated acres. Dr. W. X. Sudduth, who has been identified to a greater or less degree with the winning of the West since the early 70's, and who perhaps today is the greatest living authority on alfalfa, was one of the aggressive moving spirits of the exposition. Tall, broad-shouldered, carrying his fifty-eight years buoyantly, and having a genial, hearty welcome to all who came to meet him, the doctor never seemed to tire in explaining how he has been differentiating and selecting desirable species of alfalfa. Once, when the doctor was a younger man, he held chairs in several of our colleges and has also filled the chair of therapeutics and nervous diseases in the Post-Graduate Medical College of Chicago and lectured in Universities of California, Iowa, Minnesota and others. It was ever his custom to invest every available spare dollar in Montana lands, and after the days of cattle-ranging he fitted himself to the later conditions of making successful colonies both on irrigated lands and the so-called arid tracts. One of the Doctor's latest achievements has been the successful colonization of 30,000 acres surrounding Broadview, Montana.

The process of selection in growing alfalfa is worthy of explanation. On an eighty-acre tract, in which the fifteen or more differentiated varieties of alfalfa have been sown, the doctor carefully studies the characteristics of each individual plant. When he finds one which suits his purpose he slips it by breaking off about three inches of its branches and planting these in sequestered soil. It is desirable to propagate plants that stand straight upright rather than those that spread lazily over the ground. It is also desirable to breed to compactness, for plants which have a fullness of leafy foliage rather than to abnormal height; for the chief value of alfalfa is the protein in the leaves rather than the cellulose in the stems. It is also noteworthy that unirrigated land develops a better type of alfalfa than irrigated, because on irrigated soil the plant naturally grows to foliage rather than to seed, while on dry soil it follows the law of nature to perpetuate itself by heavily seeding; so by selecting dry-soil plants with the maximum foliage and the minimum of stem-fibre the desired end is attained as well as abundant seed.

Dr. Sudduth has a world of thought and far-reaching business plans beneath his hat. At his exhibit he demonstrated, to the astonishment of New Yorkers, that alfalfa is not only a forage for stock, but a food for mankind. He is confident it is the coming breakfast food, and he has carefully worked out plans for making it the all-round nourishment of people as well as stock. In many delicious styles the Doctor served his alfalfa products. There was alfalfa breakfast food, alfalfa tea biscuit, alfalfa confectionery, soda water, ice cream, and one hundred other tasty preparations, to say nothing of alfalfa tea, which he confidently expects to carry, by selection and blending, to a very high type of beverage.

No better place in America, perhaps, can be found than the volcanic ash lands in and around Billings, Montana, for promoting and developing foods that are free from all debilitating features and rich in nourishment. Not only are the lands free from undesirable animal and vegetable decomposing matter, but bear unleached the strong natural salts and minerals in the volcanic ash composing the soil. There is not any considerable amount of silica or sandy soil, which is an undesirable factor to be reckoned with in other sections, because of the grit blown and washed upon the leaves and stems of plants.

DR. W. X. SUDDUTH (AT LEFT) AND PROF. B. C. BUFFUM (IN CENTRE) DISTINGUISHED FOR PROPAGATING ALFALFA AND IMPROVED WINTER EMMER

It is unquestionably true that stock feeders in alfalfa sections now lose fully twenty-five per cent by the waste occurring in the present modes of feeding. Where stack-feeding is common, a great deal of the forage is trampled and wasted under foot, and perhaps fully as much is wasted where the fodder is scattered over the ground. Dr. Sudduth has most interesting plans laid out for removing by mechanical flail-like beaters the leaves' tenderest stems for his alfalfa flour, tea extracts and other forms for human food. The coarser leaves, stems and stalks containing largely cellulose will then be steeped to extract the tea for feeding swine, and rendering the cellulose more digestible for pigs, hogs and other stock. Not only will millions of dollars be annually conserved by Dr. Sudduth's plan for feeding, but a much greater efficacy will be attained in maturing the animals for market.

* * *

SWEET GRASS CO
BIG TIMBER
YELLOWSTONE CO.
BILLINGS, MONT.
ALFALFA EXHIBIT.

ALFALFA EXHIBIT AND PRIZE CUPS OF DR. W. X. SUDDUTH, BROADVIEW, MONTANA

It was a revelation to some of the leading bakers and food experts in New York City to taste Dr. Sudduth's alfalfa bread, which he had baked for fresh distributions almost every day of the land exposition. Because it is so rich in protein and has almost no starchy matter it is not only a most desirable food for everyone, but especially for people of diabetic tendencies and constipated habit. There is a golden mean to be obtained in stock-feeding, especially hogs. If the food contains too much caseous matter, it will harden and become difficult to digest; while, on the other hand, if too much cellulose matter or woody fiber is fed to hogs, it obstructs the stomach and too often proves fatal. Dr. Sudduth's mode of separating the leaves from the stems and grinding separately has been demonstrated to effect a most important action in digestion, as the macerated cellulose expanding carries the food elements uniformly over the digestive surface of the stomach, thus eliminating the possibility of hardening in a lump. Dog biscuits, puppy cakes and even parrot crackers are in the Doctor's category of products, for, as everyone knows, dogs are more or less herbivorous and often may be found eating grass. In fact, Dr. Sudduth says a friend relates a story of having a very desirable alfalfa specimen chewed up and eaten by one of his bird dogs, although the specimen was carefully placed seemingly out of reach.

A feature of alfalfa is worth noting, that is, that mice are never found in alfalfa stacks, and they will not chew it nor cut bags containing alfalfa products. So a very great saving is easily effected in feeding alfalfa instead of other grains and grasses in which mice annually cause millions of dollars of loss. In Arabia there is a saying that a land which does not have dates for mankind and alfalfa for horses is not a good place for man and beast. In Northern Africa, there is a section, it is said, where alfalfa has been milled into flour for a great length of time, owing to the fact that grains do not thrive there. Alfalfa flour has long been used for bread-making by these people. At Dr. Sudduth's demonstration booths he served not only alfalfa bread, but tea biscuit and griddle cakes, the biscuit very much like any other biscuit, but unleavened, and he explained how any biscuit left over after a meal could easily be dried in the oven and by grinding made into a most delicious and nourishing breakfast food. That which he served with cream was so delicious that many gave assurance of their patronage for it as soon as he puts his materials on the market. It is planned to organize a National Alfalfa Products Company for raising alfalfa and milling, manufacturing and selling alfalfa products. There will also be subsidiary companies for feeding stock and taking care of any surplus which the market does not absorb at once. Such trade-marks as Bovafal, or food for cows, Porcafal, or food for hogs, Equafal for horses, Poulafal for poultry, with varying graduations called Malasafal, Laxafal, Comofal and Canafal will all have special virtues and selling points. The coarser portions of the alfalfa, instead of being baled, as is usually the case, the Doctor has found can be compressed into bricks, using molasses as a binder; each brick contains the exact complement for a horse or cow feed and the name he has coined, "Brick-at-a-Feed," tells the whole story. As a soda-water beverage, "The New Mown Hay Flavor" was the most popular drink served at Madison Square Garden. Everyone sipped the delicate perfume-like flavor, declaring it the most exquisite of anything yet. Likewise the crowds were ever patronizing the Doctor's sherbet on which was shaken a dash of alfalfa flavor.

CUTTING COAST COUNTRY CABBAGE
A profitable crop for truck farmers on the line of the Norfolk Southern Railroad

Dr. Sudduth is proud of the sympathy, support and able co-operation he receives from his daughter, Miss Mabel L. Sudduth, who a few years ago was compelled to leave unfinished her college plans on account of ill health, and she settled upon a quarter section of land adjoining her father's property. It is upon her farm that the Doctor's experiment station has been established; as he puts it, "She is the only boy I have," and she is competent to carry on his business should any accident or untoward event happen to him. Miss Sudduth has taken prizes for two years at the dry farming contests in her own state and in Wyoming, and was the first woman delegate chosen to represent her state at the dry farming congress, being sent by the Governor of Montana to the International Dry Farming Congress at Colorado Springs this year. Miss Sudduth's cozy home, built of logs and covered with clemetia, in the midst of her fruitful acres, was designed entirely by herself and has a charm worthy of anyone's study.

NEW LAND CORN, JULY 1
Stalks of which were displayed at the Land Show by the Norfolk Southern Railroad; land unploughed and corn uncultivated

Over the Doctor's booth at the exposition was a very significant adage. It read "Pigs, in Montana, make hogs of themselves eating alfalfa." The Doctor asserts that one could easily raise pigs and top them off on alfalfa for the highest market prices at a cost not exceeding three and one-half to four cents per pound. Alfalfa has a seasoning flavor for pork which makes smoked ham and bacon a delight for epicures. Even turkeys fed on alfalfa acquire a rare, gamey taste, and alfalfa turkey dressing is a seasoning which will soon become a very popular one. The Doctor took forty-five sweepstake prizes out of a possible ninety-one at the Billings International Dry Farming Exposition, and his trophies in cups and other styles form a most convincing array in his collection. He also took the James J. Hill cup for the best general exhibit open to all along the line of the Great Northern road.

The Doctor exhibits with great pride a ribbon which reads:

> "American Land and Irrigation Exposition, Madison Square Garden, New York City, November 3–12, 1911.
>
> "Arthur E. Stilwell, President; Matt C. Smith, Treasurer; Gilbert McClurg, Gen'l Manager. Grand Sweepstakes Prize, $1,000 Silver Trophy donated by Paul Ledyard Van Cleve, for award to the person who has demonstrated the best and widest uses of *alfalfa as food for man and beast.*"

The cup, one of the handsomest ever designed, has engraved upon it the above paragraph and besides shows the handsome country home of Mr. Van Cleve at Melville, Montana. The Doctor says that it would take several thousands of dollars to get the cup from him. The cup is on exhibit in the window of Caswell-Massey Drug Store, Thirty-first Street and Broadway, New York City, where it will remain for the present.

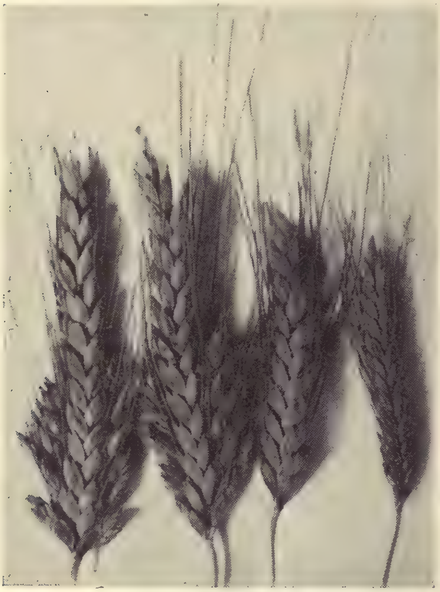
* * *

Everyone has heard of Luther Burbank and his wonderful achievements among fruits, especially the citrus family, which he has accomplished during the last thirty years. But the field of advanced study is not confined to fruits. Perhaps one of the broadest and indeed the most important of all such work is to be found in the realm of cereals and other staple farm crops, for comparatively little change and improvement had been effected by scientific development until a few years ago, Professor B. C. Buffum, now located at Worland, Wyoming, with a consuming love for the subject and an unselfish devotion to his ambition, determined to make his life work the improvement of agricultural products.

Professor Buffum has been at Worland for four years now, previously to which, after graduating from the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins, he was successively professor in the Agricultural College of Wyoming, then at his alma mater, and again returning to Laramie. Finally he selected Worland, Wyoming, as a location with ideal climatic and soil conditions for the study and development of wheat and similar grains. Before deciding upon his present life work he visited Luther Burbank at his California home and was greatly encouraged when the latter corroborated his own ideas as to the wide field for research and accomplishment in agricultural lines. There had never been much if any study given to crops themselves. Our agricultural colleges had been analyzing soils and soil influences; but to hybridize and to differentiate the different plant species had not been undertaken. Mr. Burbank said that conditions in the South and in the Western mountain regions offered special opportunities; and as wheat is preeminently the food of civilized man, Professor Buffum chose it for his first attention and study; and he chose the high mountain plateau of Wyoming because there corn is as yet but little grown and stock feeders have to buy millions of dollars' worth of grain annually to carry their stock through the winter months, as well as to fatten them for the market. Thus if wheat can be successfully developed to yield larger crops on what is known as arid or unirrigated land, a wonderful boom to the prosperity of our country can be achieved.

EXHIBIT BY MISS MABEL L. SUDDUTH OF BROADVIEW, MONTANA, THAT WON THE WOMAN'S HOMESTEAD SWEEPSTAKES AT THE FIRST DRY FARMING EXPOSITION AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING, FEBRUARY, 1909

Professor Buffum's ideas were altogether philanthropic and professional at the start, but he has made such a record in a few years that a company has been organized and incorporated to support the work with about one hundred stockholders; this company is making the Professor's work of economic and commercial value. Starting with the well-known law that mankind is controlled by foods as well as by environment and climatic conditions, and that wheat is unquestionably the food for civilized man, Professor Buffum cast about for some hardy, wild type of the wheat family with which to experiment. Several years before Dr. Aaronsohn of the Swedish station in Palestine had found growing wild on the dry soils of Mount Hermon some wild, black emmer. It had grown there, perhaps, since time immemorial. So, securing some cultivated emmer through Professor M. A. Carlton of the United States Agricultural Department, who, in turn, obtained his from Vilmorin of Paris, Professor Buffum began his experiments. By crossing and mating the black emmer with a beardless wheat, he at once succeeded in producing many beardless hybrids as well as bearded varieties. To his astonishment he also secured "mules," or infertile hybrids, and several monstrosities reverting to antecedent types, as well as evolving some entirely new ones. The illustration on page 551 is one of the most interesting ever taken in scientific investigation of grains.



IMPROVED WINTER EMMER

Compare the increased size and difference in appearance in heads at left with the common type shown at right; bred by B. C. Buffum of Worland, Wyoming

It has been generally accepted that wheat was a God-given gift to man, for prior to Professor Buffum's investigation no antecedent or connecting link had ever been discovered, showing wheat relationship to primordial types. Also there had never been known a beardless emmer until Professor Buffum succeeded in propagating his beardless hybrid by crossing with wheat. It is said that emmer is the richest food grain in the world. It is rich in sugar, rich in minerals, and has a high quality of gluten. Notwithstanding this and the fact that emmer was the common food of ancient Romans, the growing of it has suffered neglect, probably owing to the fact that the seed is covered with a hard hull similar to the oat, which required extra work to remove it for bread-making. As has already been stated, mankind has shown a susceptibility to the influence of foods. The most savage pirates ever known were the Japanese pirates who lived on rice almost exclusively, and no modern warriors have ever shown more pugnacity than the Japanese in their recent war with Russia. Now the improved winter emmer which Professor Buffum has grown is surpassing even the best wheat as a food for civilized man. It surpasses in carbohydrates and protein. The ratio of protein to carbohydrates is one to six, which is very close to a perfectly balanced food. In wheat the ratio is about one of protein to 6.3 of carbohydrates, while in corn the ratio is one of protein to 7.8 carbohydrates, the most valuable factor being protein.

In altitudes and high latitudes where rainfall is limited, protein increases in proportion to other parts. It is noteworthy that protein has always been scarce in the world at large, but is abundant in arid regions. While there is less humus or vegetable matter found in the soil in western high altitudes than in eastern rainbelt countries, yet fifteen per cent of the humus in arid soils is nitrogen, as against five per cent nitrogen in the humus found in the East. This is probably due largely to the fact that the lands have not been leached by rainfall.

As has been said, the work done by

scientists has been chiefly on soil and soil culture, notwithstanding that the work of civilizing and refining the plants is of much greater promise and importance. In other words, making the plant into a more perfect living machine for the conversion of the mineral products of the soil into organic matter to be assimilated readily as a food by mankind. It is important, furthermore, to adapt these plant organizations to the particular soils and climates where they are to be grown. "On this account," says Professor Buffum, "I feel that the plant-breeding work is the most important subject at the present."

Assistant Secretary Hayes of the Department of Agriculture has produced a type of wheat that yields one bushel per acre more than that ordinarily grown. Even this slight increase from say twenty to twenty-one bushels is an achievement of tremendous value and importance to mankind. Holden, Funk and others have bred corn in the West that doubles the yield over large areas in Illinois and Iowa; but Professor Buffum has increased production by the propagation of his black winter emmer more than one hundred per cent, and that, too, in arid regions, for he has produced it at the rate of *ninety bushels per acre*. As above referred to, the black emmer which Professor Carlton secured from Vilmorin of Paris was tried in several sections of the United States, but it succeeded only in the southwestern states, considered from a commercial standpoint. Professor Buffum's experience with this black emmer on the plateaus of Wyoming was at first only problematical, but from the few plants which survived the first winter he secured a "mutation" which has increased in hardiness and yield. Professor Buffum selected emmer for his study first because of its being a drought-resisting plant. The seed which Dr. Aaronsohn found on the side of Mount Hermon grew in one of the most desert portions of the world. In the second place emmer is of the wheat tribe, making it of the highest value to animals and man. In the third place emmer is a type of grain which retains the hull or encasement, and this is an important consideration when using it as a stock feed. In the fourth place emmer was far enough separated from the wheat species to make it a desirable thing to cross-fertilize in securing hybrids.

NEW IMPROVED WINTER EMMER YIELDING NINETY BUSHELS PER ACRE
First crop on new irrigated land; grown by Prof. B. C. Buffum at Worland, Wyoming

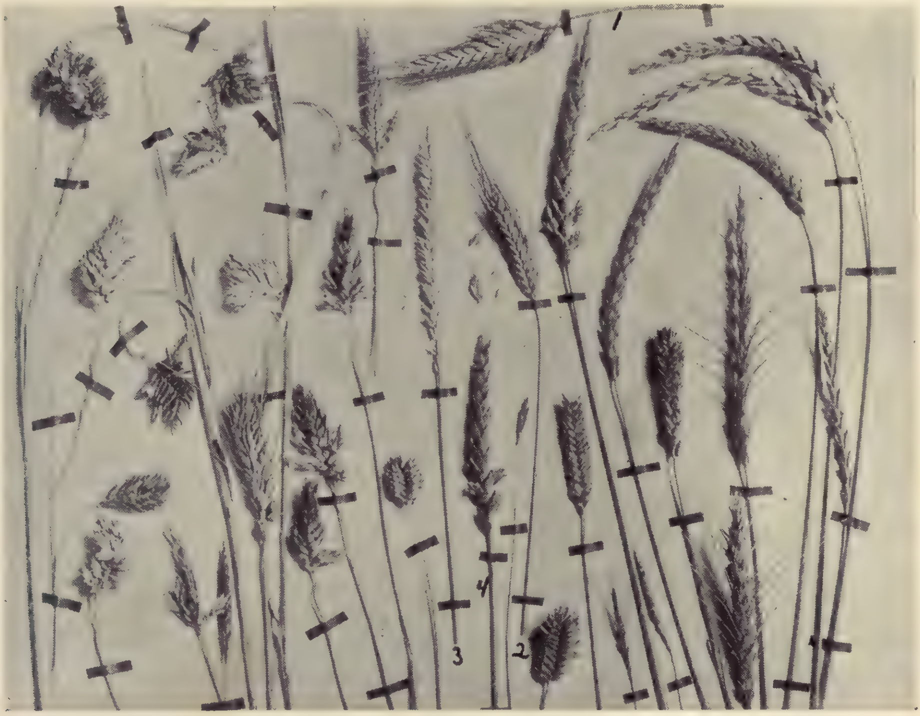
The subsequent work has proved the good judgment of the Professor in selecting emmer, for it is already a valuable stock food and is destined to become again a valuable human food, just as in the days of Rome. Thus history will repeat itself. Pliny says that Spelt (emmer) was the corn par excellence of the Romans. There is still a great possibility in promoting the wheat family and securing new varieties and advanced forms which will be improvements in both quality and yield. "With my wheat-emmer hybrids," said the professor, "I believe I have types which will solve almost every wheat-growing problem today. Now suppose you want to solve a disease problem. Disease resistance can be secured by breeding plants. I have many types of grains which if taken to countries where rust is a disease might be of great value. These types of mine would undoubtedly develop rust resistance to a very great extent. In having broken up the wheat-emmer hybrids I have material to solve almost any problem of yield, adaptability to the soil, composition and disease resistance. One man cannot do it all, but if help could be secured from other sections and sources the greatest good could come out of it.

WINTER EMMER

IMPROVED WINTER EMMER
Grown on plant breeding farms, at Worland, Wyoming, by B. C. Buffum. Harvested bundle at left, two stools only at right; composite breeds in right hand. Grain so prolific that it increased to a total of 710 bushels from the first dozen plants in three seasons' time

"Variation is the foundation of plant-breeding. The first thing the scientist must do is to induce variation. This is accomplished in two ways: first, by changing environment, and second by changing the blood. There is a saying among cattle breeders that 'the corn crib is the best mother,' so it is among plant breeders, the food supply is the important thing to be considered. But one must fix some heredity that will induce the plants to use the food supply available. Root development and capacity to pull from the soil the food that is contained in the soil is the problem. Rye is a strong feeder, and it takes food from very poor soil. Take alfalfa as another example, the common type has a tap-root running straight down; but Grimm's alfalfa has spreading roots, much better adapted for high latitudes, where long, cold winters must be encountered. Grimm's alfalfa was produced in northern Minnesota. If the central tap root is killed or broken the lateral creeping roots will still feed the plant."

In *Farmer's Bulletin* No. 466, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, Professor M. A. Carlton has this to say: "The most interesting trial of winter emmer . . . is that on a farm at Worland, Wyoming, by Professor B. C. Buffum, who was formerly director of the State Agricultural Experiment Station at Laramie, Wyoming. . . . In the summer of 1907 Professor Buffum obtained about two quarts of black winter emmer from the office of Grain Investigation of this Department. . . . In the spring of 1908 it was found that only seventy-two plants had survived, the rest having been winter-killed. Among the survivors were a few which seemed to be of a different type, with large, coarse-growing straw and very large composite heads, which were different in appearance and darker in color than ordinary ones. These particular plants were used by Professor Buffum as a basis for an improved strain of winter emmer. He reports that in the three seasons since 1908 none of it has winter-killed, so far as observed, and that it has come true to the type selected. . . . From the dozen selected plants of the 1908 crop were produced thirty-four bushels in 1909, and 710 bushels in 1910, while the present crop (1911), at this date unthreshed, is estimated at about 20,000 bushels."



PRIMITIVE AND IMPROVED TYPES OF THE WHEAT FAMILY
Heads 1 and 2 improved winter emmer; head 3 Buffum's No. 17 winter emmer; head 4 hybrid, first generation; other heads at left are "mules" (infertile hybrids) and monstrosities and those at right are advanced forms and reversions produced from head 4 in the second generation

Emmer will ripen earlier than oats, yields better, and is both drought and rust resistant. It is the richest food grain in the world and will withstand extremes of climate better than any other cereal. Farmers all over the United States and Canada will eagerly hail Professor Buffum's "Improved Winter Emmer No. 17," as he calls it, as the most valuable staple that has been propagated in this generation. No one can listen to the Professor's earnest discussion and description of his chosen life work without feeling that here is a man who has undertaken one of the most beneficent and philanthropical of public works, and if someone who is situated so as to offer him co-operation and assistance would only work with him, his field of usefulness would be almost unbounded.

* * *

For the first time Mr. Luther Burbank authorized an exhibit of his products in the East. His time being wholly occupied with the infinite variety of his work, he has never given attention to the matter of making a display before the public; in fact, he rather dislikes publicity, being of a retiring nature, and only desires to be left alone with his work. In behalf of California, the California Development Board induced him to make this exhibit with the view of showing what can be done on a small farm in the Golden State.

The California Development Board is a public organization which represents the whole state and has affiliated with it three hundred Chambers of Commerce, The exhibit, which was in charge of Mr. Francis Hope, consisted of two hundred glass jars of processed fruit and specimens, that is, fruit which has been so treated with chemical solutions that it appears in its natural condition and will keep many years. The peach appears on the limb just as it grows, with all its delicate blush and bloom; the flowers and roses retain their color. Among the many notable varieties were the giant crimson rhubarb, the spineless cactus, new plums and roses, giant amaryllis, a cross between the cranberry and raspberry, the fadeless flower and others.

The exhibit attracted great attention, many coming especially to see it. It was noted that the people looked for huge and abnormal things, especially the newspaper reporters, while the real but more prosaic work of Mr. Burbank was overlooked. A potato is a homely thing to look at, yet this humble tuber is perhaps the greatest achievement of real value that Mr. Burbank has produced, for it has added twelve millions to the wealth of the nation and to the pockets of the western farmers. The man who can produce a new variety of potato that will grow one tuber more to the hill would belt the world with silver dollars.

THE BEMIS TRANSPLANTER BY WHICH DR. SUDDUTH SETS FIFTY THOUSAND ALFALFA SLIPS IN A DAY

Mr. Burbank seeks for nothing abnormal or spectacular, and insists that his work be judged by its results and from a scientific plane. His aim is not to produce freaks, yet he does not hesitate to combine the strawberry, blackberry or raspberry with members of the same family and through hybridization produce a higher form of plant life. He especially tries for results that will be for the benefit of mankind. However, he has now ceased breeding new plants and does no hybridization, his work now being entirely confined to selection. In other words, he is gathering up the results of his life work.

The name "wizard" is a misnomer, there being nothing magical or mysterious about his work. It is simply following nature with untiring patience, waiting sometimes twenty years for a small result. He insists that anyone can do it, but few have the patience.

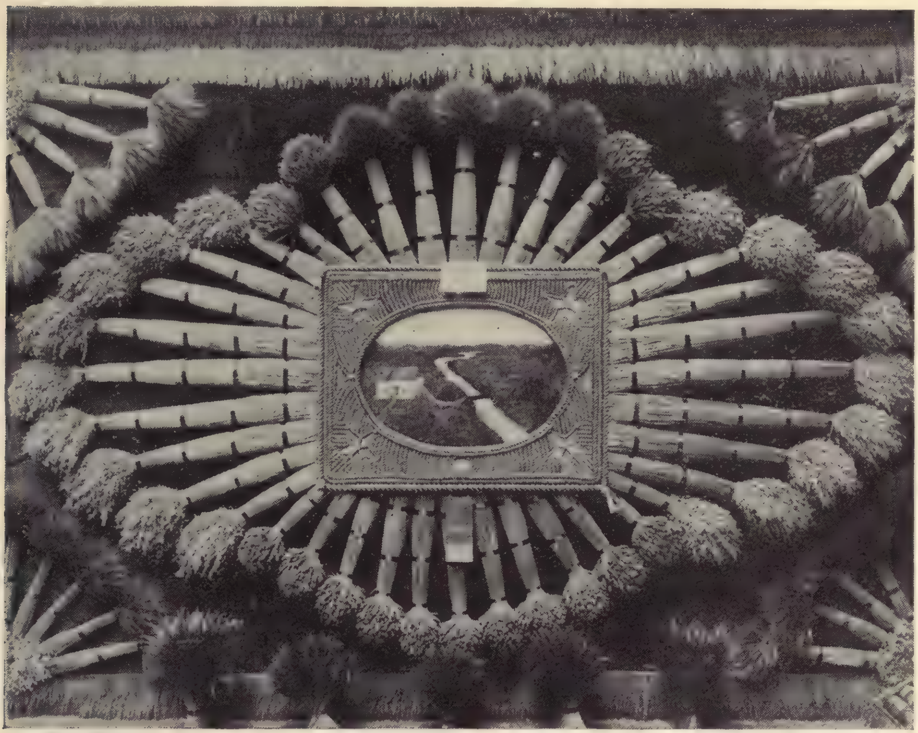
Mr. Burbank's genius lies in the power of instantaneous selection, knowing the particular flower that will be of most value to his work. He rises at four o'clock and puts in a whole day of tireless and unceasing labor. In the course of a year he tests and tries out millions of fruits and flowers and knows them all and watches over them with all the interest of a mother over her children. He has forty thousand varieties of plums alone.

He has succeeded in producing a plant which blossoms every day in the year, some of the blossoms being eight inches in diameter. From the Australian star flower he has obtained a flower which never fades.

He calls them his creations in the sense that something appears where nothing like it existed before. His Primus berry was the first fixed species of plant life produced by the hand of man.

Through the process of elimination he has produced of giant size, wonderful shape, profusion of blossom and great variation in color varieties of godelia, evening primrose, heuchera, amaryllis (some a foot across the flower), mimulus, brodiaea, hybrid roses, lilies, larkspur, tigridias, gladiolas and canna.

Mr. Burbank has devoted much time and effort in perfecting California fruits. His cherries are of wonderful size and flavor and have sold in the market at $3.10 per pound in New York. If he were to receive a small fraction of a cent royalty on each bushel of his potatoes sold, his income would be over a million. His work among forest trees is extensive. He is specially interested in the spineless cactus, with which he hopes to reclaim the desert. It grows ninety tons of fodder to the acre, and cattle like it. This being questioned in the Land Show, Mr. Hope took some down to the cows in the electric dairy and though they were pampered New Yorkers, they ate it with great relish.



Am. Photo Service Co.

THE FAMOUS PAINTING WITHOUT PAINT

By the hayseed artist, J. P. Nash of Alberta, Canada. The minutest details were worked out with delicate grasses and seed

Burbank does not claim to have created the spineless cactus, his prospectus saying there is nothing more wonderful in a spineless cactus than in a spineless watermelon. All cacti were once spineless; the thorns were thrown out by the law of adaptation in the struggle for existence to protect themselves from extermination by the deer and cattle that would relish its juicy water-full nourishment in the parched land. Mr. Burbank has gone back to first principles and claims to have the only commercially valuable variety. It is used extensively in Australia for sheep. He produced a walnut, the shell of which he got so thin that the birds could peck through and eat the kernel so he had to retrace his steps and make it harder. He produced pitless prunes, white blackberries, phenomenal berries, the peach-cot and plum-cot, half apricot and half plum, a delicious fruit for even the most epicurean taste.

He lives in the country known as the North of Bay Counties, just north of San Francisco. Everything is grown there without irrigation, but naturally and spontaneously, there being sufficient rainfall. He has lived thirty-three years at Santa Rosa, having a little patch of only three acres. At the nearby town of Sebastopol he has twelve acres, where his larger trees grow.

How can he produce so much on so small a space? The trees are planted close together and many varieties grafted on one tree. One cherry tree has over one hundred varieties of cherries on it; one apple tree has two hundred and fifty different kinds of apples, all sizes, shapes and colors. He plants a seed or pit; when it comes up he cuts it off and grafts it on a branch of some nearby tree, where it will bear immediate fruit. He is the greatest of grafters.

* * *

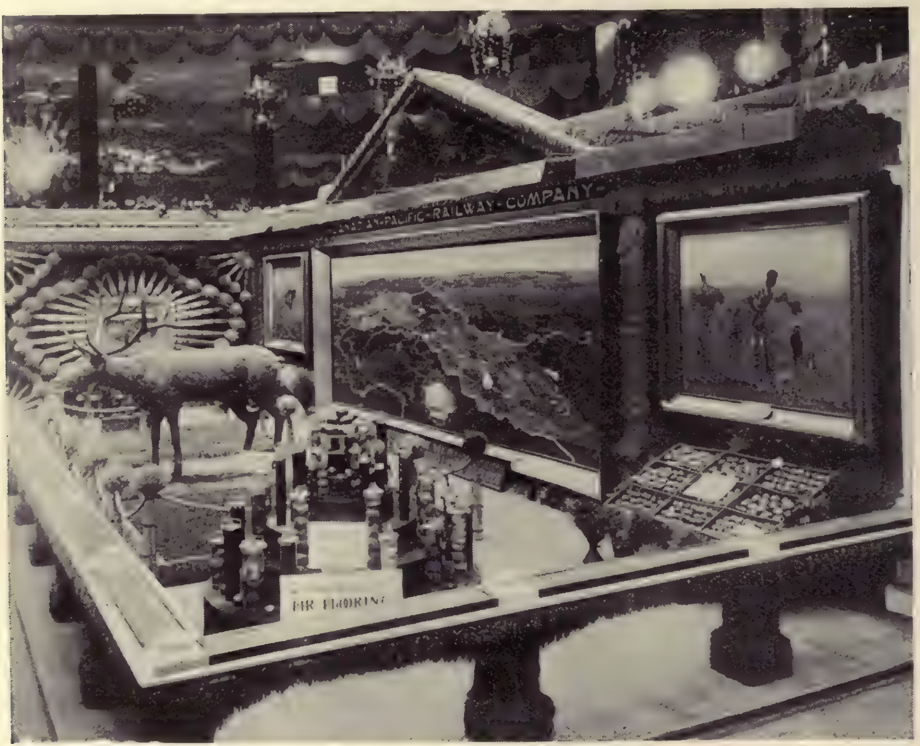


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EXHIBIT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY AT THE NEW YORK LAND SHOW

The great Canadian Pacific Railway exhibit was twofold, one half of it representing the Irrigation and Colonization Department, and the other half presenting the interests of the Tourist and Passenger Department.

Mounted in the center of the colonization exhibit was a stately elk whose covering instead of hair was artfully made of the native grasses found in Western Canada. To the casual observer the artistic interest contained in this wonderful exhibit was not evident, but to one perceiving the artistic conception upon which the whole display was planned and so grandly carried out, there was much to study and admire.

One of the most painstaking features was the "paintless painting" by Mr. J. P. Nash, the "Hayseed Artist." In this picture the walls of the log house were made of light straw and the roof-boards of a darker shade of the same material. The distant forest effect was worked up with very fine asparagus. The cabbage patch at the rear of the house was cleverly executed, and even the button on the front of a man's shirt, a very tiny black seed, was only one of a myriad details that must be seen to be appreciated.

The central painting on the rear wall of the Exhibit showed the three-million-acre irrigation system lying to the south-east of Calgary, Alberta, by far the largest single irrigation project on the Continent. The first division of this wonderful system is already colonized, and the second is being rapidly developed.

To the left and right of the large painting were two smaller ones, representing respectively the "Pioneer in Western Canada," and the "Pioneer's Harvest Four Years after Settlement."

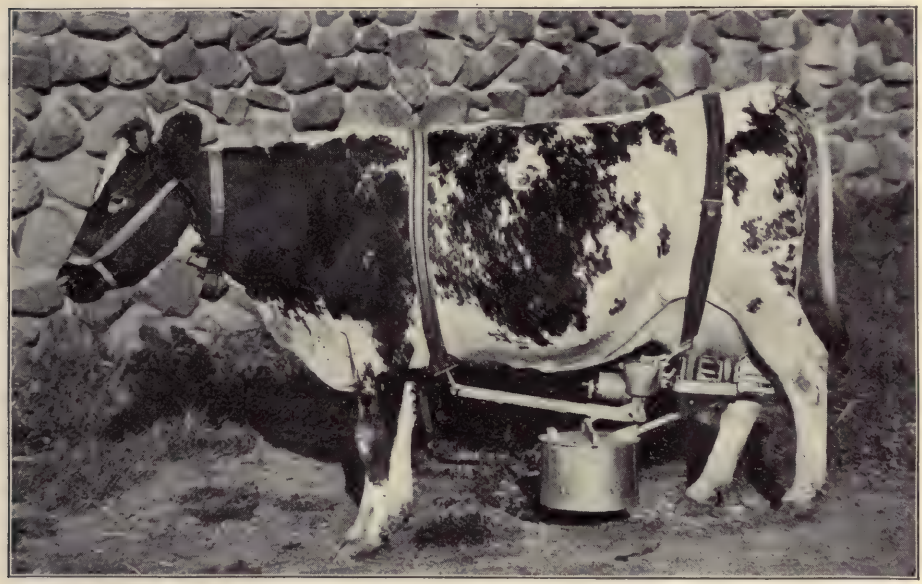
A buffalo head surmounted the wall, and this, like the elk, was covered with native grasses and so naturally as to almost deceive an old buffalo hunter.

In front of the Canadian Pacific Railway Exhibit on three sides was a low, hollow railing suggestive of an irrigating canal, but really containing a fine display of the cereals grown in the great inland empire of the Northwest. Beneath the rail was a fringe of delicately brown-tinted grasses, giving a most pleasing finish to the railing. Nor were the irrigation projects forgotten, for on either side of the sentinel elk were real plots of real Canadian black, fertile soil, with growing wheat in one and grass in the other. It was always interesting for the crowds that thronged around the booths to watch the tiny rivulets coursing through the main canals and laterals.

As wheat is the great staple product of Western Canada, visitors were presented with vials of wheat to take home as souvenirs.

The one thousand dollars in gold offered by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, for the best hard, red wheat grown in the two Americas, was won by a farmer in Western Canada.

Mr. J. S. Dennis, manager of the Canadian Pacific's Land and Irrigation Department, should be heartily congratulated on the splendid showing made, and the great success attending his exhibit at the New York Land and Irrigation Exposition.



THE ELECTRICALLY-DRIVEN MILKING MACHINE
Simple in construction and satisfactory in the service it renders dairymen

Shades of ye ancient milkmaids! The farmer's daughter has long ago rebelled against milking the cows, and even the hired man is beginning to sidestep any job that calls for milking a half dozen or more cows night and morning. But the dilemma is already met, for the American Milking Machine was on exhibition and in operation at the Land and Irrigation Exposition and was constantly surrounded by an interested circle of observers.

Though having little of the poetic sentiment claimed for the singing milkmaids, the milking machines are nevertheless in the class of other improvements for hygiene and labor saving. The mechanism is worked usually by an electric motor, although there are other devices, including hand-power machinery. The milking principle is much the same as the pressure of the hand, the machine first closing upon the upper portion of the cow's teat and gradually increasing the pressure downward.

The American Milking Machine is a Swedish invention and is both simple in construction and easy to keep clean. Its use in a dairy of a dozen cows or more will very soon save the price of the machine in wages, besides being more sanitary than hand milking.

The objection that cows won't "give down" their milk to a milking machine is not true, for it has been found that the amount of milk thus secured is just about the same as for hand milking. The machine is very quickly adjusted to the cow by means of belts and one man can attend to five machines and have four milking at the same time.

* * *

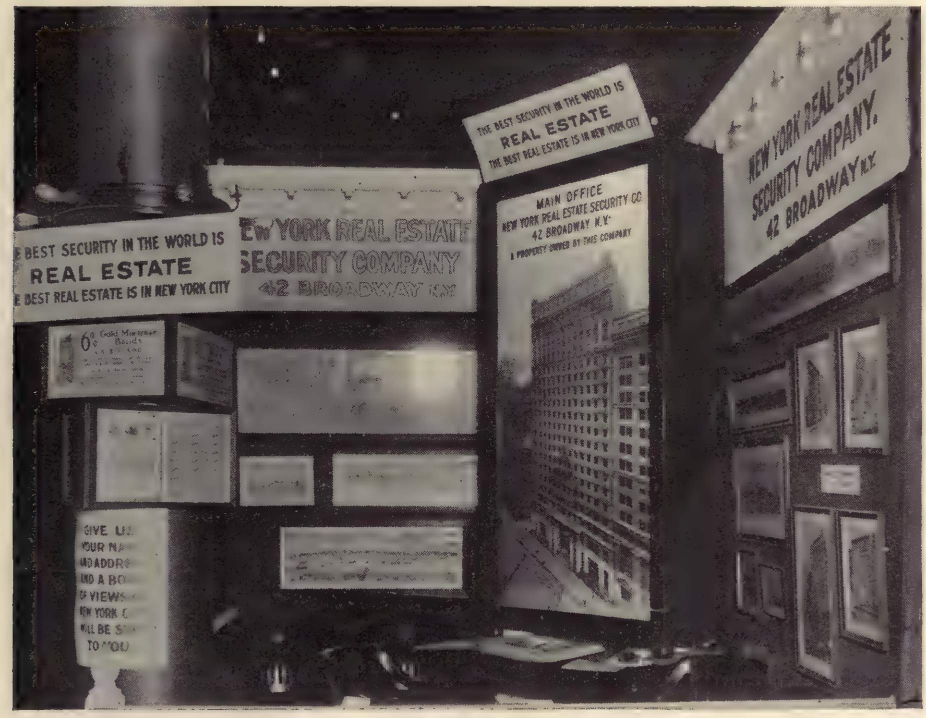
The exhibit of the New York Real Estate Security Company showed a great illuminated picture of the company's skyscraper at 42 Broadway, conspicuous amid its surroundings of apples and squashes of adjacent exhibits. Does not a few square feet of ground in the heart of New York City, after all, grow the greatest thing on earth—the skyscraper—the beanstalks of modern business, where, instead of one "Jack," as many as thirty-five thousand people are passing up and down daily in the course of their usual work? Perhaps the idea is a little far fetched, but surely the section of New York City known as Manhattan Island has been fertile in the production of a veritable jungle of tall buildings.

In realty riches New York grows over night more than $3,000,000. In 1909 the

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA
IH

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA
This exhibit showed an irrigated farm, auto wagon, spraying machines, etc.; hemped festoons graced the entrance

total assessed valuation of New York real estate was $6,807,179,704; for 1912 the figures will show $7,858,840,000—a matter of $1,051,660,296 increase, which for every day in a year is three and one-eighth millions, or more than $300,000 increase every hour from bedtime to sun up—$50,000 per minute. This mammoth figure exceeds the total valuation of all states of the nation west of the Mississippi River by $2,000,000,000.


BEST SECURITY IN THE WORLD IS
REAL ESTATE
BEST REAL ESTATE IS IN NEW YORK CITY
EW YORK REAL ESTATE
SECURITY COMPANY
42 BROADWAY N.Y.
THE BEST SECURITY IN THE WORLD IS
REAL ESTATE
THE BEST REAL ESTATE IS IN NEW YORK CITY
MAIN OFFICE
NEW YORK REAL ESTATE SECURITY CO
42 BROADWAY N.Y.
A PROPERTY OWNED BY THIS COMPANY
NEW YORK REAL ESTATE
SECURITY COMPANY.
42 BROADWAY N.Y.
6% Gold Mortgage Bonds
GIVE US
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NEW YORK
WILL BE S
TO YOU

EXHIBIT OF THE NEW YORK REAL ESTATE SECURITY CO.

New York real estate never depreciates in value. Since January, 1910, twenty standard railroad and industrial stocks depreciated $875,000,000, while during the same period the assessed value of real estate in Manhattan alone increased $347,263,640.

The making of New York City itself is going on at a pace that must, within a very few years, make it not only the greatest in population, but by far the greatest in industry of all the cities of the world. Investment in its real estate, therefore, should not fail to bring adequate profits if made in conjunction with a company whose affairs are rightly administered by reputable men with a knowledge of the trend of business and of population, of real estate, its value and its productiveness.

It is impossible for persons of small or moderate means to participate directly in the values accruing from New York City real estate, not alone because of the annoyances and trouble involved in the placing and renewing of even the smallest mortgage, but of the large amount of capital required to purchase good, income-producing property.

These objections have been overcome by the New York Real Estate Security Company, which was incorporated under the laws of the state of New York in December, 1908, for the purpose of lending money on bond and mortgage and the conservative investment in real estate. Through its combined capital, the Company has invested in improved and income-bearing property in the best and most active sections of New York

City, and has provided an efficient organization to take care economically of the details incidental to its ownership and further investment. Against this property and through the earnings of its mortgage loan investments it is able to issue fifteen year six per cent gold mortgage bonds, which give an opportunity to the small as well as the large investor.

* * *

Just to look upon that scene in the last hours of the evening when the band had played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the cornet player grew red in the face as he tried to hold the high "E" on the final note and to look upon the floor strewn with papers and here and there apple cores, suggested that the spectators had enjoyed themselves.

With the rolling voice of the town crier of New England announcements were made that free farms were to be given away, and sure enough there were the people filling out their coupons with names and addresses for the farm given away by President Elliott of the Northern Pacific Railroad, near Terry, and by other railroads and colonization companies in other parts of the country.

The wonders of the Yellowstone Park were recalled in the exhibit of Wylie's Camping Tour, and every day there was a new candidate furnished with a free tour to Yellowstone Park. It was unanimously agreed that Wylie's plan was the right plan.

There on the wall was a vivid picture of the barley fields in Alaska with the light gleaming upon the little farm cottage in far-off Alaska. Truly the wonders of agriculture will never cease. Here were the gold nuggets with the sad-faced policeman on guard close by. Although the people looked upon these curiously, they were not half as attractive as the simple products of the soil.

IN NORTH CAROLINA COAST COUNTRY
July 10—Corn and cotton grown on black sandy loam soil

Here were the great marble slabs from deposits in Alaska, produced by the Vermont Marble Company, who have quarries located on the Seward Peninsula.

The following prizes and trophies were presented at the close of the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, New York:

One thousand dollars in gold, for the

best wheat grown in the two Americas, donated by President Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific Railway, won by Seager Wheeler, Rosthern, Saskatchewan.

One thousand dollar wheat cup, for the best wheat grown in the United States, donated by Hon. James J. Hill, Chairman of the Great Northern Railway, won by James Todd, Geyser, Montana.

One thousand dollar corn cup, for the best thirty ears of corn grown in the United States, donated by the International Harvester Company of America, (contested) probably won by William H. Dorin, Virginia.

Five hundred dollars in gold, for the best twenty-five boxes of apples and variety or varieties, grown anywhere in the world, donated by President Howard Elliott of the Northern Pacific Railway, won by Mrs. Ella D. Rowland of Toppenish, Washington; second place to Robert Johnson of North Yakima, Washington.

One thousand dollar oats cup, for the best oats raised in the United States, donated by President A. J. Earling of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, won by A. F. Patton and W. J. Hartman of Bozeman, Montana; second place given to T. Menard of Bozeman.

Fifteen hundred dollar barley cup, for the best barley grown in the United States, donated by Colonel Gustav Pabst of Milwaukee, won by R. Eisinger of Manhattan, Montana; honorable mention given to A. D. Vansickle of Warren, Minnesota.

One thousand dollar sugar beet cup, for the best sugar beets grown in the United States, donated by Mr. Horace Havemeyer, Jr., of New York.

One thousand dollar cotton cup, for the best short staple cotton grown in the United States, donated by Colonel Robert M. Thompson of New York, won by American Nile Company, El Centro, California.

One thousand dollar hop cup, for the best hops grown in the United States, donated by Colonel Adolphus Busch of Saint Louis, won by DeWitt M. Mitchell of Schuyler Lake, New York, with honorable mention of the exhibit of E. Clemens Horst, of San Francisco, California.

One thousand dollar alfalfa cup, for the best demonstration of the widest uses of alfalfa as a food for man and beast, donated by Hon. Paul Ledyard Van Cleve of Montana, won by Dr. W. X. Sudduth of Billings, Montana; honorable mention to the M. C. Peters Mill Company of Omaha, Nebraska.

One thousand dollar potato cup, for the best exhibit of late, commercial or marketable potatoes, donated by President Arthur Edward Stilwell, won by the exhibit entered by the Commissioner of Agriculture of British Columbia, in charge of Mr. Asahel Smith of Victoria, British Columbia.

Two hundred dollar apple cup, for the best twenty-five boxes of apples grown in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming or Utah, donated by Hon. Adrian G. Hanauer of Washington, awarded to Mrs. Rowland of Toppenish, Washington.

Mr. Arthur Edward Stilwell as president and Gibert McClurg as vice-president and general manager of the first American Land and Irrigation Exposition held in New York City have made a great turn in the wheel of advancement in education of people generally to the untold wealth of the soil. The good that will come out of this great exposition will be felt in every state in the Union. Never before have so many men, qualified above all others to give an opinion, united in such wholesome praise. Coming from representatives of every section of the country this appreciation has perhaps, more than anything else, assured a similar exhibition as an annual event in New York City.

* * *

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

HOW fascinating it is just to watch things grow, whether it be a frail little plant in the window, or a sturdy young shrub in the garden. This same fascination applies to things commercial. I wish I could express to our readers the pleasure that comes to the publisher as the different "Books the People Built" appear, and the hearty words of appreciation that pour in upon us. So many have asked for a complete list of the books that they are given below in the order of their creation:

HEART THROBS	1906
HAPPY HABIT	1908
HEART SONGS	1909
LITTLE HELPS	1909
HISTORY MAKING	1910
HEART THROBS No. II	1911

Each one has its own enthusiastic champions. While some will insist that HEART THROBS No. I is the "queen of them all," yet there are ardent champions of HEART SONGS, which "sings again the songs of other days." Many a young housewife has enthusiastically declared LITTLE HELPS "the most indispensable" of the library, and HAPPY HABIT—they are letters full of sunshine. Then HISTORY MAKING is one of those up-to-date, representative books written by federal officials that fulfills the requests made by readers of the NATIONAL. Every phase of the American family life seems to have been unconsciously touched upon.

The enthusiasm that awaited the appearance of HEART THROBS No. II was of the most gratifying that ever fell to the lot of a publisher. Although the books were out on time, as promised, for Thanksgiving delivery, there were some who wondered why they couldn't be ready sooner, "when the contribution contest closed October 10." But before the printing and binding of the book could be thought of, there was the work of compilation. The committee did its work faithfully. There were copyrights to look out for, verifications to be made, and thousands of letters from contributors to be read with care. That is why HEART THROBS, HEART SONGS, HAPPY HABIT, LITTLE HELPS and HISTORY MAKING have a distinct place in the publishing world.

It is time now to make up your list of Christmas books. For many years past there have been disappointments from people who ordered their books just a little too late. It has always meant working day and night at the NATIONAL office to fill the orders through the month of December. Many requests are made for autographed copies, and the publisher especially asks that such orders come early in the month.

* * *

IT is not only the cloth-dressed "Books the People Built" that are attracting attention. It was a moment of rejoicing when I looked upon the counters of the various five and ten cent stores in New York and watched the energetic women shoppers picking up "Old-Fashioned Hints for Home-makers" while in the music department "Dear Olde Songs" were going, as the salesman said, "like Saturday specials." But most interesting of all was the more quiet, matronly group who wanted to see the Alphabet Book. "I wonder," mused one little mother who kept watching the clock, "if it would do for my little boy." The salesgirl asked his age. "He's only three," answered the fond mother, glancing through the pages thoughtfully, "but he could look at the pictures until he can read."

These four books, Old-Fashioned Hints for Home-Makers, Dear Olde Songs, Olde Time Prose and Poetry, The Man Who Discovered the Alphabet, are sold for ten cents at the ten-cent stores, or may be obtained direct, if preferred.

EARL L. OVINGTON AT THE AVIATION MEET AT MINEOLA, LONG ISLAND

* * *

WHILE in mid-heaven on his recent flight at the Nassau field tournament, Mr. Earl Ovington released one hand from the steering wheel to pull his Waterman Ideal from between his teeth and write a letter. Aside from the vibrations of the fifty horse power engine which gave his writing a peculiar "jiggle," the letter was legible and was received with enthusiasm by the crowds below. The regulation P. S. "Some gusty up here; the field below looks fine," seemed to sum up his thoughts.

Concerning his experience Ovington says: "I started in my Bleriot monoplane propelled by the new rotary fifty horse power Indian motor, with my Waterman fountain pen clasped between my teeth. To the right of me as I sat in my monoplane was fixed a sheet of paper which had been signed by several newspaper men previous to my ascent in order to prove it was blank when I started. When I had reached an altitude of about five hundred feet I took the pen in my right hand and steered the aeroplane with my left. Of course to keep the aeroplane horizontal I must see the horizon line, so in order to write the letter I was obliged to look at the paper for a moment and then pay attention to the horizontal stability of my machine.

"The shakiness of the writing is due to the vibration of the motor, which, by the way, is remarkably small, when its power and weight are considered. Where the writing is distorted the aeroplane took a side or forward dip owing to a wind gust, and I assure you I lost no time in righting the machine."

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

IT seems as if the whole world were asking, "What shall I give him or her for Christmas?" Letter after letter has been received with the beginning, "Can you suggest a suitable gift for—" and then there follows a description which not always gives the age and taste of father, mother, the little cousin at boarding school or the young man who seems to be just a trifle "too good a friend" to be presented with a necktie or a box of handkerchiefs. Between the lines the strong heart sentiment of the American girl combated with a fear of not being entirely "correct" in her remembrance for the "only" man.

Some were so worried that I could foresee, as the days wore on, a sleepless night or two and a final desperate tour on Christmas eve, resulting in—a necktie, of course. What a terrible burden our girls do make of choosing gifts! Now did you ever watch the young man—over whom there are sleepless nights and tears—do the same errand? An old floorwalker in one of the large department stores explained the process. "You can tell him for miles," he said. "He comes in and looks around a minute. Then he is drawn to the magnet—he locates the manicure counter. 'It's for a young lady,' he tells the saleswoman, 'pick me out something nice.' In five minutes he sets forth with the all-important package under his arm."

"But he can't buy a manicure set every year," I ventured.

"Oh, yes," he said, "the same ones come back the next season."

"Probably," said I with sarcasm, "it's for a different girl. Who could think scissors and files would wear out in a year?"

"Well," he replied, smiling, "they may not think about it at all."

I believe he was right. And I believe that young ladies who have received the same sort of gift for three and four successive Christmases are just as happy as though the carefree young men friends joined the feminine chorus: "Oh, what shall I get?"

* * *

APROPOS of Christmas shopping and its inconveniences, the following advice as to the care of the feet will I am sure be helpful to many of our women.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The suggestions were kindly sent in by Dr. Mollie A. Meyers of New York City, a "foot doctor" who has long specialized in chiropody. First Dr. Meyers would have us look to our shoes. She seems not to be sympathetic with the woman who "encases her feet in small narrow shoes which cause—" but we won't enumerate—it doesn't befit the holiday season to make threats. Here is a valuable hint: "Upon rising each morning dip the feet in cold water, massaging about five minutes with a good friction soap. That will stimulate them for the day, particularly if your business compels you to stand. Change your socks every day, sprinkling a little powder in them. If possible have two pairs of shoes and wear them alternately; you will find this a comfort as well as an economy. Before purchasing a shoe be assured it *fits your foot.* Your foot properly shod enables you to take long walks in the open air, which improves blood circulation, brings a healthy flush into the cheeks, tones up the system generally and results in a sweet, smiling expression."

PERHAPS it is human perverseness, but I am for agreeing with many of our city subscribers that the women in country districts are best able to celebrate Christmas. Away from the continual rush of city life, they can with their own hands prepare dainty gifts for those who are near and dear—gifts that come closer to the heart than the most elaborate purchase. They escape the throngs of Christmas shoppers; they avoid the wear and tear of long gift-hunting expeditions. The spirit of Christmas is for them seldom upset by exasperating encounters in crowded stores. Yet the weariest city woman who rails when someone jostles her elbow or steps on her toes cannot but feel, beneath all this superficial rudeness, the tremendous power and universality of the great holiday.

Ann Randolph

* * * * *

LITTLE HELPS

HOW TO MEND GLOVES

By Mrs. C. M. McAllister

With scissors shape the hole into an even form, round if possible, cutting away the very thin kid at the edge; insert the glove mender and buttonhole around the edges of the hole, being sure to have the exact shade of silk; set the stitches far enough in to be quite firm and about two threads apart; when you have encircled the hole, keep on the second time, buttonholing into the stitches you set the first time around; continue until the hole is completely closed.

LOST CHILDREN

By Edith C. Lane

Little ones often wander off, and become so terrified that they can tell neither their name nor address. To prevent this, stitch under a collar, or the hem of their outer garment, a tag of linen on which their full name and address is plainly written in indelible ink. Thus: "John Carter, No. 3 Oak Street, 'phone No. 4032, Brooklyn, New York." The tags are not hard to make, cost next to nothing, and save the mother and child hours of suspense and misery.

EGGSHELL CLEANER

By Abby Barry

When using eggs save the shells for they are excellent for cleaning bottles; crush them and put into the bottle with clear, cold water, shake thoroughly, remove and rinse with cold water.

Chilblains

There is no surer relief for chilblains than that of bathing the feet in water in which potato skins have been boiled. This is an old remedy used by the Indians in old times.

TO PRESERVE RUBBER GLOVES

By Mrs. George B. Scrogin

After thoroughly washing, turn off as usual and fill with water; pin together and hang up till needed.

To Soft Boil Eggs

When boiling water for coffee or tea mornings, I leave enough to cover eggs, put them in with spoon while water is boiling hot; cover closely and set kettle in a cool place on range; they will be ready to serve by the time fruit or cereal has been eaten.

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The Children's Encyclopaedia

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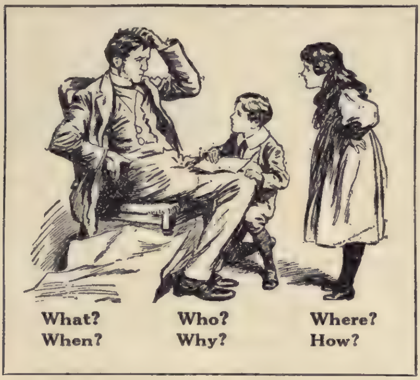
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When?
Who?
Why?
Where?
How?

Why do we go to sleep?
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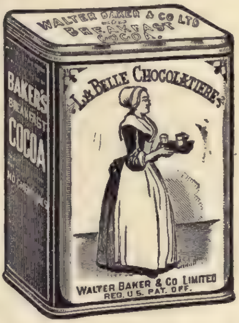

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DECEMBER 1911
EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

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Edited by Walter Camp

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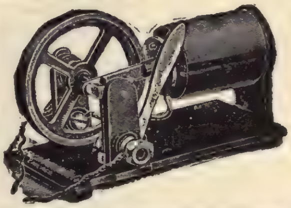

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RUSTED HOOKS AND EYES

By Elizabeth R. Fredericks

When hooks and eyes have rusted any part of a dress, cover the part, squeeze lemon juice over it and rub thoroughly; rinse with cold water at once.

A Delicious Fragrance

A delicious fragrance may be given to a room by putting block ammonia into a rose jar, turning cologne water over it and occasionally removing the cover for an hour or two.

Scorched Paper Smoke

Keep a piece of newspaper scorching on the stove while frying doughnuts; the paper smoke will drive away the unpleasant burned-lard odor from the house.

Too Salty Soup

I was horrified to discover my soup too salty. A guest solved the difficulty by cooking it a few minutes longer after having added a few slices of raw potato, which absorbed the surplus salt.

New Stockings

If you wash the feet of new hose before they are worn, you will find their lasting qualities enhanced. A saleswoman in the hosiery department of a large store told me this, and I have since followed the suggestion with profit.

To Cut a Bottle

A bottle may be cut off by wrapping a cord saturated in coal oil around it several times, then setting fire to the cord and just when it has finished burning, plunging the bottle into cold water and tapping on one end to break. Oddly shaped or prettily colored bottles make good vases. The top of a large bottle having a small neck makes a good funnel. Large round bottles make good jelly glasses.

FOR THE GARDENER

By Mrs. Dora Schertz

Keep in the house a roll of white passe-partout picture binding. Use the empty wide-mouthed bottles and their corks as receptacles to hold garden seeds, pasting a strip of the paper on each bottle to mark contents. Envelopes and papers of seeds attract mice, while the contents of glass bottles can be seen at a glance, thus are handier than tin cans.

A Good Paste

A good paste is always in demand for a variety of uses in the household The following recipe is highly satisfactory: To two cups of winter wheat flour add one teaspoonful of sassafras oil; mix with the hands until perfectly smooth; then add two cups of boiling water, stirring all the time until it boils. Then put in a glass jar and keep covered when not in use. This makes about one quart of paste which will keep indefinitely.

Sleazy Cloth Buttonholes

To make buttonholes on goods that is the least bit "sleazy," wet an edge of a piece of raw glue and rub it along the line of the hole to be worked. When the mark has dried the cloth can be cut and worked without the least difficulty. The goods simply cannot ravel or fray.

To Wash an Ecru Net Waist

An excellent way to wash and preserve the color of an ecru net waist (at the same time) is by using bran water. Put a quart of bran into a pan and cover with boiling water; after straining the solution through cheese cloth, wash the waist in this water. There is just enough starch in this to make the material of the desired stiffness, so nothing additional in that line is needed.

How to Dry a Sweater

When drying a sweater or other wool garments that are liable to stretch out of shape, place smoothly over a coat hanger before hanging on the line, and the shoulders will be kept in their natural lines.

Sponge Cake

A woman of great culinary experience makes most excellent sponge cakes, yet she never touches the batter with a spoon. The eggs are beaten in a bowl, then the sugar is added gradually, beating all the time with the egg beater. When this is light and creamy, the other ingredients are added and cut in with a knife. The batter will not be smooth when put in the oven, but the cakes are very light and delicate.

QUASSIA CHIPS FOR INSECTS

By Edith R. Johnson

To keep out flies and mosquitoes, take a saucer of cold water, put in a pinch of quassia chips and set on the window-sill; renew about twice a week. This is a sure preventative, clean, non-poisonous and economical.

Ants and Red Ants

For ants use pulverized sugar and plaster of Paris mixed; it will keep them away.

A teaspoonful of paregoric in a gill of water will clear a pantry of red ants.

A NEW WAY TO MEND GRAIN-SACKS

By Mrs. William Stewart

To thoroughly and quickly mend grain sacks, make a paste of flour and water a little stiffer than for gravy thickening, dip your patch of muslin into this and smooth over the hole on the inside of the sack; let dry and your grain-sack is mended. This will not come off.

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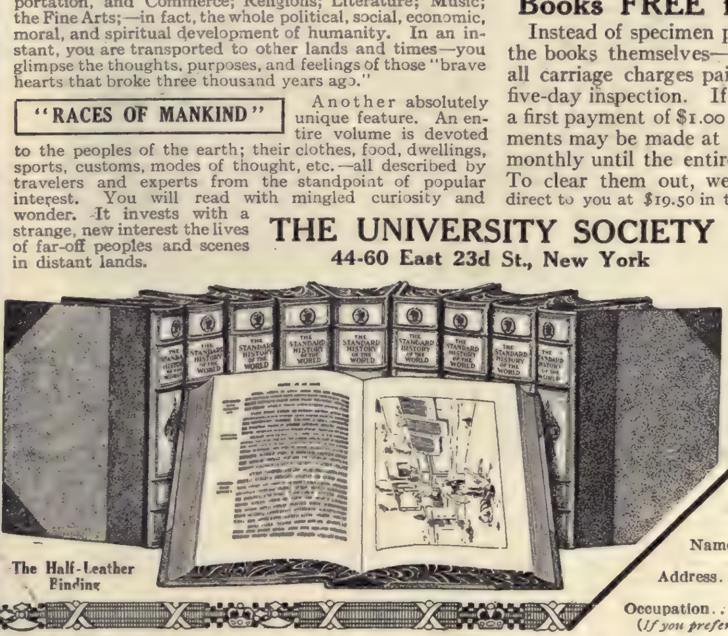

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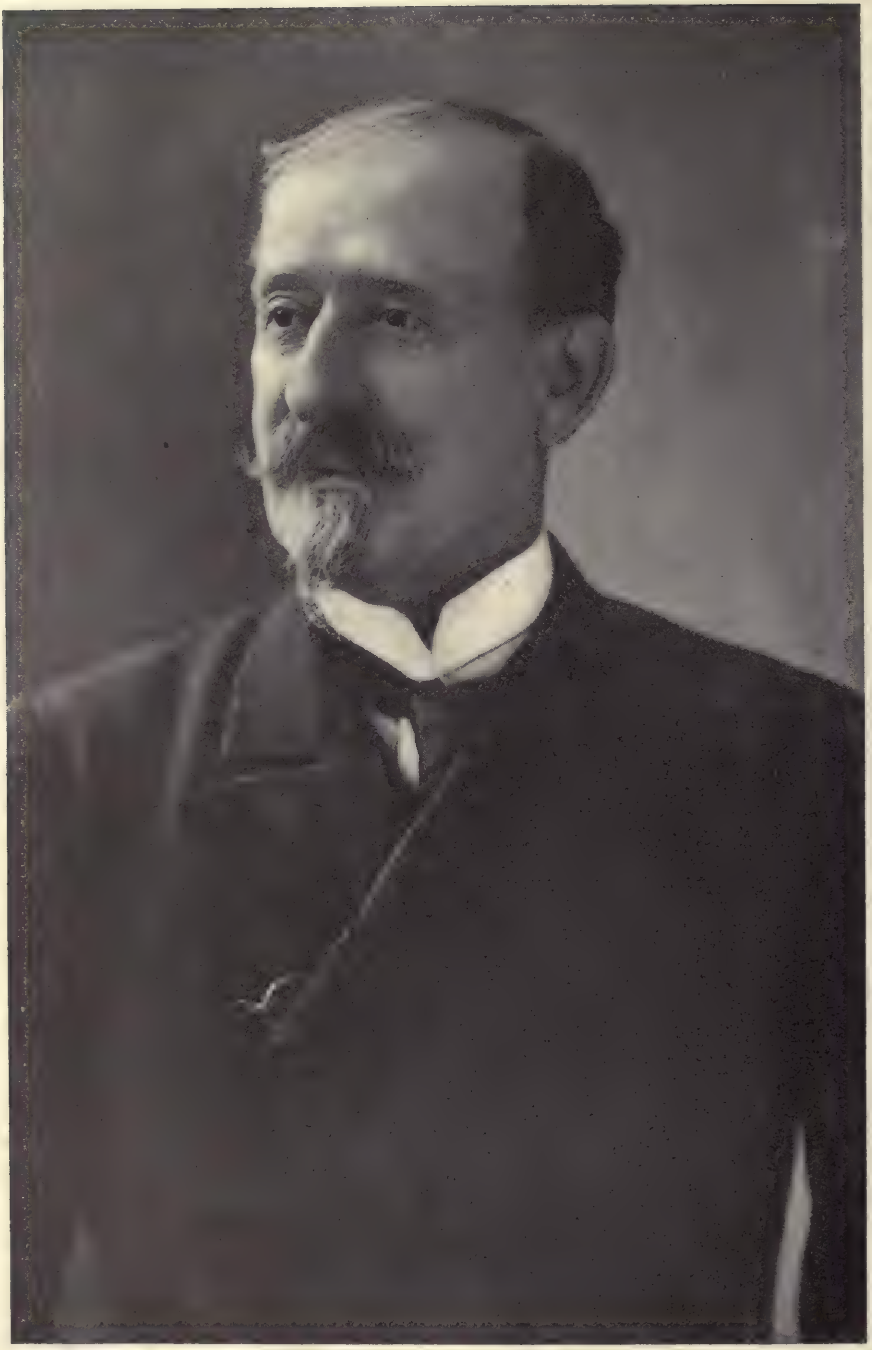

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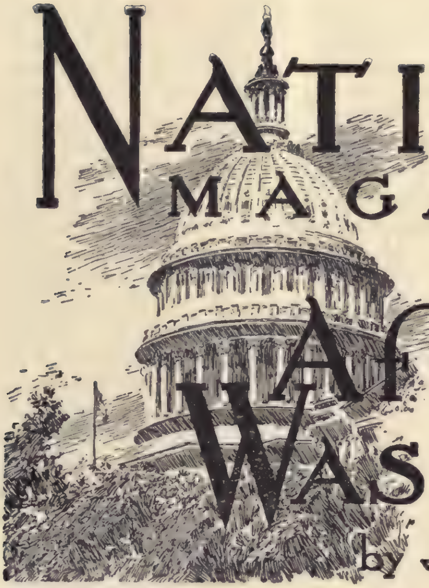
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1912



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

AFTER the New Year's reception at the White House, social and legislative affairs at Washington start off with a snap, presaging a brilliant and effective season. The formal greetings of the early days of the session: "How's the folks?" "How's business?" "How's politics out your way?" and "How's this for weather?" are now lost in serious legislative comment or the amenities of social gaieties.

Washington never had such a balmy December. It wasn't an Indian summer, or even a lingering autumn—the air of gentle spring itself pervaded the Capital city during the Christmas month. This may have had something to do with the equanimity of the opening days of the session.

* * *

INTEREST seemed to center about the thirty-four investigations which have utilized hitherto unused rooms in the office buildings of the Senate and House. It is a dull day now when there are not a dozen investigations in progress at the same time. The dramatic features of these inquisitions have abated, and the public's appetite for "thrillers" has been appeased.

The aggregate cost of these investigations will represent a budget well up in the millions. In one investigation more than thirty thousand dollars was expended for the printing of the testimony, but it is generally felt that the gain is more than commensurate with the cost.

The red cords that open the doors of the Supreme Court room are steadily swinging to and fro admitting visitors to the chamber where the highest tribunal in the land wrestles with knotty constitutional eddies in the ebb and flow of the legislative tide.

* * *

THE Sherwood veteran pension bill was the curtain raiser on the House calendar. There was a lassitude in the opening days of Congress particularly noticeable in the delay of the urgent deficiency bill, which is usually disposed of before the holidays. The tunnel to the Capitol in the House Office Building was little used during the bright, sunshiny days, for the vigorous work under way in the committee rooms made every stretch of fresh air visible. Besides, they were "waiting for the auto wagon."

The anxious faces which characterized the Republican members, who last year held the chairmanships of important committees have been replaced by the strained countenances of their Democratic successors, who realize what their responsibilities mean with a presidential election looming up in the near future. The leaders and candidates for the coming presidential campaign will likely be brought forward before Congress adjourns and many are waiting in dark rooms with "developers" to bring out the high lights and shadows of their individual candidates.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM SULZER
Of New York, father of the Sulzer resolution, which brought about the abrogation of the Russian treaty of 1832

* * *

WHEN the President's message abrogating the Russian treaty of 1832 was sent in to the Senate, there was just a tremor of war apprehension in Wall Street, but Wall Street, always impressible, is over-sensitive nowadays and in the progress of events it takes more than a passage-at-arms in diplomatic fencing to create anything like a real war feeling. International complications are cleared up under the limelight of world journalism, which quickly throws the radiance of publicity upon the least suspicion of intrigue or pretence.

The message went to the Senate after a conference with the Foreign Relations Committee, and after careful consideration by the cabinet in executive session. The care which the president took in modifying the Sulzer resolution in order that no possible offence could be given to the Russian nation was an indication of what may be done with cautious procedure.

January first was indicated as the date for the abrogation, and then a question arose as to which January first was official, for the New Year in Russia occurs thirteen days later than ours, since we use the Gregorian calendar, and they the Old Style, which most of the nations have long since abandoned. This question was settled, however, by the prompt action of the Senate on date of December 19, 1911.

In the State Department, where the official envelopes were being tied with a flutter of blue ribbons, there seemed to be no fear that Russia would misunderstand or rush at hasty conclusions. In the great peace pact of Portsmouth, the genius of Count DeWitte demonstrated the tremendous brain power of the Slav, surpassing that of the Oriental from a diplomatic standpoint. No one can deny the astuteness of Russian diplomatists, and none doubted that Russia would clearly comprehend the situation. In many ways the great Russian empire is similar to the United States in the matter of agricultural and business development. While living under conditions which have obtained for centuries, many laws and practices have changed radically during the past two decades, and a great many mistaken ideas prevail concerning Russia.

All the questions involved in the abrogation discussion revert to an agreement made when the world was much younger and harsher in its tolerance of racial and religious prejudices. The simple point insisted on by the United States was that an American citizen was entitled to the same treatment as a Roman citizen in ancient times—that his passport as an American citizen should be sufficient to give him equal rights with his fellow-Americans wherever he might go, no matter what his race or creed.

It is recognized quite generally that no foreign nation has been more friendly to the United States than Russia. It was from Russia that we obtained important help during the struggle for independence; it was Russia from whom we secured Alaska, and Russia who remained friendly to the Union throughout the Civil War, when we most needed active allies. There are also some fifty million dollars in trade carried on between the two countries, and in view of all these facts care should be and has been taken not to disturb the old friendly relations or forget the old-time benefits.

* * *

A SPANISH diplomat was listening to a group of men in the New Willard lobby as they discussed the Panama Canal. "It's going to be ready in 1915," explained the man from San Francisco, who did most of the talking, "and the exposition we will have would stir the blood of even old Seville." The Spanish gallant shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, you Americans!" he laughed; and as he lit a cigarette he told of the Hispano-American exposition to be held in 1914 in honor of the completion of the Alfonso XIII Canal, now being constructed to straighten and deepen the Guadalquivir, between the ocean and the ancient port of Seville, which now admits vessels drawing only twenty-five feet of water at most.

In the Sixteenth Century, when sea-going ships seldom exceeded a few hundred tons, and even the great Spanish galleons and men-of-war were much more impressive above the waterline than in effective tonnage, Seville almost monopolized the European carrying trade with Spanish-America, even Barcelona enjoying but a minor share of that great Spanish monopoly.

Now she purposes to win her share of it back by the legitimate methods of municipal improvement and superior ability to meet the needs and tastes of the people of the Spanish-American Republics, and also to retain and increase her business with the rest of the world.

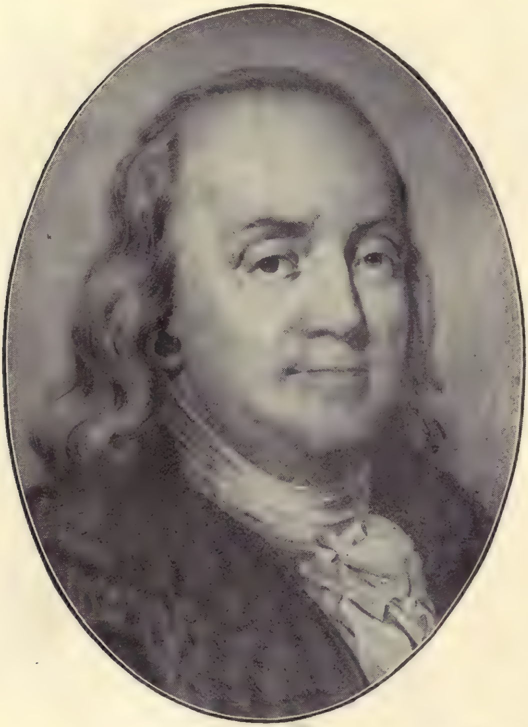
Every American will heartily welcome the exploitation of [illegible] must be the most interestin [illegible] important of modern expositions, at which Spain will exhibit not only treasures of her storied past, and the charms of her grand old city of Seville, but her modern improvements, her varied and still invaluable natural resources, and her hospitality and courtesy to old allies and old foes—all, we trust, turning their back upon the past, and joining with loyalty and courage in the peaceful rivalries of agricultural, industrial, artistic and commercial progress.

PROF. CARL STASNY
Instructor at the New England Conservatory of Music, who recently visited the musical shrines of Europe, an article concerning which is published in this issue of the NATIONAL

* * *

WHILE printing presses reel out books and newspapers, giving information and details concerning every known subject in the world, it would seem as though the peace propaganda would find its most effective champion in the common desire of relieving the nations of the tremendous waste and extravagance in armament and armored vessels. Uncle Sam is looked up to as the common sense mediator, most active in checking this extravagant contest, and is winning an unfading glory by the attempts to eliminate the possibilities of war.

When Francis W. Hirst, editor of the London *Economist*, was in Washington, he insisted that one of the two most trying evils of today was the waste of money in wars and armaments. Diseases, he insisted, could be overthrown by applying sanitary reforms and various remedies, and science was doing its part; and now the growing sentiment for plain, common sense in reference to war problems is finding favor among nations.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
One of the first Americans to interest himself in the propaganda of the world's universal peace

From 1897 to 1907 the naval expenditures of England increased in the army from twenty-two million pounds ($107,000,000) to thirty-one million pounds ($150,859,500) while the military expenses increased more than ten million pounds ($48,665,000) per annum. These figures are startling even in casual observation and if this vast amount of capital can be diverted from the preparation of armament and battleships for the cyclonic devastation of modern battle, to say nothing of the lives and limbs of men, the productive power of the world would be augmented.

The sheriff-like premier of England insists that the more you relieve the burdens of the people in time of peace the greater will be their strength when the hour of peril comes, which would seem the reverse of the old maxim, "in time of peace prepare for war."

Many of our prominent English cousins believe that the world will some day remember with gratitude the splendid efforts of the American government in the cause of peace as exemplifying the loftiest aims of all the great nations. This was essentially the sentiment of the Lord Chancellor of England, who recalled the pertinacity of those American statesmen who pressed for the commercial freedom of the seas, ever since the days when Benjamin Franklin made his famous treaty with Frederick the Great. This in itself was proof that the germ of the peace idea pervaded the genius of Franklin, even though in Revolutionary days he did more to secure funds for the struggling American colonists than any of his associates.

* * *

THE force at work upon the plans for lighting the shipways of the Panama Canal began work last April, and have already nearly completed the survey and clearing of all points to be occupied, or deprived of obstructions; and have also begun the construction of range-light towers and beacons. The scheme has for its main features side-lights illuminated by electricity or acetylene gas which will line the canal on either side about a mile apart, and range-lights on the longer tangents or sections of the Canal where a straight course must be kept for some distance. Similar tower-beacons and illuminated buoys, consuming acetylene gas, will mark the deep water course to be followed in the great Gatun Lake, and through other channels.

The great artifical lake will soon become a feature of the Canal zone, and cover, perhaps for centuries to come, rivers and trails which have been associated with some of the most interesting and earliest events of American history.

* * *

A NOVEL description of an optimist was given recently by a Congressman who had suffered an onslaught of popular protest in "appeals" from his district. He insisted that an optimist was a man who could make "nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of the yellow, sour things called 'lemons' that have been handed him."

"That," he said, with a grimace, "is what I call an optimist." May it not also be true, as one of his companions suggested, that some of the sweetest things in life owe much of their attractiveness to the sub-acid, aromatic influence of this same sour "lemon" which is so frequently "handed" political leaders.

The joke was repeated in the presence of an attache of a foreign delegation, who thought it so good that he wanted to pass it on, but he failed to catch the full significance of the phrase "handed a lemon," so he changed the expression to "making nice, sweet, pink lemonade out of yellow addled eggs thrown at him, you know," and when there was a smile he retorted hastily, "Oh—perhaps I've got the yellow eggs broke?"

* * *

THE custom of "lifting" a brother Congressman's bills without sanction or permission has resulted in a warm discussion concerning the ethics of legislation. In newspaper work, novel writing or any other strenuous employment, the appropriation or use of another man's words or ideas entitles him to credit and legal protection. Not so, however, in the legislative hopper. If one man fails to have a resolution or bill passed, another takes it up, transferring such paragraphs and clauses or ideas as he wishes, without credit, and labeling the result with his name in such a way as to secure full and undisputed possession.

The only question considered is "Will it pass?" for if it does not pass, it represents only so much white paper snugly tucked away in pigeon-holes—until the advent of the next legislator whose inclination runs to fathering bills. The pigeon-holes and crypt at the capitol are filled with documents suggestive of the faded hopes of many an enthusiastic Congressman whose bill failed to "get by" and is ready for the appropriation of another ambitious legislator.

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN
Who made her latest success starring in "The Real Thing"

* * *

THE increasing importance of the Philippine hat industry is not only beginning to be a feature of American importations, but threatens to bring into our discussion of summer headwear trade designations of woven tiles which appal the artistic discerner of hot-weather fashions. Fancy comparing notes on the respective attractions of a "Baliwag" bamboo, and a "Pulilan" of more open weave; or attempting to explain that a "Prototan" or "Kalasaio" lays over both from the superior fineness of its Buri palm-fibre, or attempting to convince an irascible acquaintance that his fine "Panama" is made of "Buntal" fibre, and hails from Baliwag, like your own plebeian bamboo. And yet, if the Consular Reports are to be trusted we are not unlikely to "get mixed up," with just such trade nomenclature.

MME. GEORGETTE LEBLANC MAETERLINCK

The wife of the Belgian mystic, who has just reached America, where she will sing at the Boston Opera House

* * *

IT was long after office hours when I dropped in at the Navy Department. The annual report had been issued, revealing a year of efficient activity in this department. The lights were blazing brightly while Secretary Meyer, Captain Andrews, and a number of the naval officers were grouped about a small model of the battleship "Maine," which had been made in careful detail, after being raised, and brought to the secretary's room. It has been formally declared by the board sent to investigate the wreck of the United States ironclad "Maine," recently laid bare within the great caisson built around her in Havana harbor, that she was destroyed by the explosion of a mine, loaded with low-grade explosives, which broke through the hull and exploded the magazines of the Maine, demolishing the vessel and most of her crew. There does not appear to be any means of tracing the crime to its perpetrators. The "Maine" will now be floated and will probably find a peaceful grave "off-soundings" in the blue Atlantic.

* * *

A RECOMMENDATION that has come before the people year by year in the Presidential message is that of a new parcels post tariff and schedule of services. Last summer the President wrote a letter to the Farmers' National Congress strongly commending the proposition in connection with the postal savings banks. Again he endorsed the suggestion of the department recommending the limited parcels post on rural routes, and Congress will be asked for legislation permitting the Postmaster General to make the experiment during the coming year.

The proposition of a general parcels post will be among the first considered at the coming session of Congress, also that fuller efficiency of the rural free delivery force be secured. From pillar to post, as the saying is, these questions have been driven until now they seem likely to become important and regular features of American postal service.

MY friend, W. H. Carr, the other day in Washington shattered one of my cherished scientific beliefs that an atom was the finite homogeneous, indestructible and most minute body in the wonderful scheme of creation, and best represented by a period. He says that it is now held that it is itself a composite body built of exceedingly minute and active whirls or vortices, which scientific people call electrons, which are continually revolving with extraordinary rapidity on their axes, and circling the center of gravity of the atom, as the planets turn in daily revolution and circle about the sun, so that the simple atom may be compared to a tiny replica of the solar system, but with a perfect blizzard of whirling, gyrating planets.

Maybe I am a little off on my comparison, but the idea of metamorphosing my old friend, the modest, minute solid atom, into a maelstrom of beneficent or fiendish activity sets the head in a whirl for an instant, and hereafter no stock will be taken in anything quiescent, serene, stodgy or solid, anyhow.

Mr. Carr went on to say that these electrons, revolving with frightful velocity, had all the characteristics of matter, and indeed are matter, and that "knowing the velocity with which they move, it is easy to calculate the energy of each atom." It appears also that the quiet, scholarly men, whom we have devoutly believed were content to estimate the number of solid ultimate atoms, in iron, coal, marble, editors, politicians and other "animate and inanimate matter," have had to take a census as it were of the floating population of impish, swiftly moving electrons, and can now calculate just about how many there are at work in a cubic inch of matter.

He further stated that "we stand amazed at the gigantic force locked up in matter of all kinds, organic and inorganic—a force which many scientists believe will be available for the man of the future," in other words that the tremendous force of gun-

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT
President Emeritus of Harvard University, who is convalescing from an operation recently performed in Ceylon

powder, nitro-glycerine and other high explosives are only forerunners of equally potent if less destructive agencies, which in God's good time will lessen and bless the labors of mankind.

Fortunately for the comparative durability of matter, these electrons, although shot off in a vacuum, with about two-thirds the velocity of the sun's light, are, in our atmosphere, slow in disintegration, although all matter is by turns built up and perishes in one form to reappear in another. Radium, whose intense effect on matter is the world's wonder of chemistry, is an exception to the general rule of comparatively slow radiation, and with most substances man must discover means to hasten and increase this destructive radiation of electrons, to add to his present resources. Thus iron oxidizes slowly, like a decaying house, radium like a conflagration, but in both cases the aggregate amount of heat given out is the same, but is more intense in the case of radium.

MISS LAURA SCHLEY BURLESON
Daughter of Representative Burleson of Texas, who this winter makes her debut to Washington society

The field of conjecture and of hope for the future, opened by even a partial conception of these truths, should give us hope of the millennium of peace and prosperity, which the race has looked forward to for so many generations.

It is well that atoms are not the dead, inert things that our slow brains have considered them, but instinct with the force and life with which the Father of all has apparently dowered the least atom of his numberless creations.

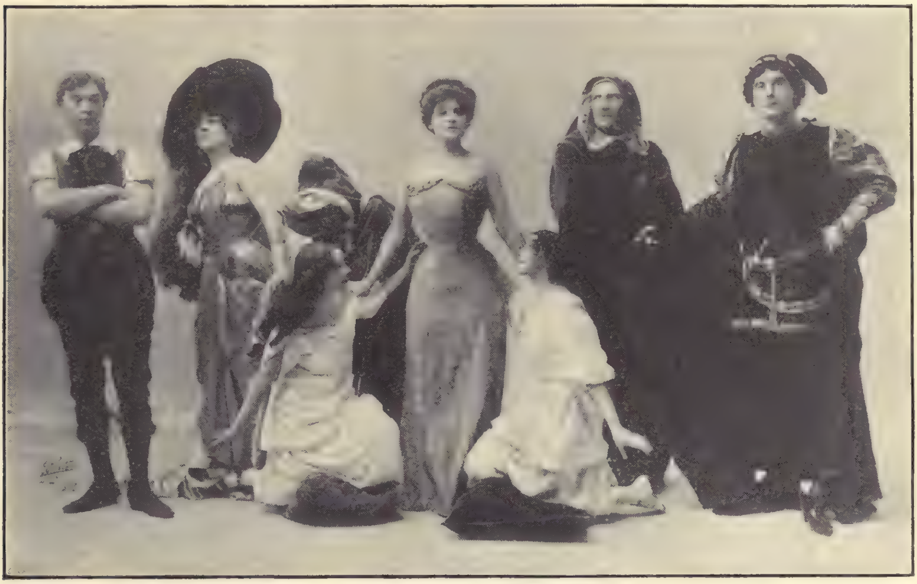
Perhaps the same principles that make the coal dust of a mine, the fiery deaths of hundreds of miners, will be almost universally applied to the consumption of coal in steam boilers, and wherever extreme heat with economical consumption is required. The farmer will realize that the radiation of electrons from his poorly sheltered stock in keeping up their vital heat should now be given to making milk, meat, wool, and other profitable matter, and will also keep himself well clothed, fed and equipped for work which his predecessors failed in doing because human thews and sinews were worn out by hardship, exposure and hopeless effort.

Perhaps men will some time learn that this energy of matter, applied by a free and enterprising people, is the real basis of national wealth and solvency, and not the mere possession of an infinitesimal quantity of the gold and silver present in the land and sea.

* * *

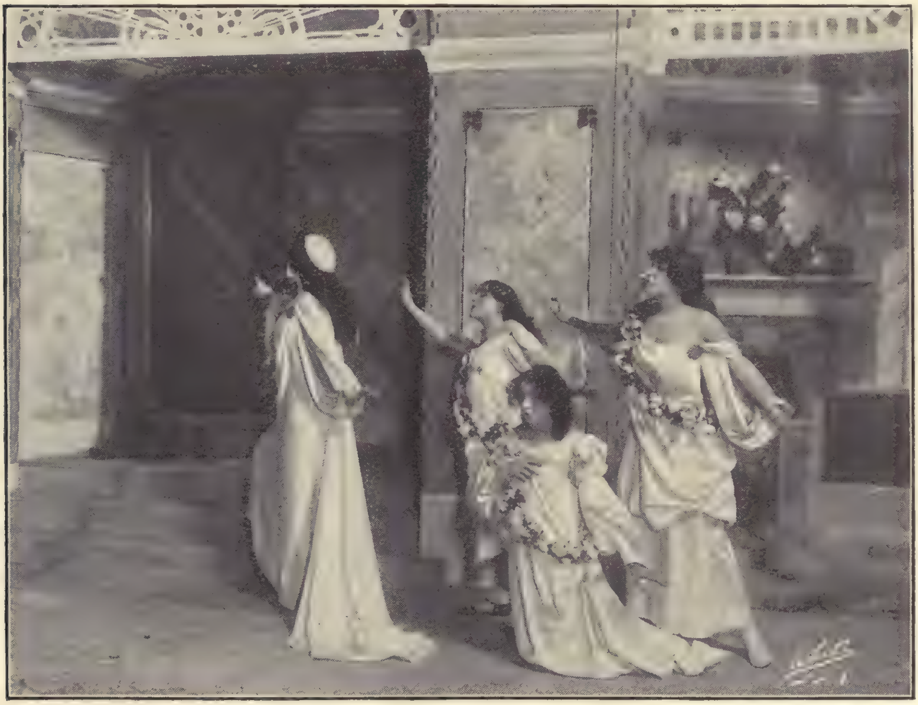
THERE is an almost startling analogy between the political situation in the United States and Canada. The recent campaign developed a number of new leaders, among them Mr. W. F. Maclean, the owner of the *Toronto World*, who led the opposition to reciprocity in the province of Ontario, which gave a majority of fifty-nine against the Laurier government. It is said that Mr. Maclean could have been one of the principal members of the Borden cabinet, which would have enabled him to put into effect the theories that he has taught for some thirty years past, if he had surrendered a part of his independence.

Mr. Maclean's editorials in the *World* indicate his power and force. He is a strong advocate of progressive legislation and has created a political body upon independent lines that is steadily gaining



FROM THE CAST OF "EVERYWOMAN"

Love Vice Youth Truth Everywoman Modesty Nobody Passion



EVERYWOMAN, WITH HER COMPANIONS, YOUTH, BEAUTY AND MODESTY, IS ATTRACTED BY SIR FLATTERY. SCENE FROM "EVERYWOMAN," WALTER BROWNE'S MODERN MORALITY PLAY, WHICH HAS BEEN PRODUCED WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY H. W. SAVAGE prestige in Canadian affairs. Mr. Maclean is a newspaper man, as was his father before him, and during almost every year of his life his hands and his pen have been devoted to newspaper work. Now with the ripened experience of sixty years owning the *Toronto World*, and it is said a thousand acres of land near Toronto, he stands out as one of the most picturesque figures in Canadian life.

He is one of the most widely quoted authorities on Canadian affairs, and his virile criticism of American topics strikes at the root of matters. It is felt across the border that he will become a leader of the Progressive or Insurgent movement, which will repeat in Canada the political evolutions of the United States. The problems before both countries promise to develop many strong men both north and south of the boundary, and while the proposition of annexation has never been seriously considered, there will always be an affinity of interest on both sides of the line, and a similarity in the development of issues and new ideas.

Newspaper men are especially gratified at the power and influence of Mr. Maclean and certain other prominent Canadian journalists. In this respect they show a decided divergence from English ideas and the adoption of American tendencies where newspapers wield a more direct and powerful influence in public affairs than in England.

BATTLE GROUND CEMETERY, JUST ONE ACRE IN EXTENT, WHERE UNION SOLDIERS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES AT BATTLE OF FORT STEVENS ARE BURIED

A sketch concerning a memorial to be erected on the battle ground will be found in this issue of the National

* * *

A STRIKING story related by President Lincoln to Senator Chauncey Depew emphasizes the keen sense of humor possessed by the Great Emancipator.

President Lincoln told young Depew of the time when the Confederate cruiser "Merrimac," the first iron-clad, had come out from Norfolk and sunk the United

States frigate "Congress" and "Cumberland" with the loss of many gallant officers and men. There was consternation in those cities along the Atlantic Coast whose harbors were not fortified, for they believed that the "Merrimac" would bombard them, one after another, causing great destruction and demanding vast indemnities.

In his quaint way the President told a story. "One day," he said, "there filed into this room about fifty gentlemen from New York. They said that the harbor was unprotected, that if this formidable vessel came to their docks the city would be at its mercy; that the destruction of property would be incalculable and the demands made to save their property by giving indemnities would tax the resources of the citizens of New York. They said, 'We have subscribed liberally for the government loans. We have taken the bonds as you have issued them, and in that way we have helped to sustain the credit of the government. We are now here to demand that all the resources at your command shall be placed in the harbor of New York for our protection.'

MR. CHAS. DAY
Author of the book "Industrial Plants"

"I looked them over a few minutes. Every one of them had on a Prince Albert coat and a handsome vest and top hat, and had the general appearance of solid prosperity.

MR. JAMES DUNNE
Who for many years has handled the news business at the station of the Northwestern railway, Chicago

"The spokesman, before I had an opportunity to reply, said, 'Mr. President, I want to add one thing more. This Committee represents most of the wealth of our city. This gentleman here is worth so many millions of dollars, this one so many millions, and this one so many millions, and this one represents so many millions in his business and the extended credit of so many millions,' until I was aghast at the evidence of such wealth, of which I had never dreamed.

"Then I remarked, 'Well, gentlemen, the treasury is empty, our credit impaired, and we have other places to protect as best we can besides New York. We have all our fleet which has not been destroyed watching this iron-clad, but if I was a member of your committee and I had as much money as you say you have, and was as 'skeerd' as you seem to be, I would go back to New York and find means of protecting myself.'" There was a twinkle in his eye as the President concluded and described the departure of his visitors.

ANDREAS DIPPEL
Manager of the Chicago Opera Company

"They put on their top hats," he said, "and walked out of the room with the same dignified solemnity with which they had entered."

* * *

WHILE the cry of "back to the land" is being sounded in America from coast to coast and from lake to gulf, and the cost of land is steadily increasing, it is surprising to hear from England that land values there have steadily depreciated.

A report made by the London *Economist* on the growth of the assets of the United Kingdom shows that the aggregate wealth estimated in 1885 at $48,845,000,500 increased to $51,891,489,500 in 1895, $63,434,694,000 in 1905 and $68,062,869,000 in 1909.

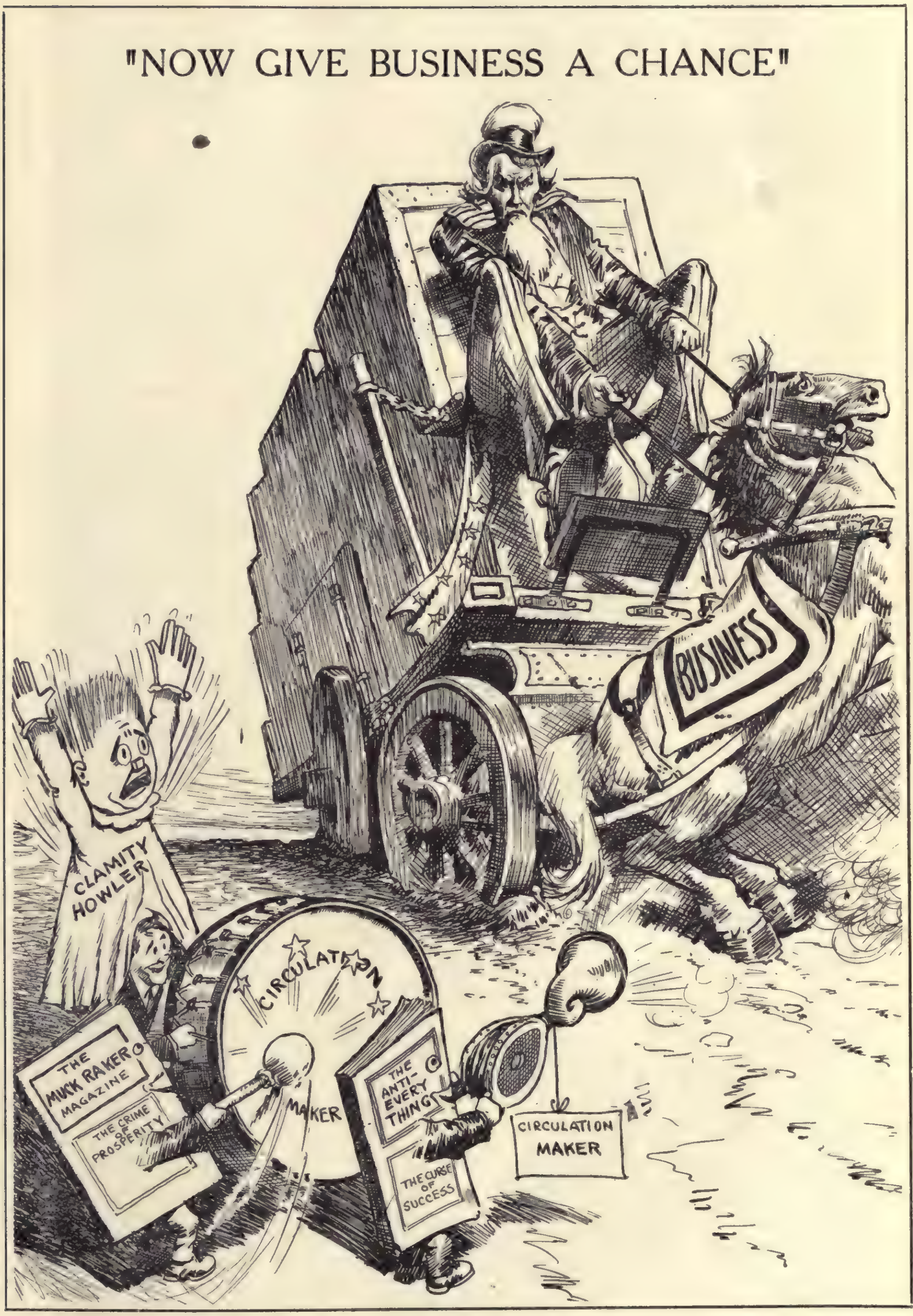
Land steadily depreciated from $8,229,251,500 in 1885 to $6,326,450,000, or about twenty-five per cent, and farmers' capital from $2,530,580,000 to $1,693,542,000, or fully thirty-three per cent. All other interests have gained, notably in their order, capital invested abroad, other trade capital, firms, corporations, etc., mines, quarries, iron, gas and waterworks, canals, and other special industries; capital of war income, taxpayers, railways and furniture.

On the whole, the cry of "back to the land" in England does not seem to have struck a popular chord of profit. Whatever the prosperity of our farmers, they will never become millionaires on farm profit, but they do have a home, call no man master, don't need a trade union, live well, are respected and respecting, and have no fear of being driven out of work.

* * *

THE latest crop report of the Department of Agriculture shows the greatest values ever realized on corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, flaxseed, rice and potatoes, and a decided decrease in wheat, hay and tobacco. In every case the yield in bushels, tons and pounds fell below that of 1910 with the exception of flax, which

COUNT J. H. VON BERNSTORFF
Who as German ambassador has made hosts of American friends. The Kaiser recently appointed him in charge of German foreign affairs, a post that is said to lead to the chancellorship


"NOW GIVE BUSINESS A CHANCE"
BUSINESS
CLAMITY HOWLER
CIRCULATION MAKER
THE MUCK RAKER MAGAZINE
THE CRIME OF PROSPERITY
THE ANTI-EVERY THING
THE CURSE OF SUCCESS
CIRCULATION MAKER

UNCLE SAM—"HOLD ON BOYS!—NOW GIVE 'EM A CHANCE!!"

Cartoon by Williams, suggested by "Now Give Business a Chance," which appeared in the December National Magazine

THE BANANA SEASON IS UPON US AND IT MAY BE WELL TO HAVE A GLIMPSE OF THE LAND WHERE THEY COME FROM failed to bring the high prices of last season. Hay appears to have fallen off nearly twenty-five per cent from the crop of last year.

* * *

A REVIEW of the foreign commerce of the United States, based upon the statistics of the first ten months already compiled, indicates the export of two billions of dollars, and the importation of commodities amounting to one and a half billions, about the same as last year, which was the highest record.

Cotton, of course, stands highest on the list of exports, with shipments of over half a billion of dollars in value, exceeding the combined value of iron and steel manufactures ($250,000,000) and meat and dairy products ($160,000,000). Breadstuffs came third ($125,000,000); mineral oil and its products and copper about $100,000,000. Much sugar is imported to the amount of about four billion pounds, worth some $105,000,000; the next in prominence being chemicals and drugs ($95,000,000), eight hundred million pounds of coffee ($84,000,000), hides and skins ($80,000,000), and so on.

Our export trade is heaviest with Canada, Germany, Netherlands, Japan, Great Britain, Australia and Belgium; lesser increases are noted in South America, Cuba and China; Japan, Egypt and some parts of Africa show increased imports.

VICE-ADMIRAL R. D. BUCKNAM
OF THE TURKISH NAVY
A young American who has been decorated by
H. I. M. The Sultan

MR. KEITH VAWTER
At the head of the Redpath-Vawter System of Chautauquas which have an important part in the recent developments of the West

MISS EMILY CALVIN BLAKE
Author of "Marcia of the Little Home"

GENERAL BERNARDOS REYES OF MEXICO

At one time his country's greatest military leader, who recently surrendered at Linarez

EVERY time I look upon a copy of *Uncle Remus' Magazine* my mind reverts to the kindly face of the late Joel Chandler Harris. Uncle Remus' magazine was not to be a "hurry up affair," said the late editor in his salutation, but a magazine with that touch of interest which characterized the verse and work of "Uncle Remus" himself. It was one of the first modern literary monthlies ever attempted in the South, and the periodical launching was christened with the inimitable editorial chat of Joel Chandler Harris. In the midst of its splendid success the founder and editor passed away, but he had built better than he knew. His sons joined in pushing forward the work, and the magazine has continued with the force and scope which was outlined in the initial number.

Mr. Harris well said that "neighbor knowledge" was more important in some respects than most of the knowledge imparted in the schools. "There is a woeful lack of it," he said, "in the North and East with respect to the South. The new South has been largely educated in Northern and Eastern institutions, with a result that a high appreciation of all that is best and worthiest in those sections which is spread farther and wider than ever before and is constantly growing in extent." He pointed out that Northern knowledge of the South was then gained largely through commercial visits or a winter tour, and feeling that real Southern life should be known, he often declared his purpose of obliterating ignorance of this kind and promoting "neighbor-knowledge" between various sections.

* * *

IT was one of the first cabinet meetings held after the President's return to Washington. The day was gloomy without; the rain beat a heavy tattoo against the windows, while the cabinet discussed and deliberated within. Long after the usual hour the session continued, and though the President slipped out for a moment to snatch a hurried luncheon, the other members of the great Council would not interrupt their examination of the great mass of papers on the table around which stand the nine high-backed chairs. There was a smouldering fire in the grate, and the heavy brass andirons glistened in the humid atmosphere as the finishing touches were given to the President's message.

THE LATE JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
Founder of *Uncle Remus' Magazine*. His quaint optimism and genial personality shone through the pages of his magazine and brought the attention of the whole country to the charm of the South

This year President Taft followed the precedent established by Grover Cleveland in confining most of his message to a single topic. Other messages, however, are to follow. The President has evolved a new record-breaking plan in the matter of messages from the White House. At one time he has seven distinct messages in mind. Some believed that these seven questions would be covered in the same message, but it was decided to make separate messages of each, for the President desires that the people read and become fully conversant with the suggestions he makes, and hereafter the messages will be divided into chapters, so to speak, clearly defining in each the presidential policies.

As a New Year's budget, messages on foreign affairs, including arbitration with Great Britain and France; departmental routine, the report of the Stocks and Bonds Commission; the report of the Postal Commission on the parcels post proposition; conservation in Alaska and the general tariff situation were on the docket for special messages.

MISS MARGUERITE DRAPER
Who is said to be the wealthest unmarried woman in Washington. At her debut Miss Draper wore a string of pearls, the gift of her royal godmother, Queen Margherita of Italy

The present administration has somewhat clarified the executive function as far as messages are concerned. It is not only his duty but his privilege, as the President construes it, to suggest to Congress matters calling for legislation and to inform the people plainly and fully on matters of national importance. It is a significant testimony to the increased interest taken by the plain people in matters hitherto left to the statesman and practical politician.

* * *

AT first sound it seems a sort of forbidden title: "Bought and Paid For" is a weirdly commercialized name for a play. Without having heard it discussed pro or con, one is apt to be impressed with the idea that another business problem play has pushed itself on the boards. To be sure, one is promised something vigorous—for how else could George Broadhurst write a play?—but there is not in that account-book title the touch of poesy and fancy one associates with affairs in the playworld.

Without even the melodic rag-time overture, the play starts off with a vivid glimpse of everyday life, which Broadhurst can stage-picture with a master hand. There was Jimmie, who, perhaps not intended to be conspicuous in the original conception, soon finds his ways "at onct" winning with the audience. There is the sweet-voiced telephone girl, wooed and won by the wealthy magnate by the methods he employs to control a favorite stock on 'change. It seems almost prosaic, but a story of true love develops and lacks the eternal triangle of the other man or the other woman—a most refreshing respite from the Shawesque reign.

Again the old saying is confirmed that the course of true love never runs smooth. The magnate in his own generous and hearty "Bet a million" way wins his wife as he would win a business proposition, and the only captive is Cupid himself. "Happy ever after" is broken in upon—perhaps a telephonic habit. The rift within the lute is drink, not mere whiskey but the inhibitory wine. John will not abandon his champagne, and in his cup he says and does things that make the audience want to throw him out the window. The desire is intensified when at the climax he tells the little wife that he *bought and paid for* her. Here the auditor finds the motif and title of the play.

This is too much for her woman's honor and dignity, and she leaves his house and home. Although John is contritely sober and stubborn the "morning after," Jimmie, the ubiquitous brother-in-law, is involved and loses his job, but he proves the real hero of the play, when by the use of the telephone message the complications are smoothed out and stubborn wills melt away in the sun of domestic bliss.

In the second act, where the broker breathes his cruel words, there was a heated discussion in the orchestra circle. "Brute of a man!"—"Throw him out!"—"Beast!"—what anathema were hurled at John—drunken John. If George Broadhurst in his conception only wanted to have the audience as well as the cast "speak their lines," he was successful. One can't see the play without having an opinion that involuntarily he feels he must express to someone else near by and at once. A modest opinion will evoke a discussion that jogs along the aisle sideways like a rumor of war with Japan. After things began to wax hot, I retired to the cool of the smoking room, leaving the case in the hands of the stout lady with the lorgnette, whose meek little husband sat demurely by her side and had nothing to say—but the way he blinked his eyes indicated he was thinking hard.

The play has a wholesome effect—despite its title—and makes a man more considerate in understanding how little things may result in big domestic calamities, and the women—well, that second act is hard to tolerate, but the lass and wife is apt to press the arm of her own a little closer when she thinks of what might happen if "we" didn't just understand. The audience seem to pass out with a manner expressive of the feeling that they had "bought and paid for" seeing a rousing play.

Mr. Broadhurst is to be congratulated in the new role he has struck in theatrical effects. His broad range of experience, sweeping from the prairies of Dakota to the glare of the Great White Way, has served to develop a playwright who handles business characters in a play in a business-like as well as a thoroughly artistic manner.

THE plan to create a Federal Bureau of National Parks was the pre-eminent topic at the recent gathering of the American Civic Association in Washington. Every phase of civic improvement seemed to have been considered, and the array of distinguished speakers, including Secretary Fisher of the Interior Department, made the proceedings a most interesting symposium of city development discussion. Experts and business men brought forward many interesting experiences in city improvements, and Major William V. Judson of the District of Columbia gave an address on "Washington, the Model City," and demonstrated his subject to be of national interest.

CARDINAL WILLIAM H. O'CONNELL

Archbishop of Boston. One of the three American prelates selected by the Pope as a member of the Sacred College

The American Civic Association has done most effective work in arousing the citizens of all parts of the country to the necessity of promoting the beauty and convenience of the municipal property of these home towns. The membership includes many thousands, and the affiliated societies in the United States and Canada comprise powerful organizations that will work wonders in re-constructing and beautifying American cities. Under the direction of the energetic secretary, Mr. Richard B. Watrous, work has been planned on broad and national lines that might be a valuable suggestion for a Federal Park Bureau.

LEWIS PENWELL
President of the Northwest Development League which planned the special train of Western governors who have been touring the East

* * *

AN aftermath Christmas story was related by a Congressman returning from an old-fashioned dinner on Cape Cod. He described the turkey, the sage dressing, turnips, onions and the other vegetables and then came the dessert. The good lady of the house, he said, had made two kinds of pie. One was apple and the other mince, and she was afraid that when the guests came to pie there might be a mistake in choosing. So she marked them "T. M."

"What," she was asked, "does this 'T. M.' mean? How can you distinguish them?"

"Well," she said with a contented smile, "one means 'Tis mince' and the other ' 'Tain't mince'."

The Congressman was about to explain that he took a little of both, when someone rudely interrupted with the query, "Did you finish the dinner with nuts—chestnuts?"

The cloak room group was not silent for some moments, but chuckled risibly.

* * *

THE special train of Western governors who visited cities of the East to carry the gospel of the West was an event of national importance. The governors came in their top hats and open card-cases and were dined from Chicago to New York and back on the four thousand-mile trip. The train was designed as a feature for the Land Show held in St. Paul by the Northwest Development League, which is the largest commercial club in the world, and comprises all the commercial organizations and business men in the States of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

To get six or eight governors together for three weeks and to carry them through twenty-one cities for a day or less at each place is something of a feat. James H. Brady, former governor of Idaho, is given credit for this idea, although he says it would not have been possible except for L. W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad.

One of the purposes of the Northwest Development League is to bring people into the Northwestern states. It is not the aim to take all the people from the East to the Northwest and make farmers of them, although it is felt that those who do come will best serve the country by engaging in farm work. The league has no desire to remove paying, contented men from positions in the Central West and East and to place them on farms where they will have difficulty in distinguishing a tractor from a harrow, but if men have a desire to seek independence and health where so many others have found it—on Western farms—then the business men of the Northwest want their lands investigated.

Thousands of American farmers are going to Canada each year; as many as two thousand have been known to go through St. Paul in a single week. These are the men the Northwest Development League wants to hold for this country. They have a large contract which requires large plans. For president, the business men who organized the league in Helena only last May, elected a man of large interests, Lewis Penwell, one of the largest land owners in Montana. He owns so many sheep he can't count them, but he does know he has six hundred dogs to manage his sheep.

The land show was a great success, for it was not run for any one individual. It was a co-operative affair at which no money was sought to be made. But it is not on the land show that the league depends for its success. Permanent exhibits of the products of the Northwest will be maintained in Chicago, New York, St. Paul and other large centers where immigrants and tourists cannot fail to see them.

Maps of the Northwest in all the schoolrooms of the country and booklets of facts about the various states will also be used. The league has nothing to sell, but prospects obtained will be turned over to commercial organizations in the states in which the possible immigrant shows most interest.

* * *

EXPERTS at the Agricultural Department are making a life study of the mosquito as Agassiz did of the frog. Since the startling discoveries in Cuba that mosquitoes were not only a nuisance, but the conveyers of malaria, the mosquito question has become one of pre-eminent hygienic importance. and the good housewife's dread of the singing insects in ancient times is justified. Dampness breeds mosquitoes, and the extensive draining of swamp-lands has resulted not only in relief from the terrors of the mosquito, but incidentally it has added millions of acres to the land area of the country in reclaimed and inexhaustibly fertile lands.

The great salt marshes of New Jersey and Louisiana are being reclaimed and turned into arable and tillable land. Open pools and ditches where stagnant water accumulates are being eliminated, and the theory of "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure" is once more recognized and practically applied. One half a bottle of water will breed thousands of mosquitoes, and an instance is recorded where a veritable plague was traced to empty beer bottles being left in a back yard during the summer and allowed to fill with water. In Panama not so much water as could be held in the palm of the hand is permitted to stagnate, for it has been proven that mosquitoes cannot be bred except in standing water.

WESTERN GOVERNORS
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
SPECIAL

THE WESTERN GOVERNORS ON THEIR EASTERN TOUR

Gold fish have been declared the most vigorous enemy of the mosquito, and a large number are being brought in from Hawaii and Brazil to do valiant battle against disease-breeding larvae and insects.

In Texas they still adhere to the plan of mustering squadrons of insect-eating bats to kill mosquitoes, and in these days of lightning-flashed information and sanitary exploitation, the mosquito may as well understand he must go.

* * *

AT Topeka, Kansas, the message was briefly given at the station to drive to the *Capital* office, where the intent was to call on Mr. Arthur Capper. We started at once, and soon drew up before the green-tinted dome of the State House. "The Capitol," was tersely announced by the fuzzy-faced driver. "I wanted to go to Arthur Capper's office," I protested.

ARTHUR CAPPER
Publisher of the Capper publications and prominently mentioned for the governorship of Kansas

"Well," he said with a significant grin, "I guess we're around a little early. He ain't governor yet."

The error is looked upon as prophetic of what is to follow, for Arthur Capper of the *Daily Capital* is likely to be a nominee for governor of Kansas, and when he takes his seat at the state capitol, he won't have to move his desk more than a square.

In the *Daily Capital* headquarters are printed a string of publications, almost equal in number to those of Lord Alfred Harmsworth of England. Arthur Capper has built up an institution, the fame of which extends far beyond the boundaries of the Sunflower State. He came to Topeka as a printer boy and opened up a small job office there, with a real Kansas ambition. From that humble beginning, by earnest and forceful work characteristic of the man, he has fairly blanketed Kansas and the surrounding southwestern states with his publications, agricultural and otherwise. The *Topeka Daily Capital* is the daily spokesman, while a number of popular and influential farm papers fill up publications dated every week and month.

The wide, beautiful streets of Topeka are boulevarded and handsomely paved, and the surrounding hills and moorlands present a different view than some general impressions of the plains of Kansas. The Sante Fe Railroad has its headquarters here, employing many thousands of men, with offices occupying two very large buildings. It was here that work on the great Topeka transcontinental railroad was begun and carried through. The home of Halliday, one of the early pioneers in this project, adjoined the offices where Capper's publishing house is now located.

* * *

MANY seacoast towns from Eastport, Maine, on the Atlantic to Seattle and Tacoma on the Pacific have reclaimed large tracts of tidal lands. The Agricultural Department has recently called attention to the fact that the failure to reclaim these lands is oftentimes due to lack of co-operation among the land owners, who do not realize that unless preventative measures are taken, many of the marshes will settle after they have been diked and drained and thus leave the work only half-completed. Unreclaimed lands worth one dollar to twenty dollars per acre are soon transformed into arable areas worth more than one hundred dollars per acre, but the cost of reclamation is often under-estimated and success would be oftener assured if proper automatic sluices and drainage ditches had been wisely provided when the work was first begun.

The good old saying that "there never can be any more land created," long the proverb and argument of the real estate dealer, is being challenged in these magical days of industrial marvels. Land is actually being made by the reclamation of tidal flats that have hitherto belonged to the seas. The now valuable tidewater flats of Tacoma and Seattle, and even the aristocratic "Back Bay" in good old Boston town, are the results of "making more land" where the salt seas once surged.

* * *

LEADING suffragists in the United States are elated over President Taft's reiterated expression of his belief that American women have the unqualified right of voting "as soon as they want to." These words would seem to indicate that the question is one for women to settle themselves. The fact is often recalled that William Howard Taft at the age of sixteen chose "Women's Suffrage" as the title of his graduation essay. The manuscript of this startling oration is said to be preserved, but the author insists that no one could adequately describe the unction with which it was delivered. He has always been an advocate of woman's right to vote, and makes no secret of the fact that he agrees entirely and unreservedly with the principle involved. His father, Judge Alonzo Taft, also believed in the ballot for women.

The President does not apprehend that the votes of women will make any difference in the political complexion of the country, but he does prophesy that the influence of women in exercising the elective privilege would have a potent influence for the betterment of political conditions. He points out the fact that in states where woman's suffrage has been tried, no one would be so daring or imprudent as to pronounce it a failure.

* * *

THERE have been many ups and downs in the magical development of Kansas, dating back to the grasshopper days and through several years of drouth. Today Kansas farms have come into their own with a succession of bumper crops and good prices, and with an area of agricultural land second to few other states.

Many notable national figures have come from Kansas, and in the Capitol the portraits of the various Kansas governors make an interesting study. Governor Crawford, the only living ex-governor of Kansas, looks down serenely upon a company of men who have been familiar figures in national history. In the same environment is also the home of Senator Charles Curtis, whose career has evoked such admiration among his home friends. He was born at Topeka and went to school there. When he had completed the education he had made a hustle for, he first swung out his shingle in Topeka, and now every-

MRS. J. B. BAYNE
Formerly Miss Olga Roosevelt, prominent in Washington society and a cousin of Colonel Roosevelt

body in Kansas seems to know him. He is a neighbor and close friend of both Arthur Capper of the *Capital* and Frank McLennon of the *Journal*, the editors of Topeka's leading papers. The Senator is busy speaking at county fairs, pioneer picnics and old soldiers' reunions during the autumn months, and his enthusiasm and optimism on the subject of Kansas was so infectious that the wayfaring editor from Boston stood ready to join the chorus and shout with all the force contained in a lusty pair of lungs for the Sunflower State.

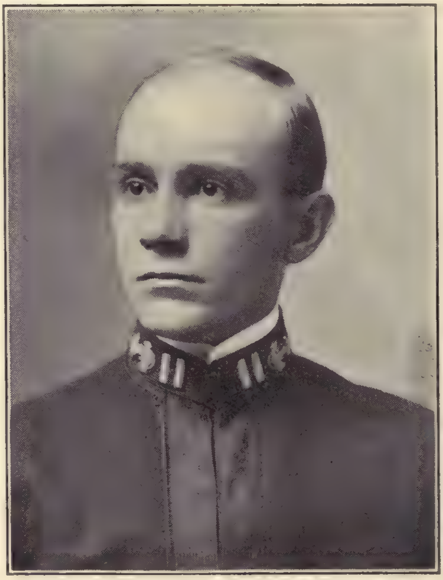
HAMILTON CLUB QUARTET OF CHICAGO
Which entertained President Taft on his recent Western trip

* * *

AS another presidential campaign approaches, the political clubs throughout the country are beginning to clean up and refit their headquarters, where men of the same political faith and belief can gather together and talk things over. The Hamilton Club of Chicago, long one of the largest Republican organizations in the West, has now for the first time in its history a quartet, which consists of Messrs. George W. Mason, Samuel A. Harper, Penniston Wright, and William G. Clark.

When President Taft arrived in Chicago the Hamilton Club Quartet greeted him with songs that touched his heart. As the President laid the cornerstone of the new quarters of the Hamilton Club building, the quartet sang through megaphones from a fire escape across the street, entertaining the President while he was busy with his trowel—figuratively speaking.

At noon that day the President was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the club. Nearly a thousand of Chicago's leading business men were present, and the parody sung by the quartet to the music of "The Elfman," created a sensation among the audience:



LIEUTENANT JOHN W. TIMMONS, U. S. N.
The new naval aid by appointment of the President. Lieutenant Timmons is the son-in-law of former Vice-President Fairbanks

I met our genial President,
  Down on the floor below.
I asked him why he was so great,
  And what had made him grow?

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
  He looked me through and through.
He said "I've studied politics,
  And that is why I grew."

Between arduous business duties the members of the quartet are gathering notes for the construction of bits of song which shall hit off the individuality of guests of the club. The President was delighted with the entertainment provided by the quartet and it is said that on the homeward train he was heard humming a measure or two from the charming melody which floated to him through megaphones from the Chicago fire escape.

* * *

MID-DAY dining clubs are becoming popular in all parts of the country. Some of them are advertising clubs, some are called "Hungry Clubs," as in Pittsburgh, and some the "Boosters," as in St. Joe. What could be more refreshing than to stop at one of these noonday luncheons, meeting the fire and spirit of the town, and hearing an address by some visitor who is passing through? The noon-time luncheon club has become a habit among the business men of many cities, and when an assembly of men from all parts of a town will gather together—at a time when the average American is supposed to bolt a hasty luncheon and hasten back to his desk—and will listen to the message of the stranger who is passing that way, a cohesiveness and a good fellowship is indicated that augurs well in successful city building.

The business interests of the country are the greatest factor in the conservation of the resources and revenues that are so vital to the individual. When you see men getting together from all parts of town to talk over business subjects, even inviting competition for their own business in the interests of public welfare, it manifests a splendid public spirit. So let the good work go on. Let the dining clubs gather and listen to the orators, not depending upon the few weeks before election time to determine at the polls those questions which are every day of increasing importance to the individual.

* * *

IN the good old days the Boston Museum was established to compromise on New England prejudice against theaters. Patrons of the "museum" might drift into the playhouse, but of course they came primarily to see the museum curiosities. That did not seem so wicked as going straight to a theater. And now comes a new playhouse in Boston christened "The Plymouth" and glorying in the name. All this calls to mind how the prejudice of the old days against the theater has passed away. To find a playhouse in Boston called the Plymouth is significant of a tolerance little dreamed of fifty years ago among the descendants of those who landed from the Mayflower.

The new theater was opened in September by Messrs. Liebler & Company with the Irish Players direct from the Abbey theater of Dublin, and the engagement attracted widespread attention among lovers of the dramatic art.

FRED E. WRIGHT
The popular manager of the new Plymouth Theatre in Boston

The opening was a dramatic triumph in Boston town, and the manager, Mr. Fred E. Wright, formerly with Mr. William Hodge, is to be heartily congratulated on the opening of this popular theater. Mr. Wright is one whose experience runs the whole gamut of the theatrical profession from the old time minstrel shows to Shakespearian repertoire.

The new Plymouth Theater is located on Eliot Street, Boston, near where the historic Hollis has so long held sway in high-class attractions. The theater is a marvel of simplicity, the furnishings are simple, but most impressive and artistic. The fact that the theater crowded to capacity can be entirely emptied of people in two minutes tells the story of its up-to-the-minute fireproof arrangement.

MME. HAVENITH
Wife of the new minister from Belgium and formerly Miss Helen Foulke of Washington, D. C.

The boxes do not reach to the ceiling, but are entirely open, forming graceful horseshoe curves. The seats are all brought as close to the stage as possible, like a sort of family circle, and make the Plymouth just such a theater that one feels like attending with the family every week. The heating, ventilation and all those things that look to the comfort of the theatergoer have been carefully studied.

Located just midway between Washington Street and Park Square the theater is in the very center of "the Hub" and convenient for popular audiences. The opening night found an audience of seasoned first-nighters and the elite of Boston playgoers. The subsequent comment evoked by the engagement of the Irish Players of Dublin, who began their American engagement here, indicates the character of Plymouth patrons in appreciation of high class drama.

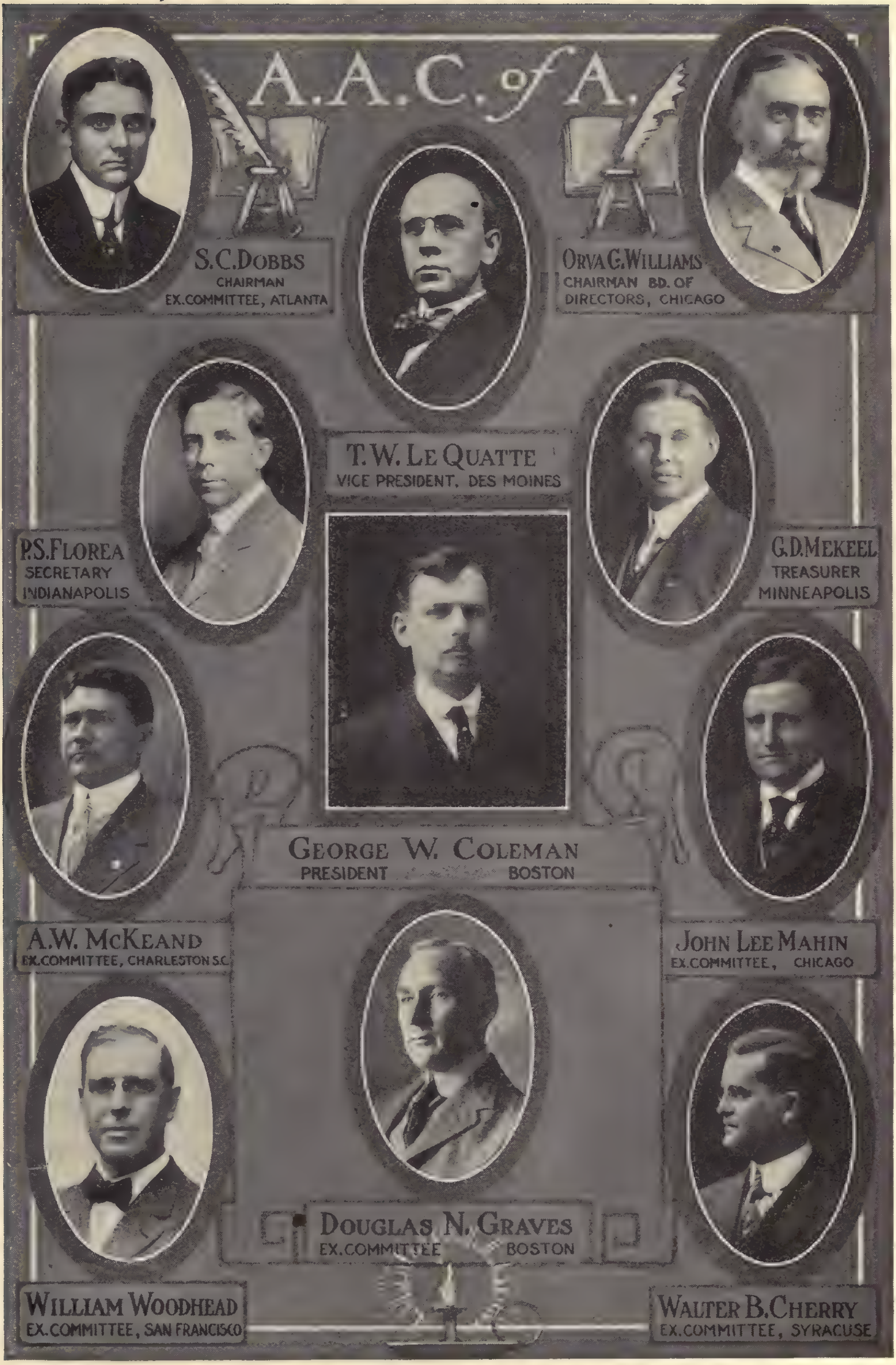
Under Mr. Wright's management the permanent popularity of the Plymouth is assured. He seems to have a thorough comprehension of just what playgoers require of the theater these days, and the Plymouth will live up to the full significance and standard indicated by its name, for the rock on which New England forebears landed has been vital in its suggestion of stability in everything associated with the name of Plymouth.

* * *

IMAGINE my surprise in talking with a conservative banker acquaintance the other day, to hear him say that he thought William Randolph Hearst a likely candidate for the Presidency in 1912. He insisted that in spite of certain radical measures advocated, Hearst seemed to him more sane and conservative than any other candidate in the field. While the millionaire newspaper publisher may be ultra in his views, insisted this champion, he does draw the line of radical action, and in these days of "progressive" politics it seems as though each candidate were trying to out-progress the progressives in supporting measures that seem at least far distant in the natural evolution of events.

The banker spoke seriously, and insisted that although he had never met Mr. Hearst, he felt that the situation pointed in the direction of the man who controls the powerful influence of the daily press in all the large cities extending from coast to coast.

But again rises up the specter of Horace Greeley, fated to perish in spite of his years of immense influence, and the fact that no newspaper editor has ever yet been able to win presidential honors.


A.A.C. of A.
S.C. DOBBS
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EX.COMMITTEE, ATLANTA
ORVA G. WILLIAMS
CHAIRMAN BD. OF
DIRECTORS, CHICAGO
T.W. LE QUATTE
VICE PRESIDENT, DES MOINES
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SECRETARY
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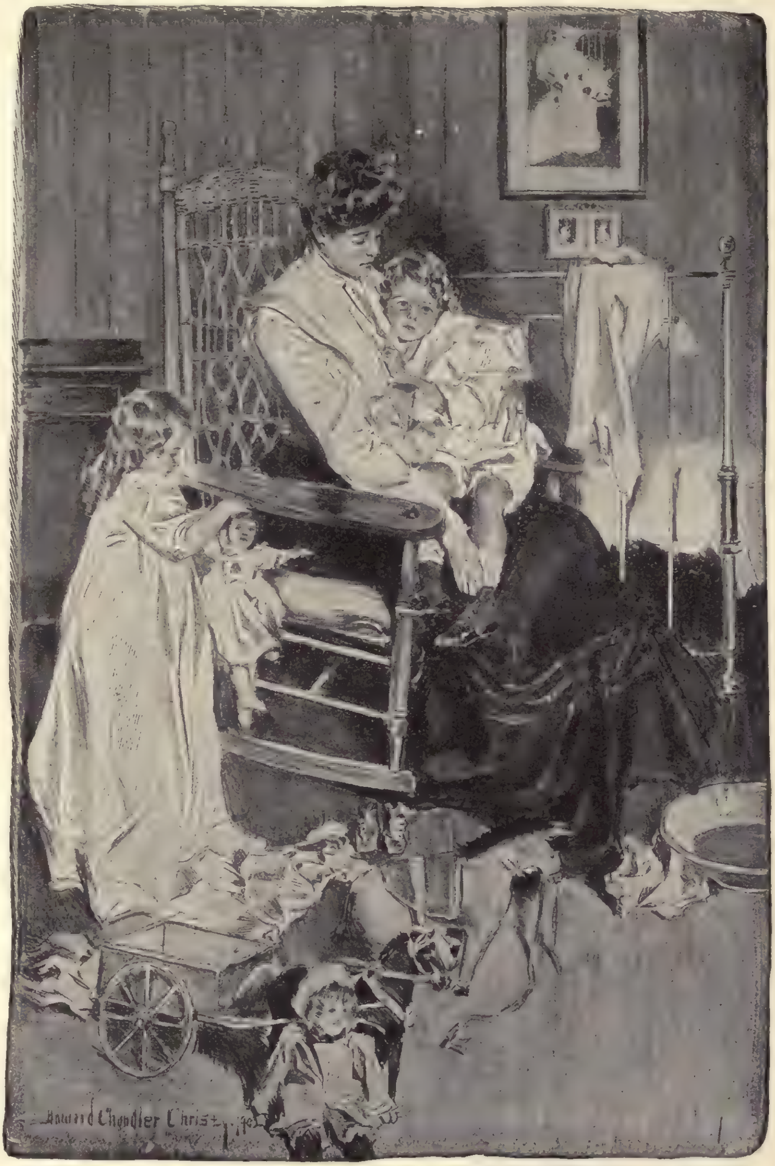

From Howard Chandler Christy's illustration of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine,"
one of the favorite poems of James Whitcomb Riley

And I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

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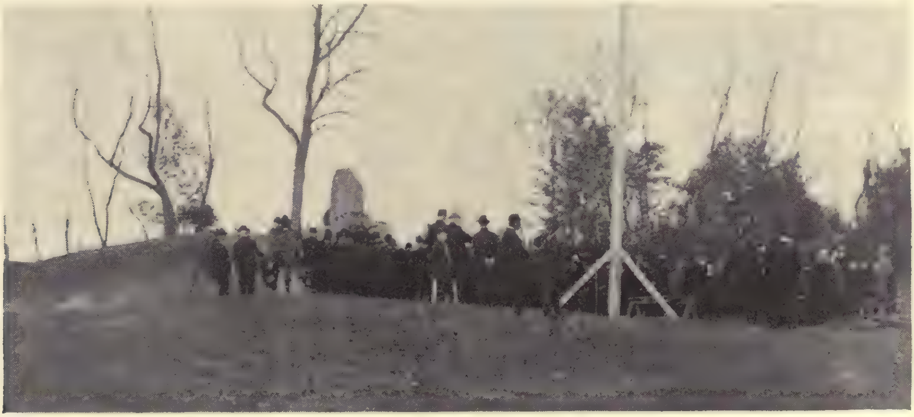
Fort Stevens and the Lincoln Memorial

By

FRED L. FISHBACK

ON Tuesday, November 7, 1911, at Fort Stevens in the District of Columbia, and only about four miles northwest of the Capitol itself, there was unveiled a rough stone which marks the spot where President Abraham Lincoln stood in order to watch the attack made by General Jubal A. Early and his forces on July 12, 1864, in their attempt to capture the city of Washington. That was the only time that a President of the United States, although commander-in-chief of the army and navy, has actually been under fire. It is felt by the Citizens' Association having in charge the erection of this simple marker that this is the most appropriate site for the two million dollar memorial which Congress has authorized erected to the memory of Lincoln, because it marks the spot where he stood at that critical moment which Colonel John McElrey, in an address made at the unveiling of the stone, said was the moral turning point of the Rebellion. If General Early had been successful in his effort to take the capital of the nation, in all probability the Southern Confederacy would have won with it the recognition of the countries of Europe. The soldiers of the North, while fighting for the preservation of the Union, always had on their hearts the capital of their country, and they fought that the government at Washington might live. It was the concrete object of their devotion.



THE SPOT WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN VIEWED A BATTLE

The depression in the foreground of this picture was formerly the cellar of a house which was taken by the Union forces. This cellar was used as a powder magazine during the battle of Fort Stevens. The house on this site belonged to Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, a colored woman, who still lives within one hundred feet of her old home. She is known to the neighborhood as "Aunt Betty"

Although there is such a point as Fort Stevens on which the memorial to Lincoln could be erected, a spot closely associated with the life of Lincoln at a period so critical to the nation, the Fine Arts Commission has, very unwisely it seems to me, recommended that the memorial be located three-quarters of a mile west of the Washington monument on a site which was a marsh all the time that Lincoln was President and until the last few years. It is a spot which Lincoln never saw and which no one in his time could have dreamed would ever be anything but a swamp. It is only within the last few years that, by the construction of a retaining wall and the filling in of the section back of it with the sand and mud from the river channel, this former swamp has been turned into a park.

MRS. ELIZABETH THOMAS (Aunt Betty)
The colored woman whose home the Union forces seized, using the cellar as their magazine. She still lives within a stone's throw of the spot on which Lincoln stood

Few, however, are greatly surprised at the suggestion made by the Fine Arts Commission that the Lincoln Memorial be placed in this newly-made park on the distant river bank, far out of sight of the people and away from them, since that commission has recommended that one of the three large public buildings whose construction Congress has authorized on the squares between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets and Pennsylvania Avenue and B Street be erected south of B Street, actually on the Washington Monument grounds.

That shaft to Washington is to many people the most beautiful structure in Washington, and our enjoyment of it depends upon the shaft standing absolutely alone. The members of the Fine Arts Commission, however, seem indifferent to this fact, and seemingly the development of the Capitol-Washington monument axis by the erection of a large public building on the monument grounds is of greater interest to them than the perpetuation of the Washington Monument in its full glory. Their mere suggestion that a large public building should be placed on the Washington Monument grounds to detract from the sublimity of that memorial to the Father of His Country would indicate a lack of appreciation of the best that the city possesses in the way of art.

There are numerous objections to placing the Lincoln Memorial at the far western edge of Potomac Park. In the first place, the ground is flat and low. In the second place, any memorial there would be overshadowed by the Washington Monument, which, although three-quarters of a mile to the east on higher ground, would always with its great height and impressive outline dominate the entire landscape. The Lincoln Memorial, if placed on the bank of the Potomac, could only be considered by contrast with the monument to Washington. The great Lincoln stood alone, and any memorial to him should also. Moreover, the location proposed by the Fine Arts Commission is inaccessible, being at least a mile and a quarter from the frequented part of the city and absolutely without street car facilities. This is of itself an insurmountable objection, because Lincoln was more than any other man in the nation's history the man of the people. Any memorial to him certainly should not be where it could be seen only by those of the city who have their automobiles to enable them to pass by it in the summer evenings or by those visitors only who can afford to hire conveyances to take them to it. It should be where the common people whom Lincoln loved could behold it without expense at any time of the year. If placed where the Fine Arts Commission recommend, the numerous visitors to Washington during the winter would not see it at all, for even the members of the Fine Arts Commission would not assert that the park by the river side is in winter anything but a bleak waste which people avoid. The Commission is bent, however, on the development of the so-called "Capitol-Washington Monument axis." The continued development of this "axis," according to the plan desired by the Fine Arts Commission, means the destruction of many noble trees throughout the portion of the great mall between the Capitol and the Washington Monument itself. Any thoughtful person who is interested in the welfare of the city knows not only that its proper development requires that the mall should remain intact to conserve for the city that space and its beauty, but that future public buildings should be erected on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue and take the place of many old and small structures which now line that great thoroughfare. In this way only can Pennsylvania Avenue, which is used for inaugural parades and all great pageants, and which is really the Nation's highway, be improved. The great mall which the Fine Arts Commission seeks to destroy should not be further encroached upon by the erection of public buildings, and Pennsylvania Avenue, which the Commission has not taken into account, is worthy of the

GROUP AT UNVEILING OF LINCOLN MEMORIAL

(*From left to right*) Lewis Kirk Brown, Co. H, Purnell Legion, Md. Vol. Inf.; Lewis Cass White, Color Sergt. 102d Pa. Vol. Inf.; Frank A. Baxter, Co. C, 125th N. Y. Vol. Inf.; C. B. Pettys, Co. H, 138th N. Y. Vol. Inf.; H. M. Gilman, Co. E, 1st N. Y. Vol. Inf. (not present at fight but member of brigade that was); H. A. Dobson, Co. K, 11th Veteran Reserve Corps; G. R. Foss, Co. B, 16th Pa. Cavalry highest improvement that can be given to it by locating new government buildings upon its south side.

If the Lincoln Monument should be placed at the western extremity of the mall, so far from the frequented portion of the city, the beaten path of travel and the track of tourists, it would fail of its object and never become truly a memorial at all, for a memorial is calculated to keep before us the name and the deeds of one who is gone. Certainly no one is honored in having what is considered as his memorial set down in an out-of-the-way place.

Fortunately, the Fine Arts Commission has not the final word on this important question. Its advice, however, has been asked by the Lincoln Memorial Commission, whose recommendation to Congress regarding the location will in all probability be followed, and there is the danger that the Lincoln Memorial Commission may be guided in its recommendation to Congress by the opinions of the members of the Fine Arts Commission. As a matter of fact, those who love the Capital feel that almost any other open space in the city of Washington would be a better location for the memorial than the site which the Commission has recommended.

PACE IMPLORA

BETTER it were to sit still by the sea,
Loving somebody and satisfied;
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days,
Than wander and wander in all these ways,
Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,
Be it ever so simple. The humbler the home
The nobler, indeed, to bear your part.
Love and be loved with all your heart,
Drink sweet waters and live in a spell,
Share your delights and divide your tears;
Love and be loved in the old east way,
Ere men knew madness and came to roam
From the west to the east and the whole world wide—
When they lived where their fathers lived and died—
Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—
Better, indeed, for man's own good—
That he should sit down where he was born,
Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,
Valley of poppies or bleak northland,
White sea border or great black wood,
Or bleak white winter or bland sweet May,
Or city of smoke or plain of the sun,
Than wander the world as I have done.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

Musical Shrines in Europe

By

ARTHUR WILSON

RICHARD STRAUSS has successfully combined a bulwark of defence against a curious world, and an inspiration for his new, the "Alpine," symphony. His villa at Garmisch, Bavaria, is nestled under a range of the Bavarian mountains, which surround him upon three sides. Here the composer has an estate of thirty acres, where he has hidden himself away in solitude into which no prying tourist may intrude, unless he is bidden. Here Strauss is ensconced in winter or summer, for the house is tenantable in cold weather, and he now purposes to withdraw from the exactions of the public life of a conductor, as far as possible, and devote himself to composition.

The visitor hopeful of an interview, or perchance a glimpse of the wizard of the orchestra, finds himself confronted by the wall which surrounds the grounds. There is a gate which is locked and without a keeper. No servant is to be trusted to the importunities and tempting bribes of American tourists. Instead, there is a card which bids those who seek admission to press a button that rings a bell at the house, and to give their names through the speaking tube. If these are recognized and the visitors are desired, the gate is unlocked by another electric wire, and the path leads the way to the house.

Max Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Carl Stasny, of the New England Conservatory, chanced to visit Garmisch at the same

OLD COURT THEATRE IN WEIMAR, WHERE THE DRAMAS OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER WERE PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AND WHERE LISZT WAS CONDUCTOR FOR SEVERAL YEARS time while sojourning in Europe, and learned something of the composer's methods of work upon the new symphony which is now awaited with keen interest by every orchestral conductor.

Strauss is an indefatigable mountain climber. In his knee breeches and stout shoes, he will tramp over the sides and summits of these mountains by the day, jotting down in a note book the themes kindled in his imagination by the beauty and grandeur outspread before him.

DR. MAX FIEDLER
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who visited Richard Strauss at Garmisch while sojourning in Europe

Thus he has found a "program" for his new piece at his very doors. There are to be but two movements. In the first he will portray the traveler's ascent of the mountain, unfolding to his audience the increasing sweep of the valley below, as the greater height is gained, until at the top the splendor of the view will burst upon the hearer through a gorgeous orchestral climax of tone.

Now follows the descent. As the musical theorist would say, the themes used in the ascent are now "inverted," that is, turned upside down, and there has been no composer since Beethoven more resourceful in inventing new forms into which to mould a theme, and new guises with which to embellish it. The second movement has been inspired by a view of adjacent mountains by night, with their peaks of snow and ice glistening in the moonlight. From the composer's hints of it there will pervade it the eerie atmosphere of mountain spirits and fairy folk who hold carnival in this mystical and enchanting scene.

THE HOUSE WHERE RICHARD WAGNER LIVED FOR SIX YEARS (IN TRIEBSCHEN, NEAR LUCERNE)

Mr. Stasny did not quit Garmisch until he had trained his camera upon the doctor, and once had caught the suspicion of a smile.

* * *

Weimar was next en route, where the pianist had spent several years in the early eighties as a pupil of Liszt. Of particular interest in this centennial year of Liszt's birth is the museum of Lisztiana, which is being collected at Weimar under the patronage of the Duke of Sachsen-Weimar by Peter Raabe, the young court conductor of the Weimar theater. Here is a copy of the first piano concerts in the handwriting of the imperious Princess Wittgenstein, to whose will Liszt bowed for those years in most things, even to accepting her criticism upon his compositions, when he knew that of Wagner was the better. Here is to be found the complete correspondence of the Princess to Liszt with the exception of thirteen letters, which Princess Wittgenstein's daughter has authorized Raabe to recover from a former pupil of Liszt, who she recently alleged had stolen them while at Weimar.

THE GRAVE OF LISZT IN BAYREUTH

There is a great amount of unpublished music, principally for piano, various mementoes and personal effects, such as the locket which Liszt wore upon his watch chain together with a picture of Beethoven, and what is said to be a lock of his hair.

The theater where Raabe now conducts is that which for the decade from 1849 Liszt made the musical mecca of Germany. Here he was Wagner's evangel, brought out his "Lohengrin" for its first performance, and was the champion of others who needed one. It was a brilliant company of creative minds in music and the arts, of singers and performers, which he drew about him here at these premieres, at the little theater at Weimar, and at the soirees at the Altenburg, where he and his princess held court.

Of the pupils, Sofie Menter was the most famed among the women and she was also the master's favorite. At her home near Munich she has the last letter written in Liszt's own hand, the manuscript score of the "Faust" symphony, and various fine paintings of him. Madame Menter was one of Liszt's pupils to play at the week's celebration of his centenary held in October, at the Hungarian capital, Buda-Pesth.

A CHARACTERISTIC POSE OF
RICHARD STRAUSS

At Euerdorf, near Kissingen, Germany, Mr. Stasny obtained in some respects the most interesting picture of all. Each morning there passed by a solemn procession of geese who wended their way out to an adjacent pasture to feed, and at night returned, as they had gone, always deporting themselves with the utmost gravity.

The flock was always in the care of a girl, who had only to walk behind them. The few who, with their mistress, began the parade, immediately set up a vigorous squawking which summoned their comrades to be up with their toilets made ready to fall into line. As the growing platoon came along, these took their places in the most decorous fashion, until when the outskirts of the town were reached, the flock had assumed the proportions of a small army.

Arriving at the meadowland, about a mile distant, the geese fed and amused themselves for the day, without causing much annoyance or care for their herder. At twilight she would call and start them upon their homeward journey. Each goose knew the precise moment to turn off to find his own fireside and slippers, and the infantry dwindled by twos and threes until all were safely bestowed at home and their guardian's work done for that day.

Why might this not be a subject for a pastoral tone poem, an idyl? In the first movement one might portray the ever enlarging pageant of the geese, their morning cries of recognition and joy to their mates, their discourse en route, flavored by the badinage and pranks of the goslings, the grave and sententious comment of the ganders, the whole spiced by a feminine touch of gossip and slander.

There would be the bucolic gambols upon the greensward, the song of the brook, of the birds and trees, and the sturdy carols of the geese at their noon repast. Returning, the themes used for the exodus might be inverted, and all end with the thinning numbers of the declining march and the waning day, as a Turkish patrol.

GARMISCH, WHERE RICHARD STRAUSS NOW LIVES, ABOUT FIFTY MILES SOUTH OF MUNICH

A Great California Nature Writer

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

By

George Wharton James

PERSONALLY I am not a sportsman and have no pleasure in hunting or fishing. I believe in the "Universal Kinship" of man and all the lower animals. Hence, to me, to hunt and fish, merely for pleasure, is totally contrary to one of the fundamental principles of my life. But I cannot fail to recognize the fact that many noble men such as Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, etc., differ from me in this matter. They hunt and fish and enjoy it. They believe in these sports and call them gentlemanly. They lay down rules which at least give the animals they hunt and the fishes they catch some chance for their lives, and they strongly oppose indiscriminate killing for mere killing's sake. Hence, while I do not agree with them in their claim that they have a "right" to hunt and fish, I do feel that if hunting and fishing are to be done at all, it is immeasurably better that they be done with some due regard to decency and humaneness.

Foremost in the rank of those who have always fought to give the fishes and animals a "fighting chance" for their lives is Charles Frederick Holder, the subject of this sketch. In his numerous books and his hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles he has kept this idea constantly before his readers. The fish "hog" and the game "hog" have ever received scant grace at his hands, and all brutality and wanton butchery he has not only frowned down upon but has helped in the passage of laws to prevent. It is, however, more particularly to his remarkable contributions to American literature in what is called "nature writing" that I wish especially to call attention.

There is no country in the world that has so remarkable environments for the production of "nature writers" as has California. It is a geographic, topographic, climatic and scenic cosmos—a world in itself. Many times I have ventured the bold assertion that California, in its sixty years of existence as a part of the United States, has produced more first-class nature writers than all the rest of the world combined.

Perhaps, if anyone were asked to name, offhand, the three greatest nature writers of the United States, he would immediately respond by giving the names of Henry D. Thoreau, John Burroughs, and Ernest Thompson Seton. While I have no desire to shake anyone's belief in the supremacy of these men, I do wish to assert that there are others who are well able to demonstrate their right in every way to rank side by side with them, and that one of these is Charles Frederick Holder, of Pasadena, California. While he may not have attained as much fame by any single work as have the writers named, I believe it can be demonstrated that by the number of his books and wide scope of the newspaper and magazine articles he has published he has reached more people than these three combined.

Another important fact must not be overlooked. When Mr. Holder began to write his popular stories of animals and fishes in 1870, there was scarcely a writer in either England or America, except the Rev. J. G. Wood, paying any attention to this important field, and Mr. Wood's work was more general than special. All at once there began to appear fascinating stories of actual experiences with great fishes on the Florida bays, vivid accounts of the nesting habits of fishes, turtles, etc., their home life and domestic peculiarities, that revealed not only an intimate knowledge but a rare gift of imparting it in an interesting way.

Here is one of the kind of stories that Mr. Holder began to write. Everyone was interested, boys, girls, women and men. It was a new field, and the general ignorance on the subject made this kind of definite and intimate writing all the more fascinating. He tells of an experience "shark-riding."

"As the men poled slowly along, I looking for queen conchs, or any rare animal that might afford an excuse to drop over and go down into the water, the floor of the lagoon suddenly shoaled, and Chief called my attention to some jet-black spots coming into view.

" 'School of nurse sharks takin' a siesta.'

"I wanted a specimen, and still more to see them asleep, the question of sharks sleeping being a disputed one; so Chief put a piece of sail-cloth in the stern row-lock to deaden the sound and began to scull noiselessly toward the school. There were ten of them, seemingly, all jet black, lying in every position, well bunched, and not more than two or three feet apart. They were of good size, from seven to eight feet in length, and seemed to have more pliability than most sharks, as in their positions they were bent and twisted. Slowly and carefully Chief sculled until we were within three yards of them; then in perfect silence the dinghy drifted over the school. The water was not over eight feet deep, clear as crystal, and I could see the animals as plainly as though among them. Their heads were down or were flat upon the sand; and that they were asleep there could be little question. Had they been awake they would have darted away at the sight of the strange and menacing figures above them.

"I raised the long grains—a peculiar harpoon used in Florida—glanced at the line, then Chief knocked on the gunwale with his oars, awakening the sleepers. Each shark dashed ahead in the direction aimed, throwing the sand high into the watery atmosphere, creating a cloud which involved the entire school. I picked out one of the largest and sent the grains into it; then one of those peculiar unexpected things occurred; the line had a twist around the pole, and as I grasped it, to jerk it from the socket, the fish rushed violently and hauled me overboard; my next impression was that of being dragged under water.

"The instinctive impulse when fishing is to hold on, and I obeyed it, and must have been dragged ten feet under water. Chief later said that he thought I had dived after the shark, as he saw me shooting along after it, 'scaring him to death.' But I came up in a few seconds, and, by the bending back and presenting my chest to the water, I discouraged the shark in a short time; but when I threw myself on my side, it towed me at a rapid rate, and was badly demoralized.

"It was an excellent and safe opportunity to test the power, strength and towing capacity of a large nurse shark, so I indulged in the sport, the exciting pastime of shark-riding, my men following with the dinghy, shouting instructions, the trend of which was that I must not allow the shark to tow me into deep water. It carried me possibly one hundred yards, up and down, and I had the creature well tired out in that time, owing to the fact that it was all in shallow water.

"If the shark could have reached the channel, it could easily have carried me down. It finally swam over a shallow sand pit, where I regained my footing, and slowly worked my steed in shore, with the aid of my men hauling it on the beach. This experience happened several times; that is, some of us jerked overboard by these sharks; but it should be explained that we were standing on the forward deck of a light boat. I can commend the sport as 'lively' while it lasts.

"The nurse, sometimes called the 'sleeping shark,' from the fact that it is nearly always observed asleep, is a big, harmless creature, almost black or a dark reddish brown, with a small mouth and insignificant teeth. To contemplate one towing me about, its fierce rushes, its savage jerks, its doubling and turning, its frantic dashes to the surface, beating the water with its tail, would have impressed the innocent observer that I was the personification of daredevil courage; but a glance at the mouth of the monster would have deprived the scene of its dramatic effect. The nurse is a grubber, a coward; I doubt if it has the temerity to attack a big crayfish. The short-spined echinus and tough holothurian, or sea cucumber, are its prey. Of all the animals of the sea, this fish is the best 'bluffer.' It makes a splendid fight, and, from the standpoint of the layman, looks very dangerous; but the nurse is merely frightened. The shallow lagoon was its pasture; the nurses were a herd of marine cattle asleep, and they returned to about the same spot day after day. I rarely went on a drifting and diving excursion over the reef but they could be seen, always asleep, always running away in a state of frenzied alarm."

It was not long after he started writing such interesting stories of real experiences as this before he was deluged with requests for more. Yet it was not until he came to California that the broader, wider and more important field of nature writing in its completer sense took full possession of him. The high mountains, deep canyons, the trackless deserts, the far-reaching and varied line of seacoast, the beautiful foothills, the fertile valleys and the romantic islands of California with their wealth of plants, flowers, shrubs, trees, minerals, springs, volcanoes, lakes, rivers, reptiles, animals, birds and fishes entranced and enthralled him, and from that day to this he has poured out a continual stream of descriptive literature that, if gathered together, would astound his most intimate friends. In addition to the simple descriptions of nature he has been an ardent sportsman with horses, dogs, tallyho, boat, yacht, and rod and line, and these sports have given him additional material of an interesting and fascinating nature for both his books and other writings.

It is a wonderful tribute to the pure air and healthful climate of California that Mr. Holder came to it in September, 1885, practically sent here to die from a serious affection of the lungs. But he was not of the dying kind. Instead of throwing up his hands and burying himself in some hotel or boarding house, stuffing himself with rich food in improperly ventilated rooms, he resolutely went out into the open. With courage and daring he took to horseback riding, gathered a few congenial spirits around him, organized the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena, for pleasure and health, and followed the hounds for several years. When his physician learned what he had started in to do he warned him that the exercise was so violent that he would surely die in the field. But he is not dead yet. Instead he overtook health, and the fact that for over thirty years he has engaged in the most arduous and athletic out-of-doors sports, all of which entail excessive physical exertion, clearly demonstrates that he must have made of himself an exceedingly strong and healthy man, if not a physical athlete.

In one of his latest books, "The Channel Islands of California," Mr. Holder reveals part of the secret of California's hold upon him. In describing the islands, which are only a few hours' distance from his Pasadena home, he says: "The islands have the climatic charm of the Riviera, without its summer heat; the delights of its winters, without the cold winds which sweep down from the Maritime Alps. It is difficult to explain the climates of Southern California, but it may interest the credulous reader of prefaces, that, as these lines are written, the twenty-second of December, 1909, in Pasadena—where the climate is practically that of the islands, though colder—I can see the violets and roses through the open door. The heliotrope, in full bloom, reaches higher than my windows; the guavas are ripening in the sun, and poinsettias and other plants are a blaze of color. Everything speaks of summer, yet in just about one hour, by ordering a sleigh by telephone, I can indulge in this Eastern pastime on the slopes of the snow-capped Sierra Madre, four or five miles away, and a mile above the sea.

"While the islands afford various sports —golf, coaching, hunting, mountain climbing, and diversion for the botanist and archaeologist, their fame has been made by the extraordinary sea-angling with rod and reel, the region being, apparently, the meeting-ground of many great game fishes caught nowhere else, and many indigenous to the locality. Here is the leaping tuna, the long-finned tuna, the yellow-fin, the white sea bass, the leaping swordfish that jumps and outfights the tarpon, the yellowtail and many more, any one of which would make any place famous, and to catch some of which scores of anglers cross the Atlantic and continent yearly. Here are plants and land animals of species found nowhere else. Here are the remains of a great and powerful barbaric civilization, a people with arts and intellectual graces, which have been swept away like the fog flecks before a gale. Here are islands in their full glory—some being blown into the sea, others, again, beaten down and just below the surface, deep in the embrace of ocean forests."

To illustrate some of the strenuosity connected with the sports that Mr. Holder engages in let me here quote his description of a battle with a leaping tuna off Santa Catalina Island. After describing in exciting detail the first catch he ever made of a leaping tuna, six feet four inches in length and weighing 183 pounds, with an ordinary rod and reel and twenty-one strand line, he continues: "This catch typifies what is known in the United States as 'strenuous sport'; but it was a small fish, eighty-eight pounds lighter, that really gave me the most sensational contest. I was fishing off Long Point with a light yellowtail rod to see if I could land a tuna on it, when I had a strike, a fine fish which was brought to gaff after a surface play of forty minutes. I had the same boatman, but a lower and lighter boat, a broad-beamed yawl. With me was Mr. Dennison, of Philadelphia, an ardent angler. We had, as often happens, two strikes, and by good fortune I saved my fish, my companion going forward and taking his place in the bow to give me elbow room and the field. I turned the fish at the quarter, the boatman gaffed it, slid it fairly in, and then—then the unexpected happened, which well illustrates the possible dangers of big-fish angling. I was standing up to watch the fish, and as it touched the bottom of the boat it doubled, leaped or sprang into the air, and fell on the gunwale. The next second I was treading water, and the boat, which had sunk by the stern, shot up, bow first, shedding oars, gaffs, rods, and the many things that make up the sea-angler's kit. I recall seeing good American pie and a meerschaum pipe sailing off from the wreck. We were nearly a mile off shore, and as the boat came up I had backed off. My companion flung his arms about her, and called out that he could not swim.

"It was then that the boat began a mysterious series of movements which I did not understand until later. She rolled over and over, and demonstrated that she would not hold us; so the boatman, Jim Gardner, who was a professional swimmer, took the rail on one side and I took the other side, hauling my companion, who wore an overcoat, into the boat, hoping in this way to steady her; but as she persisted in her inclination to roll over we decided to get him stretched out upon the bottom, while the boatman and I swam to the launch that was lying six or eight hundred feet off, and whose new engine we saw refused to work. The boat was turned bottom up; the unfortunate angler hauled himself onto her, and finding that he could preserve his balance, we struck out. I had on a corduroy suit and leggings and heavy shoes, and the outlook was not enticing, but we made fair headway. I shortly distanced the boatman, and saw to my delight that the launch had started up and was coming for us. When she was within one or two hundred feet of me, a woman in her bow, the wife of our boatman, began screaming that her husband was drowning. I stopped swimming and, looking back, saw that he had indeed disappeared; but he immediately reappeared, to again disappear. Three times this occurred. I thought of sharks, but in answer to my call he cried out that he was all right, and *still had* *my tuna.* This proved to be the case. The brave fellow had never released the fish; it was still impaled on the gaff, and it was this splendid fish that plunged down, and took him out of sight, literally dragging him under water. I was presently alongside, but he refused aid, and we again took up the swim, he swimming with his right arm, dragging the tuna with his left. When we shortly reached the launch two men took hold of me, but I was so heavy that they could not haul me aboard. A rope was then passed around my waist, and I was lashed to the shrouds and hauled up to allow the water to run off, corduroy proving a deadly load.

"In the meantime Gardner threw his legs about the propeller, and we rested after the swim, after which all hands laid hold, and I was rolled in, to be in at the death of the to-be famous tuna. I leaned down over the stern, the crew holding me by the legs, while Gardner, who was now lashed to the yacht, reached up the fish as well as he could. Anxious not to take any chances of losing the game, I thrust my arm down into the tuna's throat, grasped it by the gills, and gave the word. The crew hauled on my legs, I hauled the tuna, and dropped it, still alive and vigorous, into the cockpit; then, Gardner having been hauled aboard, we made the welkin ring with cheers. In answer came a faint shout from my plucky companion, who, lying flat, did not dare to raise his head, but still wished to be a party in our triumph. The launch was now headed for him, and a line was tossed to him, which he made fast about his waist, and by this he was hauled aboard; then the boat was picked up, and Captain Harry Doss, who had rowed out from shore to rescue us, gathered up the flotsam which had covered the sea.

"Now comes another extraordinary incident almost beyond belief in this sensational catch. As we sat watching the contortions of the active fish that drove us out of the cockpit, Gardner put his hand down to his trousers and cut out a hook that in some way had caught. It was connected with a line which was found to run overboard, and upon hauling in five or six hundred feet of it, my valuable rod and reel came in from the bottom of the bay. Gardner had not only towed in the fish, but this as well. In the confusion of the rolling of the boat I had lost my hold upon the rod, and the big reel had carried it to the bottom; but by a special dispensation, the tuna had thrown out the hook, which stuck in the boatman's trousers, as described. If any more remarkable series of incidents ever came to pass in the landing of one fish, I have failed to hear it."

But he is not only interested in the catching of animals and fish; his studies of the animals themselves and their habits are very charming, as, for instance, the following description of a tame sea lion:

"The feature which will really amaze the wanderer among the Channel Islands is the tameness of some animals. To meet a bull sea-lion weighing approximately half a ton, on the main avenue of a town, fifty feet from water, is a possibility of a startling nature, yet I have seen Old Ben, the head of the Santa Catalina sea-lion rookery, on Crescent Avenue, Avalon, surrounded by tourists who snapped their cameras at him with impunity. At that time Ben could be induced to come ashore when the lure was a fat, long-finned tuna; but one day he climbed upon the wharf, coming entirely up the steps, following the man with a fish. Then some unreasonable person made a threatening demonstration; Ben started for the steps, lost his hold, slipped, and fell, smashing them and wounding himself. For a long time he remembered this, but gradually his faith in human beings has returned and the men call him up on the boat-landing of the float or out upon the beach, by showing a succulent fish.

"When very hungry he has permitted himself to be touched or patted by one of the fishermen. He is good-tempered and never attempts to bite. But he is a savage-looking animal, and when he comes leaping up on the boat landing, driving off women and children by mere ferocity of appearance, and seizing their fish, as he did recently, he makes a very clever imitation of a savage and ferocious beast."

In the aqaurium, on Santa Catalina Island, which was established as the result of his persuasion, Mr. Holder has observed many strange things. Here is one:

"Among the interesting things I have observed in the aquarium at Santa Catalina was the building of a nest by the kelpfish, two of which were kept in a small tank. The largest kelpfish, a female, was about nine inches in length; the male measured about five inches. I was attracted by the savage attacks of the male on a stranger; investigation showed that he was in nuptial colors and was devoted to the female. The offending fish was removed, giving the kelp-fishes the entire tank. All the colors of the male fish were accentuated and brilliant. What had been white was now lavender and silver; the dark angles of the zigzag barring took on darker tints and were emphasized by countless lines of lavender, yellow, blue and gold; patches of silver, old rose, lavender and white appeared here and there the entire length of the fish, making it a most gorgeous creature. The long vibrating dorsal fin was erect, and the fish unusually alert as if sensible of the importance of the situation and its responsibilities.

"In the tank were several small bunches of a deep maroon seaweed four or five inches high; and, as I watched the female, she approached the weed and appeared to examine it, passing around it several times. Then I saw that her ventral surface was pressed against the weed, and its branches were being caught together by a viscid pure white cord having a diameter of a thick thread. It clung tenaciously to every branch it touched. Along the cord were large numbers of small eggs.

"When four or five inches of the cord had been attached, the fish would rest, the male taking her place and hovering over the eggs, which he guarded with a viciousness altogether unexpected in so small a fish. He withdrew when his mate resumed egg-laying. She frequently pushed her way through the clump of weed, but more often passed around it, the silken tenacious cord binding it together in a globular or oval mass about the size of a hen's egg. The entire nest was formed in about two hours, the fish dropping to the bottom of the tank after each effort and lying there for ten or twenty minutes."

Here is an even more interesting observation:

"During the present year I have had under observation a so-called singing fish (Porichthys notatus). In a general way this fish resembles the catfish. It is about fifteen inches in length; the head flat, the eyes on top of it and capable of being pressed out of sight when the fish is touched. The prevailing color is a deep blue; the mouth is large and armed with an array of sharp recurved teeth. There is a remarkable series of pores, and a still more remarkable series of silver spots almost identical, so far as appearances go; yet so far as known they are not phosphorescent organs, yet may be. These silver spots are arranged along the sides and upon the lateral ventral surface in a curious design, and resemble the heads of pins driven into the flesh. Each is a round piece of silver-colored membrane, which shows through the skin, above which is a pair of flaps with fringes; between the flaps lie the pores.

"The fishes habitually lay on the bottom of the tank, rarely moving except when fed; but occasionally they would wriggle to the surface and lie there, displaying the wonderful arrangement of pearly or silver buttons, which have given the title of midshipman to the fish. The building in which the fishes were kept was sixty feet in length. While standing at the end one day I heard a loud 'umph'-like sound, with heavy accent on the '*m*.' As I stood and listened it came again—'umph'—so loud that it could have been heard twice the distance away. I turned in the direction of the sound, and on reaching the tank of the midshipmen I saw the jaws of one stretched outward, and again came the remarkable sound 'umph,' which resembled the word monkeys utter when grunting their displeasure or pleasure, but so loud and resonant that although I had heard various fishes utter sounds I was amazed.

"Later I took one of the fishes from the tank and carried it the entire length of the building to a dissecting room, and during the passage the fish uttered the sound continually, attracting attention of visitors. This sound is made with the air-bladder of the fish, but is not so remarkable as what might be termed its musical sounds. An acquaintance while walking on the sands of San Diego Bay, very early in the morning, heard a singular murmuring sound. It evidently proceeded from the water, and presently so increased in volume that the listener stood for some time trying to trace it. Finally, with the aid of a boat, he discovered that the sounds came up from the sea, and emanated from a school of midshipmen. To the observing fishermen along shore, and especially at San Pedro, the music of the fishes is familiar, but it rarely happens that a landsman has the opportunity to hear it."

Mr. Holder is not only a sportsman. He has the keenest appreciation of the richness and glory of the world he knows so well. In one of his books he writes: "I believe that the power in man or woman to see the beautiful in all nature is one to be cultivated, as of profound importance; as, if one has this perceptive faculty keenly developed, it means happiness under all conditions, the ability to adapt oneself to the varying aspects of life. I have seen men who abhorred the very sight of the California Desert, whose beauties of color, tone, and tint deeply impress some men. One has but to read Van Dyke's 'The Desert,' to see a poet and artist's appreciation of the dreariest aspects of the world."

This power he himself has cultivated, and his books contain scores of exquisite pieces of true nature description.

Few men have done more than he to cultivate this love of the beautiful in nature. Here, for instance, is a part of his description of the submarine gardens seen through the glass-bottomed boats:

"Drifting out a little, into water thirty feet deep, we see that Santa Catalina is a big offshore Sierra, as we can now look down the precipitous slope into waters of an indigo blue shade, the most exquisite blue imaginable, with a background here and there of dim shadowy shapes. Only those who have been divers or who have gone on a cruise on a Santa Catalina glass-bottomed boat can appreciate their real beauty. Lying on one side is a mass of peculiar mazarine blue. In a moment we make it out as a school of blue-eyed perch of California, a fish about a foot long, with eyes like turquoises. In the peculiar light that sifts down through the kelp they appear blue, and are all headed in the same direction and lying near the bottom.

"In mid-water are countless kelpfishes, graceful swimmers, while below them there are others still more radiant in yellow, white, brown and red. They lie upon the rocks. Sometimes a shark sails along with its remoras, or sucking fishes, following or fastened to it. They will often wander away and look curiously up into the big window down into which peer scores of faces in a row."

That whales still abound in the Pacific is clearly shown in Mr. Holder's books. Aleck Smith, one of the captains of the steamers plying between the mainland and Catalina Island, thus tells of some of his experiences:

"One of the steamers here has killed two whales out and out, and how many she has battered and laid up for repairs no one knows. You see, the channel is full of whales in the spring. They winter down in the Gulf of California and start north with their young in early summer, and find this a great feeding-ground.

"The first whale was killed when the ship was bound from San Francisco. She was outside the heads when up came a big whale to blow, right in front of her. The captain gave the signal to stop and back, not knowing what it might do; but it was too late, she struck the whale amidships and just seemed to rise up on it, and then stopped. The wheel went over, so they say, and almost floored the man that had the spokes. The steamer wasn't hurt a bit, but the whale was a wreck. The water was filled with blood, and the whale swam around in a circle, beating the water with its tail; then it disappeared, and the steamer went on. A few days later the whale was sighted in the kelp some five miles to the south. It was towed in shore and beached, and was visited by hundreds from all over. It had a deep gash in its side where the cutwater of the vessel had struck it. The whale was finally prepared, and the skeleton placed on exhibition at Long Beach."

Even though one may not believe in hunting and fishing, yet it cannot be denied that some of Mr. Holder's accounts of adventure with sharks, leaping tuna, tarpon, wild boars, wild cats, and other fighting creatures of sea and land are full of excitement and interest. And were it not for the sportsman instinct in some men we should never know anything of the wonderful and strange creatures Mr. Holder's books are full of.

Even wild boars become interesting in his pages, and one can fully understand the excitement caused by an experience with the big fellow thus described:

"The boar seemed to drop out of sight, for when they reached the spot it was no longer there, nor could Manuel see it from the slope of the canyon. Suddenly came the *wouf, wouf!* as startling as the rattle of a snake, and again out of the brush charged the boar, with crest standing and ugly muzzle elevated. The horses broke and reared, frantic at the sight, but the riders managed to hold them. Then for some reason, unexplainable except for the intensity of Manuel's yell, the boar kept on and the hunters gave chase. It was a fine exhibition of speed to see this big heavy pig run. The horses going at full speed were not able to reach it.

" 'We have no use for this fellow,' cried one of the pursuers; 'try your rope on him, Manuel.'

"So Manuel, delighted at the opportunity, pulled ahead, unswung his lariat, and presently had it whirling about his head in a thoroughly graceful manner. At the psychological moment he let go and, in a way miraculous to the layman, caught the flying boar by the hind foot. The bronco settled back, throwing the animal cleverly.

"The boar filled the air with cries and maddened squeals, then quickly charged back along the line. Manuel was equal to the occasion. The canyon was narrow, there was no field for play, and he had no companion to rope the boar from the opposite side and hold it, as he had often done with bears in the old days; so he did the next best thing—twisted the rope around a tree and thus held the boar. It presented a savage spectacle. Its jaws were dripping with foam, its small, black, beadlike eyes gleaming with rage and fear.

" 'Cleverly done!' cried the Englishman.

"After they had examined the old fellow, Manuel as cleverly released the boar, and with all the fight taken out of it the animal trotted off into the brush without even looking behind."

Charles Frederick Holder was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, August 5, 1851. One of his ancestors was Christopher Holder, a notable and wealthy Englishman of about the time of Shakespeare, an author who became converted to the religious tenets of George Fox, the Quaker. Mrs. Russell Sage, the philanthropist, is descended from the same man. This Christopher Holder came to America in 1656 as a Quaker missionary, and organized the first Society of Friends in this country in Sandwich, Massachusetts. He was also the author of the First Declaration of Faith of Quakers.

Mr. Holder's sixth maternal grandfather was Edward Gove, the Quaker, of Hampton, New Hampshire, who revolted against English rule seventy years before the revolution of 1776. For this he was banished and confined in the Tower of London for four years, and his large American estates seized. It was to the great Protector, Cromwell, that he owed his release. His estates were restored to him, and one of the old manor houses then returned to his possession is still owned by the Gove family.

Mr. Holder's fifth great-grandfather, Daniel Holder of Nantucket, was the first large American ship-builder, and amongst some of the personalia that he prizes very highly are some of this great-grandfather's contracts dated in 1750.

There was a strong strain of science, poetry and literary ability in his ancestry, his father, Dr. Joseph Bassett Holder, being for many years Curator of Zoology in the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York, and scientific author of repute. His mother, Emily Gove Holder, has also written several books, and his maternal grandmother, Rachael Bassett Holder, was a poet of no mean order. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Holder comes by his scientific and literary proclivities in a perfectly natural way. His early training also materially helped in this line. In 1861, at the suggestion of his friend, the great Agassiz, Mr. Holder's father went to the Florida Reefs to study their development and made many valuable discoveries. The ten-year-old boy was allowed to go along. When he arrived it was found that he was going to be of the greatest possible help. It is well known that some young boys are expert divers, and Charles soon proved his ability in this line. He became his father's expert assistant, diving, angling and collecting, with all the enthusiasm of a boy let loose from school in such a perfectly fascinating place.

Tortugas Garden Key, directly in the Gulf Stream, not far from Cuba, is one of the most wonderful and varied fishing grounds in the world, and it can well be seen how the whole future of Mr. Holder's life was influenced by this experience. He caught lesser fish himself, and assisted his father or the men in the capture of shark, turtles and a large variety of other big game.

His father having earned the gratitude of General Grant during the war, he was ordered, in 1868, to Fort Monroe, Virginia, and Charles, then a seventeen-year-old boy, was appointed midshipman-at-large to the Naval Academy. After a period spent in study here he continued his education with private tutors and at the Friends' School, Providence, Rhode Island, the same school having educated his father, mother and grandparents. When he was twenty years old he joined Professor Bickmore and his father, as an assistant in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and there saw the building and founding of that institution. While here he was honored with election as Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences and began the writing of his first book on the Elements of Zoology. This was a text book, on entirely new lines, in that it called particular and detailed attention to the economic value of animals. It was published by that veteran firm of publishers, the D. Appleton Company, and still has a large circulation. . He then began to write articles on animals for magazines like the St. Nicholas, and so popular did they become that before long he had more work than he could accomplish. Here was his career already cut out for him and he decided to devote himself entirely to the natural history branch of literature. His articles, being both scientific and popular, were welcomed by such magazines as *Harpers*, the *Century*, *Lippincotts*, .and the *Scientific American*. He also wrote for English publications, and was a large contributor to the *Sun*, *Post*, *Times* and the *Mail and Express* of New York, all of his contributions having a tendency to arouse a healthy interest in sports and the out-of-door life. Being himself a clever yachtsman, an accomplished wrestler and boxer, and one of the leading amateurs with single sticks and broadsword in the old Colonel Monstery Salle d'Armes, naturally he was able to write on these subjects with all the knowledge of an expert and the enthusiasm and fervor of a young devotee.

But his literary labors were a little too strenuous for him, and in spite of long summers spent in the Adirondacks and on the St. Lawrence, his health gave way, and in 1884 he was ordered to Southern California. This great blow came to him just when he was offered the editorship of a new scientific publication in New York. Health, however, was his first consideration, so he started with many misgivings for the new land, which he was soon to know and love so well, and whose wonders he was destined to herald throughout the world. He had already formed a friendship with Walter Raymond, whose father was the organizer of the well-known Raymond & Whitcomb Excursions, with headquarters in Boston, Massachusetts, and one of the first things he did on arriving at Pasadena was to write at the suggestion of Mr. Raymond a small book entitled "All About Pasadena," which is now so rare and difficult to obtain that it commands a high premium. Thus began the work with which Mr. Holder's name and fame will ever be intimately connected, namely, the making known the wonderful region and animate life of Southern California. He rode over the country on horseback, climbed into the Sierra Madre, scaling its highest peaks, fishing in its streams, exploring its canyons, and collecting plants, animals, reptiles, birds, insects, minerals and everything that could possibly be of interest to the outside world. Articles and books poured from his pen in a continuous stream, and if Southern California desired to repay Mr. Holder for what he has done in attracting attention to it, a very elaborate monument would have to be built in his honor. Yet I think it may truthfully be said that he never over-boomed the country. His articles were written to sell to magazines, hence had to be above suspicion. It is largely to his pen that the world owes its belief in the superlative climate of Southern California, for having recovered his health in it, he found it impossible to overstate its virtues. In addition to this he found California such a rich field for outdoor sports and angling that the educative influences of his writings in this regard cannot be over-estimated.

For schools he wrote "Elements of Zoology," "Half Hours with Mammals," and "Half Hours with Fishes, Reptiles and Birds." He has shown especial aptitude in writing for the young, five of his books being most popular with both boys and girls. One of these had a most fascinating title, and the subject was as attractive as it promised. It was "Living Lights," being an account of phosphorescent animals and vegetables, and told of the wonderful fishes, sea jellies, insects, beetles, etc., that give forth light. Even to close students of nature it was a revelation, for his observations covered a wide field.

"Marvels of Animal Life" and a fine work on the elephant, "The Ivory King," were followed by two novels, "Along the Florida Reef," and "The Adventures of Torqua." The former, as its title implies, is in reality a story of his own boyish experiences for six years on the Keys of Florida, and the latter is a romantic story of Indian days on the Island of Santa Catalina. Two volumes of biography, one on Louis Agassiz, and the other on Darwin, have come from his pen, besides the chapters on Agassiz and Spencer F. Baird, in the volume edited by David Starr Jordan and entitled "Leading American men of Science." For Caspar Whitney's "American Sportsman's Library" he wrote "The Game Fishes of North America," a most thorough and complete book on the subject, and for the *American Nature Series* he and David Starr Jordan contributed a most fascinating volume of "Fish Stories." In addition he has given to the world "Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast," "Big Game at Sea," "The Log of a Sea Angler," a most elaborate volume, "Life in the Open; Sport with Rod, Gun, Horse and Hound in Southern California," and his latest work is "The Channel Islands," a most comprehensive survey of the islands of the Pacific that lie just off the Coast of Southern California. Yet even this list is incomplete, for it fails to note his biographical history of "The Holders of Holderness," from whom he is descended —the head of the family being the noted Quaker, Christopher Holder, referred to elsewhere. His interest in Quakers, therefore, is quite natural and accounts for the fact that for the past forty years he has been gathering material for a book, which is now rapidly nearing completion, giving the history of the simple-hearted and gentle-spirited religionists, the Quakers or the "Society of Friends."

It is doing Mr. Holder scant justice to so cursorily name these books. Each one is well worthy extended mention, and any three of them would be enough to fully establish the fame and reputation of their author. It is only by having "lived the life" he describes that such an extensive list of books could have been created of so high a standard, and even then only by a man of indefatigable energy. Combined with these facts is the further one that Mr. Holder is a most rapid and conscientious worker. As a rule he holds himself to certain hours as strictly as does the banker or business man. His best hours for work are at night from eight to twelve, though his regular hours are from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon. When he works late he likes to take his newspaper and breakfast in bed.

Unlike most scientific and literary men he has used no note books, seldom having taken notes, even during his most active life. The facts that he was observing and experiencing were generally so interesting and exciting that it was impossible for him to forget them. His memory of the subjects that he writes upon is phenomenal, and his grasp of natural history is wider and more varied than that of any man I have met. When asked to write upon a given subject he sits and ruminates for a little while and then pours out material with a fullness and accuracy that reveal the wonderful quality of his memory. He can write an article on any animal or allied subject, from man to infusorian, without notes, simply because he has used his head as a note book. At the same time this shows that his natural tastes are wrapped up in natural history, and it is this personal absorption in his subject that affords him his great facility.

In 1890-91 Mr. Holder and Governor Lionel A. Sheldon edited the Los Angeles *Tribune* and *Republican Daily*, and in 1895 Mr. Holder founded and for two years edited the *California Magazine*, and at various times he has been an editorial contributor to various publications. He has been president of the Pasadena Board of Education, and his interest in educational matters is shown by his appointment as trustee of Throop University and the Los Angeles Normal College, and to the Chair of Zoology of Throop, and he is today the honorary curator of Throop. In 1912 the Academy of Sports of France awarded him their gold medal as a recognition of the influential quality of his books on sports and their tendency to elevate the standards of sport, and for his participation in extraordinary feats, as his capture of a leaping tuna with rod and reel, during which the fish towed his boat twelve miles in four hours.

In the city of his adoption, Pasadena, Mr. Holder has helped to further every good cause, and his influence has been exceedingly widespread for good. He was one of the founders of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, one of the most noted and famous flower pageants of the world. He founded the Pasadena Academy of Sciences, whose bulletins on the birds and animals of Southern California have attracted much attention. He founded the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina, which has amongst its members some of the most noted anglers of the world. Before this club was organized tuna were caught with heavy hand lines, and butchered without conscience, but as the result of the educational work done by the club, fish are now caught with a twenty-one strand line. This necessarily reduces the catch tremendously and eliminates indiscriminate killing and the ruder elements from the sport.

Another valuable service that he rendered to the community was getting the owners of Santa Catalina Island to build an aquarium, to which all accredited students are admitted free, and where they have the opportunity to study the rare marine fauna of this region, more varied than that of Naples. Scores of new species have been brought to the attention of scientists by him, and one of the new fishes, "Starksia Holder," bears his name. The honors he has received from sporting clubs throughout the world in recognition of the high class literature he has issued and because of his constant efforts to establish high standards of sportsmanship would cover several pages merely to recount.

JOY

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hours of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—*Jean Ingelow, in Heart Throbs, Vol. II.*

The Man with the Fire Divine

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

HE comes to earth like breath of morn,
And he makes the world anew.
His message is music like the horn—
The wreathed horn that Triton blew.
Shapes he in hollow of his hand
Destiny to rare design.
The world is his at his command—
The man with the fire divine!

As swift unto the world he comes
A moment brief or an hour,
Unheralded by noise of drums
He bears unguessed his power.
He brings to men the light of truth—
That glorious radiance fine.
He's old as time and young as youth—
The man with the fire divine!

He points the world to starry things—
Hope, deathless and supreme—
To faith of peasants and of kings,
And splendid deed and dream.
Blood of his spirit warms the race,
Foremost in the battle line,
Lo! victory's light illumes his face—
The man with the fire divine!

A toast to him who from the throng
Rises to occasion great.
A toast to him who, wise and strong,
Conquers and conquers fate.
The words of wisdom from his tongue
Forever flow like wine.
His heart with youth of God is young—
The man with the fire divine!

At the Blackthorn Inn

By

WILL GAGE CAREY

IN response to a summons from Inspector Manson, I entered his private office.

"Harris," he said at length, pausing in the perusal of a pile of letters before him on the desk, "another theft of jewels is reported from Soda Springs, committed, apparently, by someone having *entree* to the most exclusive society circles. I want you to catch the 9:30, and go down there."

"What's stolen this time?" I asked.

"A necklace of pink pearls."

"And the reward—"

"The sum of five thousand dollars will be paid for the return of the gems."

"And my instructions?"

"Mrs. Alstine Von Weber is to give a big ball tonight; you are to attend as an out-of-town guest—this by her own request that one of my best detectives grace the occasion with his presence. You are, for the nonce, a society swell. Look carefully to your apparel, and try to look the part; and, it is perhaps needless to say, I'm expecting you to make good; that you will get some tangible clue as to who is committing these thefts; in short, you are to stay right there until you do; understand?"

"Not fully," I answered. "To whom am I to report on my arrival at the Springs?"

"Mrs. Von Weber wires me that her trap will be at the station to meet 'Mr. Barry, of New York'—*Barry*, that's *you;* and now, I believe that is all."

I turned to go.

"Just one moment, Harris," spoke up the Inspector, "there is just one thing more I want to mention at this time. You are a young man, just entering the service; I like you; I want to see you succeed. I have confidence in you; otherwise, I would not assign you to a case of this kind. I have but one fault to find with you: you are *slow*—insufferably slow! I wish you would endeavor to be—er—more expeditious—"

"'Expeditious'?" I broke in, somewhat hotly.

"Exactly!" he retorted. "I am confident you will accomplish what we are sending you down there for—but don't be all summer doing it! And now, Harris, 'so long'—and good luck to you."

* * * *

That same day, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached the Springs.

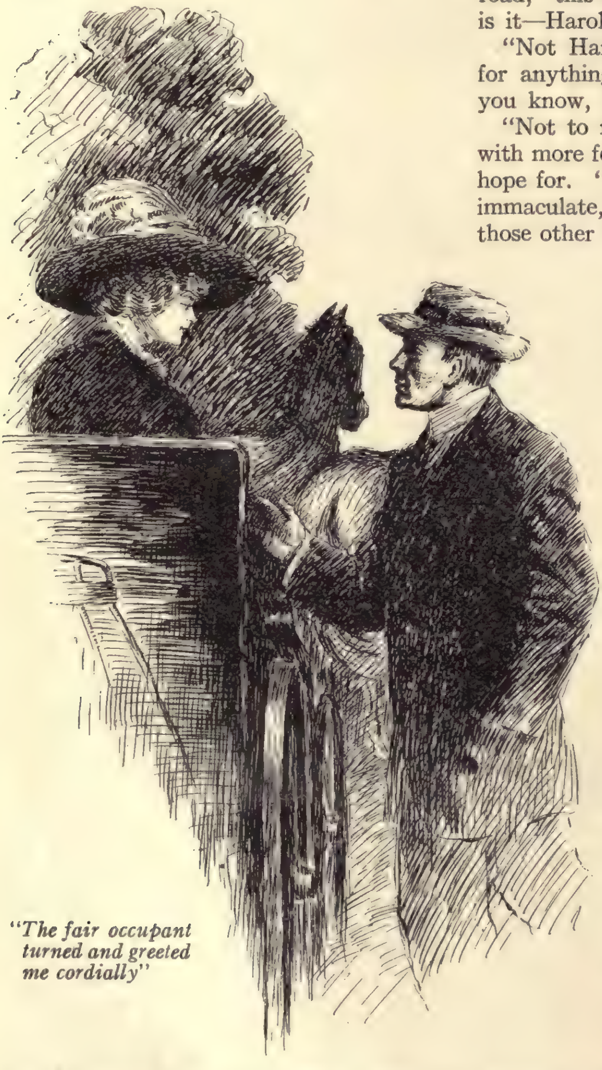
A trap and handsome span of grays stood at the station awaiting my arrival, and on the high seat a slender young woman dressed in black sat holding the reins. As I alighted from the train, a liveried footman advanced, and taking my luggage, led the way to the trap. At our approach, the fair occupant turned and greeted me cordially:

"Mr. Barry? I am Mrs. Von Weber. The day is so fine I simply could not resist the impulse to drive down to the station myself; get right in, and—"

She paused abruptly, and sat gazing at me in amazement, a faint flush coming into her cheeks.

My own astonishment was even more marked.

The woman in black before me was one to whom, four years previously in New Orleans, I had been engaged! A foolish quarrel had separated us, and silly pride prevented a reconciliation. I had left soon after for New York, without even a word in parting. And yet—every day since that parting, she alone had dwelt in my heart. Each year I had thought to return to her, yet did not, foolishly awaiting first some message from her. And now suddenly to be brought face to face! To behold the sweet radiance of her smile—to hear again the music of her voice; and to find her the wife of another!



"The fair occupant turned and greeted me cordially"

She was first to recover from her surprise and emotion. With all her customary poise and ease of manner, she motioned me to take the seat beside her, at the same time directing the footman to walk on across the fields.

"*You* of all persons!" she began spiritedly, as the grays started briskly down the road, "this world is not so large after all, is it—Harold?"

"Not Harold," I protested, at a loss for anything better to say, "at present, you know, I am 'Mr. Barry'."

"Not to me," she replied quickly, and with more feeling than I could have dared hope for. "You are the same slow-going, immaculate, good-natured Harold as in those other days; *you* have not changed."

"Slow-going, perhaps," I answered, "most everyone credits me with being that; but certainly not 'good-natured'; otherwise that fatal quarrel of ours would never have occurred"—a delicious thrill passed over me as our arms touched, and hardly realizing my words I added quickly: "the quarrel which has brought to me the keenest regret and deepest sorrow of my life!"

Her eyes drooped as I spoke.

"Perhaps — perhaps you are not alone in regretting," she said softly.

I was dimly conscious that from the very start the conversation had taken a turn from which it might be best to shift—under the circumstances—as soon as possible; still, I had one more observation to make:

"But you married!"

"Yes."

"And—and Von Weber is even now awaiting us at Fair Oaks!"

"Awaiting us—possibly," she said with eyes still cast down, "but *not* at Fair Oaks! You see he died nearly two years ago."

* * *

It was near midnight and the ball had been in progress it seemed to me for hours, when I stepped out upon a small balcony leading from the ballroom, to catch a breath of cool night air, and to think quietly of the strange turn of events since my arrival at the Springs.

Within, the scene was one of a veritable fairyland.

No rude glare of dazzling lights was there; only the soft, subdued gleam of myriad incandescents skillfully concealed amidst swaying blossoms and twining foliage; and from the far end of the great, spacious hall came the sweet strains of music—dreamy, alluring—to which the dancers glided as though enthralled by the magic spell which seemed hovering over all.

And yet—with all its beauty—it wearied me.

My whole being seemed to resent the very presence of those happy dancers. I longed to wander along those fragrant, shadowy rose-bowers—with no one near save Mrs. Von Weber—*Helen!* No multitude around us—just the tender pleading of the music in the distance; the soft glow of lights and the perfume of roses! *That* would be happiness; and, it seemed to me, far more worth while.

Even so, it must not be surmised I had forgotten entirely the purpose of my attendance; I was still the detective—though I must confess an intermittent one. I had mingled freely with the gay throng, introduced on all sides by Mrs. Von Weber as her friend, "Mr. Barry," of New York. I had tried to keep my eyes open; to watch for thieves, every now and then, instead of ever striving only to catch a glimpse of Helen as she mingled amongst her guests like a dancing ray of sunshine. I endeavored, painstakingly, to detect some suspicious remark or movement which might lead to the capture of the deft purloiner of precious jewels. In this, my success was not immediate; it was deferred; yet, in time, it came!

There was one in the crowd regarding whom I asked some searching questions of Mrs. Von Weber, though I half believe she thought I did so merely because of his assiduous attentions to herself. "Count Silenski," she called him, when introducing us. His was a singular face, the Count's; one that would attract especial notice from out a throng. A high, full forehead, with jutting brows above an aquiline nose, the pronounced curve of which suggested the Oriental rather than the Jewish type; deep lines about the sinister, mocking mouth; dark, deep-set eyes which seemed continuously to rove, and capable of taking in at a glance not only the minutest details, but of searching the most secret recesses of one's mind as well. His hand had a clammy feeling as it touched my own; and I disliked his voice. I think, also, that he took a sudden and intense aversion to me. During the brief interval during which we conversed his words seemed ever imbued either with sneers or slurring innuendoes. We hated each other cordially on sight.

And yet, notwithstanding his affectation and exaggerated suavity of manner toward those whom he desired to impress, he possessed withal a certain force and masterfulness; and he was devotion itself to Mrs. Von Weber. Even had it not been so, I candidly believe I should have kept my eyes upon him a greater part of the time.

"The Count and I have been discussing a certain business deal this evening," Helen remarked to me aside, soon after introducing us; "he is very persistent when once his mind is made up."

"Oh, indeed," I observed dryly.

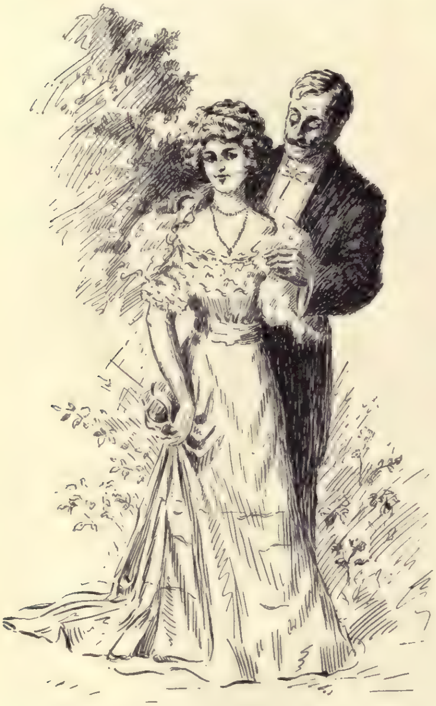
"Yes," she continued, "it was in regard to the Blackthorn Inn property, which I still own."

"The Blackthorn Inn?"

"Have you not heard? I had just finished furnishing in a most sumptuous manner throughout this ill-fated inn—which stands at a spot quite remote from the other hotels—when suddenly, for some unaccountable reason, the mineral spring around which it is built ceased entirely to flow; as a consequence the property, once the most valuable in this vicinity, depreciated most alarmingly!"

"How long has the Count been negotiating for this property?" I queried.

"Let me see," she began, endeavoring to recall the circumstances, "he has only been in this country a little over a month; you see, we really know little of him, though he came here with the very best credentials from both abroad and in this country; it was only a week ago, soon after the spring had ceased to flow, that he first began importuning me to sell him the Blackthorn property. He has offered me considerably less than one-fourth the original cost and value, but I have about decided to let him have it; he is to have a final answer in the morning. You must pardon me if I bore you to such length with my personal cares and anxieties, but I felt the need of advice from a better business head than mine before giving him an option at the price he offers."



"I saw Count Silenski placing a thin, lace shawl around her, tenderly adjusting it about her throat"

"I am glad you have spoken of this," I assured her. "I think it might be well for us to look further into the *reason* for that spring's ceasing. to flow!"

She looked at me with sudden apprehension.

"You don't mean to say you think he could have done something to prevent the flow?" she gasped impetuously. *Surely* he wouldn't—"

"As to that I cannot say at present," I answered, "only promise me this: do not give him any final answer to this, or to *any* other proposition he may make, until we have had time to look into conditions, and talk over matters between ourselves."

I saw that she caught the meaning of the second portion of my request, for she colored slightly, and avoided my glance; and I knew then that Silenski had made advances other than those concerning the acquiring of the Blackthorn Inn. Still, she had promised me, laughingly, and turned away gayly to rejoin the dancers.

All this, and much more which had passed between us rushed through my mind as I stood there upon the balcony, half-hidden from the dancers within, yet situated so that I could keep a sharp lookout on those passing before me.

Suddenly, from out the babble of gay voices, I heard the low, musical laughter of Mrs. Von Weber. The next instant I saw her approaching, leaning upon the arm of Count Silenski.

For the first time now, I noticed how exquisitely she was gowned; some soft, clinging material which revealed to advantage the outlines of her perfect figure. Never had she looked so beautiful to me, even in those days when we attended together the brilliant balls of the Mardi Gras season in New Orleans. From her snowy neck suspended a rope of pearls, from which hung as a pendant a cross of diamonds, which glistened resplendently even in the subdued light.

As they drew nearer the balcony the cool air fell upon her bare shoulders; she shivered slightly, and I saw Count Silenski placing a thin, lace shawl around her, tenderly adjusting it about her throat. She looked up and thanked him with smiling eyes, and as she half-turned toward me, I saw that the diamond cross was missing! In that brief second of solicitous attention Count Silenski had deftly nipped the gold chain which held it; the cross was clutched within his gloved hand, even as he smiled down upon her!

I stepped out from the balcony and faced them.

He heard me, and as his eyes met mine a look of malignant hatred and furious rage overspread his dark sinister countenance!

He realized, even before I took a step forward to lay hold of him, that I had seen all—the skillful purloining of the diamond cross—yet even in the frenzied realization of his ruin he kept his self-control sufficiently to elude immediate capture.

That Silenski had an accomplice—from among the retinue of servants, possibly—there could be no doubt. Before I could reach him, he gave a quick signal and every electric light in the ballroom was suddenly turned off, leaving the startled throng in utter darkness.

There was some momentary confusion among the guests, but nothing, however, verging upon panic; none knew, not even Mrs. Von Weber, that the lights had purposely been extinguished at a sign from the jewel thief.

I made a desperate effort to locate my man, and seize upon him, but in vain; and yet, for a few fleeting seconds I felt his hot breath upon my face, and heard his voice in my ear—mocking, sneering, rasping:

"Good-night, *detective* Barry; as usual, you are *too slow!*"

* * * *

After a moment's interval of darkness, the lights again flashed on and the dancing resumed as though nothing of consequence had transpired. Helen, however, stood close by my side, pale and trembling, her womanly intuition seemingly acquainting her with the fact of an impending danger or crisis.

Silenski, of course, was gone.

"Where is the Count?" she asked, anxiously peering around her and stepping away.

"That is what I am going to make my immediate business to ascertain," I answered, though in truth the task seemed wellnigh a hopeless one.

At that instant she discovered her loss; she rushed to where I stood, and laid a trembling hand upon my arm: "*It is gone*," she gasped, "the diamond cross!"

"Precisely," I answered, "and so is the Count!"

"Oh, what a *terrible* loss!" she exclaimed.

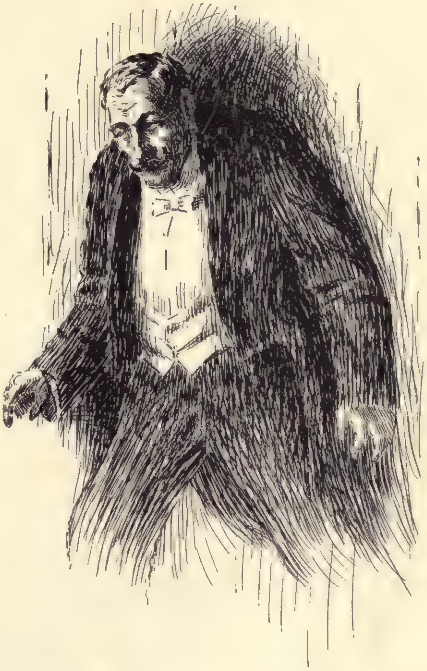
"Which" I asked, "the *Count* or *cross?*"

Her eyes flashed indignantly.

"How dare you jest with me at such a time? Why don't you *do* something?"

Her reproof was not wholly deserved. Though seemingly inactive, my mind had been busy enough, and I had formed a plan to be put into immediate execution.

"There is just about one chance in twenty, Helen," I said, "of my being able to overtake the Count; I will take that one remaining chance! Give me two of your most trusted servants; I am going to the Blackthorn Inn!"



"The sneaking black figure which from the light within I had detected creeping out."

"The Blackthorn Inn!"

I hurried from the room, not taking time to explain to her my plan of action. She followed wonderingly. With two servants in attendance, I was soon ready to start out into the pitchy darkness which precedes the first gray light of dawn.

She accompanied me to the door in a state of considerable agitation. She gave me her hand in parting, and seemed loath to have me leave her; then, as though to atone for her former rebuke, she said softly: "Be careful, Harold, that no harm comes to you; be careful—for my sake."

Then, guided by the two servants, I started out for the Blackthorn Inn.

* * *

It was the expression upon the face of Silenski that had given me the idea I was working out; the plan upon which I was staking all. That look was not one alone of baffled rage; it bore a certain vindictiveness which could be satiated only by some sort of vengeance. Which way would he turn to accomplish this before departing forever from the scene of his present iniquities? The answer, to my mind—was the Blackthorn Inn! For weeks he had been striving night and day to gain control of the property; to an individual of his temperament the idea must have become an obsession! He had seen the object for which he had striven almost within his grasp—only to see his hopes and plans dashed to ruin in one fatal second. To prevent our triumph being complete—to obtain revenge for the sting of defeat; also, possibly, to hide any trace of trickery in the mysterious stopping of the flow at the spring—he would, before leaving, set fire to the Blackthorn Inn!

It was a mere theory of mine; the last straw at which to grasp; fortunately for me, it proved correct!

It was a distance of two miles from Fair Oaks to the Blackthorn Inn. We hastened forward with all speed possible, believing it more expedient to cross fields and fences, rather than go by means of the winding road, in some vehicle.

We were within a hundred yards of the great black building looming up ahead of us, when suddenly we saw a flare of light from within against the windows. The incendiary was at work!

"You two look to the flames!" I shouted to the men with me as we dashed forward, "I will attend to the firebug!"

We separated then, they rushing directly toward the glare of flames, while I secreted myself at one corner of the building, awaiting the coming of the sneaking black figure which from the light within I had detected creeping out along the corridor.

The next instant I sprang upon him.

Though taken completely by surprise, Silenski put up a terrific struggle. We clinched, staggered to and fro across the narrow corridor, then struggling blindly fell—locked as we were in each other's arms—over the low railing to the ground some twenty feet below. In falling, Silenski was beneath; he struck the ground first, and his head hitting a sharp stone, all notion of fight was quickly knocked out of him. He lay stretched out before me as though dead. I took no chances on that, however, and slipped a pair of hand-cuffs over his wrists.

A careful search of his person failed to reveal any concealed weapons; but in a small leather case in an inner pocket I came across a beautiful necklace of pearls, and in another pocket, loose and unwrapped, a diamond pendant.

* * * *

On the afternoon train I sent a letter to Inspector Manson. It read, in part:

> "Have captured the thief and obtained possession of the pearl necklace; but waive my right to the reward. Mrs. Von Weber sends regards. We are to be married tonight at eight o'clock, at the Blackthorn Inn.
>
> "Not so '*slow!*' after all, eh, Inspector?
>
> " 'Expeditiously' yours,
>
> H. H."

With this communication I enclosed my formal resignation.

A few moments before the wedding service, as I beheld my fiancee radiantly beautiful even in her simple going-away gown, I said to her, feelingly: "Helen, I can think of only one possible regret!"

"One regret?" she repeated anxiously, "what is that?"

"I should have liked," I answered, "to have seen the look on the Inspector's face, when he read that 'expeditious' letter!"

What is Grand Opera?

by

ALEXANDER KAHN

WHAT is grand opera?

There is not a young lady of sixteen anywhere in this country who wouldn't pout in sweet derision were such a question propounded to her. There is not a youth who has made his first acquaintance with a razor blade who wouldn't shrug his shoulders in condescending hauteur instead of answering this query. As far as I can make conjectures, I really cannot think of anyone who would not be certain of having the right answer, and still in the face of all this sure-enough knowledge, I would maintain that grand opera as far as the large American public is concerned, is as yet *terra incognita.*

True enough, the names of Caruso, Tetrazzini, Melba, Mary Garden and a few others are household names. Very true it is also that "Aida," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Boheme," "Lucia," "Traviata" and "Rigoletto" are more or less familiar to every theater-goer. But exhaust this list of operas and eliminate the few artists celebrated for what is so indiscriminately styled golden tones, and grand opera to the average American becomes an unknown quantity.

Whether it be conditions or the youth

THE NEW BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

of the country, the fact remains that we in America still look upon grand opera as the amusement of the rich and upon grand opera performances as chiefly an exhibition of wonderful toilettes. Of course, and this is a drawback, grand opera in America is more expensive than it is in European countries, but this is due principally to the fact that singers must be imported. When the day comes that America will produce her own singers in sufficient numbers and of sufficient talent to fill all the prominent parts, singers who would stand comparison with European artists, then it may be that the price of tickets will become much lower. But, on the other hand, even as matters stand today, Americans do not pay such exorbitant prices when one considers that an orchestra seat during the Metropolitan Opera House engagement in Paris brought as high as fifteen dollars.

JESKA SWARTZ
One of the newer singers on the Boston Opera Company's list for 1911

It may sound strange, but I would go even further and assert that were the prices reduced, with a Maecenas paying the cost of running an opera house out of his own pocket, the great American public would look askance and say, "No, this cannot be any good." As a matter of fact, it is not the high price of seats that has so much to do with the difficulties of popularizing grand opera, as the demand for celebrated names, irrespective of whether or not age has dealt harshly with their voices, and this latter is due entirely to the lack of knowledge of what grand opera really is.

Since the opening of the new Boston Opera House, the people of Boston have heard grand opera in its highest form. From its inception the Boston Opera House was intended to serve not as a refuge for grand opera stars, but as a home of artistic ideals, and how well Director Henry Russell has succeeded in this purpose is shown by the fact that despite the limited population of Boston and the small influx of strangers to Boston's gates, the Boston Opera House

JEAN RIDDEZ
The famous baritone

stands today an example to the whole civilized world, and in this, its third year of existence, it will illustrate still more clearly the motto that has guided and guides its founders and director—"Ensemble, progress and aim for the ideal."

The day is coming when grand opera will be looked upon as one of the great arts, and will be classed with sculpture and painting. The knowledge of art has become an educational standard, but so far it has been visualized art, art that creates in material forms, that has attracted America's attention. Music, the art which deals in subtle impressions, which paints upon the brain and senses, which leaves memories but no monuments, has been sadly neglected. Oh, yes, we all dabble in music. No home but has its piano. No sweet maiden but favors her acquaintances with various selections. No parent but insists that his child bring forth the violin and play upon it a scrambled tattoo for the delectation of a visitor. When I say music, I use the word in its highest possible sense, in the sense of its being a dispenser of ideas and a messenger of new thought. In this sense music, and particularly in one of its forms—grand opera—has not as yet become familiar to us as a people.

Photo by Aime Dupont

EDMOND CLEMENT
A tenor whose artistry stands by itself

Photo by Aime Dupont

EMMA EAMES
One of the celebrated sopranos on the Boston Opera Company's list for 1911

This is not an arraignment of the American public and American taste. It is a statement of fact, tempered by the knowledge that the state of affairs in this respect is rapidly changing, and where an institution like the Boston Opera House was an experiment two years ago, today it is the pride of the city and an absolute necessity of its intellectual life.

A glance at the prospectus of the Boston Opera House gives a very comprehensive idea of the idealism injected into the work by its leading spirit, Mr. Russell.

I believe it was Ibsen who said that the minority was always in the right. If I interpret this saying correctly, it means that the minority forecasts in its beliefs the truths of the future. Everything important had to suffer persecution and prosecution on the part of the conservative majority, and it has always required heroic souls to fight for new ideas. The history of grand opera is parallel in this respect to that of every other art. While music dates its inception from times immemorial, grand opera, that is, a story told in words, action and music, is comparatively a young institution. For some reason or other music was considered to be the harbinger of pleasures, and melody was looked upon as a means for amusement. It is so even today, and it is but very few years ago that Wagner's works were derided and hooted. While we of the present day admire the genius of Bayreuth, we are still loath to admit that opera can exist without a melody of the ready-to-whistle variety. That is why from the box-office point of view old favorites like "Rigoletto," "Trovatore" and "Traviata" are really the best attractions, provided a star cast is given the productions. But no self-respecting director could go on serving and re-serving old favorites, while all around him musical life is seething and throbbing with an intensity that refuses to be ignored; while Debussy and Aubert and Humperdinck and Wolff-Ferrari flash forth thunders of musical thought. And Director Russell, of the Boston Opera House, has refused to be guided solely by box-office receipts. In the face of dire predictions, he boldly struck out bringing to Boston new works, and it is no exaggeration to say that today Boston has by far the greatest opportunity for grand opera education of all the other cities of America. Director Russell has exemplified once more that it is well to trust the people for discovering the truths in art.

Photo by A. Dupont

ELIZABETH AMSDEN

A former Boston girl who returns to America after a European success

For matters of comparison, it would be well to glance at the repertoire that is offered for the coming season at the Boston Opera House. Of the old-time operas, operas where the heroine dies only after she has successfully brought to an end a high E, where the tenor does

LUCILE MARCEL

One of the Boston Opera Company's lyric sopranos not rush at the enemy until he has trilled off a cavatina, where a heartbroken father beseeches his son in an aria written to a waltz tempo, only a few are left. They are Donizetti's "Lucia" and Verdi's "Trovatore," "Traviata" and "Rigoletto." Only five, for Rossini's "Barber of Seville" remains one of the most delightful opera bouffes ever conceived, and Verdi's "Aida" presaged the overturning of old ideas in music. The newer Italian school that tries to find a compromise between Wagner and the older Italian composers, a school consisting of men like Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Franchetti, is well represented with the "Girl of the Golden West," "Cavalleria," "Madame Butterfly" "Manon Lescaut," "Pagliacci," "Boheme," "Tosca" and "Germania." To this class should also be added Verdi's "Aida" and "Otello" and Boito's "Mefistofele." Ultramodern Wolff-Ferrari is represented by "Il Segretto di Susanna"—seventeen works in all, covering practically the whole range of grand opera development in Italy.

MARIA GAY
One of the leading contraltos

Six composers are representing the French school. At the head of them is Debussy, he of the greatest admirers and bitterest enemies; he who by the first is called a prophet and by the second is styled an impostor; he of the strange hold upon the public imagination; he who, despite the unwillingness to follow him on the part of musicians steeped in routine, has succeeded in gathering a following that extends from one end of the civilized world to the other. Two of his works are to be reproduced on the stage of the Boston Opera House this season: "L'En-

ZINA BROZIA
The soprano who has been idolized by Paris

fant Prodigue," a work that was given last year, and "Pelleas et Melisande," the famous drama of Maeterlinck set to illusive music and making a whole of indescribable and haunting beauty. The other composers are Saint-Saens, with his "Samson et Dalila," Massenet, with "Werther," "Manon and Thais," Gounod with "Faust," Bizet with "Carmen," Laparra with "Habanera," and Aubert with "Foret Bleue," an opera that is to see its *premiere* on the boards of the Boston Opera House.

Wagner and Humperdinck, the one with "Tristan und Isolde," the other with "Hansel und Gretel," form the German wing of the repertoire, and for full measure an opera in English, "The Sacrifice," by Converse, is added.

With what thoroughness the preparations are being made for the coming season is best illustrated by a few words about the coming presentations of "Pelleas et Melisande" and "Tristan und Isolde." For the former opera all the artists who are to take part have been in preparation for months under the direction of Andre Caplet, pupil and friend of Debussy, and the role of Melisande is to be created by Georgette Leblanc, the wife and adviser of Maeterlinck. The scenery, costumes and lighting effects have been especially worked out under the direction of the composer and the author, and when the curtain goes up on the initial performance, the Boston audience will be certain to see a production novel in all its aspects.

For "Tristan und Isolde" Felix Weingartner has been procured as a conductor. What the name of Weingartner means in the operatic world is known to anybody who has devoted his time to studying or listening to music.

The same thoroughness of preparation has been characteristic of all the other operas, so that it is small wonder that those interested in the welfare of the Boston Opera House look with confidence to November 27, when the third season will be ushered in with a performanee of "Samson et Dalila."

An orchestra chef and a stage director for every school of opera represented in the repertoire marks plainly the comprehensive scale of Mr. Russell's plans, and the list of artists includes both singers celebrated for the marvels they perform by means of their vocal gifts, and artists who interpret with a *finesse* and thoroughness the ideas of a composer.

Perhaps the mention of a few celebrated names will help in stirring the public's imagination, and who wouldn't make a concession for the public's sake? For sopranos there are Zina Brozia, an idol of the Parisian public, Emmy Destinn, Emma Eames, Johanna Gadski, our own inimitable Mary Garden, Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, Lucile Marcel, Lillian Nordica and the incomparable Luisa Tetrazzini.

Among the contraltos are found Maria Gay, Louise Homer and Jeanne Gerville-Reache.

Among the tenors are found Edmond Clement, whose artistry stands by itself, Herman Jadlowker, Leo Slezak, Jacques Urlus, hailed by many as the greatest Wagnerian tenor of the century, and Giovanni Zenatello.

The list of baritones includes Pasquale Amato, Maurice Renaud, Jean Riddez and Antonio Scotti, while the basses number Edward Lankow, Vanni Marcoux, looked upon in Europe as a greater actor than Chaliapine, and Jose Mardones.

Truly a formidable list.

Amidst hustle and bustle, amidst rehearsals, amidst the nervous tension that goes hand in hand with a grand opera season, Director Russell looks coolly upon his course as he steers his grand opera ship, and it seems certain that when the final day of the season arrives this year on March 31, 1912, the Boston Opera House will reach a pinnacle coveted, but unattained, by every other like institution in the world.

"HEWING AGAG"

By Gertrude Robinson

"And Samuel hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord"

A STRAIGHT board walk led from the iron-knockered front door to the street. On either side huddled close clumps of sombre arbor vitae trees. Beyond these, on the north—Lucretia's side—three set round beds, edged wth white-washed stones, extended to the scraggly cypress hedge which bordered the lot. Had it been summer they would have been filled with stately, nodding asters, stiff marigolds, and fragrant four o'clocks. Now in the late autumn they were mere ugly brown mounds. All this was as in the time of the Elder Fosdick laid away in his grave these ten years. On the south, Lucinda's side, were also three beds bordered with staring white stones; but the sunken mounds showed that these no longer served their purpose. This was not as in the days of Elder Fosdick.

Behind the yellow-shaded corner window of the north parlor sat Lucretia Fosdick knitting a long blue stocking. The women of her family had always knitted the family hose. There was no one to wear them now but herself, though for every pair made for herself there was laid away in the sandal-wood chest a smaller, finer pair for Lucinda.

Presently a rasping voice floated in through the open middle window. Lucretia reddened, glanced out the window and fell to knitting energetically. She knew just what Deacon Fraser was recounting to the stranger beside him. "The Divided House" was one of the town landmarks of old Hilbram, and the story of its sundering was one to be told with zest to every visitor.

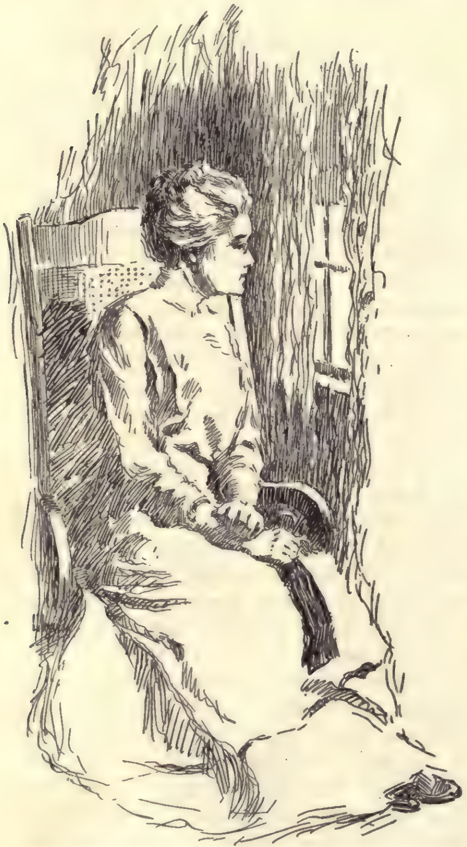
"Now he is telling about father's death," she muttered to herself, rocking violently. "Now he's pointing to the cemetery. He is telling about how I went to Pa's grave to look for Lucinda and found her and Joseph Lincoln there together courting each other, and Pa not buried a twelve hours." At this recollection Lucretia's fifty-year old face assumed the same taciturn, iron-willed aspect that characterized every one of her grim-visaged ancestors looking down at her from a row of family portraits on the opposite wall.

When next she peered out the window the Deacon was gesticulating vigorously. She knew that he was rehearsing the imagined details of the interview at the grave. She smiled grimly, remembering the bitter wordlessness of that encounter. Soon the Deacon's arm shot out in a straight line.

"O Lord, Lord," gasped Lucretia and covered her face with her hands. Even then she could see it, the long, ugly wall of division that began at the double front door and ran through the house, the shed and the back yard to the boundary fence. The rigid lines of her face softened to quivering curves as the now excited voice of the Deacon reached her ears—"ain't spoke to each other from that day to this—ten years—don't look at each other—don't even go to church the same Sunday."

Lucretia rose and closed the window with decision. No Fosdick had ever eavesdropped. Nevertheless her old ears tingled, for she knew that the last words of the pair as they moved down the street would be concerning the one phase of the Fosdick separation which she did not know. She had never learned why Joseph

Lincoln, after alienating the sisters definitely, had deserted Lucinda. She knew only that he had disappeared from the village. That he had left Lucinda did not in the least mitigate her offence against family tradition in attempting to mate with one of the despised clan of Lincolns, or in desecrating her father's grave by utilizing it as a trysting place. Nevertheless Lucretia's hard eyes dimmed as she pondered the unthinkable slight to her sister, younger by fifteen years than herself, and up to the time of the trouble the sheltered darling of the house.


"She knew just what Deacon Fraser was recounting to the stranger beside him"

All this Lucretia passed in review as she sat knitting. Presently she rose, put down her work and went out into the kitchen. She went up close to the partition that here divided in halves what had been one large room. There was no sound of supper preparations across. Lucretia lighted her lamp and stirred her fire. Soon she heard Lucinda's cat mewing on the window ledge next the shed. The creature seemed curiously unable to determine to which side of the house to belong. After a moment's hesitation Lucretia opened the window softly. The cat bounded in. It was the first time Lucretia had ever done this. She felt strangely guilty as she fed the animal and proceeded with preparations for her own meal. The cat purred familiarly against her skirts. It was a last descendant of the family tribe of cats, and in some way awakened memories of earlier periods than those over which she had been brooding. For a moment she almost relinquished her hold upon the bitterness of the present and regained a fleeting sense of companionship.

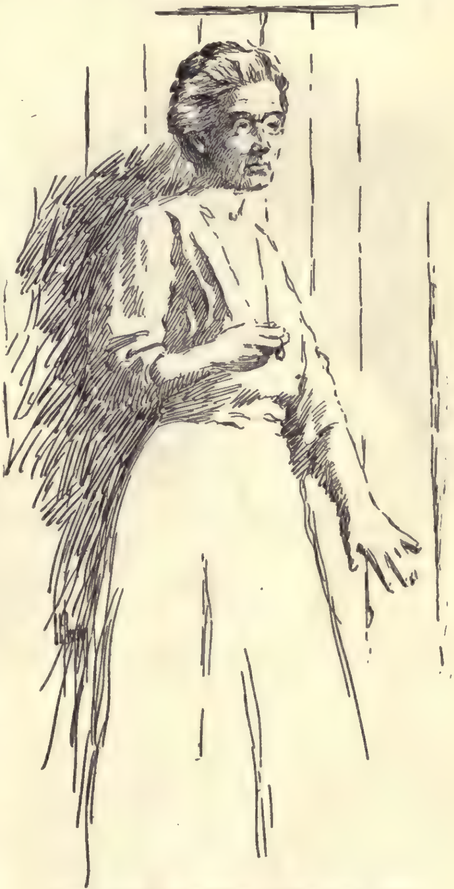
Soon she heard the outer door to the other kitchen open and Lucinda's voice calling. The cat immediately scratched at the partition, eager for its mistress. Lucretia picked him up, strode through her rooms to the front door and thrust the protesting animal forth. She had no mind that Lucinda should become aware of her inexplicable lapse.

When she returned to the kitchen the shed door was ajar. A light step sounded on the board walk outside. She hastened to the window. A slight form was disappearing around the corner of the house. Shrouded as it was in the twilight gloom, Lucretia recognized in it her sister. Trembling she sat down on a settle. What did it mean? She had told Lucinda to come back to her only when she could renounce every thought of Joseph Lincoln. Inadvertently her glance fell upon the table. On it reposed a beautiful, frosted cake with *Lucretia* spelled in pink lettering on the top. She passed her hand vaguely across her eyes. Now she remembered. It was her birthday. For the first time in ten years she had received a gift—and from Lucinda. It took her back with painful acuteness to the old days when every birthday was celebrated by Lucinda in the same way. The room grew vaguely dark, only the cake, large and significant, appeared plainly before her. But beside it and around it danced indefinite, innumerable little forms that all bore Lucinda's face—Lucinda a child in long pinafores, Lucinda beside her in school, Lucinda sleeping in her bed, Lucinda in a dozen love-enticing attitudes.

For a moment she forgot the reality of her sister's disobedience to the sacred mandate of her dead father, forgave her treachery to the traditions of the family, lost consciousness of the long years of aloofness, and again in her veins throbbed the living pulse of love. She opened the door and took half a dozen quick steps across the shed. Then she stopped. Before her, barring her progress, was the tangible evidence of the ten years of separation. Only a minute did she hesitate. Seizing an old chair she hastened outside where the wall of division cut its way through the yard. Mounting the chair she managed to swing herself up and over the fence, dropping breathless and shaken on the other side. Beside her was her mother's clump of hollyhocks; near by was the family well; even the old creaking clothes horse was there to remind her of other days of companionship in work.

After a moment's rest she hurried around to Lucinda's side door. Through the glass upper she could see through the little hall into the kitchen. Lucinda was standing in the middle of the room. Behind her the fire glow formed a ruddy background for her face, which in it regained much of the old childlike prettiness, a prettiness which only made the more touching the unchildlike pathos of her dark eyes. She held in her hand a picture, an old-fashioned daguerreotype of Joseph. This was the first direct glance Lucretia had cast upon her sister since the quarrel. Before this vision of past preciousness the last prop of the adamant wall of reserve, built by years of morbid brooding of a strong nature, crumpled. As she opened the door softly, Lucinda, unconscious of her presence, with two loves contending in her face, turned, opened the stove door and thrust the picture into the fire. Lucretia, swiftly comprehending and now no longer demanding the sacrifice, dashed past her, hastily snatched off the stove cover, and drew forth the precious picture from the midst of the flames.

Then the sisters, with vague inarticulate murmurings of love, clasped each other close. There was no more need of speech in their reconciliation than there had been in their parting. Each comprehended intuitively the intent of the other. It was not until Lucinda caught sight of the burned hand of her sister that she spoke.



"Even the old creaking clothes horse was there to remind her of other days of companionship in work"

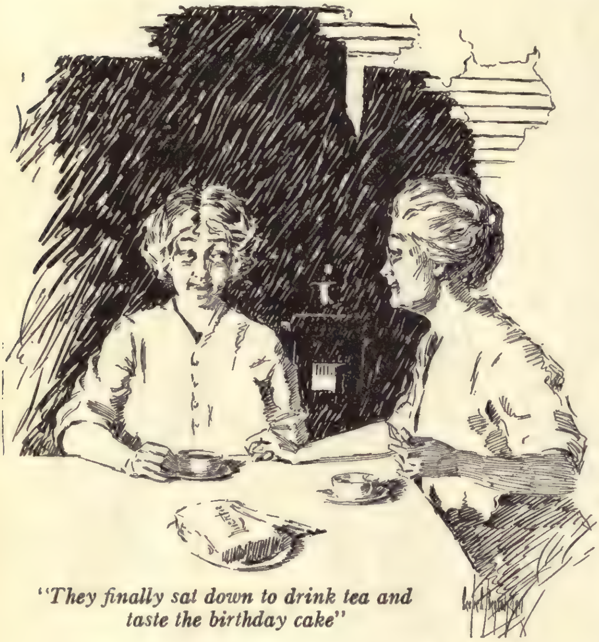
"Oh," she sobbed, "you have burnt your hand—for him."

"No," protested Lucretia, "for you. I hate him. I'd burn him alive if I could. He deserted you."

Lucinda did not answer. She busied

herself tying a soft cloth over her sister's hand. Then she sat down in Lucretia's lap, put her head on her shoulder and began to cry.

"He is dead," she whispered. "I thought you knew. He was killed in the railroad accident soon after—after—father died and was never brought home. Oh, I thought you must know."



"*They finally sat down to drink tea and taste the birthday cake*"

Lucretia thrust her away and went out to the shed. A moment later vigorous blows shook the house. Lucinda ran after her, drying her eyes. Already there was a great gap in the thin board partition. Lucinda found a hatchet and lent her slight strength. In her joy she looked more than fifteen years the younger. As for Lucretia, she was again the protecting mother-sister.

"Put down that hatchet, child," she commanded, "you'll hurt your back. It is for me to 'hew Agag.' I've spared him too long."

Lucinda smiled up at her the adorably wilful smile of her girlhood and continued hacking at the wall. All the evening up to midnight the sisters worked. When at last they stopped, too tired to swing another stroke, only an untidy pile of plaster and boards showed where the partition had been. In the part of the kitchen that had been Lucretia's they finally sat down to drink tea and taste the birthday cake. Through the jagged rent in the wall the light from Lucinda's little stove glowed redly. On the mantel above stood Joseph's picture. Lucretia set down her cup of tea and clambered over the pile of rubbish, got the picture, and went through to the front of the house. When a little later, Lucinda, lamp in hand, paused at the door of the north parlor, there on the table, below their father's portrait, was Joseph Lincoln's boyish face. Lucinda's eyes overflowed. The magnitude of the recession smote her. Then Lucretia called to her gently: "Come, child, tomorrow is Sunday. You must get some sleep if we are going to church together."

WAR

A CLASH of arms, and death; a hush
On horrors of which death is least.
Soon dying ears shall hear the rush
Of vultures crowding to the feast.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

CHUMP

By Marvin Ferree

THROUGHOUT his school-days they called him "Chump," and later on they still thought of him as one. Martin P. Hodge, in coarse gray suit and odd square-toed shoes, entered the high school conscious of occupying that place in the eyes of his fellows. He accepted the situation, however. "There are worse things than chumps," said he.

At twelve years of age, when he first wore white collars, much too large and "countrified," when his hands were beginning to grow heavy, his eyes calm, and his jaw massive, even then he loved Isabel Hayden, who had begun, so young, to take Latin ahead of her class and to enter into the high school room a half-hour each day to recite it. But Isabel, whose father was a judge, was furthest removed from any association with a chump. She was a slender, intellectual and sweet girl, who at eleven years of age had once sung daintily, as Martin went by:

"Chumpy—chumpy—chumpy."

But immediately she became too old, too bright, and too good for such espieglerie.

His parents died when he was in his second year at high school and, being left penniless, he took up his books, walked to the high school door (still being very "countrified"), turned, gazed long on Isabel and went away.

A certain grocery keeper, Mr. Black, was willing to employ Martin, who went into that store and observed to Black:

"I'm here."

Black showed him a hole under the stairs, away at the back of the store, where there was a straw mattress, where Martin slept for seven years, during which time his salary, originally ten dollars a month, increased.

In Princeton girls seldom made a formal *debut*; everything flowed on with mere simplicity. Isabel gave parties, and went to them, a tall, slender girl, intellectual, sweet and serious. But Martin P. Hodge was of the under world, and nobody ever invited him. This did not grieve him; he looked on and pondered. He drove the grocery wagon and at times tramped, with heavy shoes and red powerful hands, into Judge Hayden's kitchen to deliver groceries. Once finding Isabel in a long apron, hair up in a high twist with a rose in it, making candy, he seemd to gaze at her as some unfathomable philosopher gazes on humanity.

"Good-morning, Martin," she said kindly. "Have a piece of the taffy?"

He refused with the deference of a caged lion who favors you with an infinite dignity. What was there in his clothes that was so chumpy? When he had departed she looked at the kitchen, at the potatoes he had delivered, and had the feeling that something tremendous had gone.

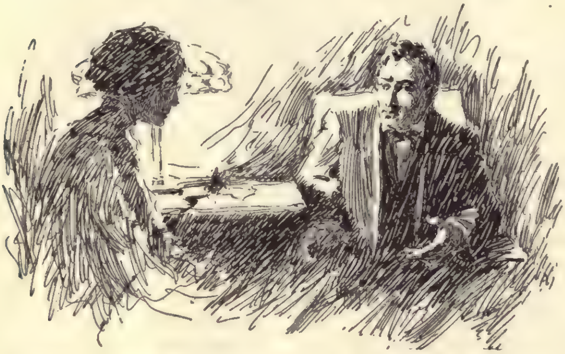
Judge Hayden read Homer, walked sedately on the street, his smooth-shaven face the acme of aristocratic repose, and believed in encouraging honest young fellows. Out of his high reserve he spoke to Martin P. Hodge stilted but inspiriting sentences, and made weighty observations about the openings which the United States offers to young men. Hodge, the oyster spoon in hand, gazed with stolidity on Hayden. The Judge instilled his kindly philosophy into his family, and long after he himself had lost Hodge in the lower mists, Isabel made it a point, no matter how beautifully gowned, to speak to Martin as she passed the store. Martin, original observer of the phenomena, unconsciously determined to take nothing for granted in this world but to find out everything for himself, knew just how matters stood. "One crowd goes to parties and dresses better," he said. "The other can give parties of their own, but they can't go to the first crowd's parties. That's all there is to it." He cared not at all; he felt no wants, no rebellion, no jealousy.

At twenty years of age Hodge had learned one thing: that power will conquer.

"Mr. Black," said he, "I have purchased thirteen lots on the South Side with my savings."

"And what if the price falls?" cried Black, plainly calling Hodge a lunatic.

"Why," said Hodge, turning that gray eye and calm face, which meant no more than a boulder on a hillside, toward Black, "what difference will it make?"



"*Isabel, I have come because I had to. That's all there is to it.*"

Robert Keating, deputy county clerk, was in the store, a slim man with keen eyes. He broke out:

"You fool! You'd lose your money."

Hodge laid his cuffs on the counter and regarded Keating. "What difference would that make?" he asked.

There it was, all of it. You can't get around that kind of a chump.

Keating, magnetized, later bought some lots on the South Side. The railroad shops came; the price went up; Martin P. Hodge bought an interest in the grocery store. There was nothing "country" about that store; our little cities of the Middle West are grown spruce, shining, up-to-date; but Martin P. Hodge, common heavy creature, seemed to have changed but little.

Up this long ascent he had climbed, not even puffing. The world was just the same; to be above it or below it or wedging up through it, that didn't change the world a whit.

Keating, who was about to become county clerk himself, had prospered somewhat along with Hodge, was fascinated by Martin. He looked to Martin for advice. He was an emotional fellow who loved a good friend, and Hodge controlled him without ever trying to.

One winter night they sat by the stove in the rear of the long store—it was after working hours.

"Rob," said Martin, after a season of meditation, "I am going to Judge Hayden's now."

Keating was pleasingly dressed, devoid of all the "countryness" that marked the man before him. He turned a surprised eye on Hodge.

"What for?" asked he.

"To ask Isabel to marry me," said Hodge.

Keating was on his feet.

"My Lord! You unfathomable chump!"

"Of course," said Hodge. "Sit down." A strange wideness marked his eye. He said no more for a quarter of an hour, then he leaned slowly forward, with a finger in the air.

"Robert Keating, I am a chump," said he, speaking with decision. "Let that stand. The reason I speak of her so calmly is because my feeling for her is the force that moves everything in me. I have never learned anything by hearsay in my life. I'm not going to take the world's idea of this for granted now, because everyone would say that the gulf cannot be bridged. I am going to find out whether it can or not. I am too plain. My feeling is too profound for ornamentation. What is more, I will put on no exterior badges of a social position to which my nature is foreign. I will not learn to dress differently. I will not work slowly into this upper class and learn to conduct myself aright at her parties. I will not join her church. I will not pretend, or strive after an education like hers and her father's, in comparison to which whatever I might plaster on would be but a rag. Robert Keating, you and I are raised on a mental milk made out of these sentences: 'All men are created equal.' 'There is no class in America.' 'Riches and poverty make no difference.' 'The clothes are not the man.' 'None shall be deprived of rights because of religious belief.' 'Honesty and cleanliness make all men brothers.' 'Power standing alone will conquer.' " He paused, then resumed. "I used to think that I was not good enough for one so sweet and pure. Now I have changed. Now I am simply going to see if all those things are words."

To no other man had he ever revealed his thoughts. Even Keating had never fathomed him so far before.

A half hour later Martin P. Hodge was admitted into Judge Hayden's parlor and Isabel had shaken hands with him pleasantly. It was his first visit there. He had never before, anywhere, looked so completely and hopelessly the chump. Isabel was twenty-one years of age, tall, and wore glasses. She had a face that spoke first of all, and above all, intelligence. Her hair was very dark and waved a little around a white forehead. Her nose was straight, her lips very sensitive, her chin of almost Grecian outline. Born in a faraway Southern home, and although she had come to Princeton when she was but ten years old, she still inherited that rich, warm, Southern temperament and spoke with the accent. She had laid down a volume of "Montaigne's Essays" to receive him. Her dress of dark green draped gracefully at the side of her chair.

Here was a predicament for her; she said ten detached brave things, sweetly and placidly, but nothing could make that conversation go. What was the suggestion of strength which she got from his awkward attitude? As for him, he was thinking how she looked when, wasp-like, slim-legged, she had called him "chumpy—chumpy—chumpy," so long ago, and how when a few days before he had left high school, he had passed her by in the hall, he could not look at her, somehow, he knew not why—she would have spoken to him. For a week he had been conscious of her glance; but why was it? How could she have any use for a chump like him? When school had begun that year he had made up his mind that she was too far above him, and tried to forget her; but he could not. He was not her kind. Then there came a day, the day she read her first paper before a high school club. Then it seemed to him she looked so sweet in her little low-necked dress. He did not hear that paper; but he went home and thought long. There were a series of entertainments being given at the Town Hall; he knew she could go with Tom; and why not with him? Why was he different from other boys? Several months before he had wanted to take her when he heard she was going away. Then he had used the telephone (that little instrument which comes in so handy in cases of "cold feet,") he used the telephone this time too. And she went with him that night to see the "Magician of Madascar." Just to think he had been trusted with her, even for that brief time! It was the happiest hour of his life. After he had taken her home that night, there came a change in him. What was it? Did he think she was changing from the little girl who had been his sole ambition in school? Was it because he thought she was a little too gay in her actions; but did she not have a right to be happy? How could he, chump that he was, even think of judging her? In truth he knew not why he was so sad. He must go his way and do his best; he must hold her free to do as she wished. Later came the school dance at the hall. Tom had come and asked him to take his girl and go. Why did Tom ask him that? Didn't Tom know he had no girl? There was only one he cared for, and even she did not any longer please him. Anyhow, he knew Tom had her that night. Martin did not go to the dance; Tom and Isabel did; he stayed home, read "Les Miserables," and was strangely happy. The boys called him a chump, but he smiled and went his way. Now she had grown tired of his attitude, and ignored him; or did she even give him a thought? Then fate had taken hold of him. That day he went to the high school for the last time he had looked her way, but she did not seem to see him. This was all the part of childhood's years. He was long since sorry for them, and she had forgotten. Now they were grown, many years had elapsed. And now he stood before her, her for whom he had lived. He would do anything to make her happy. Now she paused in her attempts to carry on that conversation, pained by failure, and he said:

"Isabel, what I shall say to you will surprise you. That I cannot help, for a man must do his best and let the rest go. Between you and me there is an apparently unfathomable gulf. I never came here before—yes, you remember only once, that evening long ago, when you went with me. I can't say that I ever wanted to come again. Now that I have come, believe first that I am honest." His eyes became strangely deep, and somewhat sad. She seemed a little frightened but could not look away. "You and I were brought up, in a sense, together. The weeding out begins about the age of sixteen, but we carry with us, in spite of that, all the old axioms about people being equal and we believe them. Isabel, I am blind when it comes to roundabout methods. But I have learned a truth or two, not out of books. And on rock-bottom truth I can walk as straight as any man. Well," he folded his hands and turned his square face on her, "the truth is this—that I loved you when we went to school together—that I loved you when you called me chump—and that I love you now. I don't ask you to marry me. I ask you to think about it as long as you like in order to see if you can."

There was a dumb patience in his face. She had been too astonished, too incongruously moved to stop him. She had felt the flush go over her forehead. Now she regained her composure and sat with her lips pressed together, thinking of her answer, a gentle pity softening her brown eyes.

"Of course it has surprised me," she said, a little agitated, for she was not the kind of a girl to undervalue any honest man. "And it is pain more than surprise. It is impossible—impossible. Oh, Mr. Hodge, forgive me!"

He rose, ponderous, gray-cheeked, adoring.

"Good-bye," said he. "Thank you."

He held out his heavy hand, and she, now on her feet, took it. He turned to the door. She was strangely stirred with regret, as though she had committed a sin and must atone.

"I wish—I wish," she faltered, "that you could still believe me your friend."

He paused at the hall door with his hat in his hand and looked at her once more.

"I do," he said; and she, staring at his face, seemed to read in it some all-comprehensive power. He went away.

On the public square, which was now deserted, he stood in front of the store. The great stone had rolled down. As the ant refashions the crushed abode, so Martin P. Hodge, chump, turned back to roll it up again.

II

There followed some colorless weeks of speechless thought-scratch. Then he told himself that he must be doing something. The county elections were fiercely fought, and because he was attached to Keating, here was a natural field for activities. He still retained the little tract of land on the South Side, which section of the town was now all built up with cottages of the railroaders, and the shops smoked and hammered four blocks distant. His property brought Martin P. Hodge to that region frequently, and he came oftener in company with Keating. And presently all the railroad people were buying their groceries at his store and knew him.

"Vote for Keating," he said while at the shops during noon hour, as he stood watching them eat.

"But why?" asked one.

Hodge turned on him slowly.

"Didn't you know he was honest?" said he.

"Yes; but thunder, what's the matter with the party already in? The mayor's one of the boys."

The Chump's finger went up.

"The mayor fined John Slack just one dollar for keeping the back door of his saloon open on Sunday, and he did it against his will. There's a row of stinking hovels on Green Street, not a block from the public square, and you call them the

Levee. Every man here knows what goes on in that row."

"I like these railroaders," said he to Keating. "I can understand people who make things with their hands." He paused a while. "I've learned something new. It's this: I have to do something besides run this grocery store. I'll have to change things. I was looking at that iron courthouse fence. I think I'll take that down."

The handsome court house occupied the centre of the wide, grassy square. The expanse of its green lawn was broken only by a single monument, and all around it ran a high brown iron fence. Keating stood twisting his moustache and staring at his friend in a puzzled way.

"Martin Hodge, what's working in you?"

"I've bought the Princeton *Morning Herald*," said Hodge.

"My lord!" cried Keating.

Hodge's face looked dully angry.

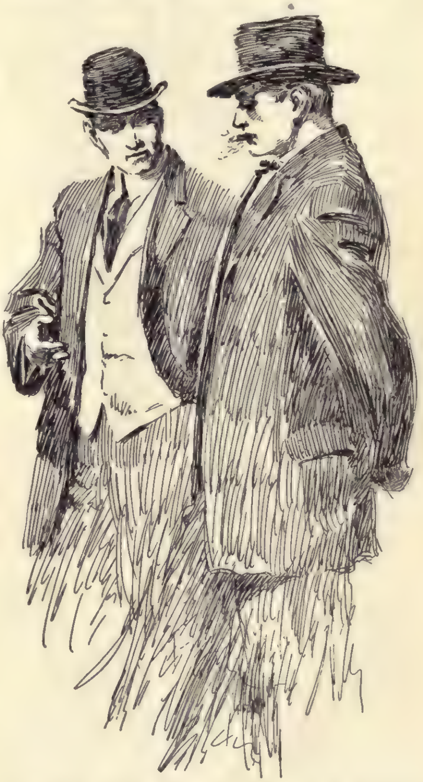
"There are too many things in this town that ought to be changed. First, I'm going to make the paper stand for you, and it's going to elect you. Incidentally I'll get the city to buy my land on the South Side at cost and make a park out of it. Then when you can handle the reins, you're going to tear down this iron fence. It weighs on me. I can't stand it—to look out every day and see that accursed iron fence. Then, we'll put seats in the courthouse yard and make a park out of that. Afterward, we'll put in a clock on the tower."

Keating was shrewd enough to see what Hodge had probably never thought of, that these might become the very catchwords to elect him. He smiled in his twinkling way.

"Is that all?" asked he.

"We'd smash the Levee if we ever grew tall enough," said Hodge.

The *Morning Herald*, with a good editor at the desk, became a sudden power in the town. Its successive issues gave the public the impression of so many blows. The railroad people took up the cry for the park. The Chump was all at once a local celebrity. Many wondered what ulterior, dishonest motive such an unsuspected "country" could have in breaking out in this manner. Sensitive people of an upper class professed to be offended at this boulder of a man who had begun to roll and bump, smashing in the town. The party which was antagonistic to Keating and his friends, and which had given the town a flagrantly rotten administration, at first hooted, then virulently attacked Hodge. Keating was called Hodge's puppet, but the slim man had a poise, keenness, and strength of his own, though Martin was his pedestal. After an exciting struggle the corrupter legion was overthrown by the more honest one, a majority of the county commissioners were elected, and Keating was not only clerk, but stood nearest to the lever of the machine.



"Martin Hodge, what's working in you?"

Hodge was twenty-three years of age; his hands seemed bigger than ever and hung at his side in the same awkward manner. His collar was still rural. He had a broad forehead and a broad jaw. Now suddenly he abandoned the hole under the stairs where he had slept so long and, simultaneously Black retired from the business and turned the store over to Hodge.

One bright December morning Isabel Hayden came walking along the south side of the square. Out of the grocery store of Martin P. Hodge came a boy lugging an armful of books. He almost ran into her, tripped and fell sprawling. She gazed down at the scattered volumes. There was "The History of the Florentine Commonwealth," with Martin P. Hodge's vivid signature across the title page, at which the book was open. The other books looked like histories, too. Martin came walking out of the store; she blushed when he stopped so suddenly, and nodding and smiling a pensive smile, she went away.

Martin and the boy picked up the books and carried them to a room over a dry-goods store. This apartment faced the street and contained a bed, three chairs. a washstand, and a table, all plain. And here dwelt Martin.

Isabel walked to the edge of the town and looked at bare fields and naked trees; then she walked home and sat down by herself. She had never read so big a thing about the "Florentine Commonwealth."

A year and seven months were occupied in a long struggle with the refractory county commissioners. Two of them had repudiated their platform, and Hodge knew that they were bribed. Keating won at last; the city bought Hodge's land at cost (this still proved him a chump and excited jeers), and there was a little park beginning to smile in the center of the South Side. At last down came the court-house fence, a clock went up, and a little public garden began to flaunt flowers.

But now Martin's own party became tainted. The sheriff grew slack, was evidently winking at the breaking of the law. The Levee was flourishing. Toward the end of the third year something happened, which, simple in itself, was a vital point in the Chump's career.

One night at half-past eleven o'clock Hodge, Keating, and two companions went through an alley behind that row of hovels called the Levee. The four, Martin being the leader, threw their united strength against a certain door and broke it in with a crash. There was then revealed the complete paraphernalia of a gambling den and fifteen men, some of whom were of the best families. There was a rush for the door and a fight, but the culprits were permitted to escape.

Next morning there appeared in large type in the *Herald* an article which stood almost alone on a page and whose chief sentence was this:

"Last night at eleven-thirty, there were, in the rear room of the house number ten Green Street, together with such and such articles which were there being employed in gambling, the following persons:"

And here appeared in larger type yet, every one standing out alone, the names of the fifteen men. The article was signed boldly—"MARTIN P. HODGE."

The storm that this announcement evoked could scarcely have been exceeded. Three libel suits were begun against Hodge and fought for months in the courts. Martin won them all. The sheriff was compelled to act; some of the fifteen were punished; some desperate characters fled. And now, in the fourth year, with another campaign coming on, the railroaders and other working classes rose to demand the Chump for mayor. Hodge met the committee of these men and said:

"I will run for mayor on this platform. The city shall condemn and pull down every house on the Levee. The men who have trafficked in this scandal shall be prosecuted. The county commissioners who were bribed two years ago shall be punished. This shall be a reform movement to change things."

Hodge was nominated. In October the campaign being hotly fought, he was walking down Green Street one night at ten o'clock, when someone, on that very Levee which he was determined to destroy, fired at him. The ball struck him in the back and he fell.

The criminal was never found. Martin was carried to his own room, where he lay unconscious, but the doctors had hopes for him.

Next day the town was horrified at the news and many people sent flowers and other tokens to Hodge, which looked out of place in the chumpy room.

At four o'clock, Keating, standing at the head of the stairs, met Isabel Hayden coming up. She looked pained.

"I brought these violets for Mr. Hodge, Mr. Keating," she said, and handed them to him. "If he is able to hear, please tell him how sorry my father and I are. What does the doctor say?"

"He thinks he will live," said Robert.

"I am glad," she replied and went down.

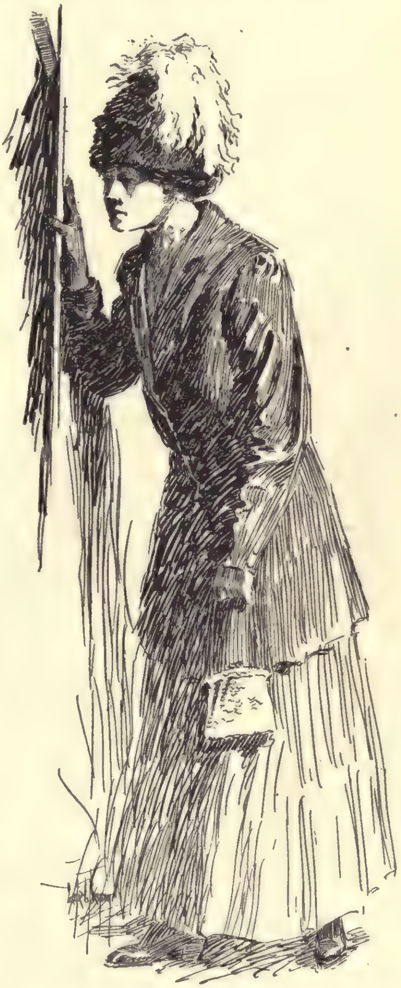
When Martin became conscious at sunset time, there were *her* violets.

Isabel, having proceeded along the square, came to the grocery store. Everybody was of course interested in Hodge now, and some people were asking the boy to show them where he had slept so long. They went into the store and Isabel stood hesitating. She bit her lips a little, started away, and then came back. Now she went into the store and came to the hole under the stairs.

"In there," said the boy.

It was a tiny place; there was nothing in it but an empty shelf. Seven years! She sighed and went out.

After a long convalescence Hodge was nearly well again, and meanwhile he had been elected mayor. Soon after that he sat with Keating by the stove in the rear of the store. They were silent. Hodge was thinking about *her*. She had been a great thing in his life, even before he knew her. When Martin was a small boy he had run away from home; not only once but three times. Just before he ran away the last time came the turning point in his life. He had been selling some tickets for an exhibition drill and entertainment to be given by the "Princeton Rangers." He had gone to the Judge's house; that was the first time he had seen *her*; she was sitting in a rocking chair in the hall reading a book; her mother opened the door, gazed kindly on Martin, but she bought none of his tickets. Now when he and two other boys had run away from home a few days later, Martin dreamed that he saw *her*; the next morning he and his companions were in the middle of a railroad bridge, when he suddenly stopped. Something told him to go back. Right then he decided to go home and live down his bad reputation and go to school—if he could with *that* girl. He left his companions and started for the homeward end of the bridge, while they went on. Just then there was the scream of an engine whistle—and he turned just in time to see his companions jump from in front of the engine into the river a hundred feet below. The train was bearing down on him under full steam; he must jump too—no, there was the stone support



Seven years! She sighed and went out

only ten feet distant; he climbed down; the train roared over above him, and came to a stop at the end of the bridge; a brakeman came running back and helped him up. His life had been saved; why? Who was it that was in his mind? His companions were saved by falling into a cargo of hay on a passing steamer which was passing under the bridge. Martin went home and tried hard to do what was right. When he got to school he found himself a year behind *her*; he worked hard; was promoted to her class in three weeks. When he left high school he was a year ahead of her. All these years he had kept himself right for *her*. He had often wished to thank her. But how could he? What had she done but live an honest life? No, he could not thank her; but the time had come when he must have her for his own. He must give his life to make her happy. Strange to say every time he failed with her, instead of losing heart, it only made him stronger. Even when he had made his first venture and she had told him she "would just love to go," but she could not that evening; he had on the very next day made "100" in an algebra examination. Even when she said "impossible," he had hope. He must. Why was Tom better than he? It is power that makes things go in this world. He would not give up. Why had he failed? Why was he a chump? After a while Hodge rose from his seat at the stove and walked to the window and looked out on the courthouse yard. He turned and looked at Keating, then picked up his hat and said:

"Keating, I'm going to Judge Hayden's now."

Keating turned a keen eye to Hodge.

"What for?" asked he.

"To ask Isabel to marry me," said Martin.

Half an hour later he rang the door bell at Judge Hayden's house and was admitted by Isabel. She greeted him in a kindly way and was glad that he was well again. He said nothing to this. They sat down on the gold and blue chairs. She was a little uneasy. Her hair had a rose in it again; her face was a little older and of a superior delicacy of feature. Her eyes remained the same, big, brown, pensive, kindly and calm. She had laid down on the table to receive him a "History of the Florentine Commonwealth." It seemed to her as she sat there that he had slightly changed; doubtless his long illness had done that. He had little or no color, and his face was not quite so heavy, but more rugged—a face that seemed to weigh down on her. He had become more abrupt and direct during the latter years, and so did not allow her to attempt a forced and impossible conversation. He said:

"Isabel, I have come because I had to. That is all there is to it. Perhaps if I hadn't been sick I shouldn't have had to. The things I said before are just as true today as they were then. I know, as I knew then, that you are too good to believe in false inequalities. You do not imagine that I have come because I think I have advanced. You know I think no such thing. I am still Martin P. Hodge as I was before. I am still honest; I am still clean; I am still a chump. I love you and want to marry you."

She was on her feet with her hand outstretched in a quick, mute appeal, as though to stop him. She was plainly trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Hodge! Please—forgive me! forgive me!" She now had her hand to her head strangely. It came over him in a numb way that he had hurt her. He rose and stood looking at her a moment. She, weighed down by what seemed to be the incalculable weight of his glance, said nothing.

"Good-bye. Thank you," said he and turned away.

At the door, in the hall, with his hat in his hand, her quick step caused him to pause and turn. Her eyes were on him. Why was he different; why did the clothes seem to cover the body of a giant, and why did the big hands hang in a way that meant strength?

"I wish—I wish you could even yet believe me your friend," she said.

"I do," he replied and went away.

A little later Judge Hayden looked in at the parlor door. There was Isabel with her head down on the "History of the Florentine Commonwealth."

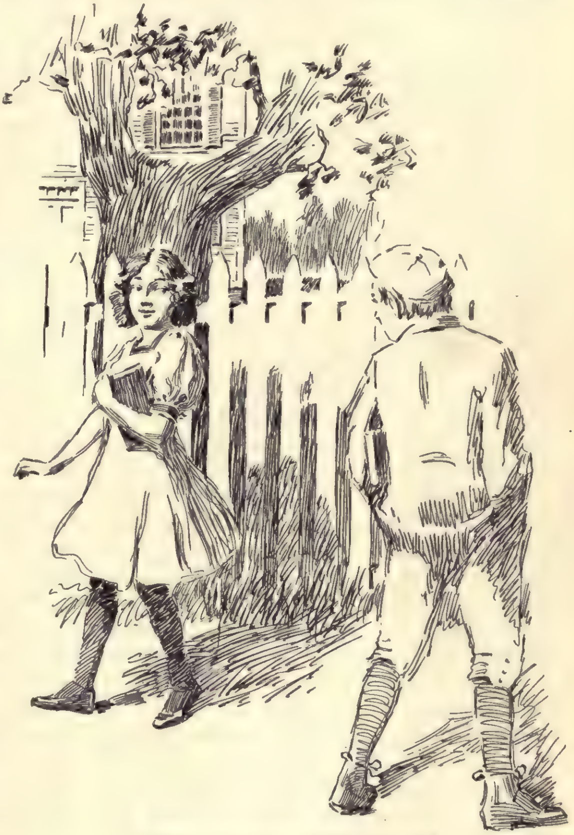
The stone had rolled down the hill once more; dumbly, as the ant turns to refashion the destroyed abode, Martin P. Hodge turned back to roll it up again.

III

The new administration went forward with irresistible power, uprooting evil and promoting reform. The city was cleaned as it had never been before. As for the Levee, the ministers of the town created an agitation on their own account, declaring the spot a danger to morality, a violation of decency. No less than ten neighbors of that noisome region openly avowed, with joint threats of an action in court, that the Levee was an intolerable public nuisance. More than this, the greasy frame edifices were within the fire limit, where the law declared no wooden house should be. They menaced then the very existence of the respectable edifices. Hodge availed himself of these facts and the Levee was doomed. There came a chill fall day when a ripping and hammering resounded on Green Street. Many good people, including Judge Hayden and Isabel, walked by and gazed with commendation on that wreck and saw the naked insides of the seats of evil. Every board and brick was swept away, the ground was leveled, and the site of that whilom builded wickedness was as desert as Carthage after the Punic Wars. There would be erected thereon honest edifices, monuments to the Chump and decency.

This and other acts made a celebrity for Hodge, which spread over that section of the state called the "Pocket." Keating was with this spreading force and made it stronger. That Hodge was a chump was an indisputable fact in the minds of many. But there he was, not to be ignored, a sun rolling up through the murk of the horizon.

That change which in many parts of the United States began to take political power and political fights away from what is called the upper class, was working in a thousand towns. One other change, more apparent, affected Princeton as it affected a thousand others, the change which brought very young men to the front. On the crest of one of the first waves of this sort, Hodge rode, swept up like a log on a new strand. After a struggle in the convention between two bitter opponents of the first district, behold Martin, unruffled, suddenly comes forth the nominee for Congress, and the two who have opposed each other rub their eyes and gaze on him.



"Chumpy-Chumpy-Chumpy!"

This was the end of Judge Hayden's six-year term, but the Judge had held his office for many more years than that. It would have seemed as if the stars had ceased to exist if Hayden ceased to be Judge to many of the inhabitants of

Gibson County. He was one of those rare men who are just what judges should be, a fixed, determinate point in the affairs of men. A good judge in a community like this is a mooring. Hayden was nominated again.

After that Isabel gave a party. The autumn was warm, and she wrote out the invitations with her own white fingers as she sat on the porch. She sighed, gazing at the list through her glasses. Her set was vivacious and growing alarmingly; nevertheless, they were all crowded in. But there was "one other." She sat and dreamed and forgot the list, with a faraway look on her face. Alas—why was that impossible?

Martin P. Hodge did not go to that party; it is to be doubted whether the Chump was more than a thought in one brain among all those in Judge Hayden's house. The Judge mingled with the bright crowds. His smooth-shaven face was serene and smiling. Isabel, dressed in white, with a long, satin ribbon round her waist and floating behind, looked a little like him.

When the guests were gone she turned, singing an idle tune, to the Judge, who stood in the parlor.

"And so," she cried smiling, "I've begun the campaign."

He looked a little serious and took hold of her hands.

"Isabel," said he, "there are new rocks in this old stream."

She thought a while, the smile gone. Then she raised her face.

"Do you think you shall lose?" she asked.

"I've never fought a fight so hard as this will be," was his reply. "The country changes so fast, sweetheart, that an old-timer like me can't keep up with it forever."

She had lost a little of her color. She knew too well what the matter was. She looked sad and presently said, very low, with her eyes down:

"Is it Mr. Hodge, father?"

"I'm afraid it is," said he.

She went upstairs languidly.

Martin Hodge, entering his room at eleven o'clock that night, found many notes and cards there congratulating him on his nomination, but he forgot to look at them; there was a nameless bunch of violets there, too.

IV

During the weeks before the approaching election, there joined the ranks of Martin Hodge and Keating all that advocated the new reforms in the first congressional district. The new is stern, sometimes a trifle coarse; it is accustomed to make things with its hands. Martin Hodge was unquestionably master of that party, who, taking a cue from Keating, called themselves "The Chumps."

Judge Hayden, allied with the higher classes of yesterday, whose spirit still pervaded the higher classes of today, was a product of that cultured element of life which brought out of the East, the Assyrians on the Egyptians; the pomp and imperial splendor of the Persians on the Greeks; the kingdom of the Ptolemies in Egypt; the Greek influence on Rome, of Rome on Western Europe; later on in history when the Crusades brought Europe to a new light; the spirit of the Norman-Saxons of England, that which the Pilgrims brought to our own country: the War of the Revolution, later the Civil War; the spirit which has always won, cleared the wilderness and made the land teem and, resting from labor in the days before manufacturing began, took out the culture and polished it up again.

The situation burst on Keating with a pang. He stared at Hodge—Hodge for whom he was wearing the soul out of him, but with whom he must inevitably rise. The thing was plain, the result indubitable. If Hodge won, Hayden must fall. He wondered what Martin thought, stalking yonder, his jaws set, his eyes calm, his mind uncomplicated. The Chump had not turned pale when the knowledge came to him. He had not smiled. He had not shrunk or leaped forward. He had just gone on. He had become something of a speaker and with Keating stumped the district. His eloquence (if such it could be called) was a sort of staccato of ideas, each propelled at his hearers and brought down on them as if it were a blow of the hammer of Thor.

Late in the summer it began to be

apparent that Hodge could win. Unless some sudden change in public opinion should occur the election would mean the fall of Hayden.

At last, when the lever was beyond all doubt in Hodge's grip, there came a night when Keating received a shock. He was in Martin's store, when the Chump suddenly rose. There was something in the latter's eyes which made Keating afraid.

"Where are you going?" asked he, not knowing why he felt angry.

"To Judge Hayden's," said Hodge.

The ground seemed to be wavering under Keating. It was surely a joke. He went to the door and there saw the back of Martin yonder, where the Chump strode toward the Hayden house. Keating went into the store again, a little dizzy. He could not believe!—He sat down as though blind. What was it he had labored for with all this devotion? The sun then was black—the air was poison? Martin P. Hodge, gone now; now, to hold up before her his power!

Hodge rang the doorbell and was admitted. There were some other callers there, among them Tom, and he waited, sitting silent till they had gone. Somehow, he knew not why, he did not like Tom, but Tom had never done anything to him. Perhaps it was because she had told him, on that night long ago, that Tom, a Yankee, would take her side as a Southerner, on the question of the Civil War. This to Martin, who was as true a "Yank" as ever lived, seemed to lower Tom in his estimation from that time on. He would rather he were a good "Rebel" than that kind of a Yankee. You wouldn't catch Martin, chump that he was, doing that for any girl. The company departed. Tom did not even look at Martin, who rose as they passed in the hall.

Isabel, in gray with a white rose in her hair, had greeted him with kindliness, but had seemed a little agitated. Now as she faced him alone, she was pale. For with his entrance something had been shattered, for her too—something too clear, too delicate, too fragile, for her to have known that she held in her heart. But—when Martin P. Hodge came in at such a time, she felt it shattered. It was a strange face that looked on him. Standing before her he began:

"Isabel, I have never entered this house save when I had to. Tonight I had to. I have believed myself strong and was strong. But to love you is stronger and is breaking me. I can't stand it any longer. I waited as long as I could; I wished to wait till after the election. But tonight was the last night, and this was the last minute. Before, when you would not love me, that made me work, made me change things, even when we went to school together. But now it will have the opposite effect. I will roll the stone up no more. So I came for the last time; and this is what I have to say." His face, grown as colorless as hers, fascinated her. "You are not even afraid that I will threaten your father's election, if you will not love me—you are too good and not afraid. But the fact that I have that power has so affected me that I have rushed to the opposite extreme. I have told you that your refusal now would paralyze me. I will roll the stone no more. And if my hand fails, your father wins, Isabel. I am glad, though I do not know why, that this time it is easier for you to refuse me than it ever was before. You have tonight a double reason to refuse me." She had those big brown eyes on him. There was something in them and her face, as she sat there, every nerve strung to its highest tension with the force of the moment. Something which he had seen many times before, and seemed to give him hope.

"Many years ago during that great struggle between the North and the South, when the nation was divided in itself; father and son had turned against each other, one to preserve the Union and the flag of their forefathers, to uphold the spirit of freedom upon which our country was founded: the others to have what, in their eyes, was right. When the mighty armies of the North and South were surging back and forth over the field of Gettysburg, your grandfather and mine rode against each other in battle. They were enemies. They were fighting to prove whether all men are created equal, or if human souls may be held in bondage."

The color had risen in her face; the blood was tingling in her veins. There was a look of fire in her eyes, for he had indeed chosen a dangerous topic. Her Southern spirit moved within her; she would have spoken out; never before had she kept quiet when that question came up. But she waited.

"On the field of that great battle, after the conflict had raged for three days, and after Pickett's gallant charge, when the army of the Southland had gone back never again to invade the North; when the smoke of battle had settled down over the field and night was coming on, the Blue and the Gray lay together on the bloody field —a common fate alone made all men brothers. A Confederate General lay wounded under the remains of a shattered cannon. He had been among the first on that last gallant charge, when Kirby Smith's division of Texas Rangers had charged the Union works, swept everything before them, and there fully a mile and a half within the Federal lines, he had fallen pierced by three balls. Now as the din of battle had died away and the dusk was falling over the field, a Union officer rode by; he heard the faint call for water; stopped, and in the dim light saw his rank and office. He gave him water, bound up the wounds, put him on his own horse and took him to his own Pennsylvania home. there nursed him back to life and health. Then, Isabel, your grandfather and mine were friends. Later he was exchanged and went back to his native state. Many a time these two met again. Once they met before the works of Atlanta. Each had a sword raised to strike, but on recognition they saluted and each went his way. Again at the Wilderness, the tables were turned. This time it was a Union General who lay tossing with fever. Then as the war was coming to an end, these two friends quarreled. It was a girl who had come into their lives; the Yankee won her. From that day to this those two have never spoken, even in a time of peace. They are enemies. Now here I am, a Yankee, you of the South. Out of loyalty to your family you now have three reasons to refuse me. I have kept the latter from you all these years for fear lest it turn you against me. Now I make it known. There is a bond, the bond of life, I cannot define it, but I have felt it ever since I first saw you. When this is placed in the scale with any belief, it always has the preponderance. You have been the force which has moved everything in me. You have made me what I am. And tonight I have come. If you love me then I owe you my strength and my progress and your father must lose. If you refuse me your father wins, my party is paralyzed and I will fight no more. I loved you when we went to school together. I loved you when you called me chump. I would love you if you would call me that now."

She rose and stood gazing at him, scarcely able to believe. The lines of his face were the pure fire-wrought lines of power. What was he—what was he—standing there before her filling the world? The shattered thing in her heart was whole again. She forgot her father; she forgot herself. All things save him were swept away. The chump had suddenly risen to grandeur.

She loved him! Was it possible? Was this the meaning of it all? And—he loved her! And with that thought her face was hidden on his shoulder, and she yielded herself to those protecting arms. He felt the shy, loving movement.

"Isabel," he murmured hastily and somewhat indistinctly, "will you take the full heart I offer you—can you accept it, or—" he hesitated—"Isabel—you are crying, Isabel," he said speaking very gently, putting his arm about her, and drawing her closer to him, with a voice full of infinite tenderness, "why are you crying, child? Is it because you are sorry for your father's sake, or is it because you love me, Isabel?"

Her heart beat loudly, the lace ruffles on her bosom trembled, a sob seemed to come from her heart, breathing a joyous self-surrender, as she slowly lifted her face to his. Her brown eyes were filled with tears. She had kept all these years, from school days up, a little secret of her own lying *perdu* at the bottom of her heart; that "sleeping angel" whence half her strength and courage had come—the noble, faithful, generous love of a good woman for a good man. But this secret Martin Hodge had, at one time, deemed himself wholly unworthy of possessing.

"Do you love me, Isabel?" he whispered.

She drew herself away from him, and in silence her eyes turned to him with their frank gaze:

"Yes," she said, almost in a whisper, "I love you."

BALLADE OF RICHES

WHAT care I for the treasure isles
  Enskyed where purple oceans are?
I have the sunlight's golden smiles;
  I have the silvery gleam of star;
  Daily beside the pasture bar
The daisies flash me radiance free—
  Poets are rich, or near or far,
For wealth abides with poverty!

Roses have I for daily bread:
  Why should I crave a richer fare?
Who eats of beauty, he is fed;
  Who drinks a draught of sweet pure air,
  He has wine of a vintage rare.
Yea, naught have I but youth and glee,
  Yet always I have joy to spare—
For wealth abides with poverty!

Science shines like moon on the mind;
  The soul is thrall to starry art;
I covet not their cold unkind
  Splendor of death in whole or part.
  I have love in a true, pure heart,
And nevermore on land or sea
  Can summer from my life depart—
For wealth abides with poverty!

—*Edward Wilbur Mason, in Heart Throbs, II.*

Caught with the Goods

By

Jack Francis Cremer

THE telephone operator glanced at the clock, saw that it was 2 A.M., yawned, and for the hundredth time declared to herself that if she didn't get a day job next month she was going to quit. A light flashed in on her board and she languidly inserted a plug and started to murmur the conventional "Operator?" when a woman's voice shrieked "Police!" the word ending in a gurgle and the sound of the receiver crashing against the wall coming plainly to the girl's ears.

The operator was a young lady of good sense. With one hand she plugged in on a trunk and demanded the police department, while with the other she rapidly ran the pages of the reverse directory to ascertain where the call had come from. She secured the address just as she heard "Police signal" in answer to her call.

"Say," she said hurriedly, "there's something wrong at 44 Blank Street. A woman just had time to yell 'police' at me when somebody jerked her away from the phone."

The operator at police headquarters jotted down the number as he scanned a big map above his head. This map was curiously marked with overlapping circles, and he noted the number of the circle in which the address given was located and then plugged in on the private police line.

"Trouble at 44 Blank Street," he reported quickly when he received an answer.

The desk sergeant at the precinct station hung up the receiver and gave the same information to an officer who had been reading on a bench nearby. The officer picked up his cap and drew on gauntleted gloves as he stepped briskly out the door. Back to the station came the purr of a motorcycle as the officer started away.

All was quiet on Blank Street as the officer turned the corner at the beginning of the street. He shut off his engine and brought his machine to a stop and rapidly made his way to the house. As he paused in the darkness for a hurried inspection, he heard a slight sound down the side and stepped quickly in that direction. He was just in time to receive in his arms a man who was backing out of a side window.

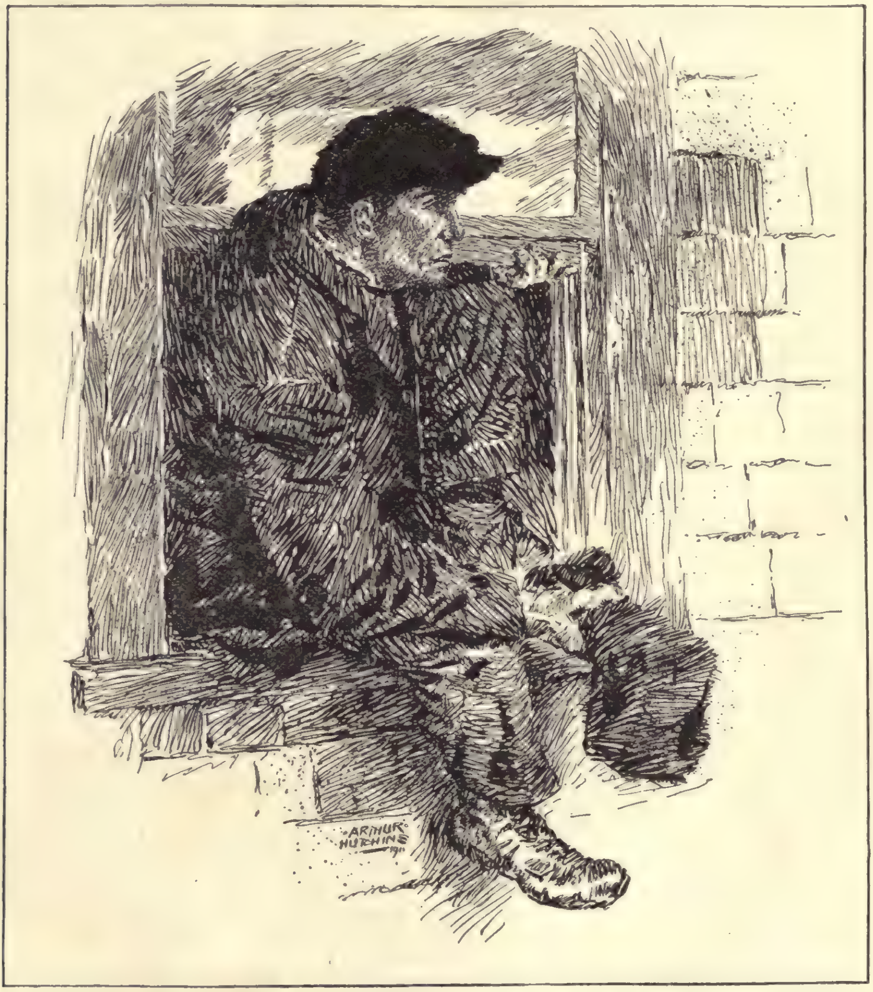
There was a curse as the officer gripped the man, a jangle as a sack the intruder had been carrying struck the ground, a brief scuffle and then the click of the cuffs announced that the burglar was a prisoner.

From the house next door a man appeared in pajamas, and he was entrusted with guarding the man while the officer entered the house by the same window the burglar had used. On the floor of the dining-room he found the woman of the house still in a swoon, with the marks on her throat where the burglar had pulled her away from the 'phone, the receiver of which was still dangling. It was just exactly six minutes from the time the woman had screamed the one word "police" into the 'phone.

Sounds a little fantastic, doesn't it?—a far call from the days of the town watch, parading the village streets with his candle-lit lantern calling the hours of the night. And yet the incident related actually occurred in Detroit a few months ago, and it was such a commonplace working of the police system of that city that it was dismissed by the papers with hardly more than a line or two.

The adoption of the police signal system with the advent of the telegraph and telephone revolutionized the business of policing cities, but now there is another revolution going on in the same work through the use of the motor-driven vehicle. Hardly a municipality now so small that it doesn't boast of a "scorcher squad" of men mounted on motor cycles who do general patrol work, but whose principal duty it is to gather in the auto driver who violates the speed ordinances. In the larger cities the motor-driven patrol wagon is rapidly replacing the horse-drawn vehicle.

In New York City more than one million dollars will be spent in the next three years in the installation of motor-driven apparatus in the police and fire departments; in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in Buffalo, in Boston, in Pittsburg, in St. Louis, in Cleveland, in Detroit and in every other great city each annual budget contains appropriations for new motor-driven vehicles for police and fire departments.



"*A man who was just backing out of a side window*"

And it doesn't require much of an imagination to look ahead and see the entire world policed by the same methods. Each of the great nations of the world now has its army corps of motor vehicle men, and experimental work for increasing the efficiency of the corps is constantly going on. Along the French and German dividing line both nations maintain a patrol mounted on motor cycles, and the purr of the motor is heard in the African desert, along the great roads of India, and in every corner of the world where the armies act as policemen.

But it is right at home in the cities where every taxpayer and property owner is most deeply interested that the greatest steps are being taken. Police officials everywhere are deeply studying the problem. In Detroit, the home of the automobile industry, under the administration of Frank H. Croul, commissioner of police, the greatest advance has been made, but within a few months other cities will be on a par with the Michigan metropolis.

"The auto-patrol is much faster than the old style horse-drawn vehicle," says William Young, chief of police of St. Louis, "and, in my judgment, is just as cheap and gives better all-around service. To my way of thinking it is only a question of a short time until the horse-drawn vehicle is superseded altogether by the motor vehicle. So far as the motor cycle is concerned, twelve mounted men can do as much as twelve hundred foot men."

The words of Chief Young are echoed by other police officers in every part of the country.

Says John B. Taylor, superintendent of the department of public safety of Philadelphia:

"The machine has come to stay. It is no longer an experiment, but a necessity, and one motor-driven wagon will do the work of three patrol wagons in the center of the city, while in the suburban districts, where the runs are much longer, the advantage of the motor wagon is much greater."

But, as before remarked, it is in Detroit that the motor vehicle is being utilized to the greatest extent, not only in the usual police work, but in giving aid in accidents, etc. This is due entirely to the efforts of Police Commissioner Frank H. Croul. Mr. Croul is a police enthusiast. He is a wealthy manufacturer who gives his time to the city because of his love of the work. When he assumed office several years ago, Detroit was in the same position as other cities in the matter of police protection. He immediately attempted to get an appropriation for a motor patrol, but the board of estimates refused him. The commissioner then had a motor patrol wagon built, paid for it himself and installed it at the central station. Its remarkable success during the first year it was in use was so great that when the board met again it readily granted the appropriation asked for by the police department, and there has been no trouble since about funds.

Despite the great growth of Detroit in the past few years, no enormous increase in the number of men has been necessary because the motor-driven vehicle has given such a wider scope to the activity of the individual that greater efficiency has been secured with fewer men.

There are seven police stations in Detroit, and each is the center of a "zone," all zones overlapping each other. At each station is an auto patrol. These wagons not only fulfill the place of a patrol, but they are equipped with medicine chests for giving first aid to injured, stretchers, roll for use in rescues in fire, etc.

At each station are "Minute Men," as the motor cycle corps are known, and there are also three "Flying Squadrons," one at the central station in the heart of the city, and one at each end of town. In addition to these there is a corps of men mounted on bicycles who do outlying patrol duty, and also a corps of men mounted on motor cycles, who look out for "speeders."

It is in the development of the "Flying Squadrons" and the "Minute Men" that the Detroit department excels. The city is so laid out by the zone system that there is not a spot within the city limits that cannot be reached in three minutes from the station within whose zone it is located. These minute men answer all calls for an officer, and in the day time do practically all the work of the foot patrolman, the universal use of the telephone making it possible for a person wanting an officer to get one from the station in a tenth of the time that he might look up a man on the beat.

The "Flying Squadrons" are the big club behind the minute men. They answer riot calls, are early on the scene at any big accident and generally take all the jobs where officers are needed in numbers.

Of course, the foregoing has been given in the barest outline. The refinement of detail is wonderful, and as a result Detroit is one of the best policed cities in the country. But it is only a question of time when the same methods will be largely in use in other cities.

And with the extension of the use of the motor-driven vehicle in police work will come greater safety in the homes, better regulated traffic and generally better order.

For, as Michael Regan, chief of the Buffalo police, says: "You must have them. They are better, more efficient and cheaper."

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT"

By J. ANDREW BOYD

"KEEP to the right" is a rule of the road
  That applies to the roadway of life as well,
And fewer the wrecks where men follow the code—
  So "keep to the right" if in safety you'd dwell.

There are signals a plenty to tell you the way
  By day and by night they shine far and clear,
And the fault is your own if you go far astray—
  So "keep to the right," and you've nothing to fear.

There are human wrecks many the roadway along,
  Some eternally ruined—some just off the track
Needing only your help, and then, with a song,
  They'll "keep to the right" and never turn back

There are signals for danger—don't try them to pass,
  But "stop, look and listen," before it's too late;
Don't think it the right way because of the mass
  Who are traveling along it all blind to their fate.

The way may seem pleasant, the road may seem clear,
  You may go quite a distance with naught to alarm,
But if it's the wrong way, there's danger to fear—
  So "keep to the right," and you'll meet with no harm

Just "keep to the right," if you'd win in life's race,
  Help your brother along, and show him the way;
If he strays from the path, to the right turn his face,
  Though the journey be dark, at the end is the day.

The Nobility of the Trades

THE PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, 1470-1810

By Charles Winslow Hall

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the preceding article through some misunderstanding, two paragraphs were omitted which stated that Fust or Faust had availed himself of the invention of Schoeffer, an engraver employed by Gutenberg to make more perfect matrices and moulds, without imparting the process to his partner, whom he forced out of business by demanding the money advanced for their common benefit. It is stated that Gutenberg was allowed to keep a part of his types, which had cost so much, and a part of his outfit, but Fust and Schoeffer published their Bible before Gutenberg's and at much less cost.

IN 1462 the city of Mayence was claimed by two prelates of equal title, who were evidently of "the church militant," since they submitted their respective claims to the over-lordship of Mayence to the arbitrament of the sword. Archbishop Thierry of Isembourg held possession of the city, but Adolph of Nassau-Wiesbaden, on the night of October 27, 1462, surprised his careless and over-confident "brother in Christ," escalading the walls, slaying the watch and some five hundred men, and giving Archbishop Thierry barely time to escape death or capture by descending the ramparts by means of a rope, leaving the unfortunate burghers to rapine and pillage.

Gutenberg appears to have been favored by the victorious prelate, but the business of printing was pretty thoroughly broken up and Schoeffer and Fust suspended operations for two years, during which time the new process, no longer a secret, was carried to almost every principal center of medieval learning.

Albert Pfister, one of Gutenberg's workmen, had already in 1460 established a press at Bamberg, but soon disappeared from the arena of strenuous competition, and the other workmen of the Mayence printshops were scattered as a covey of quail scatters after the swoop of the falcon. Arnold Pannartz, Conrad Sweynheim and Ulrich Hahn, with their precious types and rude presses, crossed the Alps and descended into sunny, art-loving Italy, first settling at Subiaco and later removing to imperial Rome. John and Vendelin of Spire, Christopher Valdarfer, Bernard Pictor of Augsburg, Erhardt Ratdolt and Peter Loslein found a welcome and new patronage under the banner of St. Mark at Venice; Andrew Belfort sought the then prosperous city of swordmakers, Ferrara; John Neumeister, vineyard-girdled Foligno; and Henry Aldin or Alding the maritime city of Messina, Sicily, under the ominous guardianship of Mount Etna.

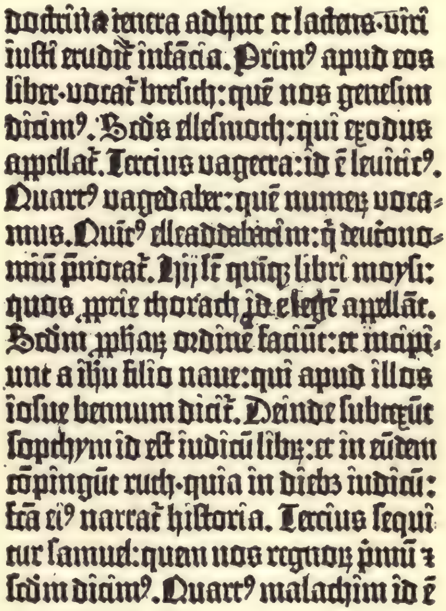
Andrew Vyel of Worms found employment and a milder clime in sunny Palermo;

Lambert Palmart is reported at Valencia, Spain, in 1477; Nicholas Spindler at Barcelona, and Peter Hagenbach at Toledo, while not far from Mayence, under the rule of the bishop of Cologne, Ulrich Zell carried on for many years the art he had learned under Gutenberg.

Many improvements were made. Arnold Ther Hoernen, who in 1474 printed at Cologne his "Fasciculus Temporum," illustrated it with small woodcuts, and numbered his pages with hitherto unused Arabic numerals, and in 1477 in his colophon to the *Theutonista*, claimed also the honor of being his own proofreader and corrector. Koelhof, in order to print a larger number of pages at once, first used "signatures" to prepare them in due order for the binder; and Koburger of Nuremburg, styled in his day "the prince of printers," employed twenty-four presses and a corresponding plant with a force of one hundred typos and pressmen, besides branches at Basle, Switzerland, and Lyons, France. Before a score of years had elapsed after the escalade of Mayence, printers were established all over Germany, as at Prague, Augsburg, Ulm, Lubeck, Essling and other localities.

Curiously enough, the Mayence pioneers did not seem to attempt any invasion of Holland, a circumstance which decidedly favors the Dutch and Flemish claims to the invention of some part of the art. Certainly Flemish printers were established at Utrecht as early as 1473, and other establishments were in operation at Delft, Bruges, Gouda, Zwoll, Antwerp and Brussels.

William Caxton, the famous English printer, employed Colard Mansion of Bruges to print the first book in the English tongue in 1473, the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," which Caxton, then a merchant trading to Holland, had translated from the French of Raoul Le Fievre for Queen Margaret. This issued from the press in 1474, and Caxton became so interested in the art of printing that in 1475–6 he returned into England, bringing with him types cut and cast by Mansion, with which he set up the first English press in the precincts of Westminster Abbey. His first book, "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," published in 1477, was followed by a large number of others, some sixty in all. His first publication, "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," was printed in folio in 1476, and was illustrated wtth woodcuts, and his "Mirror of the World," published in 1481, a folio of one hundred leaves, with thirty-eight woodcuts. Caxton was succeeded in England by Wynken de Worde, Richard Pinson and William Machlinia, while Theodoricus Rood of Cologne printed his "Expositio Sancti Jeronimi" at Oxford in 1478, and a press at St. Albans, whose founder is unfortunately unidentified, was established in 1480. It should be said that according to Wynken de Worde, the founder was a schoolmaster and a friend of Caxton, who set up his press in the Benedictine monastery of St. Albans, and continued the work until 1486. The "Boke of St. Albans," produced fifty years after, in 1536, by the same press, is said to have been edited by Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopewell, near St. Albans, and is otherwise entitled

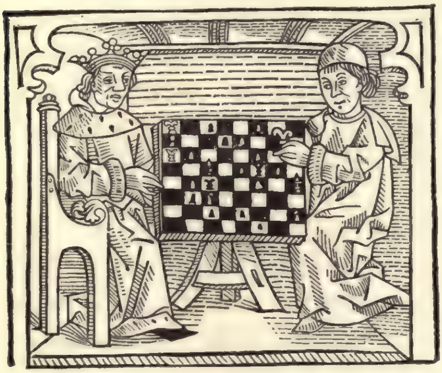

doctrina tenera adhuc et lactans·virō
iustī erudit infācia. Primꝰ apud eos
liber·vocat̄ bresith: quē nos genesim
dicimꝰ. Scd̄s ellesmoth: qui exodus
appellat̄. Tercius vagetra: id ē leviticꝰ.
Quartꝰ vagedaber: quē numeꝝ voca-
mus. Quītꝰ elleaddabarim: q̄ deuterono-
miū p̄notat̄. Hij sūt quinq; libri moysi:
quos ꝓprie thorath id est legē appellāt.
Scd̄m ꝓphetaꝝ ordine faciūt: et incipi-
unt ab ihū filio nave: qui apud illos
iosue bennum dicit̄. Deinde subtexūt
sophtym id est iudicū libꝝ: et in eūdem
cōpingūt ruth·quia in dieb; iudicū:
fcā eiꝰ narrat̄ historia. Tercius sequi-
tur samuel: quem nos regnoꝝ primū et
scd̄m dicimꝰ. Quartꝰ malachim id ē

PART OF FIRST CHAPTER OF THE GUTENBERG "MAZARINE BIBLE." IT WAS PRINTED IN RED AND BLACK IN 1462. AT THE LAST LONDON SALE SOLD FOR $290,000

"A Treatise of Hawking, Hunting, Fishing and Court Armour," a very curious book, the prototype of the numerous books of general information which have since been issued. The prioress was a poetess, and one of her rhymes shows that she was a woman of close observation and common sense:

"A faythfulle friende wold I fayne fynde,
To fynde hym there he myght be founde,
But now is the worlde wext unkynde,
That friendship is fall to the grounde.
Now a frende I have founde,
That I woll nother ban ne curse,
But of all frendes in felde or towne,
Ever gramercy—my own purse."

In Scotland, Walter Chapman set up a press in Edinburgh in 1507, having received a patent from James IV. In 1509 Hewe Goes, an Antwerp printer, introduced printing at York, but after 1516 removed to Beverly. The first books printed at Cambridge came from the press of John Sibert, who used the Latin, Greek and English characters. His books are dated between 1521 and 1522.



WOOD CUT FROM WILLIAM CAXTON'S "THE GAME AND PLAYE OF THE CHESSE," PRINTED AT WESTMINISTER ABBEY, 1476

Generally speaking, the early printed books were copies of religious or classical works, and comparatively few original books were published. The latest demand for classical works at Rome ran to copies of the great Greek authors, and the earliest printed copies of Latin authors contained only detached passages and citations such as those found in the "Lactantius" of 1465, the "Aulus Gellius" and "Apuleius" of Sweynheim and Pannartz of 1469, and some works, undated, of Bessarion at Rome. In these the Greek types are legible and creditably executed, but later citations in Greek were often so imperfect as to be scarcely legible. The first complete Greek book was "Lascari's Grammar," an elegant volume by Denis de Paravicino and Dominic de Vespolete. Greek books were published for several years at Milan, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the Venetian printers; but it was ten years before they succeeded in producing any works of equal merit in that character. Since then the publication of Greek works have been pursued with great spirit all over Europe, and the beauty of the Greek type has always been greatly admired. Hebrew characters were added about 1476, and in 1477 the "Pentateuch," with the "Targum" and "Commentary of Jarchi," "Ruth," "Ecclesiastes," "The Song of Solomon" and "Lamentations," with the "Commentary of Jarchi," and "Esther," with the "Commentary of Abenezra," were all printed at Bologna in 1482, and the early and later prophets at Soncini, Italy, in 1486.

Since then the Arabic, Sanscrit, Chinese, in fact the characters of every language and dialect differing greatly from its parent stock, besides those representing the archaic contractions and symbols of ancient books, have been formed and cast by the type founders of Great Britain, France and Germany. On the occasion of the coronation of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the visit of the Pope to officiate thereat, the imperial printing office at Paris furnished the Lord's Prayer in three hundred different languages and characters.

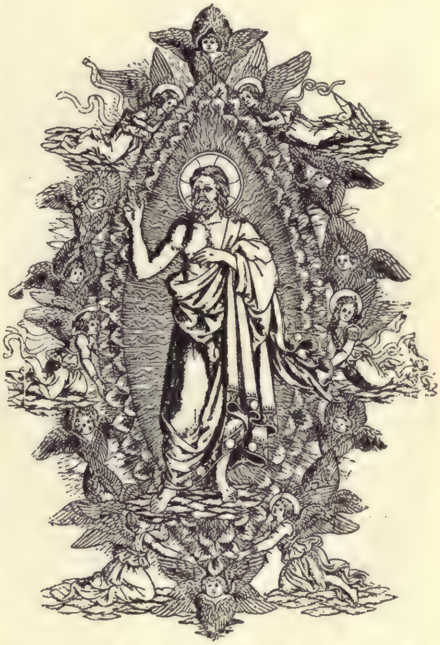
The ancient "cases" (so-called), a pair of which is still placed before every compositor, contained in the upper case ninety-eight divisions for capitals, small capitals and other kinds of letters not in very general use; the lower case divisions of different sizes, according to the number of individual small letters each is intended to hold, the number of divisions varying with the different languages.

At an early date attempts were made to simplify the task of the compositor by lessening the number of individual letters to be selected and placed together. William Ged, about the end of the Eighteenth Century, adopted a system of casting common words and terminations, which types he termed "logographic," but it was found too intricate for use. About the end of the Sixteenth Century Vander May of Leyden, Holland, soldered his types together, although he did not make them into stereotyped plates.

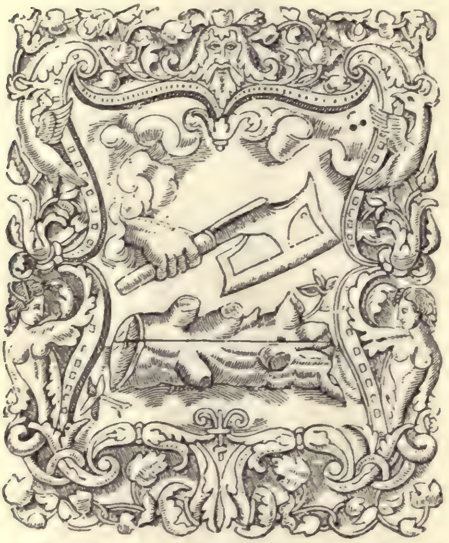
Stereotypes were originally made by running plaster of Paris over a corrected form and using the mould thus made to cast a thin plate of soft type metal, which was cut into pages, cleaned, corrected and put away for use. Another kind of mould was invented by M. Hoffman of Alsace, made of clay and gelatine; but this process was abandoned. In 1785 M. Carez of Toul, France, attached pages of movable type to the end of a heavy block of wood, which was made to fall sharply on lead still in a state of fusion, but at the "point of setting," thus forming a mould in which other stereotyped plates could be cast. Other moulds which have long been in use are made of sheets of paper, moistened with a suitable preparation, which are placed upon the types and struck into the interstices with a stiff brush; one thickness after another is added until a mould is formed of the proper thickness in which any desired number of plates may be cast. The facing of such plates with a coating of copper by the electro-galvanic battery has greatly added to the durability and finish of modern stereotype plates.

A very large number of the marks and devices adopted by the first printers, in the same manner in which heraldic bearings were displayed by the powerful and noble of their day, strongly reflect the dignity of the position which they assumed and were considered to deserve in the world of their era. Since, as a general rule, the great printers were scholars, and engaged in printing the choicest works of ancient and classical authors and divines, they were naturally on terms of gratifying intimacy with the rulers, statesmen, church dignitaries, leading artists, professional men and great merchants and inventors, and especially so during the infancy of the press, when its products were supposed to be the work of superior scriveners, or copyists, and sold as such.

It is said that Faust carried a number of his "Mazarine" Bibles (so called because a copy came first to the knowledge of modern booklovers from the library of Cardinal Mazarin) to Paris about 1455–56, and sold one to the king for seven hundred crowns, about $840; and another to the archbishop of Paris for six hundred crowns, say $720. On comparing their purchases they wondered at the exquisite accuracy and uniformity of the text, and on learning that other copies had been sold at from five hundred to six hundred crowns each, which on comparison proved to be exact duplicates, it was considered impossible for merely human skill to produce such masterpieces of penmanship. The red ink used to rubricate the illuminated parts was also of such brilliancy and "body" that it was promptly suspected to have been composed of human blood, and Faust was apprehended on a charge of sorcery, and only escaped the fagots and the stake by revealing his secret. The tradition that Doctor Faust



CUT MADE BY ENGRAVING ON METAL, BY BACCIO BALDINI FOR "EL MONTE SANTO DI DIO," 1477 was a magician who had sold his salvation to the devil probably arose from this story of which his competitors, the copyists, took all the advantage possible. It is told of one medieval printer that, having been set to work upon a geometrical work in which various figures were inserted, he became convinced that he was making a book of magic which had been composed under the direct inspiration of the devil. Thereupon he remonstrated with his employer and told him that he could not consent to imperil his salvation by finishing his task. His master insisted upon his continuing his work, but in spite of ridicule and argument, the poor fellow became so agitated that he fell sick and died in the belief that his misfortunes were due to the fact that he had taken part in an unholy and illegal enterprise.



BOOK-MARK OF ETTIENE DOLET, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER OF LYONS AND PARIS, BURNED AT STAKE AUGUST 2, 1546

But in general the experiences of the early printers and publishers were upon the whole pleasant and fairly profitable. It was not until the University of Paris in the Sixteenth Century became alarmed at the spread of heretical doctrines, and the princes of France, at the publication of attacks on the vices of their adherents and their own weaknesses, that the printer and publisher began to experience the persecution and cruelty of medieval criminal law.

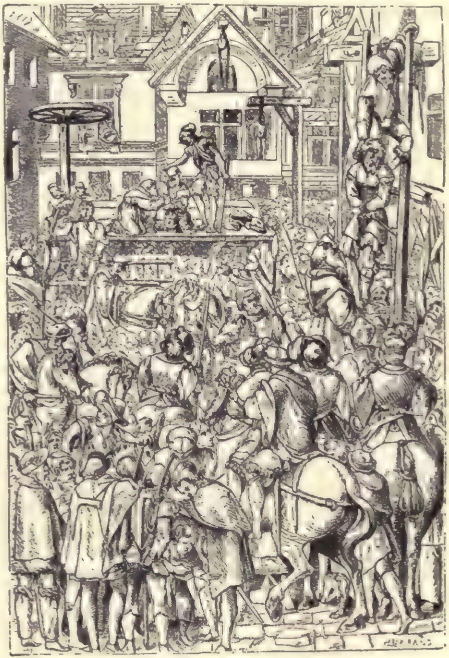
Ettienne Dolet, author, bookseller, printer and publisher, born at Orleans in 1509, became one of the first martyrs of the Renaissance.

Francois I, at the instigation of the theologians of the University of Paris, had decreed on the 13th of January, 1534, letters patent, which forbade all printing on pain of the gibbet; but on the refusal of the Parliament to ratify it, the king modified it to the extent that he reduced the number of privileged printers to twelve, but still retained the punishment of death for all delinquents, believing this a barrier sufficient to restrain the publications of heretical works.

Dolet, who was established at Lyons, had a shop at Paris; the inspectors found there some writing "infected with Protestant opinions," and he was at once arrested; he succeeded in escaping from prison, but after some sojourn in the shelter of the Alps, he was so imprudent as to return to his native town; arrested anew, he was taken to Paris and convicted of atheism, through a very imperfect translation of a passage from Plato, the most spiritual of Greek philosophers. He was promptly condemned, first to be tortured and after to be burned alive in the Place Maubert, which terrible sentence was followed by his execution on the 2d of August, 1546. Curiously enough, his emblem contained a riven log of wood, over which an axe was suspended as if by the hands of the executioner, a coincidence which many of his friends considered to have been an evil omen of his fate. Dolet, the author of no less than twenty-four books, was compelled to carry a number of them to the place of execution, where they were also burned by the public executioner. He appears to have been a man of great courage and endurance, since it is told of him that after undergoing the torture and being about to be put to death, he uttered the following words: "*Non dolet ipse Dolet, sed pia turba dolet.*" (It is not Dolet who grieves, but the pious spectator.)

If so good a man could be legally murdered for the mere publication of the works of a Roman philosopher, it may readily be imagined that no mercy was shown to those who used the press to make light of dignities, or attack royal or priestly authority. On the 15th of July, 1560, Martin Lhomme, one of two who were hung in the Place Maubert by the decree of the Parliament, suffered because he had published a writing entitled "*Epistre envoyee au tigre de la France*" (A letter directed against the Tiger of France), a satire directed against the Cardinal of Lorraine, then all powerful, which had probably been imprinted at Basle in Switzerland, or Strasburg, Germany. The culprit, according to the historian de Thou, was a poor little bookseller, a native of Rouen. While he was waiting at the gibbet, one of his fellow-countrymen, coming into Paris on business, saw him on his way and recognized him. "Then," says Regnier de la Planche, "not knowing why he was condemned to death, he alighted from his horse at a neighboring hostelry, and seeing the people very angry against the unfortunate man, cried to them, 'Eh, what, my friends, is it not enough that he dies? Leave him to the executioner. Would you like to torment him more than his sentence demands?' They considered the Norman's pity misplaced. He was forthwith arrested, judged and hung four days later without any form of process in the same fatal Place Maubert. 'Because,' said the warrant, 'of the sedition and emotion produced by the said prisoner on the occasion of the execution of Martin Lhomme, by means of scandalous and blasphemous utterances by the said defendant against the honor of God and of the glorious Virgin Mary.'" The Parliament not only showed themselves zealous executors of the most cruel laws against the free expression of thought, but by means of arrests and regulations which encroached on the royal will, they imposed yet greater restrictions on free speech, and they went so far as to order in the reign of Charles IX that all books which were the subjects of their condemnation should be burnt by the hands of the executioner.

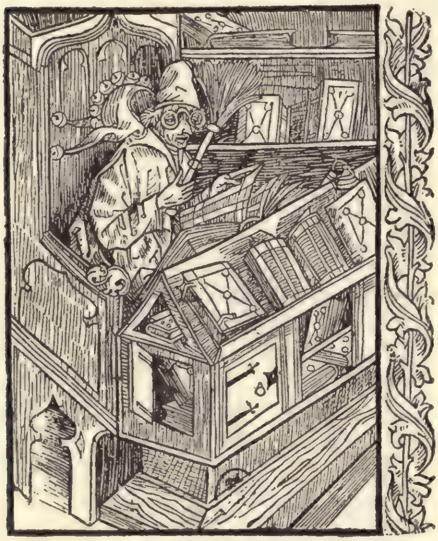
This custom, practiced by the church since the days of the heresiarch Arius, was not abolished until the French Revolution. Long and pitiable is the list of works thus condemned to the fire, among which it is only necessary to cite "The Provincials of Pascal," 1657, "The Telemachus" of Fenelon, 1699, and during the Eighteenth Century a great number of writings whose only offense was that of propagating philosophical ideas, as, for example, the "Emile" of Jean Jacques Rousseau in 1762. This means of repression was employed for the last time in France against a letter of Volney, under the States General, March 6, 1789, which prosecution only contributed to a wider circulation of the liberal doctrines which it was intended to proscribe.



EXECUTION OF MARTIN LHOMME IN THE PLACE MAUBERT, PARIS, JULY 15, 1560

In every land this spirit of persecution showed itself, and even in England the stake and the gallows claimed its victims because of the dangerous advocacy of civil and religious liberty born of a busy press. Doubtless the same mighty engine has multiplied evil as well as good, and even today must be curbed, when profligacy and treason direct its tremendous energies; or it is made the weapon of malignity and scandal; but in the main the press will remain, like the free Frisians, "free as long as the wind blows out of the heavens."

When, in 1637, the English Star Chamber decreed that the number of English printers should be limited to twenty, it was also ordained at date of July 11, "That there shall be four founders of letters for printing, and no more. That the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London, with six other high commissioners, shall supply the places of these four as they shall become void. That no master-founder shall keep above two apprentices at one time. That all journeyman founders be employed by the masters of the trade, and idle journeymen be compelled to work upon pain of imprisonment and such other punishment as the court shall think fit. That no master-founder of letters shall employ any other person in any work belonging to the casting or founding of letters than freemen or apprentices to the trade save only in pulling off the knots of metal hanging at the ends of the letters when they are first cast; in which work every master-founder may employ one boy only, not bound to the trade." These regulations were in force under Charles I, the Commonwealth, and Charles II, and were finally repealed in 1693.



WOOD CUT OF THE ANCIENT BIBLOMANIAC IN "THE SHIP OF FOOLS," BASLE, SWITZERLAND, 1497

Aldus Manutius, who in 1488 set up his office in Venice, has long been famous as the first of the publishers of the famous Aldine classics, which today are so highly prized by book collectors. He was the author of a Latin grammar, a Greek dictionary, and a treatise on the metrical methods of the poet Horace, and originated the form of type known by us as italic, and by German printers as "cursive" type.

He is also said to be responsible for the name of "printer's devil," almost world-wide in its application to the youngest boy in the office. A young negro slave employed in his office, who was so very black and dirty that his natural ugliness had become an almost fiendish expression, became feared and known all over Venice as "the little black devil," and Manutius at last realized that the boy and himself had dangerously awakened the superstitious fears and dislike of the more ignorant Venetians. He accordingly formally exhibited him during a whole day on the public streets, and had the criers make this proclamation throughout the city:

"I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and the Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and prick him."

It was a long time before the principal improvements needed to make printing the exact and beautiful science which it has since become, were originated and adopted. The first impressions were made on only one side of the paper, as is still generally the case in China and Japan, and the first publications printed on both sides were termed "opisthographic." Following the custom of preparing cheap lessons as an aid to memory, rather than a text-book, some early publications so abound in abbreviations of the most difficult type, that no man living can read them unless he can almost recite the original of their contents by heart.

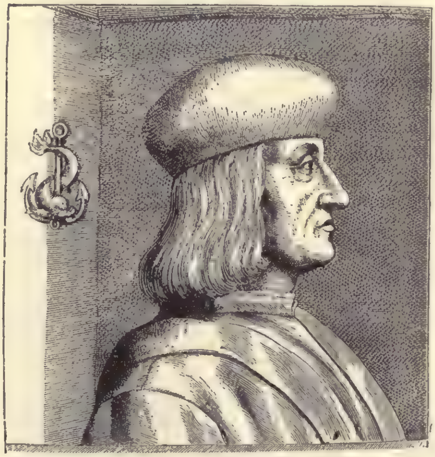
Brevier type is said to have been so called from its being largely used to print Catholic breviaries or prayer-books. Roman characters were first used instead of Gothic in Germany in 1472 by Gunther

Zanier. Long primer was largely used in printing religious dissertations in *long lines* reaching across the page, instead of in two columns as previously. The Germans called it "corpus," as the body of their laws was printed in it. It is also called "Garamond," whom tradition assigns as its designer or founder. The French call it *petit Romain*, and great primer *gros Romain*. Pica type is said to have derived its name from its use in setting up certain church service books or tables known long ago as "pica" or in English "pyes"; German and French typos call it "Cicero," perhaps from its being used long ago to print the great Roman's "Orations."

Capital letters and well-defined spacing between the lines are said to have first been introduced at Naples, Italy, in 1472. The early Gothic alphabet, which much resembled the Greek, in which the gospels were copied by Bishop Ulphilas of Maesia in the Fourth Century, had only sixteen letters, and the German and Roman alphabets for many years lacked both the J and W, now universally employed. The letter J only came into general use in Cromwell's time, say between 1649 and 1658. It is sometimes, although rarely, found in books printed between 1630 and 1646. In French words "J" has the sound of "s" in "vision." Previously it had become fashionable to add a curl to the last I in a Latin numeral, as VIJ, XIIJ, etc., and this became the form of the new letter. Up to the latter part of the Sixteenth Century the words "wet," "weather" etc., were spelt with a "v," which was given the sound of two "u's" together. To form the new letter, the printer at first used two "v's," as "vvet," "vveather," "vveb." It is said that one book shows three forms of the innovation: the double v, the double v interlocked, and the new letter "w."

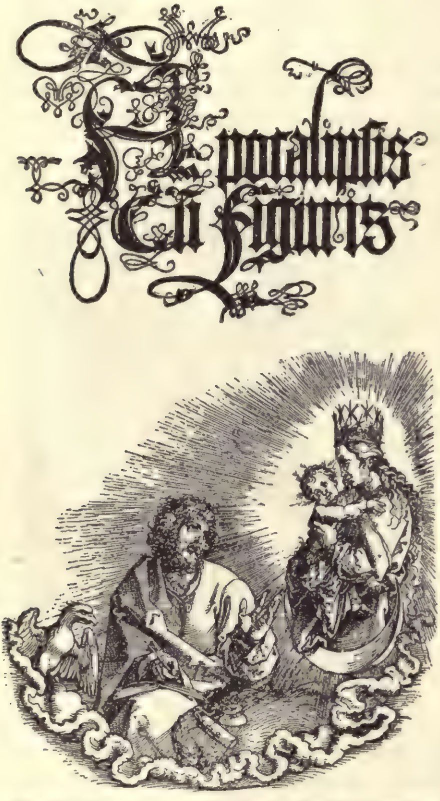
Punctuation was at first very archaic, the only points in common use beside the full stop being the *virgule* or comma. The semicolon is said to have been evolved by Aldus Manutius at Venice about 1470. Years later the interrogation point is said by M. Bilderjik, a Dutch writer, to have been made out of the abbreviation Qo, "*Questio*," by placing the "o" under the capital "Q," which when made solid became ?. The exclamation point formed in the same way from the Latin "*Io*," an expression of joy or triumph, became when filled in !, and is said to have first been used in England in a catechism printed by John Day for King Edward VI in 1553, and then used only once.

The old fashion of using the "long s" or "f" died hard, and was affected by some until the early part of the Nineteenth Century. It was seldom or never used as a final letter. Orthography was largely a matter of choice, and the great American lexicographers, Worcester and Webster, have done a wonderful work in bringing the English-speaking people to a uniformity in spelling. The printer of the past had it largely his own way in orthography, and the legal rule *idem sonam* (the same sound) seemed to stand equally well in literature as in law.



ALDUS MANUTIUS AND HIS BOOK-MARK, CHIEF PUBLISHER AND PRINTER AT VENICE, 1488

Still, notwithstanding this liberality of view and practice, the intelligent compositor and ingenious proofreader got in their deadly work then, as even now. At first, as with the old copyists, *errata* in the finished work were made with the pen, but *errata* multiplied rapidly as the numbers of printers increased, and Gabrielis of Petrus set the example to all future publishers when he added to his "Juvenal," printed at Venice in 1478, two entire pages of errors. An "Anatomy of the Mass," published by a monk in 1561, an octavo of only one hundred and seventy-two pages, is followed by no less than fifteen pages of *errata*, which the pious editor informs the reader he has prepared to overthrow and forestall "the artifices of the devil," who, he assures us, first managed to drench and nearly destroy the manuscript in the kennel, and then inspired the compositors to commit this astounding and unheard-of multitude of blunders. But the greatest number of *errata* in any one work fills fifteen *folio* pages of a book by Pica Mirandula, printed in 1507 at Strasburg by a genius named Knoblench. The author appears to have survived this affliction; but the Baron de Grim in his "Memoirs" chronicles the demise of a French author in a fit of anger and chagrin, induced by the discovery that a work which he had revised with great care had been published with a list of over three hundred typographical errors, more than half of which were the fault of the proofreader himself.



WOOD CUT TITLE OF "THE APOCALYPSE" DESIGNED BY ALBERT DURER, 1498

Sometimes, however, the errors were intentional, as in the case of an author who dared not disobey the law of the Inquisition that the words *fatum* or *fata* (fate or the Fates) should not appear in any work. He accordingly used the words *factum* or *facta* (deed or deeds) and inserted in his *Errata*, "For *facta*, read *fata*." The "Wicked Bible," an English octavo edition of 1631, numbers among the Ten Commandments the extraordinary injunction "Thou shalt commit adultery," and the widow of a Dutch printer is said to have altered the text in Genesis addressed to Eve, "and he shall be thy lord" (Herr) by changing two letters, making the last word "Narr," and altering the meaning to "and he shall be thy fool," for which the unhappy woman is said to have been executed.

It is told of a London publisher that he determined to publish at least one book which should be faultless in the matter of *errata*. He had the proofs corrected by his own proofreaders with the greatest care until they had exhausted their skill and patience, and assured him that there were no longer any errors to be eliminated. Taking many duplicate proofs of the last revise, he sent them to the universities and other large publishing houses, offering large money prizes for each error discovered. A few errors only were found, and after everyone had a chance to detect any additional errors the plates were made, the book printed, expensively bound, and sold as an absolutely perfect book, and unique in all literature. For a long time this was conceded, but six or eight months after its publication, a letter called the publisher's attention to an error in a certain line and page. Later a second was announced, and before the first year had elapsed some four or five errors had been reported.

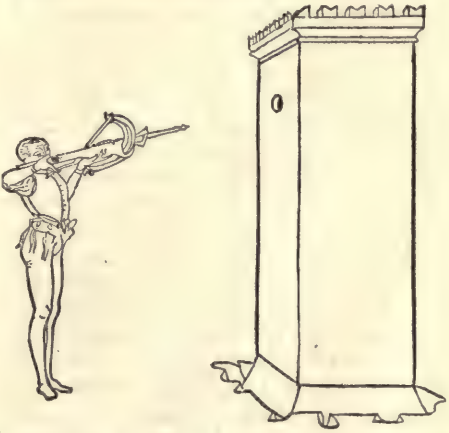
The early discoverers and improvers of printing seem within the first thirty years (1460 to 1490) to have practically organized the business for the next three centuries at least. The wooden screw press remained in use until the Earl of Stanhope made the first iron lever press, about 1800. Paper was made in the old way by hand until the Nineteenth Century. Types were cast by hand, with the necessary "throw" to settle the metal in the tiny matrix within the memory of living men. The wool-stuffed leather-wooden-handled "balls" were used for inking the type even into the last century. Dead and gone designers furnished the *motif* for a very large proportion of the vignettes, dashes, borders, initial letters, etc., which are still staple in the type-founder's lists, and what is new is often far inferior to the best work of the Sixteenth Century.

On the other hand, some of the ancient inks are far from enduring, and are apt to peel or wash off from the paper, which they did not penetrate. Naturally, many of the ancient letters were imperfect, and the "furniture" of that early day was chiefly of wood and lacked the exactness of those used by modern printers. The censorship of the press also greatly crippled the ambition and effort of many ingenious printers and publishers.

The severity of censorship only exists today in Russia, where the narrow policy of the ruler and the church is scarcely less brutal and paralyzing than that of the Sorbonne at Paris in the Fifteenth Century. In some other European countries a modified censorship still exists, notably in the "Index Expurgatoribus" at Rome, but among English-speaking people the criminal law is relied upon to punish indecent, libellous and treasonable publications.

But the ancient censors had not only sole power to condemn and destroy books and pamphlets, but to license booksellers, who bound themselves by oath to observe all the rules and regulations prescribed by the censors. Among other things, they were required to display in their shops catalogues of their books, with the prices of each, and in some cities to keep for hire a certain number of books selected by the censors. This, of course, was chiefly the case in university towns, where a large number of scholars were gathered together, most of whom could not afford to buy text-books. In Bologna, Italy, the booksellers were at one time compelled to keep for hire, at a fixed rate of compensation, no less than one hundred and seventeen different works. In return for these impositions, the bookseller or publisher was granted "a privilege" for a certain number of years, the earliest of record being one for five years granted to John Spire, at Venice, in 1469, for his edition of "Cicero's Epistles," the first book ever printed in the Venetian republic.

For many years, books, pamphlets and "broadsides," or hand-bills, were the only methods of diffusing knowledge and information, and it was not until 1556 that the first newspaper made its appearance in Venice. In England the first "news-letter," or newspaper, appeared in 1619, and the first American journal was issued at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1690.



WOOD CUT OF AN ANCIENT ARBALIST OR CROSS-BOWMAN, PRACTICING AT A TARGET. ENGRAVED BY MATTEO PIETI OF VERONA, ITALY, 1472

At first these "news-letters," as they were generally called, were what their names implied, an extension of the custom of sending out written letters to well-to-do correspondents, who were able and willing to pay for correspondence containing the important news of the day. It is said that previous to the employment of the press, as many as a thousand letters were sent out by some writers, who made a business of thus furnishing the news. It was not until many years after, indeed well into the Eighteenth Century, that the editorial became an important part of the weekly or semi-weekly newspaper, and in most cases this portion of the older newspapers was either a strongly partisan or religious advocacy of some faction in church or state, or was a singularly careful and conservative statement of what was reported to be the case. Essays very largely took the place of editorials, and many of them, however scholarly and well-written, appear to be very heavy reading today. It is very interesting to study some of the ancient newspapers and to realize that all transatlantic news up to late into the Nineteenth Century had to await the slow transmission of a clipper ship or man-of-war. The installation of steam navigation greatly shortened the ocean passage, but it was not until the laying of the first ocean cable that the newspaper became the chronicle of international happenings every day.

The art of illustration has made wonderful progress within the last fifty or sixty years, as a comparison of one of the illustrations of Caxton's first work in 1474 with the photo-engravings of the NATIONAL of this issue will demonstrate. Wood-cuts were for a long time practically the only resource of the printer who wished to illustrate his text at one impression. Etchings on copper, mezzo-tints and steel engravings were all used at different times as inserts, or were impressed upon the sheets before they were printed; but in the main the wood-cut, engraved in reverse on boxwood or blocks of the pear-tree, furnished illustrations up to 1870, or about that time. The heliotype, a plate produced from the photograph, was invented and applied with some success to the illustration of books, but the process was too delicate and difficult for practical use. A modification of the process was applied to making photographic plates of drawings made on prepared paper, with a ribbed or otherwise interrupted surface, by which the work of the pencil or pen was broken up into dots or shortened lines. The gelatine plate secured by the photographer was chemically treated in much the same manner as now, washing out the white part and leaving the drawing in relief; but this process gave rather the effect of an etching than a picture or photograph. Finally the discovery that a screen interposed between the picture and the camera would, when properly treated, produce in the plate an almost perfect reproduction of the original picture, gave us the wonderful illustrations so common today.

Volumes might be written about the important and interesting parts which the printers of Europe and America have played in promoting progress and achieving the greater and broader liberty and prosperity of today. Prominent among them stands our own Benjamin Franklin, the printer-boy of Boston, the indefatigable and public-spirited citizen of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania; the philosopher who first demonstrated that electricity could be gathered from the surrounding atmosphere; the fearless champion of his fellow-colonists in Great Britain, and the eloquent and successful advocate of the struggling American colonies at the French Court. Others are worthy of like honorable mention, like the martyred Lovejoy, murdered in Illinois, because of his opposition to human slavery; William Lloyd Garrison, who more than once narrowly escaped death or brutal violence because of his devotion to human freedom; Horace Greeley, whose weaknesses and peculiarities can never obscure the fact that for many decades he made the *New York Tribune* the inspiration and reliance of myriads who loved liberty and detested oppression. Besides these and others whose names have attained a world-wide recognition a vast army of humble, hopeful, ambitious editor-printers have accompanied the progress of English and American colonization and civilization, in every clime and continent under the sun.

Very rarely indeed have these men reaped as they have sown; they have largely been expected to promote the public interests, and that of almost every other profession and calling but their own; poorly paid, sharply criticized, often unfairly opposed and sometimes denounced, they have nevertheless accomplished a work whose results are shown in the prosperity of the communities in which they have labored, the states and colonies which they have loved and praised, and the nations which have been broadened and elevated by their united efforts and unswerving patriotism.

·THE·MINOR·CHORD·

CHAPTER I

IN the zenith of my career as a prima donna, known in the foyers of every great city, the cynosure of the glow of the footlights, the plaudits of audiences in both hemispheres, the appreciative praise of great critics and the esteem and adoration of a host of admirers, I am alone.

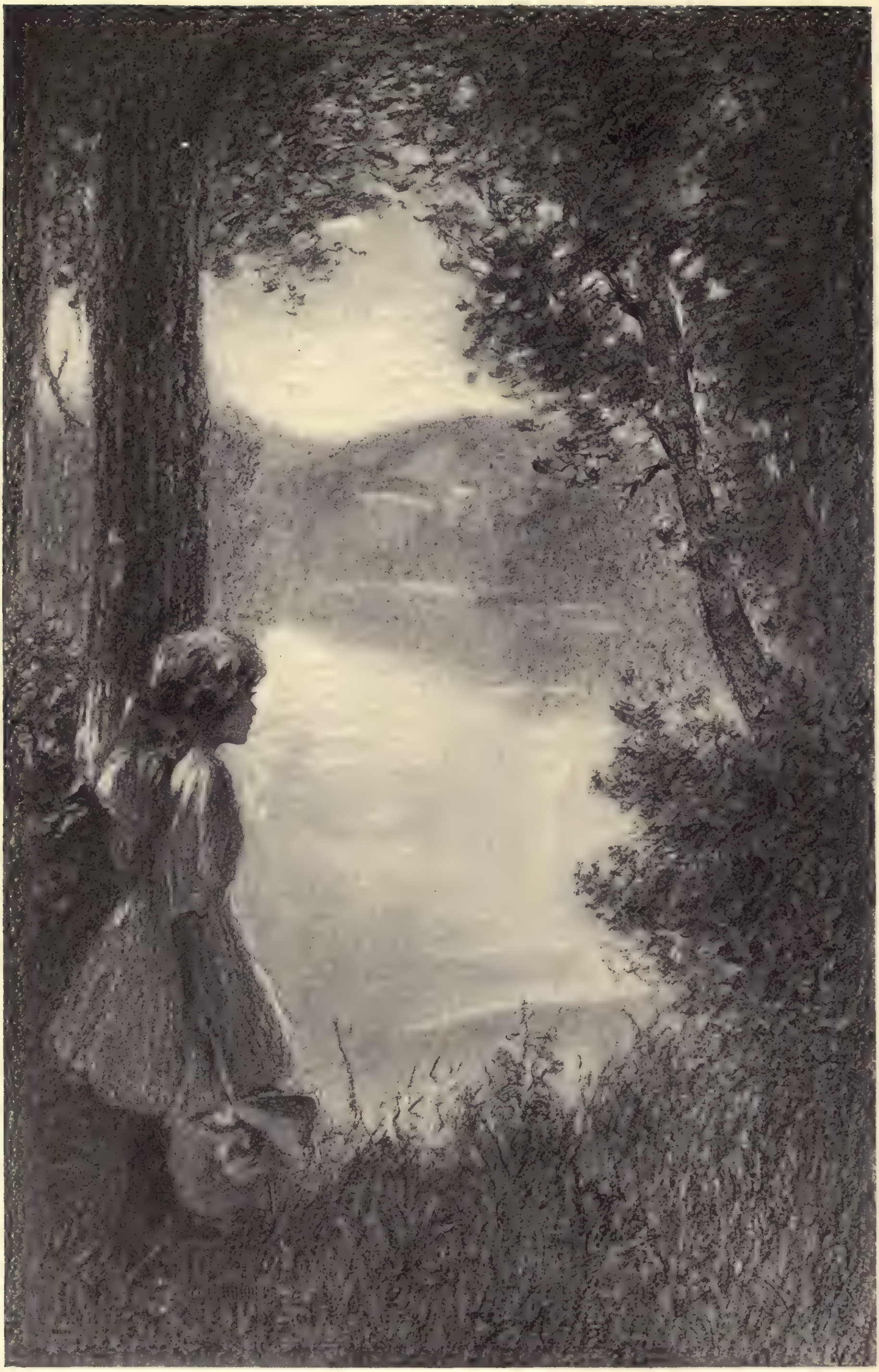
Not long ago a poor, obscure American girl; now it would seem as if I had nothing left to wish for, and yet how empty and unsatisfying success seems, for I have no one left to whom I can confide the dearest wishes of my heart's heart. Like the wife of Midas who, with her pretty Grecian mouth buried in the grass-roots, whispered the shameful secret "Midas has asses' ears," I must have a confidant; and so tonight I commence a long-debated task, the recital of what I have lost or rather of the sorrows I have borne, and the happiness that has escaped me.

My real life history has been too commonplace to appear romantic; my manager's version has over-gilded humble conditions which must never be revealed until my stage career is over. And so, in all my triumphs, I have no one to sympathize with me, and although known everywhere, I am unknown, miserably unknown, except to those whom I have loved—and lost.

Full well I know that, like the Grecian queen, my confidence may be betrayed, my secret escape me. Even as the very grasses and lowly wildflowers whispered to the zephyrs, and the zephyrs carried it to the clematis and laurels until the whole vale was sussurant and murmuring with the sibilant refrain, "Midas has asses' ears," so any accident, the curiosity of a maid, yes, or the malignity of a rival, would make these avowals a reef on which to wreck my career, perhaps my reputation. Well, be it so; I am willing to take the chances; if need be, to pay the price.

Men of genius in all ages have sought to dissect and analyze the heart of woman and to lay bare its mysteries in song and fiction, painting and sculpture; but the greatest men who weigh the emotions and hearts of their fellow-creatures as in a balance fail in the study of the feminine heart to enter its "holy of holies" and carry away with them the secret key of a woman's soul.

We instinctively keep back from father, brother, lover and husband an inexpressible something from the cradle to the grave. However frank and generous a woman may be with the man she loves, she has likings, little ambitions, secret hopes and purposes which, however innocent or praiseworthy, she shrinks from sharing with the other sex. My own strenuous and severely disciplined career has steeled me against the outward manifestation of the softer emotions and passions; but under the proud face and filmy breastknots of priceless lace they smoulder still, and often threaten to flash into fierce flame, when in the mirror of memory I



"The low, rolling hills opposite appeared as mountains to my childish fancy"

catch the reflection of joys that have been, sorrows that smote, and injuries that remain unatoned—and unforgiven. But these are only "wraiths of the sea-mists," and I must survey the panorama of the past. I must recall it.

So I have chosen this little book as my confidant. "And perhaps hereafter," as Virgil says by the lips of Æneas, "it will delight us to have remembered these things," or at worst, when my voice has become one of that supernal chorus, in the land where "beyond these partings there is peace," my critics, private and public, will be more lenient in their comments on poor Minza. Hush! how strangely the old, odd, love-name sounds.

Here I need make no apology for egotism. I know my own powers, although I may not appreciate my own weaknesses; but these petty considerations have little place in this personal communication between myself and my Maker. How trivial and infinitesimal they seem, when one comes before God and seeks the divine consolation.

How my manager would rave if he saw this book! He would probably suggest that I should join the Salvation Army before I began to disclose these soul-secrets. His theory of life is that every utterance should dazzle, startle and attract, and that a pure, homely, old-fashioned, honest Christian faith is hardly the thing for a successful operatic prima donna.

CHAPTER II

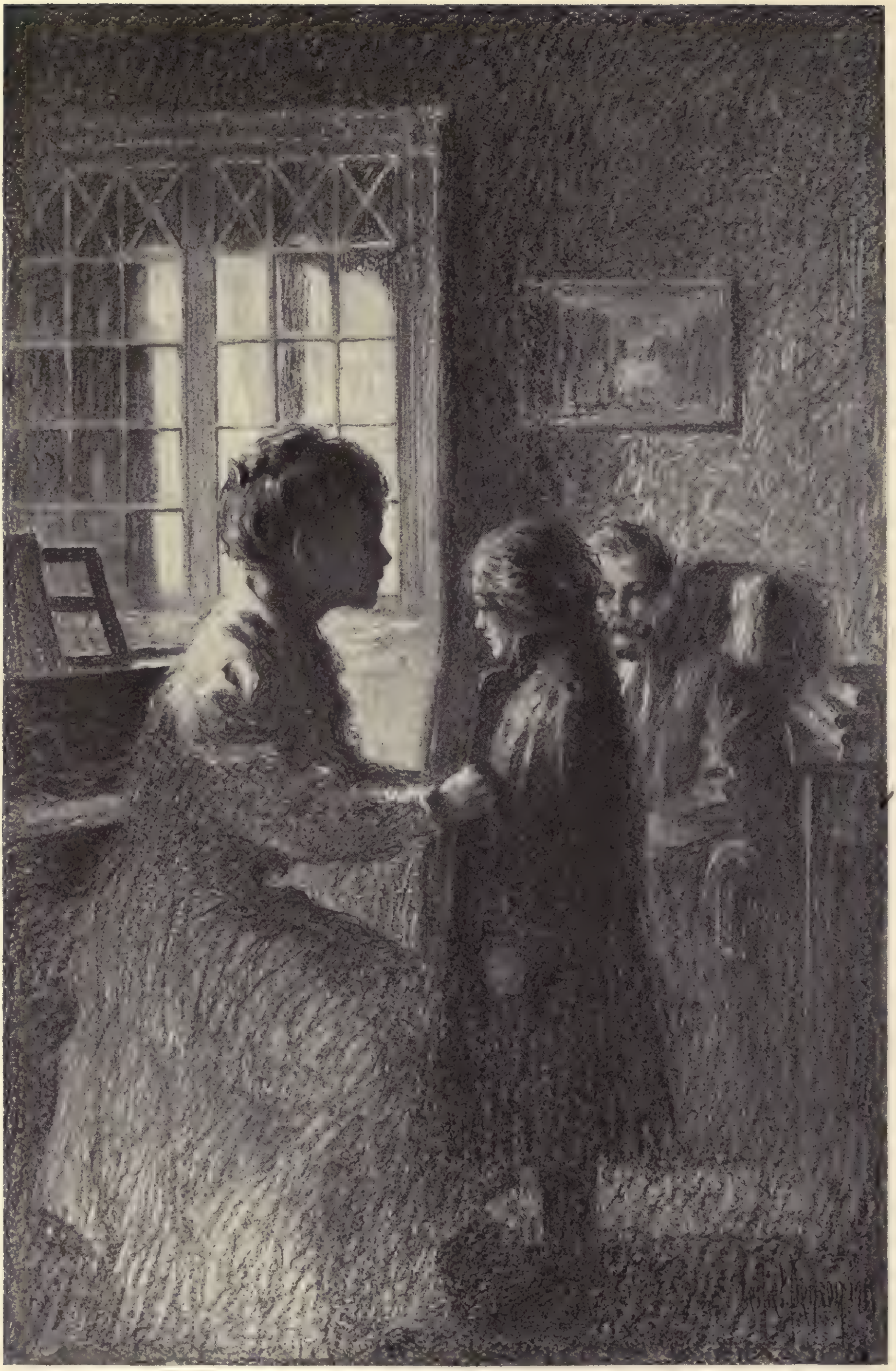
I am an American, and proud of my origin, although I cannot claim a classic birthplace, rich in historical associations. In fact, I believe my stage biographer has sadly, but innocently perhaps, deceived the public. All this deception, and why? Not because of anything to blush for—no!

On the banks of a sluggish creek, in a miasmatic fever and ague "bottom" in Iowa, I was born. The house has since been torn down, but how dear to me is every bit of that prosaic little village! The familiar old grist mill, where farmers brought their wheat to grind, with its lazy water-wheel, and the dam which backed up the water of the creek making it a large shallow lake: this was to me in childhood as great as an ocean. The low, rolling hills opposite appeared as mountains to my childish fancy, but in later years the landscape seems to have shrunken; and of the grove of oaks, maples, elms, about the house which we loved as if they were human beings—we gave pet names from our history lessons to each tree—only "old Napoleon," the walnut tree, remains now of childhood's loveliest and most restful retreat.

My early years were uneventful. Dear, kind father was a good man. He was born in England, and emigrated to America to make his fortune, and had married an American girl, proud, spirited, and beautiful, accomplished in music, art, and householdry. They settled in this little Iowa village to "grow up" with the town. Father dreamed of large estates as in the "old country," for there is nothing an Englishman so dearly loves as a little plot of ground he can call his own; but he was industrious and thrifty. I was the first-born, and must have been a very troublesome baby, but mother used to say "There's one virtue Minza possesses—she's never idle."

She left me alone one day while she went across the way to help a neighbor with a sick child, and the bread pan, which was standing by the stove full of dough, mixed and ready for kneading and baking, was too tempting for my budding artistic genius; and on her return she found the chairs, bureau, little old piano and "whatnot" lavishly sculptured with the dough. I shall never forget the expression on her face. I remember this incident, because it is my first memory of a man who was largely responsible in forming my career.

Old Dr. Waddington it was, who just then came in and saw my handiwork. He was a very large, stout man, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, and the original founder of the village. In fact, he had christened it "Smithville" in honor of his former home in the eastern states. American towns, as a rule, do not possess particularly expressive and characteristic names, for they grow and multiply so rapidly that it is rather difficult, as in the case of parents with a rapidly increasing family, to find names enough to go round.



"On you, my precious little sweetheart, it all depends"

He looked at me a minute, and said to mother: "I think she had better be brought down tomorrow, as I have sent for Dr. Griffin to assist in the operation."

I remember the shudder mother gave, and how quickly she lifted me up and kissed me.

"Will it—what do you think—Doctor, is there any danger?"

"My dear Mrs. Maxwell, I cannot tell. The case is very puzzling, but I have great faith in Dr. Griffin, and we will warn you in time should dangerous symptoms show themselves."

Those were his words as nearly as I can remember. It was an anxious night, and father did not go to his business next morning, and when we started out he carried me in his arms, which I thought unusually kind of him. When danger threatens, how dearly parents love their children! He hugged me tightly, and mother carried wee baby Joe, as we went to the photographer's, and when we entered the dressing-room to prepare for the picture, mother burst into tears.

"O Robert, how can we permit it?"

The scene was like that of a funeral. I remember how the pretty little imitation stumps and trees for the background amused me; the scenery was one of those primitive "scenic" settings that are to be found in nearly all picture galleries in the States.

The photographer was a long time preparing his plates, and shut himself up in his little dark room as if at his devotions. I was placed in front of the group, between father and mother. A forked iron rack was placed at the back of my head to hold me still. The little bald-headed photographer seemed to enjoy diving in and out from under the black cloth.

Finally the camera artillery was ready. With a rattle-box to keep baby Joe quiet, and with his watch in the other hand, and the scorching sun pouring down upon the scenic effect through the white cloth, in that Iowa country photographer's studio my first picture was taken. My hair was combed back smooth and held by an arched comb and tied with a blue ribbon behind. Oh, how clearly it all comes back to me now, as I sit and cry over that old, faded tintype!

After the picture had been taken I was carried over to the little old red office of Dr. Waddington. A tall man in an apron and spectacles was with him. He had a large number of small bright knives, saws, and sharp instruments spread out on the window-sill. There was a long narorw table in the center of the room. With the ghastly motion of an executioner, the strange man pointed to the table, and mother began to cry. Baby Joe joined in and father's eyes were filled. He sat me down gently. They all kissed me, including the stout old doctor, wheezing badly as his eyes glistened. I still felt mother's arms about me, and I was not afraid. It seemed a good deal of fuss to make over a little red-headed girl. A few minutes later I was unconscious. The test of life and death was being made, and the operation was to remove a dangerous growth in my throat, the throat and voice which have since won me fame.

CHAPTER III

The operation was successful. My tongue was loosed, and at six years of age I learned to talk. What happiness it brought. Dear father seemed more fond of me than ever, and his whole life centered in "little red-headed Meg."

He was a country merchant and kept a general merchandise store, to which the farmers came every Saturday from miles around to obtain needed supplies in exchange for their butter and eggs and other produce. How well I remember that dear old place! The very odors of molasses, coffee and kerosene in these stores are today fragrant with memories of childhood. Every factory or shop has its peculiar atmosphere, characteristic only of that particular branch of trade; but the old "store," as we called it, seemed to be a composite of everything, from dark brown sugar and sage cheese to peppermint candy and strong-smelling cabbage and onions.

As it was the largest store in the village, father and mother were looked upon as the prominent persons. Our piano was about the only one in the hamlet, and mother's playing and singing were noted far and near; indeed, she would often entertain the neighbors of an evening, for it was an important part of her religion to make others happy.

Another baby brother came about a year after that first family group was taken. I took charge of baby Jimmy, as we named him, so that mother might give all her attention to little Joe, who had always been sickly.

It was in those days that mother first began to instruct me in music. I loved it because music was a part of my mother's self. How well I remember awaking every morning with mother playing Clayton's "Grand March" or Schumann's "Jolly Farmer" on the piano! These two selections had a history, and father never left home in the morning without mother playing them. He was not a musician, but loved music even more passionately than do some who are accomplished in the art.

These were happy days; and as father used to sit and smoke his pipe, with one baby on each knee and his red-headed Meg cosily stowed away between, and his arm about dear mother, he certainly looked the happiest and most contented mortal on earth. It was a happy family picture such as no artist has ever yet been able to portray in its full glory. But it is during these happy lulls in life that the crash comes.

The United States is a country of crashes and climaxes. It is a new country, and develops more rapidly than its financial resources; consequently, its history is well punctuated with panics. It was during one of these panics that my father failed in business; not through any fault of his own, but he had endorsed a note for a friend, who could not pay it, and he was compelled to do so. Coming at a time when he had a large amount of accounts outstanding and securities upon which he could not realize, father turned over to Shylock creditors all his property, worth many times his liabilities, for them to prey upon and divide among them.

Never can I forget that night in June when he came home to tea, but could not eat. With a deep, yearning gaze he looked across the table at mother, and burst into tears.

"Helen, I'm ruined!" he cried.

"How is that, Robert?" said mother quietly, going to him and throwing her arms about his neck. This was her favorite way of asking questions. He told her the story in detail as simply as a little child.

"Still, it may not be so bad, after all, Robert. I will go down to the store with you after tea, and we will see."

Mother knew nothing of business matters, but was a woman for emergencies. There was no further eating, and we went to the store. It was after closing hours, and the curtains had been drawn—upon which my father's name blazed in large gilt letters, which seemed now like a mockery.

Once inside, we went to the high sloping desk, and there mother developed hidden powers. The little, shrinking, timid woman seemed to comprehend the situation after examining the books and accounts.

"Well, Robert, it is cruel, it is wrong; but they must take the property."

"O my poor wife and children!" burst out father in tears.

"Yes, but we can save our home; that is exempt," replied mother.

"But, Helen, is that honest when—when—"

"Robert, your first duty is to yourself and family; you must not assume that all men are as honest as you are. Robert, I say we will refuse to give up our home."

There was a queenly firmness in her tone and attitude; the light and fire in her eye was that of an aroused tigress defending her young.

The home was saved by mother, but the lawyers soon made sad havoc of the property. The "assignee's sale" only realized, or rather was reported to have realized, a small fraction of its real value, and left father still a thousand dollars in debt.

"One thousand dollars!" I dreamed of them that night. What an enormous sum it seemed! My poor father! His face grew thin and he began to stoop, and I would have given my life to have secured that one thousand dollars. Could I sew? Could I grow big and go out teaching? But how long it would take to save one thousand dollars to lift the pall that hung over our household! I wished that I was a big girl and could marry a rich man.

But something must be done. Father, a few days ago the prosperous village merchant, had now but few friends who could help him.

He tried to find work as a builder—the trade he had learnt in England; but no one would build houses in panic times, and finally, with a saw-buck on his shoulder, this true Knight of Manhood sawed a neighbor's woodpile to buy his family flour.

That cord of wood nearly cost father his life. It was a cold, rainy day, and as he worked in his shirtsleeves, and was not accustomed to manual labor, he caught a heavy cold. I had been with him to help pile up the wood as he sawed it. We had retreated behind a hay-stack from public view, for there was just a bit of pride left. How I hated everyone then! I really believe I was an Anarchist in spirit.

That night we sat alone without a light.

"Helen, what can we do, what can we do?" appealed father, with that soft, beseeching look which expressed so much. His cough was growing harder.

"Something will come to us, Robert," replied mother. "Never mind, we shall live somehow. Be patient, Robert, be patient."

As is often the case, calamity had reversed the position of the two. Mother was now commander of the storm-beaten home craft.

She went to the piano and played softly; impromptu chords as she used to play them on the little wheezy church organ; then "The Maiden's Prayer." Afterwards she started to sing the old melody, "When You and I Were Young." How sweet and soothing it was! No voice have I ever heard like mother's. In the middle of the third verse she stopped short.

"I declare I've forgotten the words, Robert."

She lighted a lamp to search among the pile of music on the top of the piano, and while doing so she found a worn piece of sheet music. It was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and she started.

"Robert, we're all right!"

The sight of that piece of music had brought to mind her wedding, and a wedding present.

"Robert, I have property."

"What can it be? You never told me."

"I never told you, my dear, but dear father gave me a deed belonging to some wild land in the western part of the state as a wedding present. I have the deed in my possession."

"But you have never paid the taxes."

"I know—not for several years, and the land may not be worth much, but we shall see."

She sat down at once and wrote to a lawyer in the town nearest to the land. We all studied the map in my little school geography, but it gave us little idea of its value or location.

We waited anxiously for a reply, and after several days it arrived. The lawyer gave a most discouraging report of the land, saying that it was fifty miles from a railroad, and that it had been sold for taxes, and would requre a large amount of money to redeem it and secure a clear title; also, that the panic had affected that section very much, but that possibly he might clear three hundred dollars if a power of attorney were sent him to sell it at once.

A family consultation was held over our frugal meal of bread and cheese that night. Winter was coming on. Something must be done, and quickly.

Three hundred dollars! That was a large sum of money.

"We should accept it, Robert," said mother at last, after long reflection.

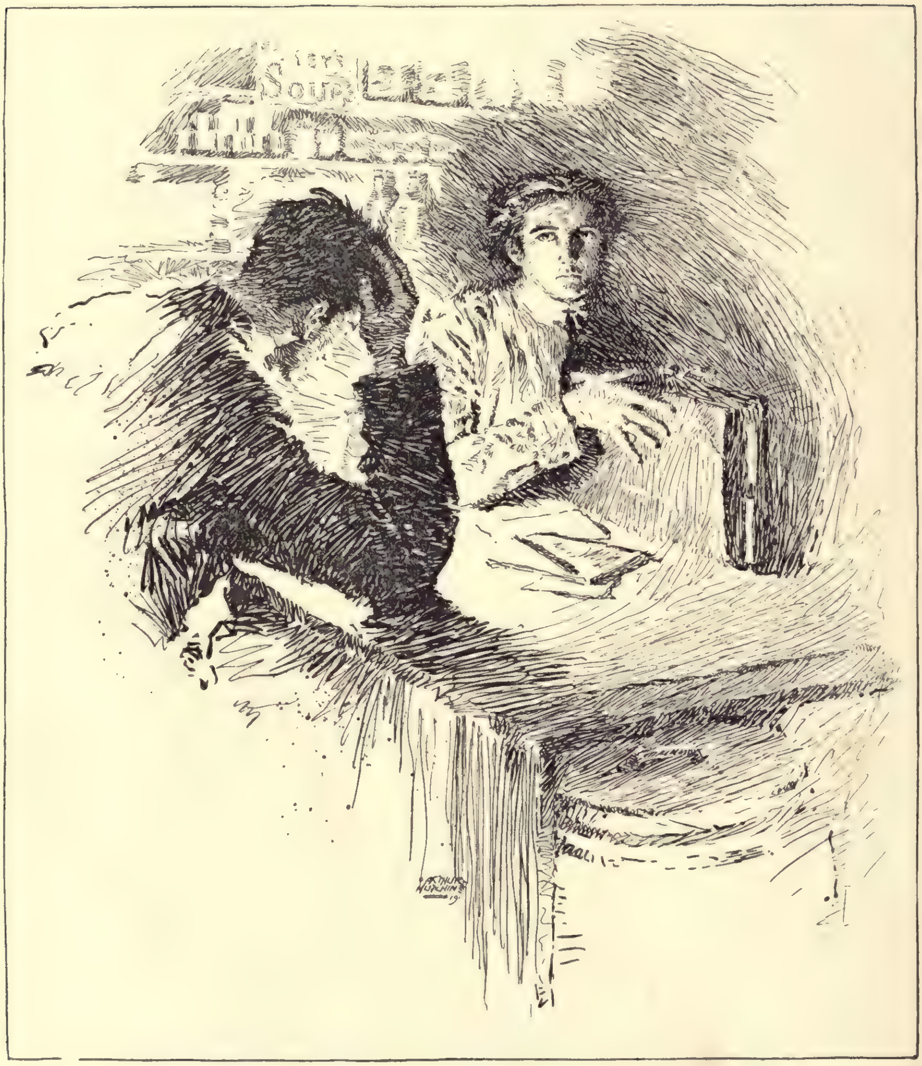
That settled it.

"My plan is to re-invest that money in a music and book shop here in the village, and I will teach music in order to sell the instruments. That is what we must do, Robert."

"My dear Helen, with your babies and you so delicate in health, and—"

"Never mind, dear, we shall manage somehow; you and Meg can attend to the store and the household work, and I will teach."

My mother's wedding present was sold. The land proved, ten years after, to be coal land worth nearly half a million dollars when the railroad reached it, and it made the fortunes of several men. But that three hundred dollars invested in a stock of violins, guitars, strings, trimmings,



"Well, Robert, it is cruel, it is wrong; but they must take the property"

sheet music and books was another link which determined my career.

Chapter IV

We were soon established in business. Our music and book shop was on one side of the room occupied by the village postoffice. Mother organized a music class, and, although the income was small, through the commissions on the sale of an occasional piano or a violin to a contradance fiddler, we managed to live.

But we were poor; that thousand dollars still remained unpaid; and father's creditors even tried to seize the little business which gave us a livelihood. However, mother was too shrewd for them. She had established the firm with herself as principal, and this baffled the creditors; but it worried poor father as being dishonest, and he began to fail. The dumb ague fastened its grip upon him, and every other day he had a "shake" or chill. While mother was out teaching he was at home doing the housework, washing, ironing, cooking and tending Joe; while Jimmy was with me at the little store, sleeping in the perambulator behind the counter. It was the confinement to the house that told on father. Men were not made for housekeepers.

When music and selling musical instruments became our means of livelihood, I began to hate it. Why should my mother have to earn her living that way? Other girls did not need to play fiddles and amuse country bumpkins in order to make a few pennies. Other girls had pretty things to wear. My mother's bonnets and dresses were made over for me. I grew to hate music, so much so that mother found it difficult to teach me the rudiments. Oh, the long, dreary five-finger exercises and scales! I was so proud when she permitted me to play the little "Bee March." That seemed more like real music. She looked after me carefully and would not allow me to sing in school, which I thought was a hardship; but with a mother's intuition she realized how important it was to train a voice when young, and today I do not believe my natural voice was originally anything extraordinary, but that mother's care had much to do with giving me the strength to endure the severe discipline of after years.

For some years mother had given her services as organist in the Methodist Church, towards the construction of which father had contributed one thousand dollars. I confess, as I sat in the choir, just behind the dear old minister, Sunday after Sunday, I often thought I would like to tear out that thousand dollars from those dingy walls. But to me that dear old church has tender recollections; a tall, slender spire, adorned by a lightning rod; green blinds about the square cupola, from which the rich tones of the bell resounded; the old gray-haired sexton, who permitted me to hold the rope while it raised me toward the roof; the small class-room just off the main entrance; on the other side the stairs to the gallery, where we children used to play when the "mite socials" were held—the cheerful savor of coffee, those oyster stews and sandwiches comes back to me now. The interior was painted a light brown. The windows were imitations of old Norman arches with eyebrow arches of a deeper brown just above. The pews were plain, and the old and deaf people of the congregation used to occupy those in front, while the tittering and sniggering youngsters clustered in the rear. It was on a hot Communion Sunday in June that the first link in my musical career was forged. All strangers were exhorted to join in this service. Father and mother were kneeling, and I was left at the organ to sing a verse each time, as the people came forward and knelt about the pulpit platform.

Alone I sang—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

When I saw father and mother kneeling together at that table, and remembered that they had never attended a class or prayer meeting, or had family prayers at home, it thrilled me. Up to this time I had refused to kneel at the mourner's bench.

To this day I have never taken Communion publicly, but on that Sunday I think I closed my eyes and sang straight to God in soul communion.

The last "I come" was fading away, and I was almost unconscious of the presence of others. I opened my eyes suddenly and saw two blue eyes raised above the altar rail, which met mine. I started and gasped aloud. The minister turned about quickly and looked over his spectacles; the service stopped. Mother and father started toward me, thinking I was ill. I blushed a deep red, made deeper by the sunshine pouring through the stained-glass windows. I had made a scene in church. The owner of those blue eyes was a stranger. He was evidently a commercial traveler, and was staying at Francis' Hotel. I was only a homely little red-headed girl, and it was rather unusual for me to attract an admiring glance.

I confess I fell in love, but those blue eyes fascinated me. Of course it was silly in a girl of tender years, but there was a touch of affinity in that glance that I cannot explain. I did not become acquainted with him that day, but found later that he came from the great city of Boston, on the distant Atlantic shore. The church music of the period was rather peculiar. Mother loved a solemn, rich harmony that expresses reverence and adoration, such as is used in the English church service; but in every church, in every society, religious or civic, no matter whether great or small, there is sure to be a quarrel among factions at one time or another.

Mother's taste was questioned by some of the ladies whom she had been teaching. The flashy gospel hymns, with their bumpety bump, three-chord, jiggy airs, had turned their heads.

"They be so truly passionate," wailed old spinster Brown, "and express real, great music," she continued, wringing her hands.

Mother had given her a scolding at her last lesson for not learning the five-finger exercises properly, as she would persist in playing with her thumbs, one note at a time.

It was a tempest in a teapot, to be sure. Mother was firm and would tolerate no nonsense. The kind old minister sided with mother, but the majority of the congregation followed Squire Bumps, the leading trustee, who had become wealthy by foreclosing mortgages on poor people, and prayed and roared like a mad bull in class meeting for forgiveness of his sins.

To me he was a hypocrite, and he certainly wanted his daughter Grace to sing in my place. And she was a member of the church—I was not.

The final result was that mother was asked to resign her thankless task, and we walked out of the church the following Sunday with suppressed sobs—banished from the church my father had helped to build; a church that held in its walls enough to relieve him from debt; a church for which he had given time and energy in prosperity—but from which he was driven out in adversity.

Do you wonder at the opposition offered to church work? Too often it is used in the interests of social and financial cliques, and true worship is forgotten.

"Well, the kingdom of God is big enough for us all," said mother, as we sat down to dinner that day.

In spite of this galling incident, I thank heaven I never lost a pure and simple faith in God. It is true I cannot fathom theological dogmas, but hovering about me always is the Great and Good God to whom I pray. My theological belief may be accounted heretical by some, but it is simple faith, and a personal belief that concerns only my Maker and myself.

For a time after the crushing affair at the church, we thought of leaving the town altogether, but plucky mother insisted:

"No, we will yet see the turn of the tide."

It did not take long, either.

The shop business was poor, though mother's energy had made her successful as a teacher; but success always brings its penalty in the way of jealousy and envy. It was thought she was using her position as organist in church to secure more scholars; but they drew closer to her with unswerving loyalty, and the class kept on increasing until she began to stagger under the strain.

Father insisted that he would starve rather than permit her to continue without a rest, and a family consultation was held, at which he suggested a concert to close the term—something that would be a substitute for the Sunday-school concerts which had been given at the church, under mother's direction, once every month.

The new organist at the church had tried the concerts and failed. Then mother commenced planning for the recital. It was very elaborate and bold in conception, considering the material she had to deal with. Bless her heart! she was so magnetic. It was from this first recital that I drifted into a stage career.

The Town Hall was generously offered to her; an impromptu stage was built, and bed linen was brought into requisition for curtains. All day long father was at work filling an array of bottles with a red fluid, to furnish the mellow "spot lights" by placing kerosene lamps behind them.

How I dreaded the humiliation of that first concert! My mother and father in the show business! It stung my pride. The rehearsals proceeded actively, and mother concentrated every energy upon the preparations. She understood human nature, which was indicated impressively in the manner in which she assigned the various parts to help on the work. Hours and hours she spent drilling me in Leonora's arias from Verdi's "Trovatore." I was locked in a room to practice the violin, as I was to shine as a veritable prodigy in music. Oh, how heartsick I was as the date approached! Could it not be postponed? Could I hide? There was only one thing that held me close to duty. My red-headed nature asserted itself. If my mother *was* in the "show business," and if my father *did* attend to the babies and wash dishes and was called "Poor Hen-pecked Bob," the Sunday-school concert should be outdone.

Many things are achieved through rivalry. We must make some effort in order to learn our own strength.

And so I made my real *debut* in an amateur concert, amid the taunts of old playmates who lived in the "terrace."

CHAPTER V

Never can I forget that first concert. It was a few days past my tenth birthday. The hour for beginning was eight o'clock, but, as is usual with home entertainments, it was nearly nine o'clock when the curtain sheets were drawn aside, as many "props" had been overlooked at the last minute.

Father stood at the door taking the money—the straggling silver quarters—for admission. Beside him, on a buffalo robe, were the two babies, Joe and Jim, in their new white dresses. I had shrunk out of sight from some of the schoolboy chums, who, I was afraid, would jeer me. Father wore a paper dicky over a rough flannel shirt, and looked quite a gentleman with one of mother's blue ribbons for a necktie. He had dressed me before taking his station at the door, carefully curling my red hair and trying to powder away some of the freckles.

"On you, my precious little sweetheart, it all depends," he said, kissing me, with moist eyes.

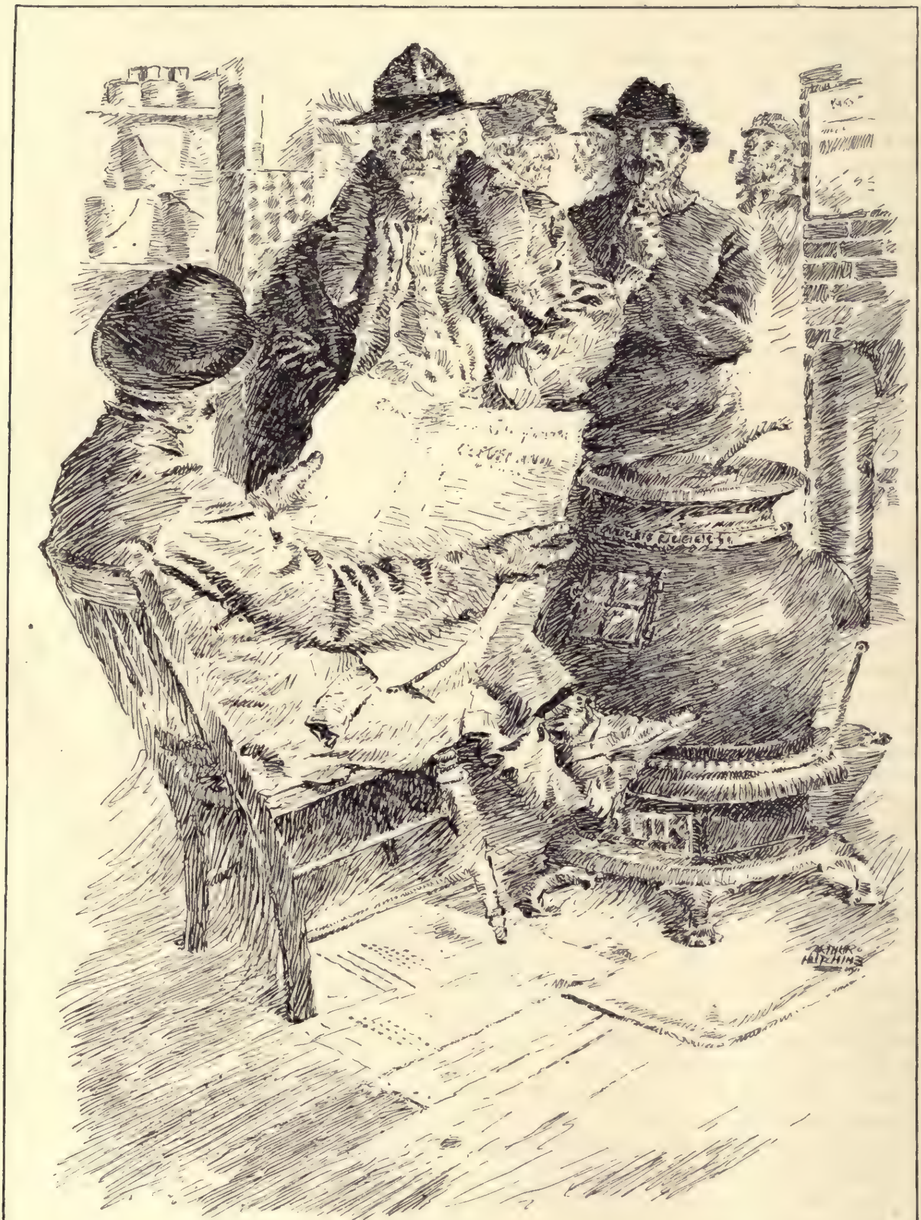
There was not a very large attendance, but Squire Bumps' family and the Blixons and all the enemy in the church quarrel turned out in full force. I fancied I saw knives and blades under their skirts. Grace Bumps, who had taken my place in the church choir, swept by me with a supercilious air which stung me; and then, how glad I was now that the concert was to be given! My natural ire was roused.

Cool and collected behind those improvised curtains, which revealed to the audience pantomimic silhouettes of those who took part, was mother. Clad in a simple muslin dress, lowered just a trifle at the neck, with flowers at her throat and in her hair, it seemed to me that I had never before seen my mother so beautiful. Her dark blue eyes were flashing with excitement. Two tall gawky country boys stood at each side of the center curtains to pull them aside.

What a breathless moment of suspense it was just before mother gave the signal! The young lads, who were admitted free as ushers, were stationed in different parts of the room. They turned down the lamps at the signal. The lights behind the red bottles were turned on by father in the rear of the room, and then, in the hush of darkness, with an improvised moon rising over the door of a representation of an old plantation, the soft strains of "Suwanee River" were sung without instrumental accompaniment by the chorus behind the scenes.

The effect was thrilling. Mother's clear, beautiful voice led the chorus of boys and girls. It was something unexpected—and that usually pleases an American audience.

The last strains of Foster's plaintive melody had scarcely died away when, prompt on the tap of the bell, two of the most advanced pupils dashed into the piano duet "Poet and Peasant," with mother standing over them to turn the music and count the time—one, two, three, four—in a soft undertone. Then there was the good old "William Tell," with two pianos in action at the same time. Of course that music is now out of date. Musical taste varies with each generation; but it seems to me that no orchestration ever gave such a finished conception as those piano duets—every retard and crescendo given with precision. How I pity the millions of young girls nowadays who spend years and years of hard study on the pianoforte—and every girl must



"A general merchandise store, to which the farmers came every Saturday from miles around to obtain needed supplies in exchange for butter and eggs"

play the piano, for when an amateur piano selection is announced on a concert program, there is a suppressed yawn floating over the audience. Piano playing is so common and in these days it is often made a display of finger gymnastics rather than a feeling and soulful interpretation of music. A collocation of sounds is not real music—there must be a soul expression back of the melody.

My heart fluttered when the *accelerando* of the last measures in that duet was reached and the crashing chords and explosive octaves were struck, the old Rossini method of concluding an overture. I was next on the program, and gently picked for the last time the A and E strings to see if my violin was in tune. The sea of faces and light before me was confusing. Not a feature did I recognize.

"Keep cool and go slowly," whispered mother, as she played the introduction to Mendelssohn's "Consolation."

As I drew the bow for the first notes my fingers seemed to give every note a terrible shake and tremolo. After the first full down-bow, I felt the passion of mother's approval—forgot those in front—and half closed my eyes. It was a simple piece; my fourth finger was usually awkward, but now it seemed as free and unconscious as breath itself, so that I put all my soul into the bowing. The last phrase, which expresses so much and one of Mendelssohn's favorite musical expression, died away under a light bow slanted and slowly drawn, until the tone almost faded into the breathless silence of the room.

As I bowed and walked off there was scarcely a ripple of applause, and I felt crushed as I walked behind the sheet curtain. Mother rushed in and kissed me passionately.

"O my darling little Meg! so beautiful!" She kissed me over and over again, and the program stopped for a moment. What a light heart those kisses gave me! It pleased mother, it was she for whom I played. Our greatest achievements are not always to please the world, but that little circle we love. In after years I very often find myself straining every nerve to please one person in the audience, and when I feel the response after my first tones I am satisfied—no matter what the applause may be or what critics may say.

The next number was "The Storm," which, with its vivid mimicry and Alpine song, mother played on the piano, and it created a wild outburst of applause. It was just the thing to suit a country audience.

"By jinks, I thought the rain war a-comin' on the roof!" whispered one large, lank farm-hand, as he squirted tobacco juice in the corner. Mother had captured the audience. My next piece was a vocal solo, the aria "Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me!" from "Trovatore." Mother had an impromptu orchestra arranged, which she had been rehearsing for weeks. The bald-headed cornetist and contra-dance fiddler, Jack Robins, were playing their parts more by ear than note. The orchestra score differed somewhat from the vocal part. The first note I shaded with a full, robust chest tone, soft and sustained, which I have always loved since, and which is considered one of my greatest gifts as a singer. The bass viol missed several changes, but hastily corrected himself. It started out well. I felt that responsive approval from the sea of faces in front, but in the second part, when I was growing most passionate—a sort of childish mimic passion taught me by mother—the confused cornetist came in on the wrong measure, and the mistake quite upset the entire orchestra. The clarinet squeaked, the bass drum lost his place, and it ended in a crash—a break-down! I caught mother's flashing eye. There was a titter about the room. Quickly mother motioned the orchestra to cease, and striking in on the introduction with that firm touch on the piano which inspires, she said in an undertone:

"Begin over again."

I did so—only mother and I. The failure nerved me with stronger power. The song was finished and the applause was deafening, the audience appreciating mother's pluck more than they did the song, and we were encored several times.

Squire Bumps and his wife arose and left just then, as if to mortify father at the door.

The concert concluded in a blaze of triumph with the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's "Messiah."

After the program the mothers came forward for their little girls who had taken part in it, and mother was overwhelmed with congratulations. There is a charm about the close of a performance that throws a glamour over the performer which interests the audience. Mother had vanquished her rivals, and the Sunday-school concerts were laid low.

It was the old Squire who remarked a few days afterwards:

"Wal, I told you that woman was a-leadin' our church into theatrical temptations. See that concert—a disgrace, sir! Full of jig songs and opera that are played in theaters. No, sir, keep our sanctuary pure."

After the concert, we picked up little Joe and baby Jim, who were asleep, and carried them home.

"Robert, I am proud of Meg," mother said.

"My own little sunbeam!" said father, taking me on his knee.

The evening's events were talked over in the dark around the old "base-burner" until past midnight. Even after we retired, I heard mother and father still talking it over. Little Jim snuggled closer to me. It all seemed like a dream, and the echoes of the music rang in my ears.

"Fred Burroughes was there tonight," said father softly.

I had not seen him.

Chapter VI

After this concert the reputation of mother as a music teacher was established, and she was proclaimed the musical leader of "the city" by the home newspaper.

Father's health did not improve, and old Dr. Waddington shook his head and said he must leave the ague district. This required money, and the thousand dollars of debt seemed as large as ever. Mother struggled on with her lessons.

"One—two—three—four." I can see her yet in the old parlor at the side of a scholar, going through hours and hours of drudgery in teaching for a livelihood.

On a cool October day at noon I was near the old brick schoolhouse, standing under the tall cottonwood trees. The children were playing among the rustling sea of fallen leaves. The trees were shedding their flakes of snowy fur; the air was laden with shouts of childish merriment, with now and then an unearthly Indian yell: children without noise are not children. It was one of those perfect autumn days to which a memory of past events will so easily fix itself.

From across the road came a form I knew well, although I had never spoken a word to him.

"This is Minza Maxwell, I know," he said softly, and his clear blue eyes made me blush furiously. The girls all looked at us in shy wonderment.

"Yes, sir," I replied, walking apart from the other girls.

"Well, Minza, I want you to become a great singer."

It was rather abrupt.

"What am I to do?" I asked coyly, hardly daring to look up into his face.

"Your father is going to Boston with me on business, and will be gone three months. You must go with him and study music."

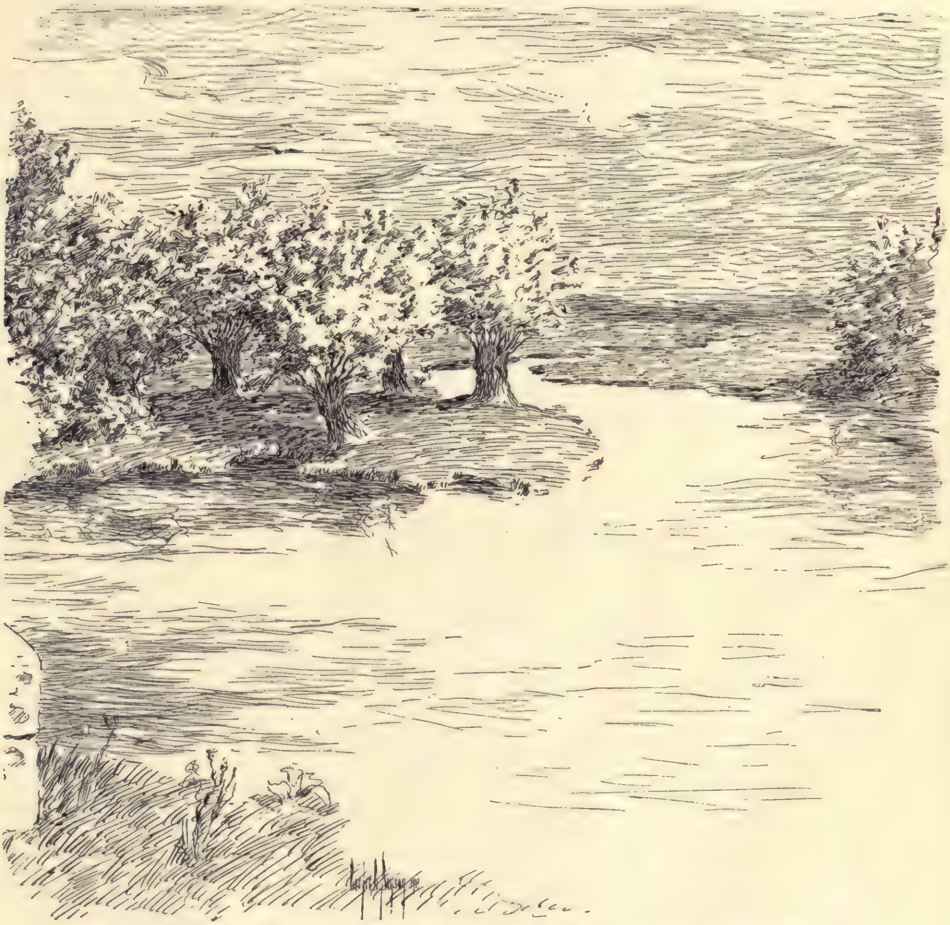
It seems that it had all been arranged at home, and was no news to them when I arrived. Father was being sent away by his brother Masons for his health, and I was to look after him, and Mr. Burroughes had arranged for the music lessons in Boston.

It was the first home-breaking of a little family. Now that we were going, it brought back the memories recalled by that little photograph group of which I have already spoken. Like Cinderella, I had dreamed of a handsome rich lover to pay that thousand dollars debt. My first hero was Fred Burroughes. Although I was a little girl and he quite a young man, gratitude filled my heart with the deepest adoration for the blue-eyed commercial traveler whom I had first seen over the altar-rail at communion service in the little brown church.

I had a loving girl companion. Angela Gooding lived across the road, and a pretty little thing she was. True, we had our little quarrels when out berrying or picking up hickory nuts, or playing in the sandpile under the old maples, or swinging in the cherry trees near the old red barn. We were devoted chums nevertheless. Our secrets were as one. We make our truest friends in childhood, because a child makes friends from disinterested motives.

The night before I was to leave, Angela and I wandered down to the old deserted limekiln, where we had spent so many happy days together, and built fairy castles in the air. I said good-bye and kissed even the large flat stones where we used to sit and watch the stars, or, with the shadows of the afternoon sun playing through the leaves of the old walnut tree. I had read Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Sir Walter Scott's novels and imagined the tumbled stones of the kiln as ancient ruins.

We cried because we thought that perhaps we should never be together again. We plighted our eternal friendship with rings made of withered blades of grass. The hidden hemp fish-poles were brought out and put away again, and over the wire fence Farmer Brown's muley cow "Spotty" looked pensively, as if she, too, wanted a good-bye kiss.



"The old deserted limekiln where we spent so many happy days together"

In the house I threw off my jacket and cried as mother asked me to try on a new coat with shining buttons. In our poverty mother had made my jackets out of father's faded and worn-out coats, and dyed them in log wood. The black persisted in wearing off on my neck, and the boys used to plague me with cries of "Charcoal Meg." How I despised that name! But Angela never plagued me. I longed for the time to throw that jacket away, for even a homely girl loves to appear pretty. But now, when I could abandon it, how dear it seemed!

"Mamma, let me stay, and you go with papa," I remember pleading.

"No, a little girl of mine could hardly do my work," softly said mamma. "You go with papa and study hard, and then you will be someone some day and not have to endure poverty. Be somebody, Minza!"

She kissed me again. She was not an effusive mother; her kisses were few, but always appropriate. She did not humor me by waiting on my every wish or tucking me in bed, with the other usual incidents of expressing a mother's love, but taught me self-reliance and breathed in me an ambition that I could not quench.

It was a sad night. Nearly all night I lay crying. The rain fell in torrents; I was afraid of the deluge which we had read about in our last Sunday-school lesson, and rushed into mother's room in a fright. I soon fell asleep when father's arms were about me. I dreamed that I should never see little Joe and baby Jim again. How cruel, I thought, to drive me away now!

The next day was a busy one—what with packing the trunks and many farewells. The train left at midnight. We tried to spend a cheerful evening, and Angela was allowed to stay up with me. The hour of twelve seemed to come too quickly. The 'bus rattled to the door with its dingy light in front. Once more I broke out, "I will not go. Mamma—mamma, I cannot leave you and the babies."

"Come, Minza dear, mamma will be all right. That's a good girl, take care of papa and be brave, Minza, be brave and work hard." She kissed me good-bye as only a mother can. Father hugged me close to him. We were off to Boston. It seemed like an exile to Siberia.

(*To be continued*)

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

THE life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be:
The cares and needs of others see:
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;
And turns not from the cross—the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
This is the life that counts.

—*A. W. S., Heart Throbs. II.*

A WATCH NIGHT REVERIE

By JAMES HARVEY LYON

THE year is dying—let him die
He's through with doing, we'll not lie
Supine regretting.
Lament we, we so little learn?
Life's lesson from life's labor stern
Sadly neglecting.
Weep wastes of tears at life's sad trend?
Bewail our lot and never mend?
What profit we
For hope of inward joy is born
'Tis courage for the gath'ring storm
On life's rough sea.

Joy is not fruit, but motor force—
Aggressive will—exhaustless source—
A flowing well.
With joy we'll cross the year's threshold
"Abiding joy" shall make us bold,
So ring the bells.
Happy the year we've just begun,
Farewell, Old Year, with thee we've done
Building on thy wrecks.
Reason, resolve—our faults in view
Life's better way we will pursue,
Heaven's light attracts.

Thus year by year our life is spent.
Each New Year's day right wrongs unmeant,
While climbing higher.
Festina Lente—progress slow
Digressing not, our course we know
See duty nigher.
Weak ourselves, we're strong in him;
Bethlehem's Babe, our Master, King,
Immanuel!
Our Joy, our Hope, our Day-Star he,
Root of David, The Vine, the Tree
In which we dwell.

No victory without conflict gained;
By over-coming is obtained
Surcease of strife.
We all must strive if we will win
The "crown of glory" promised him,
A conquered self.
Let years be few or many to us;
Our path a straight and forward course
Or rugged steep.
To each according to his need
The Christ has promised us his aid
As is our meet.

Typical Americans

Colonel Carlisle, of South Bend, Indiana

By THE EDITOR

EVERY time the train on which I am traveling whistles for South Bend, Indiana, and the grammatical brakeman gives that warning, "Don't leave no parcels," I count on a little chat with Colonel Charles Arthur Carlisle of the Studebaker Corporation, one of those men whom to know is to enjoy the delight of old-fashioned visits.

Somehow I can never disassociate men of large business affairs from public men. One finds the same breadth of view in men at the head of the country's business institutions as among those who are actually leaders in public life. There is no phase of public affairs with which Colonel Carlisle is not familiar. Perhaps it is because he was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, the first capital of that state, that he has taken so active an interest in supplying the nation with precedents.

You can easily understand from the career of Colonel Carlisle that the influence of a devoted mother had no small part to bear upon his life. You can well believe that in the old days he loved to wander among the Chillicothe hills, and draw that inspiration from nature which makes broader and better men, and renders endurance and achievement a comparatively easy task.

Mr. Carlisle's career began by learning just how to do up parcels in a grocery store—and he did them up well. Then he became a messenger boy in a railroad office and later did newspaper work on the Ohio State *Journal*. As private secretary to the general manager of an important system of railroads Mr. Carlisle obtained another view of life which served him well as a railroad purchasing agent. For the past twenty years Mr. Carlisle has been prominently identified with the Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company, serving as a director in charge of the publicity, purchasing and traffic departments. In like manner he has served as a member of the Executive Committee and as vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Association of Carriage Manufacturers. Mr. Carlisle is prominent in the order of Masonry, being a thirty-second degree Mason, a Shriner and a Knight Templar. He is a Methodist by faith and claims the church his first and most desirable of all his affiliations.

During the last year Mr. Carlisle was prominently mentioned as the Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana. His candidacy was ardently urged by the newspapers, who felt that the next Republican candidate for the governorship should come from the northern part of the state. It was insisted that he should be a man identified with the business, manufacturing and farming interests, and be a man higher than a politician; and the challenge was issued that there was no better Republican yet less of a politician living in Indiana than Colonel Carlisle.

His interest in politics is of long standing. Born and bred in a state where politics is the natural avocation, Colonel Carlisle has always taken part in political campaigns and has been President of many of the Hoosier Republican Clubs. He is a man of original force and ideas and an ardent champion of those progressive and sane policies which seek to promote and preserve the welfare of all the people all the time. Governor W. T.

COL. CHARLES ARTHUR CARLISLE, OF SOUTH BEND, INDIANA
Whom Edison called "a typical American" and who has been mentioned for the governorship of his state

Durbin, who appointed him a member of his staff with the rank of Colonel, pronounced him "one of the most active, enterprising and successful business men of Indiana."

Of modest disposition and thoroughly self-made, Mr. Carlisle has made his way step by step in commercial, manufacturing and transportation service and has numbered among his warm personal friends such prominent Americans as the late President McKinley, Bishop Vincent, Charles W. Fairbanks and ex-Senator Beveridge, whose tributes to Colonel Carlisle are testimonials such as no merely political preferment could bestow.

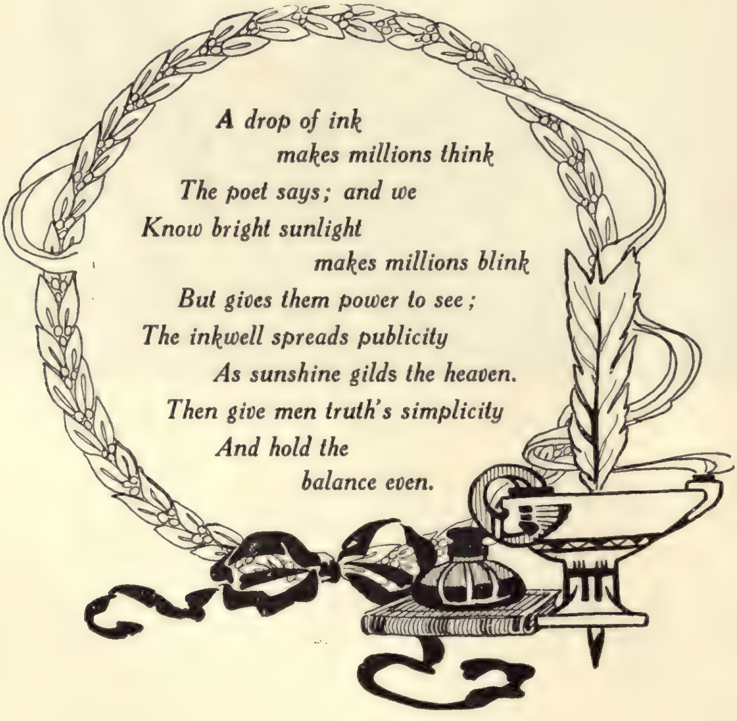
Thomas A. Edison wrote: "Carlisle is a typical American, sanguine, pushing, bright, a man of the old West, where everybody hustles, and business is only limited by nervous prostration."

So, too, the men most prominent in Hoosier literary circles are always lavish in expressions of their admiration and esteem for Colonel Carlisle.

He was the first president of the American Trust Company, one of South Bend's prominent financial institutions, and as such gained a broad experience as a banker. Mr. Carlisle's grandparents emigrated from Ulster County, Scotland, before the War of the Revolution and marched with the heroes of the Scotch-Irish legion through the Shenandoah Valley and in the conquest up through Virginia to the northwest frontier, locating at Chillicothe, Ohio. Mr. Carlisle is a Vice-President of the Scotch-Irish Society of America and a life member of the Scotch Patriotic Association of Glasgow, Scotland.

Everybody likes him for his genuine frankness and hearty kindliness, and for the lofty ideals and purposes which he has never been known to compromise or abandon. He thoroughly enjoys his life work and the multifarious responsibilities for which the great offices and buildings of the Studebaker Corporation, with all their convenient arrangements and artistic surroundings, afford a fitting environment. His private office and his home abound with evidences of those great and numerous friendships which are after all the greatest compensation of a busy life. Mrs. Carlisle, the only daughter of the late Clem Studebaker, founder of the house of "Studebaker," presides over Colonel Carlisle's home with a tact and grace which makes it the very realm of good cheer and grateful hospitality. They have six children.

A ready, fluent speaker, quick and decisive in business, bright and generous in all his dealings, it is small wonder that South Bend feels a pride in claiming Charles Arthur Carlisle not only as one of her esteemed citizens, but as one of the representative Americans of Indiana. The influence of such a man reaches beyond the confines of his city and state, and joins the solid phalanx of men from the North, the South, the East and the West, who are "real Americans" and all American.



A drop of ink
makes millions think
The poet says; and we
Know bright sunlight
makes millions blink
But gives them power to see;
The inkwell spreads publicity
As sunshine gilds the heaven.
Then give men truth's simplicity
And hold the
balance even.

The Effects of Publicity to Financial Institutions

by Edwin Bird Wilson, M. A.

PUBLICITY given to the condition and facilities of financial institutions is producing important economic effects and is worthy of careful study.

In respect of financial institutions there are two kinds of publicity, namely, favorable and unfavorable; or publicity which aids the institutions, and publicity which is detrimental to them. Differently classified, there are voluntary and involuntary publicity, or that publicity which is due to voluntary efforts on the part of institutions to make known their condition and facilities, and that publicity which is enjoined by law, or which is afforded by the press and verbal rumor, regardless of the wishes of the institutions most concerned.

These two forms of classification are distinct, yet overlap and intertwine; either voluntary or involuntary publicity may be either favorable or unfavorable.

As we shall use the term financial institutions, we wish it to include National Banks, State Banks, Trust Companies, private banking houses, savings institutions, and so-called "Investment Bankers," that is, houses making a business of buying securities at wholesale and selling at retail.

While the characters of the business transacted by these several kinds of financial institutions differ widely in some respects, they agree in some very important points. For example, they all deal in credit; they are all entrusted with the funds of others than stockholders, that is, with money of the public; they are all highly susceptible to the force of public opinion, and must count as one of their most important assets the confidence of the public; they all need conservative, upright management, because the responsibility is not alone to the stockholders but to the public entrusting money for deposit and investment.

Publicity necessarily affects financial institutions profoundly, because publicity supplies the information and makes the impression which forms the basis for public opinion. If a financial institution for a long time consistently obtains favorable publicity, its valuable asset of public confidence will constantly and consistently increase; but the action of favorable publicity is less rapid than that of unfavorable publicity, because of financial institutions, extreme susceptibility to adverse public opinion.

Publicity, broadly considered, has resulted in more conservative banking practice, and more extensive use of financial institutions by the public, than otherwise would have obtained. In general, involuntary (including compulsory financial publicity) tends to restrain speculative, unsafe and dishonest banking, and to increase public confidence in financial institutions; while voluntary publicity (bank advertising) tends to particularize, as well as to increase public confidence, and to bring into banking channels money needed for business enterprise.

These two kinds of publicity—voluntary and involuntary—are therefore complementary. Considered under the other classification—favorable and unfavorable—it is apparent that the favorable publicity has outweighed the unfavorable.

Involuntary publicity exerts a profound salutary influence upon the banking situation. It passes imagination what the state of banking would be without the involuntary publicity given to the affairs of financial institutions through the examinations by State and Federal officials, the enforced publication of statements of conditions, and the untrammelled comment of the magazine and newspaper press upon banking methods. By such agencies of publicity public opinion is moulded, and that banker is indeed a "hardy citizen" who will persist in methods which public opinion discountenances. The unsolicited, fearless publicity afforded by the American press, the scrutiny of the government and the enforced publication of condition, act as a powerful brake upon the very human tendency to take wild excursions with other people's money into the jungles of frenzied finance. Thus, while bank advertising, or voluntary publicity, is enticing into the banks the scattered mites of millions, and making them available for carrying on the business of the country, involuntary publicity is working to safeguard those precious hordes by enjoining upon their custodians conservative practice and straightforward dealing.

It must be admitted that the present methods of bank examinations and compulsory publicity in respect of condition, are by no means perfect, and that they and the press combined are insufficient to entirely prevent the carrying on of unsafe banking practices. Unfortunately, instances are too frequent (despite the customary precautions) of dishonest and hazardous banking having been carried on for a long period, until some accident suddenly revealed the scandal, with resulting bank wrecks and all their sad consequences.

But such cases only evidence the general effectiveness of the publicity methods employed, and point out the way for improving upon those methods. Such lapses indicate the shortcomings of human nature in individual cases, rather than constitute a damaging criticism upon the system. When dishonest banking is carried on in spite of examinations, published statements and public opinion as expressed in the press, it is generally found that someone whose duty it was to be vigilant, has been unwatchful, not that the system is wrong in principle.

Through publicity the public is gradually acquiring a working knowledge, a practical conception, of what constitutes banking strength and banking conservatism. How real and practical this knowledge is may be seen in the not unusual circumstance of a bank's failing in a community, without the slightest disturbance or annoyance being caused to other banks through the uneasiness of depositors. The wide publicity usually given to a bank failure by the press, which might at first blush be condemned as disturbing the stability of the banking community in which the failure occurs, may in reality become a safeguard for the sound institutions. The press describes in detail the operations which have worked disaster to the failed institution, practices which by inference are not tolerated in the surviving banks of the community. The position of the surviving banks is therefore strengthened, the only probable exception being the case of such an institution as knowledge or rumor has connected with the failed bank in some intimate way.

It is extremely doubtful whether unfavorable publicity ever wrecked a bank, unless that unfavorable publicity were justified by the bank's own unsoundness. Even the most unjust and scandalous reports concerning a financial institution have been discounted by the bank's long established reputation for soundness, or by its demonstration of ready ability to respond to the unusual demands brought upon it by damaging reports. Numerous illustrations of this were seen during the financial disturbances of 1907 and 1908, when stories were published and bandied about the streets, the clubs and hotel lobbies of many cities, which would have ruined certain institutions had they been unsound, but which were not sufficient to seriously inconvenience them in view of their intrinsic stability and their general good standing in the public confidence, established by years of favorable publicity. Yet it may happen that one broadside of unfavorable publicity will ruthlessly and suddenly destroy the asset of confidence, which favorable publicity has been years in building, converting it into a menacing liability of distrust.

But let us direct our thought to voluntary publicity, or bank advertising so-called; and by bank advertising we mean all deliberate effort put forth by the management of financial institutions to inform the public as to the strength and facilities of their respective institutions, and the general advantages of carrying on financial transactions through the media of banks. Any narrower definition of bank advertising would unfairly restrict that term, which rightfully embodies not only all voluntary announcements by financial institutions in the newspaper and magazine press, but all voluntary dissemination of information concerning banking institutions by means of correspondence, pamphlets, bulletins and word of mouth.

We will assume that it is possible by means of evidence and argument presented through the accepted advertising methods, to induce people to entrust their money and financial affairs to the custody of financial institutions. We will assume, in other words, that men can be persuaded to bring their business into banks by means of advertising methods, the same in principle as those which induce men to buy automobiles, pianos or phonographs.

The truth of this assumption will be admitted by the majority; the minority will base their skepticism, first, upon the knowledge that men averagely, are hard to convince when it comes to the question of placing their money; and second, upon personal knowledge that some banks have failed to attract additional business through advertising.

The first objection may be answered by the fact that men, while admittedly slower to be moved on the question of their banking business, than upon the question of buying some advertised commodity, nevertheless can be, and are gradually being induced by proper evidence and argument, to make banking connections.

The problem of selling banking service by advertising methods doubtless is harder to solve than the problem of selling automobiles and pianos, but it is being solved daily; and no better evidence need be cited than the fact that the strong financial institutions which have long, consistently and intelligently advertised their condition and facilities, have experienced a consistent growth in volume of business, and in public confidence, beyond reasonable expectation.

The fact that some banks have vainly advertised for new business is a significant commentary upon their methods, rather than evidence of the inefficiency of intelligent advertising methods to accomplish the object desired. Without the citing of specific cases which might be presented in abundance, the assumption will be generally accepted that it is possible, by means of favorable, intelligently directed publicity, to induce people to carry on their financial transactions through some bank or banks.

A number of factors enter into the question of the degree of success which will result in any given case of bank advertising, for example, the strength and facilities of the institution, the amount of possible business in the community, the extent of competition, the receptivity of the public, and the intelligence shown in the publicity methods employed.

It is quite clear that a strong institution with ample facilities, ought to obtain greater results from its advertising than a weak institution, yet it is quite possible that a clever advertiser could produce greater results for the weak bank than an unskilled advertiser could produce for the strong bank. Also, plainly, a bank in a fertile field with little competition, ought to obtain larger results from its advertising than a similar bank in a similar field with much competition, yet the manner in which the respective institutions are advertised may reverse the expected results.

The possibilities of combinations of the foregoing factors are seen to be many, and the fact of their operation for varying degrees of success is self-evident.

But whether the degree of success is large or small, in individual cases, it is evident from the increasing volume of deposits and the growing number of depositors, pro rata to population, that in the aggregate bank advertising is succeeding in its avowed purpose—is bringing into banking channels, for uses of trade, a vast amount of money which otherwise would be unavailable; is educating the public to the advantage of using the banks.

If, as is generally admitted, the usefulness of banking institutions is measured by their ability to extend the use of their credit in the form of deposits, then the efforts of those institutions to increase deposits by advertising, are justifiable upon ethical as well as economic grounds.

The sound bank that is making known, by advertising, its strength and facilities, is not only re-enforcing its own position and increasing its individual usefulness for the community, but is assisting in the work of educating the public to discern what constitutes strength, conservatism and good service in banking—is benefiting in some measure the entire financial system of the country.

It has already been hinted that favorable publicity is slower in its processes than unfavorable publicity. This is due partly to the fact that men are by nature slower to be moved positively than negatively in regard to the disposal of their money; partly to ignorance of what constitutes safe conditions for money; partly to counter agencies, as for example, the alluring advertisements put forth by irresponsible institutions which offer such alleged inducements to depositors and investors as no legitimate financial institution can offer.

Since involuntary publicity is liable to be either favorable or unfavorable, according to circumstances, and since the favorable is likely to operate less rapidly than the unfavorable, strong banking institutions must turn to voluntary publicity, or bank advertising, for the means of strengthening their position in public opinion. An institution possessed of the real elements of banking strength—ample capital, strong reserve, clean investments, conservative practice, experienced management — can by proper advertising methods so increase its asset of public confidence as to be well insured against damaging gossip and other unfavorable publicity. Ethically it is under obligation so to strengthen its position in the public confidence; from a business standpoint it will be amply repaid by increased deposits and increased earning power.

Weak financial institutions, recognizing the effectiveness of advertising as a means for obtaining favorable public opinion, are apt to use it to bolster their position. In communities where such conditions prevail, there is an added motive for the strong institutions to advertise their elements of strength, in order that the public may be intelligently informed and learn to discriminate between banking strength and banking weakness.

MY CREED

I WOULD be true, for there are those that trust me;
  I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
  I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
  I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
  I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—*Harold Arnold Walters, in "Heart Throbs," II.*

An Indian William Tell

A TRUE INCIDENT IN THE EARLY MANHOOD OF THE LATE SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON

by Robert F. Gilder

THE late William B. Allison, United States Senator from Iowa, once came very near losing his life in an Indian massacre; in fact, he believed at the moment his end was at hand, and the stirring events of that hour left an impression on him and his companions that lasted a long time. Years afterward, when far from the scene, none of the men with Senator Allison could ever think of the incident without a momentary feeling of terror.

In 1875 Senator Allison was made chairman of a commission to treat with the Sioux or Dakota Indians with the purpose of securing to the United States the territory in southwestern South Dakota known as the Black Hills by the frontiersmen, but by the Indians as their "bank." Associated with Senator Allison on the commission were General Alfred Terry, General E. F. Lawrence, Colonel A. B. Comingo, Captain W. H. Ashby, Rev. S. D. Hinman and John S. Collins, secretary. This commission was to arrange with the various bands in the Dakota confederacy to hold a conference at the old Red Cloud agency on Chadron creek near Crow Buttes, not far from the present city of Crawford, Nebraska.

Arrangements for the conference were placed in the hands of Colonel Comingo, Captain Ashby, Rev. Mr. Hinman and John S. Collins, with Joseph Merriville as guide and interpreter. This sub-commission traveled in mountain wagons through what was then Dakota Territory, including the Black Hills in their trip, going as far north as Fort Berthold and the Mandan village there, following down the Missouri River to the city of Omaha, Nebraska, the trip consuming two months.

Accompanying the sub-commission were twelve young men selected by the famous Oglala chiefs, Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, who acted as ambassadors and were designed to give the commission a better standing with the various bands.

In 1875 the boundaries of western Indian reservations were designated "dead lines." All the northwestern Indians were restless and very much dissatisfied with conditions, and this finally culminated in the fateful war of 1876.

The sub-commission went overland from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, to Red Cloud agency. The Indian agent was advised of their coming and notified the chiefs and head men to assemble for a preliminary council at which the Indians would be informed of the object of the visit. At the council Red Cloud, the famous Oglala chief who died a year ago, Old Man Afraid of His Horses, Young Man Afraid, Red Dog and American Horse, with several men of lesser importance, met the commission. The chairman of the sub-commission in a few words stated its desire to treat with all the Indians in the Dakota confederacy for the relinquishment of their rights to the Black Hills, thus enabling white men to prospect there and mine for gold, which had been discovered by parties of white prospectors then in the hills. To this explanation of the sub-commission's visit Red Cloud alone made answer, as follows:

"When the Great Father sends his chiefs to talk with us we hear them. The

Black Hills is our bank, and our money is there in the ground. We want it to stay there for our children. There are many Indians up north who are of the same opinion as we and I cannot speak for all. I am the head chief and when we have business, we want all our people to hear, then we can decide. If you go to Spotted Tail's camp and tell him all this he will bring more Dakotas together, and we will talk it over when you come back. That is all for today."

The sub-commission left Red Cloud agency and visited all the villages in Dakota Territory, beginning with that of Spotted Tail. It was supposed that any proposition made to the Indians leading to the relinquishment of their lands would meet with opposition, and in their condition of unrest it was believed by the western members of the commission the undertaking would not be devoid of danger. The greatest caution was observed in introducing the subject in councils to influence the Indians to send large delegations several hundred miles from their villages for the purpose of giving up their lands in the Black Hills when they had full knowledge that the hills were rich in gold. The hardships of such a journey into the very heart of the Indian country, together with the constant danger attending it, made the task momentous. But all the Indian villages were visited, councils were held on the open prairie, and after two months' labor, promises were obtained that all the bands would send large delegations to the grand council to be held on Chadron creek.

The full commission assembled at Red Cloud agency at the appointed time. Captain Egan, with one troop of cavalry from Fort Laramie, accompanied the commission, partly to assist in making the council an imposing affair, and also to afford protection if any were needed.

A tent was pitched near a big cottonwood tree and a large canvas awning was erected at its entrance to protect the commissioners from the scorching rays of the sun. Under this awning sat the commission and Louis Richards, who was to act as interpreter. For miles around, as far as eye could see, the prairie was dotted with conical Indian tepees. It was roughly estimated that fully twenty thousand Indians were gathered there. Great herds of ponies were grazing nearby, while gaudily painted and half naked Indians were scurrying to and fro, some on foot, others on horseback, while criers were going about admonishing the men of the approaching council and of its importance. Such a scene as lay before the eyes of the commissioners on that eventful day few men have witnessed.

The late Mr. John S. Collins, secretary to the commission, a witness of the scenes which followed, thus describes them:

"The sun was high in the heavens before there was visible sign that the Indians were coming to the site selected for the council. The commission, with its small detachment of cavalry, presented an insignificant appearance compared to the thousands of Indians everywhere scattered. Just before the noon hour a cloud of dust was seen in the east, and out of the dust, charging down toward our position, came two hundred mounted warriors, exceedingly picturesque in their paint, feathers and gaily colored blankets. Down toward us they came in one long line, side by side, keeping up their tremendous charge until within a hundred yards of our positions, when suddenly they halted and fired a volley into the air from their repeating rifles. Then on they came again, yelling and chanting their war songs, all the while firing volley after volley into the air. All this was new to the members of the commission and caused them some uneasiness, even after the interpreter had assured them it was the Indian custom on such great occasions. Senator Allison remarked that such a terrific discharge of firearms seemed unnecessary at a peace council. Presently another group similarly attired and caparisoned dashed toward the tent followed by others all going through the same performance, each band lining up about the tent in long, closely packed lines until fully seven thousand gaudily bedecked and splendidly armed half-naked warriors surrounded the little group of white men. There sat this remarkable gathering of savages for fully an hour before there was the slightest sign they had anything at hand with the commission. Then Spotted Tail came out from his band of Brules, Two Kettles from the Sans Arcs and Red Cloud from the Oglalas and others in their turn, according to rank, until twenty of the most powerful chiefs of the Dakotas stood in front of the tent and formed a circle some twenty yards from the commissioners.

"Pipes and tobacco were produced and the Great Spirit was invoked, while the thousands of encircling Indians looked toward the group of chiefs squatted about the circle with their gaudy blankets partially drawn about their otherwise naked bodies. Thus they sat a long time, unable to decide which of their number should be spokesman before the commission. The fact was that none of the powerful chiefs cared to be the first to speak upon so unpopular a subject as the cession of their 'bank' to the whites. It was later learned that threats had been made by Indians living along the Missouri River that should any of their brethren living in the interior offer their lands to the whites, they would be shot down on the spot.

"For an hour the situation remained unchanged. The commissioners were becoming very nervous and feared some treachery on the part of the Indians, fully realizing that the handful of cavalry would be thoroughly impotent to defend them against the thousands of armed warriors. Suddenly off to the south of the tent a great commotion was noticed. The columns parted and right toward the tent raced a naked Indian mounted bareback on an iron gray horse, a lariat for a rein, rifle in one hand, the other filled with loose cartridges. Onward he dashed, almost up to the circle of chiefs, where he was recognized as Little Big Man, a belligerent member of one of the northern tribes. With a voice which could be plainly heard by the commissioners he roared:

" 'I am here to kill a commissioner who wants to take away my land.'

"Rising quickly to his feet, Spotted Tail turned to his fellow-chiefs, and with graceful gesture waved them away. Several Indians gathered about the intruder and he was hastily ejected for his breach of etiquette. But the incident awoke the fire smoldering among the various bands, and in an instant all was confusion. Chairman Allison declared it looked desperate for the commissioners.

"It was then noticed for the first time that the mounted warriors had taken possession of the line in the rear of the tent, directly in front of the cavalry. Captain Egan pushed his way through to the tent and addressing General Terry said, 'General, your party is surrounded and entirely cut off, and my men are shut out. It looks ugly.'

"I shall never forget the effect of this speech on my companions. The faces of all paled, and consternation reigned for a few moments. The interpreter turned to me and said, 'It looks like h-ll will be to pay here in a few minutes. The Indians are all mad, and we will catch it first.'

"Suddenly a rush was made to the rear of the tent, and it looked as if the row had commenced. We saw a plumed Indian dash into the crowd back of where we stood, and at first believed he was urging the warriors to fire on us. But we saw a moment after that the man we were watching was the young Oglala chief, Young Man Afraid of His Horses, who summoned his followers, dashed into the crowd of excited warriors and placed his people directly in front of Captain Egan's cavalrymen, so that the fire of the Indians would fall upon their own people.

"It was a splendid act of bravery, and the young chief followed it up by rushing into the crowd of infuriated Indians and commanding them to go to their lodges and remain away from the council 'until their heads were cool.' At once the Indians rode away, leaving the commission and Captain Egan's men to saunter back to the agency.

"The thrill of that moment lasted many years with me, and I shall never forget it. I do not believe any of us were so near death before."

It was three days before another council was called, and by that time the Indians had selected their orators. The commission met them on the same spot, and the business of the council proceeded without interruption.

The Prayer of Jesus

by Lotta J. Darling

PRAYED the Christ when pale and dying
On the cruel cross he hung,
When the temple veil was rended
And the night o'er day was flung;
When the heartless soldiers' spear point
Pierced his anguished bosom through,
"Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do."

Mocking lips His words derided,
Heads were bowed in scornful pride
Judas had betrayed his master,
Peter thrice his Lord denied.
Yet still prayed the Christ unceasing
While His gasping breath He drew,
"Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do."

Oh, my suffering fellow-mortal
On the cross of earthly woe,
Bearing chains and whip and fetter,
Angry words and cruel blow.
Can *you* pray as did the Saviour
While His gasping breath He drew—
"Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do?"

Thou, whose bruised and broken spirit
Sinketh 'neath continual strife;
Thou, who faintest, worn with suffering
By the weary way of life,
Can *you* say to those who crush *you*
When your friends are weak and few
"Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do?"

Canst thou know that thy oppressors
Are indeed the most oppressed,
That they need thy kind compassion
More, far more than all the rest?
And, therefore, thou shouldst pray for them,
Though they pierce thy vitals through,
"Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do."

Yes, oh, yes, dear, blessed martyrs,
Let the watchful angels see
How *you* fight the battle Christ-like,
With *your* holy sympathy.
How *you* pray for *your* oppressors
With a zeal forever new,
"Father, oh, forgive, forgive them,
For they know not what they do".

A Privileged Communication

by

Minnie Barbour Adams

A MAN entered cell number nine and quietly sat down on the end of the cot.

"Well?" he said interrogatively.

The girl at his side gave no sign of having heard him; but, with her elbows on her knees, her chin on her palms, stared sullenly at the floor.

"Well?" he repeated, "Miss—Dulcie—Files!"

The girl winced at each contemptuous, slowly spoken word, but in no other way did she show her knowledge of his presence.

"You certainly have made a pretty mess of life, Dulcie Files," he continued after an interval of silence. "Twenty-two years old; intelligence above the average, education ditto; fairly good looking, excepting the hair—Ah!" He broke off with a short laugh as she raised her head and faced him angrily. "I thought that would get you. Trust a woman's vanity when every other feeling—"

"Who are you? What do you want?" she interrupted him hotly, the color surging into her pale face.

"That's better," he returned coolly, settling himself more comfortably on the hard cot. "I didn't mean it about your hair, honest I didn't, for I like red hair."

She sniffed disdainfully.

"But what would you? I had to rouse you to your duties as hostess—"

She stopped him with an impatient gesture.

"Oh, come off!" she sneered. "What are you; lawyer, preacher, or reporter? I don't know which I despise the most. Or is there some part of the inquisition that hasn't been handed me yet?"

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Bad!" she repeated furiously. "I've been in hell."

"Suppose I tell you I'm a preacher?" the man asked curiously.

"I'd wish you were there."

"A reporter?"

"I'd still wish it, more than ever."

"A lawyer, then?"

"I'd wait till I found what you came for."

The man laughed amusedly. "Well, I'm a lawyer."

"What did you come for?"

"To help you."

"I don't believe it," she retorted skeptically. "Too many of them have come prying around for me to believe that."

For answer, he took a note from his pocket and, opening it, silently laid it in her lap.

"Tell this man everything. Powell," she read aloud.

"You're all right, I suppose, if John Powell says so," she admitted grudgingly. "Which way will you have it; forward or backward? I've told it so many times that I can tell it either way."

"Decidedly forward," he returned good humoredly. "Only, the starting point may be farther back than usual. I want to know what led up to it," he added in reply to her look of inquiry.

"It! But I didn't do *it*," she objected vehemently.

"Of course not," he returned soothingly, "That's the little point I want your help in proving. Powell told me about it pretty thoroughly, but I want it first hand, and then, as I said before, we'll go back to the beginning. Let me see; you clerk in Ralyea's jewelry store—"

"I did," she corrected.

"You clerked at Ralyea's up to the night of July tenth. Now, tell me just what happened on that night."

The girl clasped her hands tightly over her knees and began slowly, as though weighing each word:

"The three of them, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper and her brother—Fred Clement"—she faltered slightly at the name, and the man's eyes narrowed shrewdly—"came into the store during the afternoon while Mr. Ralyea and most of the clerks were at the ball game. They looked at the diamonds, Fred most of all—"

"Why?" demanded the other sharply.

The girl flushed and bit her lip. "It had nothing to do with what happened. I didn't even tell Powell," she objected.

"Tell me," the lawyer persisted.

"Well, then, he had been—oh, sort of making love to me, and he looked them over pretty thoroughly, and—and—and he said he'd like to give me the very biggest diamond in the case; though, if his love for me was to be gauged by the size, the piece of crystal among the optical goods would be about the right thing." She laughed disdainfully, then continued:

"Then that night, they came to my room, as usual, and we had—had—"

"As usual?" interpolated the man.

"Yes, as usual, we had something to drink while we played," the girl continued doggedly. "By and by, I got sort of woozy—something that doesn't happen very often," she digressed to assure him earnestly. "And I remember crying when Freddie went out."

The man made a gesture of disgust, but she went on, unheeding:

"After he'd gone they straightened up the room and put me onto the bed, talking excitedly all the time, though I was too far gone to understand anything they said. Then Fred came back—at least, I think he did—and they bustled about a while, and then went out. That's the last I remember."

The lawyer took up the story. "Till Ralyea, when the robbery was discovered, sent someone to your room to see why you didn't come; and found you dead drunk—"

"Drugged!" the girl interposed; but he continued harshly:

"Drunk, on the bed with your jacket and hat on, your shoes muddy, the key of the store on the floor beside an empty bottle, and your suit case packed ready for flight. Also, they found a few small stones hidden clumsily in its lining," he concluded dryly.

"Looks pretty bad for yours truly, doesn't it?" the girl asked gloomily; then added with a certain note of admiration in her voice.

"Now weren't they the slick ones?"

"Pious ones, Mrs. Brown told me a few minutes ago when I interviewed her," the lawyer corrected maliciously.

"Oh, that old Brown," the girl cried scornfully. "They fooled her worse than they did me. Told her they were distributing Bibles, or something of that sort, and went to prayer-meeting with her. Fred said he like to have died till he found he could read his sporting paper inside the hymnal."

"But Mrs. Brown insists that they did not even know you," persisted the lawyer.

"I don't suppose she knew they were spending the evenings with me," the girl admitted. "There were no rooms but ours opening on that part of the hall, and we had the little balcony all to ourselves. I never saw them at meals, either, for their hours were not the same as mine."

"And you were never seen out together?"

"No, and I don't believe anyone ever saw me even speak to them, though I did not notice it at the time."

The lawyer looked very grave. "I suppose you know what Ralyea says?"

"That I had an accomplice who got away with the bulk of the stuff, but that I took one drink too many while waiting for my turn to light out; then, when I was caught with the goods—Lord! How many times I've said that just to be funny—why, I laid it onto those people to gain time."

"They certainly did you to a turn," the lawyer remarked after a thoughtful silence.

"Didn't they, nice and brown on both sides, and crisp—" She gave a sudden start, and her eyes widened.

"Say!" she cried breathlessly, seizing his arm. "You spoke as if you didn't think—"

"I don't think, I *know*," he interrupted her.

"Oh," she said disappointedly, sinking back into her corner again. "I thought for a moment that you believed me innocent. I know Powell doesn't, but—"

"He does now," the lawyer interrupted her gently.

"Then you do—" she began eagerly.

"I know you are innocent."

"Oh—thank—God!" she cried brokenly, dropping her face in her hands.

"Cry," the lawyer advised tersely. "Then we'll talk business."

For a moment her shoulders heaved and her pitiful, unrestrained sobbing caused him to move uneasily and swallow hard; but soon she sat up and dashed the tears from her eyes.

"I—I haven't cried before," she apologized, "but your confidence in me—" Her lips quivered ominously.

"Now, we'll go back to the beginning," the lawyer interposed quickly. "If I am to help you, I must know just how this all began."

"My—my sportiness?" she asked with a wry smile.

He nodded.

"It began the winter I was fifteen," she began musingly. "Up to that time we were just kids together; but when I went to school that fall in a long-sleeved apron and my hair in pigtails as usual, I suddenly found that we had all grown up during the summer; that is, the rest had: I did inside of a week. Ugh! Talk of growing pains." She shuddered, then laughed reminiscently.

"Of all the letting out of hems and piecing down of petticoats, that was the limit. And I bought a corset and some hairpins with my egg money, and used 'em both to such good advantage that I scarcely breathed or shut my eyes for a week. But it was no use," she sighed.

"No use?" he repeated interrogatively.

"No. They would have none of me."

"Why?"

"My hair," she explained shortly. "In our neck of the woods, red hair is a great calamity. The girls were tolerant—if they didn't get mad at me—but there wasn't a boy brave enough to bear the taunts of the others. Why, they tormented my very first beau—a sissy of twelve who took me to spelling school when I was thirteen—till I was furious and he was in tears—in his mother's lap. I went home alone. But that winter I was fifteen was the worst of all. I suddenly realized that I wanted to be nice and lady-like like the others, and have the boys lift their hats to me, and, incidentally, their eyes; that I wanted the girls to take me in as one of them and let me share their secrets. I put things on my hair to darken it till I couldn't get a comb through it; I soaked my freckles in buttermilk till I smelled like an overripe cheese; and I practiced Luella's jerky, mincing walk till grandad said: 'I'll be gosh-rammed if Dulcie ain't a-gettin' that there Saint Vitus Dance.'" She paused and looked in surprise, mingled with resentment, at the lawyer, who was laughing.

"It is funny now," she said, smiling reluctantly, "but it wasn't then. I don't know where it would have ended, for I had a lot of new tortures up my sleeve to try the first chance I had, if he hadn't called me off."

"He?"

"The teacher. He said it was no use; that I'd better let up and keep my pretty hair and complexion for those who could appreciate them. Said there was no use in casting a Henner outfit like mine before swine that didn't know a good thing when they saw it."

"Did he say all that?" asked the lawyer incredulously.

"Umph, humph!" she affirmed, nodding violently. "I didn't know exactly what he meant—don't yet; but, somehow, I sensed admiration in it, and dropped all the tortures as I would a hot potato. And I dropped—or tried to—a lot of other things along with 'em," she continued meditatively.

"Such as—" he prompted.

"Oh, flaring up and cleaning out the school about once in so often," she explained coolly.

"You see," she went on in answer to his inquiring look, "they had always ragged me so about my hair that my temper was hung on a hair-trigger." She glanced at him to see if he had noticed her unconscious pun, and seemed gratified when she met his smile of comprehension; then continued:

"I'd stand their sneers and flings about so long, then something would snap and I'd see red." She laughed reminiscently. "But, after he told me that I never broke out once that winter, never even pulled hair or threw an ink bottle; but kept at my studies like a dog at a root, and was real nice and lady-like. But it wasn't any use as far as they were concerned; they tormented me till, sometimes, I thought I'd explode, trying to hold in. They never asked me anywhere or had anything to do with me unless they wanted some help with their lessons. And they treated Jefferson almost as bad," she added sadly.

"The teacher?"

"Yes. You see, he was awful homely—homelier than a mud fence—and shabbier than Lige Peterson, who was too near an idiot to have clothes wasted on him; and he—Jefferson—wasn't strong enough to get out and tear around with the boys, nor big enough fool to flirt with the girls, so they had it in for him good and plenty. At first, there was some talk among them of locking him out of the schoolhouse as they had done the dude from Council Bluffs that had tried to teach us one winter; but they had sense enough to know that he was the best teacher we'd ever had, so give it up. He was awful good to me, Jefferson was, and I just loved him," she concluded wistfully.

"You don't mean—?" the lawyer began uneasily.

"Oh, not real love, I suppose," she amended, "such as I'd feel for him now; but a sort of hero worship that made a different girl of me while he was there. That was the happiest winter of my life. He gave me books to read, and talked and explained things to me just as though I was somebody, though I know now that he must have been miserably unhappy all the time. Why, just to show you how they treated him—us," she broke out hotly, "one night, just as school let out, Eugene Woods drove up in his bob-sled and told 'em all to come on and have a ride. Somehow I never thought but what I was going, and neither did Jefferson, I guess, for we began putting on our things; but, when they commenced to pair off with 'May I have the honor,' and all that rot, he pretended he was only going out for coal, and that I was getting my handkerchief out of my coat pocket. I needed it. I stood it as long as I could after they'd gone, and then he looked so pitiful and hurt that I flung my arithmetic on the floor, tore to the desk, and—and—"

"What?" the lawyer asked, strangely excited.

"Oh, I tried to comfort him," the girl explained.

"You put your arms around his neck and kissed him," the lawyer said slowly.

The girl gave a startled cry. "How did you know?" she demanded breathlessly. "I did kiss him, but—"

"He told me."

"Jefferson told you? Oh, where?—how—" She sprang to her feet and started toward the cell door as though expecting to find him outside.

"Listen," the man said, drawing her down beside him again. "He read about you in the papers, and reasoning that there could scarcely be two Dulcie Files, he sent for me and said that in remembrance of that kiss—

"O Jefferson! O Jefferson!" moaned the girl, burying her face in her hands. "If only I could have kept straight for your sake."

"Dulcie," cried the lawyer sternly, seizing her hands and dragging them away from her face, "Dulcie, is there—has there ever been anything that you couldn't tell Jefferson?"

The girl met his keen, searching gaze unflinchingly.

"Nothing I'd be afraid to tell him," she returned unhesitatingly. "Lots that I'd be awfully ashamed to."

The lawyer's deep breath sounded like a sigh of relief. "But go on," he prompted. "You haven't told me yet when your sportiness, as you call it, began."

"But Jefferson," the girl objected, "is he well now? Has he succeeded? And is he happy?"

"He is well," the lawyer returned slowly. "He has succeeded beyond the most extravagant dreams of those miserable days. He is a judge now, and—"

"Jefferson a judge!" she interrupted in an awestruck voice. "Oh, it's too good to be true. It seems like a direct answer to prayer—"

"What do you mean?" asked the lawyer in an odd voice.

She had glanced at him speculatively a number of times before she answered, and then it was with a little shamefaced laugh.

"Oh, I prayed lots of times that he would be a judge, or something else just as big," she explained. "I really had no hope, still, grandma was always talking about wearying the Throne of Grace for things one wanted; and though it always seemed a sort of mean way of getting 'em, I did it just the same-ee where he was concerned."

"You prayed for Jefferson," the lawyer repeated huskily.

"Always!" she returned emphatically. "Even when I was so ornery that I didn't have the nerve to mention myself, I knew the Lord couldn't object to me pestering him to let Jefferson be happy and help him to make something out of himself besides a poor, one-horse school teacher."

"For seven years," the lawyer was saying under his breath.

"But you won't tell him, will you?" she begged earnestly, laying her hand coaxingly on his arm. "He'd think it silly."

"No, I won't tell Jefferson," he promised solemnly, a growing light in his sombre eyes.

"And is he happy?" she asked wistfully.

The lawyer pondered for some time. "No," he said, at last, "he is not happy."

"Why?"

"Well, he still can neither play with the boys nor flirt with the girls," he told her whimsically. "Some of them still talk of locking him out, just as they did then; and are restrained, I believe, only by the thought that he is useful to them. Then, too, he is lonely; how very lonely he is just beginning to learn."

"Oh, poor Jefferson. I wish—"

"What do you wish?" he asked when she paused, regarding with a new interest the sweet, pensive face in its glorious frame of burnished red.

"I wish that I could be with him. He was always real gay and happy with me—"

"He was," the lawyer affirmed, a note of surprise in his voice.

"And I—oh, I was always at my best when I was with him, and that go-ood!" She sighed dolorously and was silent till the lawyer said, with a significant glance around the cell:

"But come, you haven't told me the beginning of which this is the end?"

"It really began that winter, right under Jefferson's nose," she told him, "though, as old Daddy Bacon, who claimed to be a saver of souls, told the census taker when he asked him his business, I wasn't working at it just then. I learned that winter that if I wanted the boys to pay any attention to me, I had to shock 'em, and sort of keep 'em guessing, don't you know? I was homely, redheaded and awkward; my folks was river-bottom trash and I never had any decent clothes; so, after Jefferson went away in the spring—" She gave a little cry, half sob, half moan, and wrung her hands despairingly as though even the memory of that time was still terrible to her.

"After he went away and I was so lonesome and unhappy I didn't know what to do, why, then, I got tough—sporty, you know." The lawyer nodded understandingly, and she continued:

"I learned to smoke cigarettes and to drink beer, though it always left a taste in my mouth like an old iron spoon that's been left in the cabbage over night; and I swaggered and talked slang till the boys just fell over themselves taking me places, and—why, I even bet on the horse races and lost grandad's tax money to show Eugene how swift I was that time he took me to the County Fair; and, all the time, I was working like the nation to keep the breath of life in the old folks. At last they died, and—and then—oh, this is the worst of all! Must I tell it?" she asked miserably.

He nodded inexorably, though he caught the cold, wildly beating hands in his warm clasp and stroked them encouragingly. She averted her face and continued:

"I was working for the Grahams—in their kitchen. I was sick and worn out, and I let the fellow from Winterset that was spending his vacation there think me lots worse than I was so he would get me a place in the store where he was clerking; then, when I got that, I made eyes at a traveling man. He got me a place in Des Moines, and I gave Willie the slip. The drummer's line was hosiery, so, when I slipped over on the west side and got a job in the jewelry store, I gave him the go-by, too. Oh, I just hated 'em both. You don't have to tell Jefferson that, do you?" she asked anxiously.

He shook his head. "And then?"

"Oh, I'd be awful nice for a long time till, either I'd get so dreadfully lonesome or some of the fellows would come up from home, and then I'd be sporty again."

"Sporty? Just what, for instance, did sporty mean on these occasions?" the lawyer asked curiously.

"Oh, putting on your most stunning clothes, maybe buying some for the occasion," she explained airily; "smoking a little, drinking a little, and gritting your teeth to stand a lot of silly love making—and then—a bad head and a conscience the next morning. But I imagined it was smart—that I was seeing life."

"But it's all over now?" the lawyer asked gently.

"I should say it was," she returned emphatically. "If you and Jefferson get me out of here—well, you just watch me. Oh, if I could only do something for Jefferson," she added wistfully.

"Dulcie," the lawyer said after a thoughtful pause, "if Jefferson had kept track of you; if he had followed the impulse to write to you that often came to him, would it have made any difference?"

"My gracious, yes!" she returned vehemently. "A letter a year would have kept me as straight as a string."

The lawyer groaned. "You were only a child to him, Dulcie," he said, as though in some way vindicating his friend, "an odd, lovable child. Oh, if he had only known! Think of what you might have been, instead of coming to this."

"I know," the girl returned hopelessly; "but you mustn't blame him; he was awfully good to me." She was crying softly now, despairingly, and it went straight to the heart of the listener.

"Oh, *dear* Jefferson! If I could only—only see him," she whispered brokenly, "maybe I could—could make him understand."

"Dulcie!" the man cried suddenly, and there was something in his voice that made the girl look up. "Dulcie, he *does* understand. Oh, child, don't you see?" He drew back, trying to smile; but it was an oddly contorted one. "Look at me, Dulcie."

She was looking at him closely for the first time in the dim light of the cell, peering anxiously up into his face, even touching his beard and the silvered hair at his temples with shaking fingers. At last she drew away, her face very pale, her dark eyes glowing with a strange light.

"If I deserved it," she said slowly, "I should almost believe you were Jefferson."

"Don't," he said brokenly. "It is I who don't deserve it. Dulcie!" He extended his arms yearningly. "Dear little girl—we need each other—won't you come?"

She hesitated. "After all I've told you, Jefferson?" The wan, pathetic face she raised to his was almost beautiful in its hope and gladness. "Do you really want *me*, Jefferson?"

For answer his arms folded about her, and he kissed the trembling lips, the pitifully wasted cheeks, and the soft, bright hair.

"But, Jefferson, I wearied the Throne of Grace for just *one* kiss," she objected tremulously, when the guard's perfunctory cough warned her of his approach.

"These are only the interest on the one you gave me. Just you wait till I begin on the principal," he explained; and brazenly kissed her again.

"And now we will go," he said, rising and calling the guard, whose broad back was visible through the bars.

"But, Jefferson," she cried, aghast, "the trial—the—"

"There will be no trial," he told her triumphantly. "Ralyea has his diamonds, the police have the Jaspers, and, now, I have you!"

When the Reichstag Bell Rings

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

WE were feeling all German that day. The stroll on the Unter den Linden in the February mist had furnished an exhilarating glimpse of the activities of Berlin.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the *Reichstag* was to convene, and at that time the proceedings were enlivening foreign dispatches. Entering the press gallery a half hour before the lights were turned on, an impressive view of the German legislative assembly was afforded —it seemed like reaching the theatre just before the audience arrived. When the present parliament buildings were completed, no provision was made for the press, but later the quarters intended for members of the National Council or upper house were utilized, and the German press gallery is today one of the most spacious in Europe. The press restaurant, library and clubrooms are quite as luxurious as those provided for the legislators themselves. The government provides telephone, telegraph, books, papers and every desired facility, and the German reporters enjoy an exclusiveness that is in strong contrast with the freedom of the Washington press galleries. The desks in the gallery are rather close together and allow little room for gestures while taking notes. Nearly all the reporters are elderly men whose names are followed by a formidable string of University degrees. They sit to the right of the Speaker like sages in spectacled array and remind one more of Supreme Court Justices than newspaper men. Their reports never seem quite as dramatic and sketchy as those written in the Washington galleries, but there is a scholarly finish that the Washington correspondent might envy. The reports of the *Reichstag* adhere closely to routine and follow a narrative form, with a rare use of the colloquial quotation marks. They are usually censored before being disseminated, a matter attended to by men whose ability, tact and resources have been tested and approved in every phase of the career of journalism.

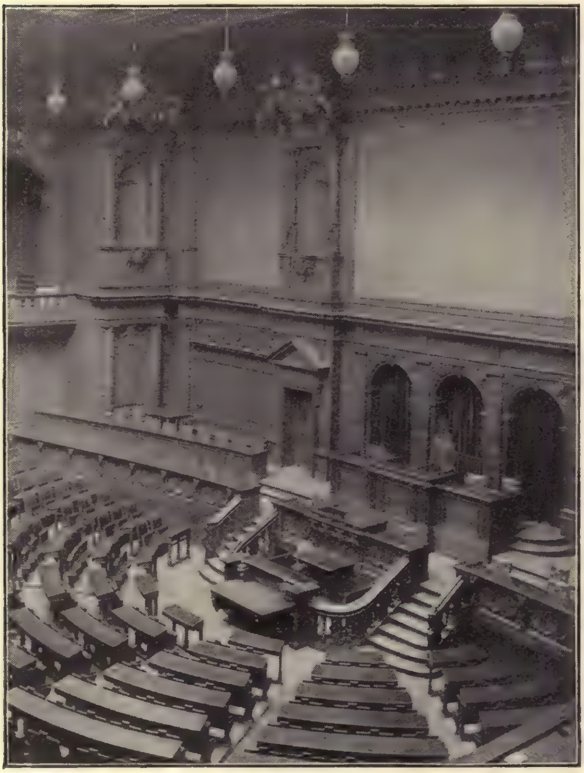
* * *

When the lights were turned on in the assembly room a sloping semi-circle of desks and an arrangement much the same as in our House of Representatives was revealed. The room is furnished in dark wood and heavy draperies, and the walls are richly decorated with rare carvings. The epaulets and gold-emblazoned uniforms of the naval officers on the platform, where the members of the ministry gathered, and the evening dress of the attendants brightened up the gloom and made a very spectacular legislative scene that recalled the days of the Iron Chancellor.

There are three great blank spaces on the wall in the rear of the Speaker's desk where, in former days, there hung three historic paintings that represented scenes of the Franco-German war and depicted the glory of German arms. Later these were removed because of the affront which it was felt they offered to the French government and to the sensibilities of the soldiers who had followed the Napoleonic standard.

One by one the members began to reach their seats. The ushers were impressive in dress suits and wore a single epaulet over the left shoulder. With unfailing courtesy they distributed papers and letters to right and to left, and were most punctilious and deferential.

The various political parties were seated together. On the extreme left of the Chamber were the Socialists, an intelligent and aggressive looking lot of men, all wearing their hair pompadour. Some of the clerical delegates wore the garb of priests. To the right of the Speaker's desk were the members of the press, and on the platform at the left were the seats for members of the National Council or upper house, who are privileged to come in at any time and to interpolate any suggestions that may occur to them during the discussions.



HALL WHERE GREAT GERMAN PARLIAMENT MEETS, BERLIN

The formal call to order was announced as the Speaker rang a huge brass dinner-bell. The German speaker mildly suggested former Speaker Cannon, except that he wore his hair parted in the middle—but there were the same keen eyes and that rugged expression in action, together with a deliberation that never waned.

The bell soon brought the house to order, and following the preliminary announcements the naval appropriation bill for Kiautchou was brought up for consideration. Admiral Tirpitz, a venerable sea-dog with bald head and flowing beard, appeared on the platform resplendent in the uniform of a German admiral, and with him were a large number of naval officers in full uniform ready to "speak for themselves" at the proper time. It was altogether a brilliant scene, although the bright colors looked odd to one accustomed to the "conventional black" and spotless linen of Washington.

The *Reichstag* sessions progress in much the same order as those of our House of Representatives, although I missed the chaplain's prayer. There is little excitement except on the occasions where there is an outburst on the Socialist side, which might perhaps be compared to insurgency in its most violent form. Little speaking is done from the desks — the orators march to a boxed pulpit under the Speaker's chair and deliver their addresses with a pomp and solemnity that is far from picturesque.

Reichstag repartee seems to lack the liveliness of American colloquy. Scant attention is paid to the oratory—German legislators are as inattentive as our Congress on a drowsy summer day with a filibuster afloat. One speaker had held the floor more than half an hour when an attendant whispered something in his ear; the bell rang and the Chair admonished him that he had drifted away from the matter under consideration and must confine his remarks to the subject before the House.

When the tranquility of German legislative meetings was mentioned to a *Reichstag* member, he replied that this did not imply a lack of interest in proceedings. Long into the night, after adjournment, the naval questions are under discussion in the cafes and press headquarters, and in the particular cafe where the Socialists meet arguments run high and free.

The members of the German legislative chamber are chosen by direct vote for five years. Universal suffrage prevails, and applies to all male citizens over twenty-five years old. "Why twenty-five," asks the American, "rather than twenty-one? Do we mature younger on this side?" Those in active military service, those subject to guardianship, those bankrupt or insolvent, or in receipt of poor relief or lacking political rights are disqualified for suffrage.

* * *

The delegates to the Federal Council are chosen by the governments of the various states or kingdoms. The German Imperial Legislature ratifies treaties, and deals with the regulations of foreign and interstate commerce, except in Bavaria and Würtemberg. The King of Prussia, or President of the Union, is the German Emperor. In promulgating laws, the President has the power to determine whether they have been properly enacted, but has no direct voice in legislation. In the enforcement of laws, the regulations of post, railroads and telegraph, the Emperor acts through the Imperial Service, rather than through the representation of the various states. The constitution of the Empire dates from 1871, and enumerates with elaborate details the powers of the different leaders and officials of the government.

The German nation today is the one absorbing topic of interest in Europe. Germany is no longer a nation of authors and poets, sitting by with a pipe and a mug of beer; it is a nation of business and battleships.

That the style of mustache affected by the Kaiser is worn by most of the men is striking evidence of his impressive influence and personality. The German royal coach of state has given way to the royal automobile, which has a distinctive "honk" all its own, so that everyone knows when the Emperor is coming. The Kaiser keeps in daily contact with his people and as he passes up Unter den Linden and under the great arch, through the gateway not used by any but the royal equipage, there is an impressive exhibition of the disciplinary and military spirit of the nation.

MAIN VESTIBULE, REICHSTAGSGEBANDE, BERLIN

The subordination of everything to the exactions of state is indelibly impressed upon the mind of the German boy. No schoolboy has before him a more difficult future than the German lad graduating from school. In Germany the great business houses and commercial enterprises that have made world-wide strides are in a sense a part of the government. Contrary to the policy in the United States, Germany seems to encourage large corporations under effective regulations. The diplomacy of Germany is vital and potential in all parts of the world. The consular service works like a great perfected German machine, that grinds slowly but surely for a common purpose and a policy which is "business and trade for the fatherland." One-third of all the German population is directly dependent upon foreign sales of German products. Herr von Kiderlen Waechter is now the controlling spirit in German foreign affairs. He was in early youth very close to the Emperor, who admired his funny stories and bright repartee; but Wilhelm the Second is very sensitive on religious subjects, and it is said that a certain story of Kiderlen's caused him to be banished from his post and sent to far off Persia. Kiderlen was not discouraged, but remained a true and loyal German. He was responsible for initiating the German policy in the Balkan States and sweeping on through Turkey to Persia and Asia Minor. The German language is now compulsory in Turkish schools. At the head of Germany's foreign policy, Herr von Kiderlen has proved himself a master of diplomacy in handling the Moroccan situation. Even the taunts of the German press have not disturbed him in pursuing his well-defined policies.

Herr von Kiderlen is the representative of the *Junkers*, the agrarian land owners, who have long had control of German legislation. Their power is reflected in the strong protective tariff of Germany on all agricultural products imported into Germany, thereby enhancing the value of the land.

EMPEROR WILLIAM

Speaking of trusts—Germany appears to be one immense combination. The "Cartel" system, adopted some years since, guarantees a system of credit in different lines. If a business man does not conform to the established conventions he is cut off from the sources of supply. Servants are protected by compulsory old age insurance to which employers and employees must contribute and in which the government participates.

PARLIAMENT BUILDING WHERE IMPERIAL DIET MEETS

The social standing of the individual in Germany is largely dependent upon a military title. The German respects and reveres a uniform—nothing takes its place.

A visitor traversing the German Empire today must needs be deeply impressed with the wonderful progress made by the Teutons. The secret of German success has been perfect government organization and effective "team work." No country can be studied more profitably in this respect than the Germans.

The railroad carriage doors clicked and as I caught the government train from Berlin to Hanover, I found myself in a compartment where sleep conquered, and I dreamed of a new world, over-sea, where the medieval spirit of militarism and paternalism had supplanted the feudal barons of olden times. Public welfare has submerged to some extent the individual initiative of that world-great business organization known as the German Empire.

Visions of the Emperor with his bodyguard marching bravely down from Potsdam, in their immaculate white uniforms, silver helmets and gold buttons, loomed up in severe contrast with the simple garb of our own President, who, surrounded by no clatter of arms, was swinging around the country in a Pullman car, making speeches on every subject of public interest and intent on working out the great peace problem. The difference between Old World and New World ideals—the staccato rap of the Speaker's gavel in Washington and the ring of the *Reichstag* bell in Berlin—presented a sharp contrast in legislative impressions.

Sam Slick's Reward

by

Judge Haliburton

DON'T you know that the smallest and most trivial event often contains coloring matter enough in it to change the whole complexion of our life? For instance, one Saturday, not long before I left school, and when I was a considerable junk of a boy, father gave me leave to go and spend the day with Eb Snell, the son of our neighbor, old Colonel Jephunny Snell. We amused ourselves by catching trout in the mill pond and shooting king-fishers, about the hardest bird there is to kill in all creation; and between one and the other sport, you may depend we enjoyed ourselves first-rate. Toward evenin' I heard a most awful yell, and looked around, and there was Eb shoutin' and screamin' at the top of his voice, and a-jumpin' up and down just exactly as if he had been bit by a rattlesnake.

" 'What in natur is the matter of you, Eb?' says I. 'What are you a makin' such an everlastin' touse about?' But the more I asked, the more he wouldn't answer, At last I thought I saw a splash in the water as if somebody was making a desperate splurging there, and I pulled for it and raced to where he was in no time, and sure enough, there was his little brother Zeb, just a-sinkin' out of sight. So I makes a spring in after him in no time, caught him by the hair of his head, just as he was vamoosin', and swam ashore with him. The bulrushes and water-grass was considerable thick there, and once or twice I thought in my soul I should have to let go my hold of the child and leave him to save my own life, my feet got so tangled in it; but I stuck to it like a good fellow and worked my passage out with the youngster.

"Just then down came the women folk and all the family of the Snells, and the old woman made right at me, as cross as a bear that has cubs; she looked a perfect fury.

"You good-for-nothin' young scallowag,' sais she, 'is that the way you take care of that poor dear little boy, to let him fall into the pond and get half drowned?'

"And she up and boxed my ears right and left, till sparks came out of my eyes like a blacksmith's chimney, and my hat, which was all soft with water, got the crown knocked in in the scuffle, and was as flat as a pancake.

" 'What's all this?' sais Colonel Jephunny, who came runnin' out of the mill. 'Eb,' sais he, 'what's all this?'

"Well, the critter was so frightened he couldn't do nothin' but jump up and down, nor say a word, but 'Sam, Sam!'

"So the old man seizes a stick and catchin' one of my hands in his, turned to and gave me a most awful hidin'. He cut me into ribbons a-most.

" 'I'll teach you,' he said, 'you villain, to throw a child into the water arter that fashion.' And he turned to and at it ag'in, as hard as he could lay on. I believe in my soul he would have nearly killed me if it hadn't been for a great big nigger wench he had called Rose. My, what a slashin' large woman that was; half horse, half alligator, with a cross of the mammoth in her. She wore a man's hat and jacket, and her petticoat had stuff enough in it to make the mainsail of a boat. Her foot was as long and flat as a snowshoe and her hands looked as shapeless and as hard as two large sponges, froze solid. Her neck was as thick as a bull's and her scalp was large and woolly enough for a doormat. She was as strong as a moose and as ugly, too, and her great, white pointed teeth was a caution to a shark.

" 'Hullo,' sais she, 'here's the devil to pay and no pitch hot. Are you a goin' to kill that boy, Massa?' and she seized hold of me and took me away from him and caught me up in her arms as easy as if I was a doll.

" 'Here's a pretty hurrah's nest,' sais she. 'Let me see one of you dare to lay hands on this brave pickininny. He is more of a man than the whole bilin' of you put together. My poor child,' said she, 'they have used you scandalous, ridiculous,' and she held me close and put down her nasty oily shiny face and kissed me till she nearly smothered me. O Doctor, I shall never forget that scene the longest day I ever live. She might a been a Rose by name, but she warn't one by nature, I tell you. When niggers get their dander raised and their Ebenezer fairly up, they ain't otter of roses, that's a fact, whatever Mrs. Stowe may say. Oh, I kicked and yelled and coughed like anything.

" 'Poor dear boy,' she said, 'Rose ain't a goin' to hirt her own brave chile, not she,' and she kissed me again and again, till I thought I should have fainted. She actually took away my breath.

" 'Come,' said she, and she set me down on my feet. 'Come to the house till I put some dry clothes on you, and I'll make you some molasses candy with my own hands ' But as soon as I touched land, I streaked off for home, as hard as I could lay legs to the ground; but the perfume of old Rose set me sneezing so, I fairly blew up the dust in the road as I went, as if a bull had been a pawin' of it, and left a great wet streak behind me as if a watering pot had passed that way. Who should I meet when I returned but mother standin' at the door?

" 'Why, Sam,' said she, 'what under the sun is the matter? What a spot of work? Where in the world have you been?'

" 'In the mill pond,' said I.

" 'In the mill pond,' said she slowly, 'and ruinated that beautiful new coat I made out of your father's old one, and turned so nicely for you. You are more trouble to me than all the rest of the boys put together. Go right off to your room this blessed instant minute, and go to bed and say your prayers and render thanks for savin' your clothes, if you did lose your life.'

" 'I wish I had lost my life,' said I.

" 'Wish you had lost your life,' said she. 'Why you miserable, uncarcumsised, unjustified graceless boy. Why do you wish you had lost your life?'

" 'Phew,' said I, 'was you ever kissed by a nigger? Because if you was, I guess you wouldn't have asked that 'ere question,' and I sneezed so hard I actually blew down the wire cage, the door flew open, and the cat made a spring like a wink and killed the canary bird.

" 'Sam, Sam,' said she ('Scat, scat, you nasty devil you—you—have got the knary, I do declare). Sam, Sam, to think I should live to have you ask your mother if she had ever been kissed by a nigger.' And she began to boohoo right out. 'I do believe in my soul you are drunk, Sam,' she said.

" 'I shouldn't wonder if I was,' I said, 'for I've drunk enough today to serve a cow and a calf for a week.'

" 'Go right off to bed, my poor dear bird,' said she. 'And when your father comes in, I will send him to your cage. You shall be punished for this.'

" 'I don't care,' sais I, for I was desperate and didn't mind what happened, 'who you send, providin' you don't send black Rose, the nigger wench, to me.'

"Well, in about an hour or so, I heard father come to the foot of the stairs and call out 'Sam.' I didn't answer at first, but went and threw the winder open ready for a jump.

"Thinks I, 'Sam, you are in great luck today: First, you got nearly drowned savin' that little brat Zeb Snell. Second, you lost a bran new hat and spoilt your go-to-meetin' clothes. Third, Mrs. Snell boxed your ears till your eyes shot stars like rockets. Fourth, you got an all-fired licking from old Colonel Jephunny, till he made a mulatto of you, and you was half black and half white. Fifth, you got kissed and pysoned by that great, big, emancipated she-nigger wench. Sixth, you, have killed your mother's canary bird and she has jawed you till she went into hysterics. Seventh, here's the old man a goin' to give you another walloping, and all for nothin'. I'll cut and run and dot rot me if I don't, for it's sure tarnation all over.'

"'Sam,' sais father, again a-raisin' of his voice.

"'Father,' sais I, 'I beg your pardon, I am very sorry for what I have done, and I think I have been punished enough. If you will promise to let me off this time, I will take my oath I will never save another person from drowning again, the longest day I ever live.'

"'Come down,' said he, 'when I call you. I am goin' to reward you.'

"'Thank you,' sais I, 'I have been rewarded already a good deal more than I deserve.'

"Well, to make a long story short, we concluded a treaty of peace, and down I went, and there was Colonel Snell, who said he had drove over to beg my pardon for the wrong he had done to me, and said he, 'Sam, come to me at ten o'clock on Monday, and I will put you in a way to make your fortune, as a recompense for savin' my child's life.'

"Well, I kept the appointment, though I was awful scared about old Rose kissin' of me ag'in; and sais he, 'Sam, I want to show you my establishment for making wooden clocks. One o' them can be manufactured for two dollars (scale of prices then). 'Come to me for three months and I will teach you the trade, only you mustn't carry it on in Connecticut, to undermine me.' I did so and thus accidentally became a clockmaker.

"To sell my wares, I came to Nova Scotia. By a similar accident I met the Squire in this province, and made his acquaintance. I wrote a journal of our journey, and for the want of a title, he put my name to it and called it 'Sam Slick, the Clockmaker.' That book introduced me to General Jackson, and he appointed me attache to our embassy to England; and that again led to Mr. Polk making me Commissioner of the Fisheries, which, in its turn, was the means of my having the honor of your acquaintance,' and I made him a scrape of my hind leg. 'Now, 'sais I, 'all this came from the accident of my havin' saved a child's life one day.'"

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

LONG years ago, on Christmas morn,
A Saviour to the world was born.
A little child, so pure and sweet
That wise men worshipped at His feet,
And angels bright the message bore
And sang His praises o'er and o'er.

But whither was our Saviour borne?
Must we His absence always mourn?
Glad Christmas comes, but where is He,
The cause of all this revelry?
His kingdom stretches far and wide,
Wherever love and peace abide.

If Christ from us seems far away,
We feel no joy on Christmas day.
But if in us His presence dwells,
A glorious light all gloom dispels.
And truest joys will Christmas bring
When every heart proclaims Him king.

—*Belle Taylor.*

THE MOTOR THIEF

By Oscar Frichet

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

MANY excellent reasons might have been given in accounting for the appearance of Patrick Pemberton in Texas, but, narrowed down, two reasons stood out prominently—crime and a desire to evade sharing penitentiary life with men of his own kidney. He was wanted in New York for sandbagging a wealthy Jew in the Bowery and relieving him of all he possessed, with the exception of his shirt and pants; he was wanted in Mexico City for a foolish attempt to appropriate a few of the smaller relics of the Toltecs and Aztecs in the National Museum on the Plaza de Armas, and also he was wanted in a dozen other cities for a dozen other crimes more or less bad.

When, after his Mexican failure, he sought pastures new across the Rio Grande, he was received with suspicion instead of friendliness, and, although no one had then got wind of his history, those who came in contact with him guessed he was out on a low-down game, and, to use a cow puncher's expression stripped of its adjectives, "up aginst it fer keeps."

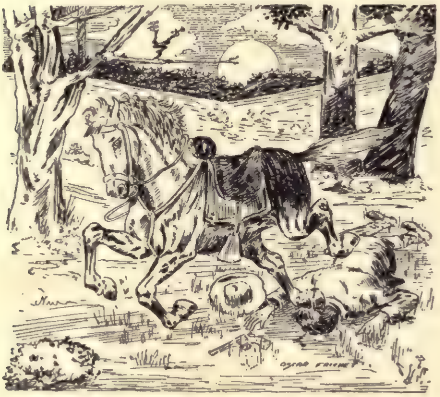
One of the handiest men who ever fingered the trigger of a .44 Winchester was Pemberton. He had become so expert with the gun that he never raised the butt to his shoulder, but just let the weapon go, pistol fashion, from his hip, and the relationship between his eye and hand was so good and true that, in his peaceable hours, the boys of the ranches barred him from turkey shots because he could let daylight through the birds at two hundred and fifty yards as fast as they were released. And he could drive a nail into a tree trunk at a couple of dozen paces by using the bullets of an automatic pistol as hammer heads.

For a whole year Pemberton, his Winchester, his Colt, and his pinto pony dodged about Texas playing the game of the old-time footpad, and his crimes became so numerous that at last the day arrived when the mere mention of his name forced every honest ranch-owner and cowboy to fumble at the butt of his six-shooter and give vent to oaths that echoed over the plains like the wail of coyotes in the hills.

When he started cattle thieving in the Panhandle he found himself hunted—hunted every tick of the clock. A posse was sent out from Fort Worth, and he would have been nicely taken when his pony broke its neck making the acquaintance in the gathering dusk of a prairie dog hole on the edge of the Red River Valley had he not the good fortune during his resultant flight on foot to cross the path of a motor party. He just held the little crowd up with his gun, cleared the lot from the car, jumped in it himself, and cut away before his victims could recover from their surprise.

A motor was nothing new to him, for his hands had often caressed a steering wheel in the days long back when store clothes and silk underwear had covered his unprepossessing person, before he exchanged his Harvard swagger for the slouching stoop and alert air of the outlaw. He realized with inward mirth what that car meant to him before he had been in it five minutes. His pinto pony, if the dog hole hadn't claimed it, would have given him about as much chance of eluding pursuit as a rat has of escaping a ferret in a drain. Before its death slip the animal had rasped in its throat and tottered. But the motor couldn't do that. It had gasoline in plenty, and could kick the scenery backwards better than anything that stood on four legs.

Pemberton had read somewhere that a man running away from death will recall in rapid succession events of his past life—the good events as well as the bad. He experienced such emotions now. He gazed upwards and caught a glimpse of the moon heaving an arc of silver above the rim of purple sky, and he recollected that he had seen the moon flooding the landscape once before, not the landscape of the plains, which looked as if it had been cut out with a pickaxe and touched up with a paint brush, but the landscape in sunny California, where his father and mother sat in an ivy-clad rectory in Monterey patiently awaiting his return, knowing not that the cattlemen of the West would dearly love to see him swinging from a tree branch with his hide peppered with shot.



"*Pemberton put a hand on his Winchester and a second later a riderless horse had dashed off into the night*"

Pemberton's mind worked its way right back to the past—the past he had thought he had shelved in the limbo of things forgotten. There was a girl named Mollie Hargreaves, and for years she had been a part of his daily life, like dressing or sleeping but there came a day when some infinitesimal misunderstanding put an end to the courtship and made her turn from him with a curled lip. Later Pemberton heard that Mollie was going to give her small, white hand into the keeping of an old friend of the family—a rich farmer or something up Dakota way, and when the engagement was announced, his teeth grew set and lines became scored on his face which never left it again. Out of heart with the set of things, he fled to the plains. He meant to live the cowboy life of monkish purity, but that fatalism in the world that works out our futures for us turned Pemberton down, fashioned him from a gentleman into a renegade, a hulking thief.

"Poor, poor little Mollie!" gasped Pemberton, "I've got plum cleaned out of right living, and I believe I'm the ugliest souled dog that ever went trespassing. You used to say, Moll, I had a heart as big as an elephant's, but that heart isn't big enough to make me cut this gray wolf life—I've dug too deep. I'm crooked forever, lass, and somehow—somehow I think *you* drove me to it."

His parched lips released a plaintive, bitter cry that broke over the lonesome prairie above the noise of the motor cylinder. His hands shook unsteadily, and he was quite ignorant of the fact that a harsh voice was ordering him to "Haul in," until a flash of powder caught his range of vision. Something struck him, and he found the grass, the sky, the moon and the stars gyrating like a giddy chorus girl. He had just power to stop the motor, and he stopped it on top of a hill.

He was aware that a leaden pellet had knocked a corner from him; he knew it by the wild dizzy thrill that went through him and a throbbing pain that was gradually wearing away his strength.

Pist!

Pemberton smiled feebly and ducked. A bullet sped over his shoulder and shattered itself on a rock in the rear. He looked up quickly and his eyelids flickered—there was a human shadow to the right. He put a hand on his Winchester and a second later a riderless horse had dashed off into the night.

"Shivering Shakespeare!" ejaculated Pemberton, "I was just thinking that those cussed Service men had got the drop on me after all, but that was Bill Evans I laid low. Saw his face as he tripped—and he and I held up a train near Council Bluffs a couple of years ago! Well, it was either he or I. . . . Poor Bill! You'd have got filled with buckshot soooner or later, b..t—but I'm sorry *I* had to do it. You shouldn't be too cocksure, Bill; a motor isn't always a sign of a dollared gent. . . . Better make a run for it, I'm thinking; there may be the gang to reckon with."

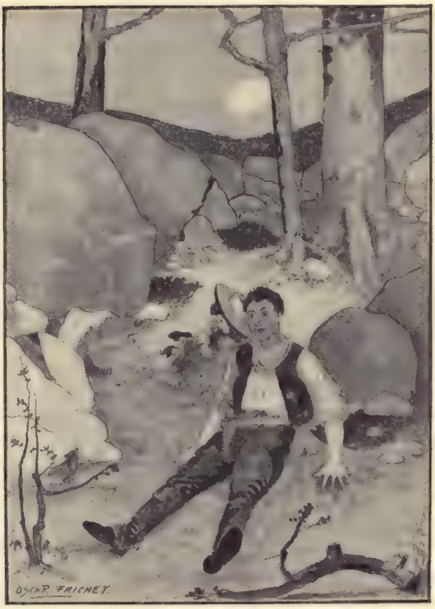
He restarted the car with the speed lever at the full notch, and as he tore up the path at a rate that would have done credit to an express, a dark, moving mass showed on the sky-line ahead. Half a dozen horsemen were galloping toward him, and an occasional bullet flattened itself on the chassis and splintered up the back seats. Pemberton grasped the steering wheel with firm hands and made straight for the enemy. There was a swing and a bump, and a rush and a crash. The off-front splasher went, a couple of horses and men twisted round like tops, and the car ran on as before. There was a bullet wound in the side of the driver's head that had nearly sent him over the Great Divide to join Bill Evans, and the blood streaming into his eyes was blinding him, but he managed to put several miles between himself and the foe before his reeling mind made him fumble mechanically at the levers and shut off the spark. Then he applied the brakes and stopped the car dead, only to pitch headlong from his seat over the edge of a gulley into the mud at the bottom.

* * *

Pemberton sat up gingerly and blinked stupidly at the sky. He didn't care a cent at that moment whether he lived and was made President of the United States or died and had his bones picked by carrion crows. Nevertheless he felt himself all over, and new courage came into his soul when he discovered that his carcass was pretty slick considering what a dance he had been through.

"Pat," he said aloud with an air of cheerfulness, "you ought to consider yourself as lucky as a chap who does nothing but ride on an elephant in a howdah! You're miles from being a sawbone's case, and I reckon you can give that posse the go-by out in the shadows if you skyhoodle out of this delightful mud-hole. . . . Dang it—I've cooked me goose too soon—I'm damfool—man—I'm—going—under—Dang!"

A torpor obscured his senses again, and his head fell back with a thud on the mud.



"He was playing a game of crackloo on a sidewalk in San Antonio when he felt a movement at his left shoulder"

He was playing a dream game of crackloo on a sidewalk in San Antonio, when he felt a movement at his left shoulder.

"Wake up, please, wake up!" It was a child's treble that piped. "Do wake up; I want my daddie and my mummie!"

Pat sat up and panted like a man fresh in from a long distance race. He pinched himself all over to discover whether he was still dreaming, and he felt the pain all right.

"Oh, my daddie—my—poo-or—mummie!"

The voice was accompanied by a sob now.

Pemberton rubbed his eyes with his knuckles and produced a match-box from a pocket in his torn pants. He struck a light—it was dark in the mud-hole. The sudden glare showed a quaint figure crawling at his elbow. He tried to be indifferent for a second or two, but his lips began to quiver when he gazed at a pair of large, moist eyes, and a shower of fair curls framing a baby face. He remembered the wound in his head, and, dropping the match from his fingers, he scrubbed the dried blood away with the sleeve of his shirt. For years he hadn't cared a button about his personal appearance, but his whole mind tracked on it now, and he wanted there and then to nail a pair of cuffs on his grimy wrists, as he did in his Harvard days. Somehow this little stranger had changed him; the mere sight of her had soothed his nerves and done him good. The children who sported in the sun in California used to love him—he could spin such fine fairy tales, he remembered. The quaintness of his position brought a laugh out of his chest, but the laugh was less mirthless than the snarl of a wolf.

"Dear heart," he said solemnly, reaching out in the darkness and pulling the fluffy head to his bony shoulder. "Don't—don't—cry! I can't bear to see kiddies unhappy. I can't bear it when you howl out for your daddie and mummie. Dang me, if I haven't fallen head over heels in love with you, you pink little partner. But it looks as if we are up against a hard deal, you and I; we're not exactly in a spot where poets fling out lyrics to the moonlight, and I am not the pard for a little wide-eyed soul like you—I'm just a caricature of what God meant man to be—yes—a caricature!"

"I don't want silly cari-things; I want my daddie and my mummie."

Pemberton touched the rosy cheek with his lips, but the girl was scarcely conscious of the kiss.

"Where did you leave them, lassie?"

"We were in the wagon when bad men came, and daddie hid me here and then went back to fetch mummie, but mummie never came. Do you think those bad men will hurt 'em? I love my daddie and mummie so much."

The outlaw looked extremely uncomfortable and he gazed in absolute bewilderment at the delicate figure of this small child whose shoulders were shaking convulsively. He could hear the muffled sobbing of the little creature, and his heart, that he had thought resembled nothing so much as a burnt-out volcano, swelled with a great pity. If the wretched Evans' gang had caught that wagon and "daddie" had let his hand wander to his pistol holster, he had probably gone to a world fairer and brighter than this, and "mummie"—the renegade groaned at the mere thought. The late Bill was too desperate a character to be kind to women, and his honor page in that respect was pretty well smudged and dirty.

"Don't worry, dearie." He spoke with a break in his voice. "Daddie and mummie are all right, I'm sure, and will return presently for their little girl. What's your name, lass?"

"Mollie—Mollie Dicker," answered the child, faintly smiling through a mist of tears.

Pemberton straightened himself suddenly like a man who had won distinction on the field of battle, but there was a tear rolling down his cheek. The whispered name had carried him away to the starting point of his worldly collapse, and back went his mind to the rectory at Monterey and—*Mollie!* Maybe he had been a savage, but his composition had tenderness as an ingredient, and it might have been that that made him slowly realize for the first time that a man can go straight as well as crooked if he tries hard.

"A pretty name!" he made answer. "Is your mummie's name Mollie also, pet?"

"My real mummie's name was Mollie, and my second mummie's name is Mollie, too."

"Mollie—dear—is your—your daddie's name—James?"

"Yes—yes—how did you know?"

Pemberton did not reply; he was thinking too hard and a lump in his throat was almost choking him. Was this little girl the daughter of his own Mollie—and was his own Mollie dead? Dead! And God had flung her baby girl into the arms of her old lover—the hulking thief, the renegade—out there on the lonely prairie! Fate plays strange pranks with men and women sometimes.

The outlaw, his face softened with grief, cuddled the child in his arms and lowered his voice as he was wont to do when in years gone he had a class in Sunday-school.

"Well, well, little Mollie, we'll go and find your daddie and your mummie."

He managed to struggle to his feet and clamber up the gulley side with his charge. For a moment he stood and gazed at the motor that had brought him safely out of the jaws of death, and drew with a long finger pictures in the dust on the polished enamel.

"Good old stink-pot!" he muttered, a far-away expression appearing in his blinking eyes. "If I had a bull-cart full of dollars I'd pension off the pal who invented you—you snorting gasoline tank!"

He bit his lip when he caught a glimpse of the sky, and saw that it was ablaze with crimson and dotted in the distance with what looked like gigantic fireflies.

"You've stumbled on unusual things, boy, and it looks to me as if you'll just have to go back the way you came," he growled. "Prairie fires are not nice things to be caught in, especially with a kiddie, and there are acres waving eighteen inches of dried grass ready for the burning. Dang it! That grama grass and curly mesquite will blaze better than a Chinese pigtail soaked in mutton juice. . . . If you can't get ahead of that darned lots of fireworks, you hulking brute, there'll be enough roasted human flesh in the ranches down yonder to feed all the yelling, pot-bellied cannibals that ever made mincemeat of missionaries. Devil take the fire!"

The little girl in his arms stretched out a fat hand, stroked his unshaven chin, and listened to the crisp rustle.

"What's that, you say?"

"Oh, nothing, little peach." Pemberton's voice was high, shrill. "I was only thinking aloud."

"Peoples do that when they're unhappy," put in the girl. "My mummie does sometimes. Are you unhappy?"

"Dunno, Mollie darling!" The renegade's face was a study; the veins in his forehead stood out as thick as wrinkles on the skin of passion fruit. "I'm going to find your daddie and your mummie."

Carefully he placed his baby on the cushions of the car, and wrapped her up Indian fashion in a rug he found in it. Then, without another word, he strode away, with head dropped forward upon his breast. A hot breeze came down and smote his face and he tilted his nose and scented the air. Then he stooped, snatched a dried leaf from the ground and tossed it above him. It blew a little way behind him, sank to the ground, fluttered like a shot bird, and lay still.

"Dang! It's retreat, sure enough, and it's going to be hell's furnace without any panky tricks. There's no time to lose, but I must find the wagon and Mollie's little crowd. Poor mite! Whatever may come, I'll look after you, and if we get out of this and dodge the posse I'll just apologize to myself for letting my life get frayed like a bunch of rope ends. I'll start all over again, and see if I can't hit the ground a bit in high spots."

Presently down in a hollow he caught sight of a wheel trail, and followed it. It brought him upon the vehicle standing horseless in the bushes, with its canvas ventilated with half a dozen bullet holes. He guessed what had happened, and his heart sank within him. He found what he expected when he wandered round to the front of the wagon. "Daddie" was lying limply across the box-seat with one tearing rent in his forehead whence life had fled.

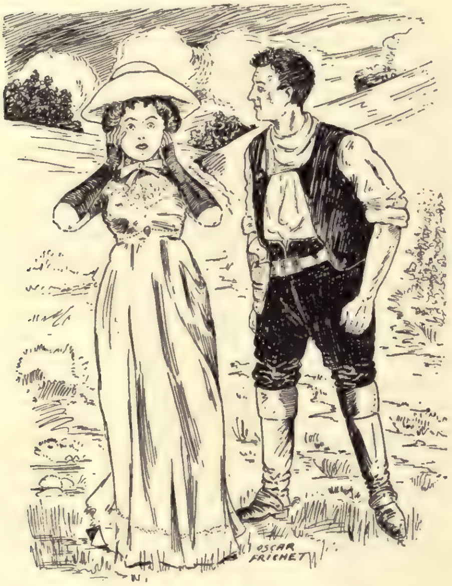
"Poor devil! It was hands up with Bill Evans or no chance to call a prayer meeting. I'm glad I shot Bill—he was too dirty when he got out of bounds. Thank God, I never shed blood unnecessarily. . . . Old chap, you don't mind if I leave you?"

He pulled the figure down quickly and buried it under a pile of leaves.

"It doesn't seem Christianlike, pal, but time is precious just now. And I just—yes—want someone else. Bill Evans, if you've done a deed worse than this—I—"

He lifted up the canvas of the wagon and peered in—and Mollie's mother was missing. His head ached and swam; his burning eyes saw strange, uncertain visions, but he was glad she was missing. If his tongue wasn't so dry and swollen just then he would have bleated her name and asked her whereabouts. The bushes around teemed with possibilities, and somehow or other he was convinced that the little mite lying snug in the motor wasn't an orphan, after all.

Luck, sheer luck, led Pemberton to *her*. Two dozen paces in a straight line and he found himself gazing upon a face that seemed unreal, merely the face he had seen in a frequent dream.



"*The woman was at his side, bursting into tears and crying: 'They've killed him—killed him—and—and the baby'*"

"Pat!"

There was a deep solicitude in the woman's voice, and the name as it fell upon him struck to his heart like a knife-thrust. For years he had inspired a dread half over America and every man's hand was against him, but here—here in the grass which was shortly to be licked up by God's fiery revenge was the very creature who had sent him out West to defy the branding iron of lawful men, to give him a bitter hatred for everything human. How glorious she had looked the night they parted in the years gone, with a spray of red roses fastened in her belt.

Pemberton put a hand to his forehead and wiped away the gathering moisture.

"Good God!" he groaned, his face turning ashy gray at the marvel of the meeting. "It's Mollie—Mollie!"

The woman was at his side now, bursting into tears and crying: "They've killed him—killed him—and—and the baby."

Pemberton gazed at her thoughtfully for quite a long time, so long that the blush that crept over his tanned cheeks showed more brilliant than the shot wound on the side of his head. In shamefaced confusion he laid a hand gently on her arm, and swallowed the lump in his throat that was doing its utmost to choke him.

"Baby Mollie is safe, but—but your husband—"

The woman's eyes raised to his startled ones had noticed every line and shadow brought into being by years of brutal loneliness. She waited for him to speak again; her heart had got to the drift of things at last.

"Mollie," Pemberton went on, his voice coming up out of his chest hollow and uncertain, "why did you send me away? Why did you marry Dicker? Only tell me that. Yes, just that—*that* which made me stare into a long procession of empty tomorrows in which there was nothing to hope for—nothing to dream of—nothing to thrill. If you knew how much I loved you—perhaps—"

"Oh—Pat—oh!" the girl cried so softly that the words barely reached him. "You never could understand that the course of true love never did run smooth—that quarrels were only meant to make love sweeter—stronger. I sent you away, Pat; I—I didn't mean to. I was just angry for the moment, and when you stayed away I thought it was a case of chopping all love out—that I had built too much on your caring—"

"And so you married Dicker?"

"No—no, Pat!" The girl's cheeks were burning, her eyes luminous. "It was my aunt who married him—her name was the same as mine—and when she died I came out to Dakota to look after baby Mollie because—because I was—lonely. A month ago we moved down to Oklahoma—and we have been out for days trying to buy cattle. If uncle hadn't persisted in driving about at night, we shouldn't have met that outlaw gang and—"

"You wouldn't have met *me,* Mollie dear!"

Pemberton from his superior height gazed down at the slight, girlish figure, wonderfully delicate and fragile, looking like a rose in bud. She had lost none of her beauty, and was the same Mollie as of old. There was just a tiny catch in his voice as he went on, gently soothing her:

"I reckon we had better forget that quarrel, sweetheart. It has cost me more than I hope you will ever know. I'm an ugly, ill-made thing, Moll; but I'm going to be a man now—a man as God meant him to be—and—and there shall be no more blunder between us."

A hare as it darted from the brush rushed over Pemberton's feet and made him catch his lips sharply between his teeth. There was something he was forgetting. He turned slowly and pointed a finger to the sky.

"Mollie," he said, all traces of excitement gone from him, "we've got to fly, you and I and the baby—fly hard." The girl noticed the light of the distant fire shining in the expanse overhead and understood. "There are ranch homes and lives resting on our swiftness. Come!"

He lifted her up in his arms and stagred back over the prairie to the motor. Mollie clambered into the car in silence; her mind was too much a blank to ask questions. She picked up the baby girl and cuddled her to her breast.

"Mummie," whispered the mite, "mummie, where's daddie?"

Mollie's tears were streaming fast; she couldn't speak. Pemberton touched the baby's cheek with his finger and whispered gently:

"Don't you worry your little head about daddie. Mr. Treachery has taken him off somewhere—quite a long trip, pet, and—and I don't think he will be back for—for a long, long time. But don't you burn your eyes out about it."

Pemberton's heart was paining him as it had never pained him before. His voice died away, and he sank limply into the front seat of the motor. The car was facing the oncoming fire, and as his hands fell upon the steering wheel he groaned dismally. For miles nothing but a red line of fire showed across the landscape, and he noticed that the line was growing in brilliance to the right, where a breeze had crept behind it. It was a race for life, and he prayed that the motor would hold out, that it would keep him ahead of the pillar of fire that was creeping nearer, nearer to the ranches and the homes of the cattlemen—the men to whom his name was worse than poison.

Pemberton started the car, switched it round, and away it went whizzing and buzzing down the hill.

"Spark's all right, gasoline's all right, valves are all right—everything's O. K., and we are going to give that cussed fire fits," muttered the renegade in a low musical hum.

The car went on at full speed, but the breeze had grown into a gale and the traveling field of fire was sweeping on, gaining ground at every second. Was the wind fleeter than the motor? Pemberton half-turned in his seat and looked back. The road behind was just a thick, tortuous wall of smoke and it was full of living things trying to outdistance it. Mollie had fallen back unconscious on the cushions, with the sleeping child in her arms. Pemberton wanted to stop the car and go to her, but moments were more precious than diamonds just then. It was forward at all cost! Yes, that cloud of smoke that was almost at his left *did* contain a flame —and so close!

The pain of years seemed concentrated in that awful race with the fire behind and around; pain, mental as well as physical, so great were the stakes. Nearer and nearer came the "hiss! hiss!" of the fire, and Pemberton imagined that he was already being caressed by red-hot tongues. If it hadn't been for Mollie and the baby, he would have let the smoke clouds overpower him.

Good God! A fallen tree in the path! The devil and the deep sea! There was no time for calculation. The outlaw held the steering wheel tight—tight as his muscles would allow him. There was a deafening sound as the motor tussled with the obstacle and conquered. The car jumped the tree and went on as before, with one tire limp and the front wheels bent and twisted.

Man and steel against fire! Gasoline

struggling with burning grass and timber. The car was on a down slope now leading to the buildings of a ranch, flying along at a tremendous pace.

When the ranch house drew in sight the fire was nearly a mile behind. Pemberton shut off the spark and stopped at the nearest approach to the place. He jumped to his feet and scampered up a path that led to a door, and the noise he made upon the woodwork with the butt of his revolver caused a disturbed sleeper to leap from his bed and swear horribly.

"You're fire bound, boy!" shouted Pemberton to a face that peeped out a moment later to meet the glare of the running fire. The man understood too well the meaning of the distant light, and as he gave the warning within the house, Pemberton rushed back to the car and hastily picked up the woman and child in his arms.

"Fire the grass!" he yelled as he came staggering up the path again with his burden. "Look after the girls—and fire the grass—much as you can of it; it's the only way. Don't mind me! But give me a little time to get away. There are others to warn down below. Good-bye!"

Ready hands snatched the unconscious forms from him, and the next moment he was in the motor and was off again. As the car swept along he turned and caught sight of a flickering flame springing up ahead of the prairie fire. The men behind had fired the grass. How he covered the many miles that separated the first ranch from the second he never knew, but he remembered giving the warning to a man up at the latter. The little fire the awakened people at the second ranch kindled raced down after him. There are about one hundred ranches in the Panhandle, and that prairie fire was in the line of three, and Pemberton knew that if he could reach the third in time, the flames would beat themselves out in a fork of the Red River.

"That's two to me!" he yelled in pure delight. "Good old stink-pot! No cussed pony would have licked that derned lot of crackers if it had legs as long as barge poles. Now you've got to take me down to the next shanty, even if you chuck me headlong in the grip of the posse. Buck up, you old gas tank!"

And the motor bucked up only to stop dead about a mile from the ranch house. Pemberton leaped down and tried to restart the engine, but nothing happened. He lifted the bonnet, tickled the carburetter, and tested the ignition, but there was no result. The renegade grew hot and glanced back toward the fire. The heat of the approaching fiery tongues warmed his face with horrible distinctness, and their splitting and panting sounded like the unearthly yells of so many demons thirsting for his life blood.

Soul curdling were the curses he heaped upon the motionless vehicle and the forked flames that at every second grew plainer in the sky through the clouds of smoke. The main fire had divided and slipped by the burned ground around the second ranch, but it had reunited swiftly enough, and now in its gathered fury it was racing down the prairie after him.

"Devil take the motor!" yelled Pemberton hoarsely. "Oh! A kingdom for a pony to scramble over this darnation pig-path! . . . Mollie, old dear, I'll have to make it on foot. I'll lick that fury of hell even yet. The ranch home won't burn—shan't burn!"

He clenched his teeth and set off at a run. It was human muscle struggling with fire now. How he kept ahead of the flames he couldn't imagine unless it be that a special cherub aloft is told off to watch over hulking thieves who are trying to lay the foundation stones of their reformation. Twice did he slide to the ground, but he pulled himself together and started off again. Sweat started from every pore; his heart was scarcely beating; his breath came in short pants. Presently black roofs of buildings loomed into sight. A hundred yards more! A smile came to the seared, grimy face of the refugee, and, raising his hands trumpet-like, he shouted—shouted until his voice rose to a shrill shriek and died down slowly to a cough. He saw little shadows moving quickly in front, whispered "Thank God!" staggered like a drunken man, and then fell flat upon his back across the prairie with his blackened face freed from all the sour wrinkles and crows' feet that had rested upon it for so long smiling up to the smoke-laden sky above him.

* * *

"Feeling better, laddie?"

Pemberton opened his eyes at the sound of the voice, and gazed wonderingly at the bearded face of the speaker.

"Yes—yes—thankee. Where am I?"

"Still in Texas, boy. This is the old ranch home you turned your toes up to the other night. We saw you just in time and pulled you in by the boots.

"And the motor?"

"The poor thing's burned to coke. We heard how you got a lift of the derned gas-pot, and I guess if you hadn't been a low-down outlaw and pinched it in the way you did, some of us would be roasted beef by now. Why, a bloomin' backslider like you is better than a mascot!"

"But—but I'm going to reform," muttered Pemberton. "I've lived as a devil's kid for years—hell spawned years they've been. No home, no food often as not, nothing—nothing but Hades. Where's the posse? Are you—"

"They gave up the chase when they learnt that you had got the hook of the oil-can, and you needn't fear 'em. No, lad; Texas never goes back on any man who has shown he *is* a man. You've been a pretty bad lot, but you've made good, and when a man makes good, it's quits in Texas."

A knock sounded on the room door and a sweet voice cried, "May I come in?"

Pemberton, though covered mummy-fashion in cotton batting, managed to raise himself from the bed on which he lay.

"Who's that?" he queried weakly, his eyes glowing.

"That's the lady and the kid, lad, and if you breathe much as a word to 'em as to what you've been, the boys and I won't be responsible for the stickiness of our tar barrel—and we've got feather beds, too. You've got to be that baby's new daddy. It's that and a clean life. Promise!"

And Patrick Pemberton, late renegade, smiled feebly and promised.

WHAT DOUBTIN' TOMMY GOT

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

THE worst boy 'at I ever knew
Was freckled Tommy Brown;
He knocked the whole town sideways onct,
An' turned it upside down.

By tellin' ev'rybody
That Santy Claus wa'n't real.
"That's all a nature fake," said Tom,
"An' I'm the one t' squeal."

"Y' can't hand me no stuff like that,
I'll get as much as youse,"
He told his brother Chris'mas Eve
As he took off his shoes.

But when Tom woke next morn he found
That Santy had been there;
An' all he'd left in Tommy's sock
Was jest a chunk of air.

The World's "Good Morning"

by Flynn Wayne

A VISIT to London, insisted the gracious lady of our family, would not be complete without going to Nos. 71 to 75 New Oxford Street, the home of Pears' Soap, which has given the world a greeting of "Good-morning" that is radiant in periodical history. So a taxi was commissioned, and after a few moments' whirl over English pavements, "The House of Pears" was announced.

There was a defined impression of dignity as we entered the portals. A fountain was playing around sculpture that suggested the art of Cavacalla's battles at Rome, an appropriate and artistic suggestion as to the use of soap. A retired army sergeant guarded the door—one of the typical English commissaires whose past government service inspires them with an air of nobility.

In the waiting room, up one flight, we found the original painting of "Bubbles," which perhaps has created more widespread attention than any illustration ever published in the history of advertising. In fact "Bubbles" is almost as well known as the work of old masters at the museum. On the walls were also originals of many famous advertisements that adorn homes and make noted the Christmas issues of English periodicals. Mr. Thomas J. Barratt, who presides over the House of Pears, was the first manufacturer to employ the best talent in art and literature to portray the virtues of his product.

When the Pears' campaign began, high-class advertising was practically unknown, but Mr. Barratt, with all the enthusiasm of his dominant personality, insisted that a well-worded advertisement was just as dignified and ethical as the personal appeal of the salesmen who represented their product. The watchwords of Mr. Barratt's campaign, certainly the most original and pleasing in the history of advertising, were *beauty*, *art* and *attractiveness*, to set forth the merits of goods of incomparable quality. He also brought to bear the cult of beauty in new phases, and the spirit of genial optimism embodied in that world-wide greeting, "Good-morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" is nothing short of a liberty note.

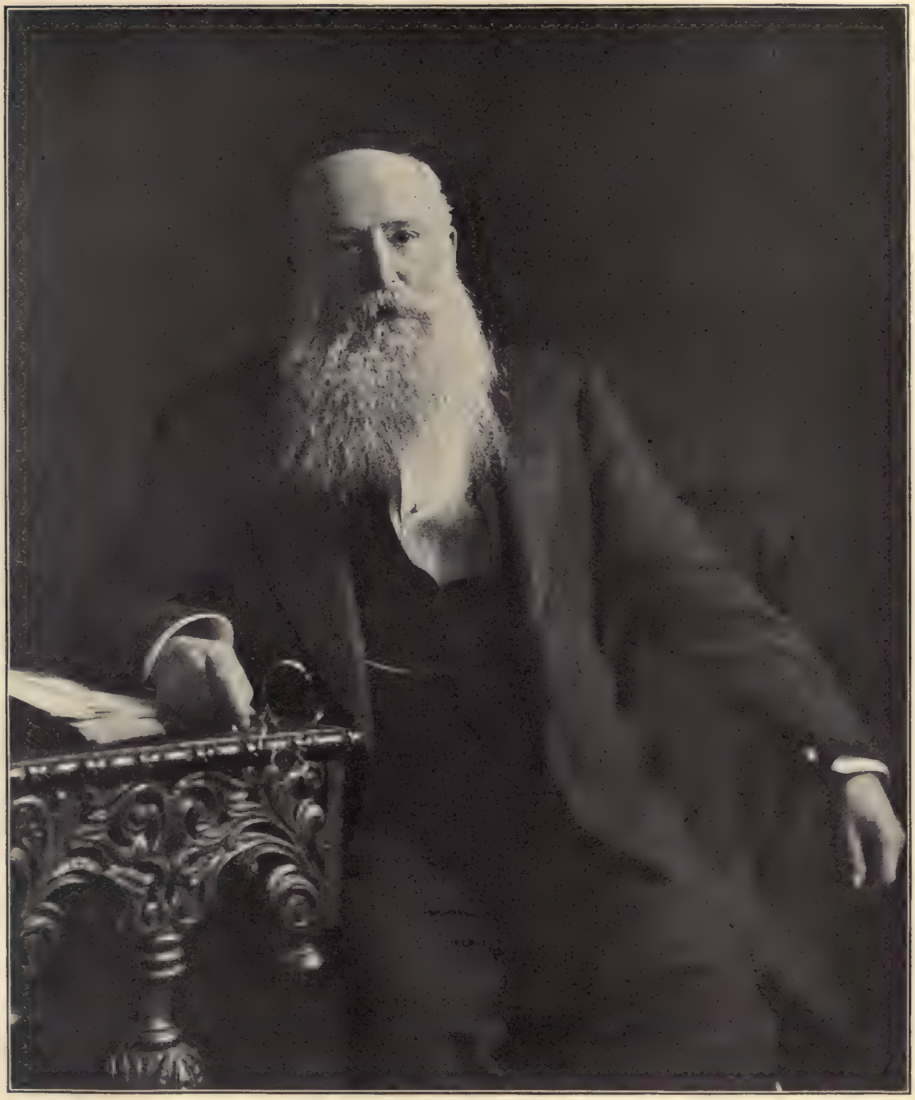
When traveling abroad from Great Britain, on every English steamship, in every shop and institution of any pretension, one naturally expects to find Pears' Soap. The genial "Good-morning" greeting has become an international hailing sign wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Pears' Soap is now inextricably interwoven with the history of England. Was it not Gladstone who in the House of Commons used the expression "They are as frequent as the advertisements of Pears' Soap" in speaking of an infinite number?

* * *

The story of the House of Pears is fascinating in its history. The eminent English litterateur, Mr. Clement Shorter, has written it briefly as follows:

Andrew Pears, a son of the tenant of Lanadron Farm, near Megavissey, in Cornwall, came into London in the Eighteenth Century, and set up a barber shop on Gerrard Street, Soho, in 1789. In those days the barber did more than to shave and cut hair—gentlemen wore wigs, and the "hair dresser" curled, powdered and kept these in order. Young Pears studied closely and steadily the preparations then used by barbers, and soon realized the defects of the soaps then in use. He experimented, attempting to make an article different from anything



THOMAS J. BARRATT
At the head of the Pears' Soap Corporation

then used, and he finally announced to the trade that he had made a *transparent soap*.

Andrew Pears did not understand, and few did in those days, the art of advertising, but he effectually checked irresponsible imitators by signing, with a quill pen, every one of the wrappers, setting forth his proprietorship and the virtues of his soap. Still he did only a moderate business until in 1835 he took his grandson, Francis Pears, as partner under the firm name of "A. & F. Pears," of which Francis Pears became the sole representative in 1838.

In 1865 Mr. Andrew Pears, son of Francis Pears and great-grandson of the original Andrew, met Mr. Thomas J. Barratt, who had made a study of the modern methods of advertising and introducing goods. The two became proprietors, though the old firm name was kept, Mr. Barratt insisting that the reputation of the soap was based upon the name of the original producer. Since 1865 Mr. Barratt has been the controlling spirit of an organization whose international prestige has become firmly established. From the start Mr. Barratt "believed in the soap" and "in his capacity to sell it," and his life story is an inspiration to all who, like him, believe that both to "do and dare" is to command success.

* * *

There was no rush or bustle in this visit. The sloping desk, books and pictures gave a feeling of leisurely dignity. On the walls were paintings and suggestions of former important epochs in business, reaching far back into our colonial days.

Carefully arranged in the commodious quarters were files of Pears' advertisements bearing the dates of three centuries, as the first appeared in 1789. These modest, concise announcements are contemporary with stirring events in English history. In the great filing-room was a collection of newspapers from all parts of the world, unequalled by any other collection, not excepting that of the famous British Museum itself. Every country in the world was represented. Mr. Barratt showed us these files with all the zeal of a collector, and when we realized the staggering sum paid for advertising, which this collection represented, the budgets of some nations were small in comparison.

At the centennial celebration of the establishment of Pears' Soap, at the Hotel Metropole in 1899, the press of the world, represented by seventeen thousand newspapers, presented Mr. Barratt with a silver service valued at five thousand pounds ($25,000) in recognition of his service rendered to the press, to artistic printing and other kindred enterprises, and in appreciation of his active part in the development of advertising.

When Mr. Barratt first entered the firm, its offices were in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, not far from the British Museum. Mr. Barratt kept the books and did the traveling, and the first cash book, in his own handwriting, is still preserved. Every item of expense was carefully kept, and an economy unknown today controlled the expenditures.

The soap works at Isleworth grew as Mr. Barratt's judicious and original campaign of publicity impressed the public mind and compelled the purchases of hitherto indifferent dealers. The death of Mr. Andrew Pears in 1909 dissolved a most memorable partnership in which there had never been a misunderstanding. At Isleworth Mr. Pears looked after the making of his incomparable soap, while Mr. Barratt in London superintended its sale and exploited in novel and untried ways a product that was to minister to health, beauty and refinement the world over, and to become an active auxiliary in the progress of English civilization.

Mr. Barratt wears full beard and is very active in his seventies, a typical and courtly English gentleman. His virile and engaging personality has achieved a most gratifying success since the day he started out to exploit the business and to make a name for the House of Pears.

How delightful it was to hear him tell, in his own inimitable way, of his visits to America, which he personally as a young man invaded with great success. From Henry Ward Beecher he secured a strong and stirring endorsement of Pears' Soap. The young Englishman had announced himself as Mr. Barratt of London, representing Pears' Soap—at the close of the call the great divine handed him the testimonial. Mr. Beecher afterward remarked that though he had heard many men speak persuasively on other subjects, the eloquence of Mr. Barratt on the merits of Pears' Soap was irresistible, and he declared that he never wrote any testimonial with a clearer conviction of truth.

As the conversation proceeded, how I wished that every person who had ever used Pears' Soap might have the rare privilege of meeting the man who had made it known worldwide. As much force and genius was needed here as among statesmen who control national issues.

As he placidly stroked his great gray beard and chatted on the current of events, Mr. Barratt presented an inspiring picture of *business success*—complete and exemplary success that revealed the genius of the age as reflected in business—a man who brought *beauty*, *art* and *attractiveness* within the realms of trade, to remain an integral part of permanent trade and industrial progress and development.

Books o' the Month

THE passing of Owen Wister has renewed public appreciation of the author of "The Virginian." Mr. Wister's last volume, "Members of the Family,"* is made up of short, vivid frontier stories strung together by a thread of unique biography, dealing with the life and somewhat unregenerate philosophies of one Scipio LeMoyne, erst of Bar-Cicle-Zee cattle-range, on the Shoshone River, Wyoming.

The book vividly depicts scenes of Indian life on the reservation in little frontier settlements amid the picturesque desolation of American and Mexican sage-brush prairies and mountain valleys, and more or less "hostile" and tragical episodes of army, trail and range life.

A fifteen-page "Preface" is 'bye-ordinar', as the canny Scot would say, in its length and scope of thought, but should be read by all who would realize how rapidly frontier life is passing.

* * *

A REAL old-fashioned love tale in twentieth century dress is offered the reader of "The Stolen Singer."** A young man is attracted by a beautiful girl, who sings. The many and dangerous adventures of the hero in order to win the lady of his heart are indeed thrilling. The old home in Maine is an attractive picture. The story, while full of movement at the beginning, becomes a trifle slow at the ending, although the conclusion brings about complete happiness. Seldom, in the fiction of today, do we find so clean and quaint a tale.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE STOLEN SINGER"

* * *

DETECTIVE stories are said to have a wonderful sameness, but Mr. Johnston has given us in "The Yellow Letter"* a new and novel story. Letters are sent by a blackmailer to certain individuals in positions of trust, stating that as executor of a wealthy philanthropist's estate, it is possible for him to assist those who in an unguarded moment have embezzled. The honest man throws this communication into his waste-basket, while the one in debt sees possible salvation. The story of his breach of faith is put on paper and returned with the hope of assistance. The whip is now in the hands of the blackmailer and by threatening exposure he forces his victim still further to misappropriate funds, until overwhelmed with debt, and facing dishonor, the unfortunate has recourse to suicide. By a series of brilliant deductions, Postal Inspector Davis, a prototype of the English Sherlock Holmes, succeeds in bringing to justice the human fiend who is responsible for this ruin.

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* "Members of the Family." By Owen Wister. New York: The MacMillan Co. Price $1.25 net.

** "The Stolen Singer." By Martha Bellinger. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

* "The Yellow Letter." By William Johnston. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

With such a plot, Mr. Johnston has written a book that must take its place among the best detective stories of the period.

HERBERT QUICK
Author of "Yellowstone Nights"

CONTRAST is employed by the author of "Celibacy"* in working out his story. His book treats of the marriage question. He presents two couples living under different conditions, and proves his point of argument by the developments. These cases, however, are not to be considered general, and Mr. Jacobs has disregarded the social conditions that seem to make a more wholesome basis for a salable novel.

* * *

DIFFERENT types of American life are presented in the stories of "Yellowstone Nights,"** and although the arrangement was suggested by "Arabian Nights," there is no oriental mysticism. The stories, told by the members of a holiday party traveling through Yellowstone Park, are interspersed with chapters descriptive of the natural beauties and phenomena that have made the national reservation famous. Mr. Quick has used his remarkable knowledge of Yellowstone Park to the best advantage in sustaining the reader's interest.

The bride, the groom, the artist, the poet, the professor and the cowboy all have a chance to tell a story, and to each tale the ready pen of Mr. Quick has given the vital touch of human interest.

MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN
Author of "Phrynette"

PHRYNETTE"* tells her own romance in bounding English, peppered with French interjections. She comes from Paris to live with an English aunt, upon the death of her father, who, she tells us, "was an artist and painted only pretty women." Her observations of the English are amusing, and there are many bright references to prominent British statesmen of today. Phrynette is the soul of candor. She is light, vain, perhaps, and innocently coquettish, but she falls deeply in love with a taciturn Englishman many years her senior. The seriousness of this affection, blended with her natural vivacity, make Phrynette an admirable heroine.

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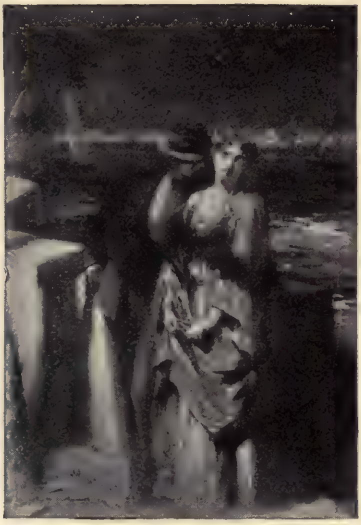
* "Celibacy." By Leon R. Jacobs. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

** "Yellowstone Nights." By Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.50.

* "Phrynette." By Marthe Troly-Curtin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price $1.25 net.

* * *

MR. MAC GRATH'S story* centers about the Holy Yhiordes, a carpet "as holy to the Moslem as the idol's eye is to the Hindu, as the Bible is to the Christian." Mr. George Percival Algernon Jones—who despite his name is a quite likable chap—is the junior partner of Mortimer & Jones, a prosperous New York firm of rug importers. George is a rug connoisseur, and when at a hotel in Cairo he purchases the Yhiordes carpet from an affable young rascal who stole it, he embarks upon a strange series of exciting adventures.



ILLUSTRATING "THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD"

Among other things it is given him to rescue from a nest of smugglers a charming young girl who eventually becomes his wife. Before this happy conclusion, however, George is forced into an interrupted journey to Bagdad, and is not free of the smugglers until after his return to New York.

Mr. Mac Grath has never yet disappointed the lover of adventure stories. It is his gift to make plausible the most impossible circumstances. He never allows a moment to lag, and the easy charm of the telling carries the reader almost breathlessly to a denouement that wholly satisfies.

HAROLD MAC GRATH
Whose latest book "The Carpet from Bagdad" has an oriental setting

IN calling Uncle Zack "Old Reliable,"* Mr. Dickson has used antithesis with almost as telling effect as Carlyle used the word incorruptible when speaking of Robespierre. "Old Reliable" is a typical antebellum house servant, and to him all manual labor is degraded. Truth troubles him little. Ambition is an unknown quantity, but he loves three things—a dog, a mule and a banjo. At all times and under all circumstances "Old Reliable" is the colored aristocrat.

The book abounds with intensely amusing situations. The characters are faultlessly depicted and the book is written with the same spontaneity that charmed the reader of "The Black Wolf's Breed."

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* "The Carpet from Bagdad." By Harold Mac Grath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

* "Old Reliable." By Harris Dickson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mr. Dickson has given us a character who, as his publishers declare, "lives absolutely and unmistakably in 'Old Reliable.' "

* * *

HOLIDAY gift books, tastefully packed in decorated cartons, include both favorite stories already in popular editions, and new fiction that has a special appeal for the Christmas buyer.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE MAYFLOWER PILGRIMS"

"The Transfiguration of Miss Philura,"* Miss Kingsley's quaint little love tale that has already delighted thousands of readers, is now offered in presentation form. Four full page illustrations in color, by Edith Pennewill Brown, add much to the appearance of the dainty volume.

Few of Mr. David Potter's pretty stories in modern fiction have more charm than "An Accidental Honeymoon."** The scenes are laid in Maryland and the character drawing reveals the author's close knowledge of his field. The love story has the thrill and verve of adventure, and a breathless interest holds the reader to the closing page. The excellent color illustrations which appear in the volume are the work of Mr. George W. Gage, and the page decorations are by Mr. Edward Stratton Holloway.

Another story of the South is "Joyce of the Jasmines,"* by Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour, who will be remembered by many as the author of "An Orchard Princess," "The Lilac Girl," and many other charming tales.

The South Carolina atmosphere pervades this latest offering, and Joyce, the heroine, is a young woman after one's own heart. The captivating little love story, with Mr. Clarence T. Underwood's color drawings and Mr. Holloway's page decorations, will delight both old and young readers.

Printed on fine hot-pressed paper with deckle-edge, top and pages bordered in sage green designs, Mr. Addison's "The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims"** is bound in green gray cloth illuminated in blue, cream-white and gold, and is illustrated with more than fifty photogravures of paintings, portraits, localities and structures, connected with the history of the Plymouth Pilgrims in England, Holland and the New World.

Most interesting are the illustrations of the Guild Hall on South Street, Boston, with the cells in which the Pilgrim Fathers were confined, the kitchen from which they were fed, and the courtroom in which they faced the King's officers. William Brewster's birthplace at Scrooby, John Robinson's home at Leyden, Holland, where the good old elder lived and preached to his little flock, are among the most notable of many delightful scenes.

The letter-press deals with the events that led up to the expatriation of the Lincolnshire dissenters, first to Holland and later to America, with some account of the early settlement and fortunes of the founders of the Plymouth Colony. Mr. Albert Christopher Addison, author of "Old Boston: Its Puritan Sons and Pilgrim Shrines," has been fortunate in having his timely and important addition to New England history published in such charming and tasteful style.

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* "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura." By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price $1.00 net.

** "An Accidental Honeymoon." By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price $1.35 net.

* "Joyce of the Jasmines." By Ralph Henry Barbour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price $2.00.

** "The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims." By Albert Christopher Addison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price $2.00 net.

* * *

LOVE, mystery and murder are interwoven in the well-developed plot which saves "An American Suffragette"* from becoming an obvious appeal for the ballot for women. The character-drawing rings so true that one is not likely to arraign the author for undue prejudice, even though Miss Sylvia Holland, the beautiful but iron-willed heroine, is a suffragist, while the weak and aggressive women who figure in the plot are "antis." The action centers about an eminent young surgeon who is accused of murder. His dramatic trial is conducted by the heroine, who is a lawyer as well as a society woman and a leader of the suffrage movement. There are several strong situations, and the story is well told.

* * *

ON every page of "The Story Girl"** the touch of the finished artist is apparent. There is a smoothness of style, a finesse that places Miss Montgomery in the first rank of contemporary writers. Child life is mirrored in such a charming manner that the reader is unconsciously carried back to the happy, carefree days of his own childhood.

The "Story Girl" was gifted with a captivating voice—a voice that possessed the happy faculty of making her listeners live through, with her, the varied scenes in the story she was telling. In her inimitable style, the author has made her heroine's character so real that one joins heart and soul in the work and play of the happy group at Carlisle.

A picturesque valley of Prince Edward Island, twenty-four miles from a railroad, is the scene of the story. But the "Story Girl's" tales of the "Milky Way," "The Wedding Veil of the Proud Princess," "The Tale of the Rainbow" and "How Kissing was Discovered" are told in such a delightful manner that one becomes oblivious to environment and breathes in the sweet perfume of the blossoming trees in Uncle Alec's fascinating old orchard. One cannot read of Felicity, Cecily, Sara, Dan, Felix, Beverly and Peter without feeling that the young mind has its seeming tragedies, and the author's sympathetic knowledge of human nature and charm of description act like a tonic on a wearied mind.

"THE STORY GIRL"
The heroine of Miss Montgomery's charming story of child life

CHRIST'S alleged reappearance in Paris in 1910, and the events naturally associated with His coming are the novel theme of Charles Morice's "The Reappearing."* The world is familiar with His teachings, but in this book modern society is confronted with Christ in Person. The story concerns the manner in which Christ would deal with the shams of the present day. Modern culture and intellectuality have no room for Christ because He reaches out beyond the intellect to man's heart. His presence in Paris is found inconvenient because it disrupts the constituted order of things, and He is requested to leave.

The book is daring, to say the least, and its impression upon the French is not to be wondered at.

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* "An American Suffragette." By Isaac N. Stevens. New York: William Rickey & Co. Price $1.25 net.

** "The Story Girl." By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price $1.50.

* "The Re-Appearing." By Charles Morice. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Celebrated Government Claims

by

Newton Hayes Fessenden

EVERY individual, as well as every organized body of individuals, is subject to the economic problems involved in the principles of credits and debts, of assets and liabilities. These problems have confronted the world since the inception of the practice of exchange and will continue to do so as long as commercial intercourse exists.

While each is affected as a unit, so all are affected collectively as a nation, and it is a few of the many claim debts of the Federal Government that are the subjects of consideration here. Federal debts have been the sources of grave perplexities at the National Capitol. Congress, and therefore the political organization, has an all-powerful control over all public expenditures, and tragedies of no mean aspect have followed the failure of rightful creditors to realize their due at the hands of the public representatives.

There are at the present time hundreds of claims before Congress and the federal courts which have arisen in numerous ways. Some come from the refusal of the Government to pay patentees for the use of their inventions; many develop from questions of title when lands are taken by Acts of Congress, either for reservation purposes or by the right of eminent domain, and others issue from the failure of federal officials to compensate parties for services rendered.

The trials and tribulations of those who go to Washington with the end in view of securing the payment from the Government of money rightfully due them are analogous to those of the office-seekers who invade the city in throngs when a new administration enters. The analogy is that the majority by far are unsuccessful, and many spend the rest of their days there, doing any kind of work to make a living, always hoping that their dreams may be realized.

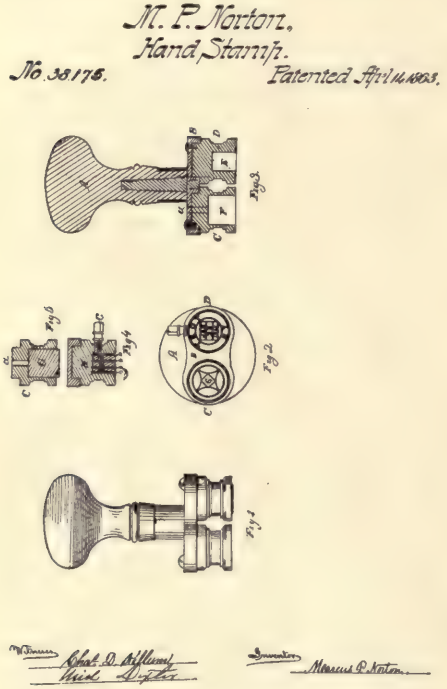
One very interesting case where the claimant finally was successful in his efforts to realize some compensation was that of Samuel McKeever. He was an officer in the United States army during the seventies, and in 1873 he was granted letters-patent for his invention of a cartridge box. This box was six and one-half inches long, three and one-half inches wide, one and one-half inches thick, and was made of leather. It was carried on the waist belt by two loops and opened from the top, the outside half working on a hinge running under the box. It was a great improvement over the old style cartridge belt used during the Civil War, as it had the advantages of protection from danger of loss and exposure to dust or moisture. He submitted his invention to the War Department and its use was adopted by the Secretary of War. It was immediately manufactured and used in the army, and upon the subsequent refusal to pay him any royalty for the use of his invention, he instituted suit in the Court of Claims. McKeever based his case upon the grounds of an implied contract, and the Government based their refusal to pay him for its use on the theory that the box had been manufactured with the knowledge of McKeever, and that such manufacturing was not tortious but permissory insomuch as the inventor had expressed no opposition to the project and no desire to be remunerated. The

Government also contended that letters-patent did not exclude the Government from the free use of the patented invention and cited a long line of English cases covering the point. Both of these defenses, however, were held to be void, and Judge Nott, in delivering the opinion of the Court, entered into a most elaborate examination of the constitutional foundation of claims against the Government for the use of patented inventions. He said that since the Department had used the cartridge box with the knowledge of its true owner, an implied contract had been established, and granted McKeever a royalty of twenty cents for each box used. The Court conceded that the laws of England gave the government of that nation the free use of patented inventions, but set up that our constitution gave to the patentee an exclusive property in his invention and even against use by the Government without his consent. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and here a deserved compliment was paid to Judge Nott when this court sustained the decree without opinion.

As has been said, much sorrow and want has been caused by the neglect of Congress and Department officials to provide for the payment of honest debts. When the city of Washington was in danger of capture by the Confederates during the Civil War, President Lincoln ordered the destruction of several pieces of property on the outskirts of the city so that they could more easily cut down the invaders in case of their advancement. Among the houses destroyed was one owned by a man named Kennedy. He was a Union sympathizer and came to Washington after the war was over and petitioned Congress for compensation for his loss. He has been in Washington since that time; has always been a familiar figure at the Capitol whenever Congress was in session, and now nearly fifty years have passed and he has not yet been remunerated for his loss. Those who saw him frequently now think that he is dead, for he has not been seen since last spring, when he was selling newspapers in a business section of the city.

Several claims date back more than a century. The Filhiol case dates back to the time when Louisiana was a Spanish province, and the treatment of the heirs of Filhiol has been as unjust as the case is old. Between the years 1783 and 1790, Don Juan Filhiol was commandant of the post of Ouachita, Louisiana, and on February 22, 1788, Don Estevan Miro, governor-general of the then Spanish provinces of Louisiana and Florida West, granted to Don Juan Filhiol one square league of land which embraced the present Hot Springs of Arkansas. This parcel of land, then, did not pass to France when Spain ceded Louisiana under the treaty of San Ildefonso, and it still remained the private property of Filhiol when France ceded Louisiana to the United States in 1803. Don Juan Filhiol died in 1821, and his property of one square league descended to his heirs. In 1832 Congress passed the act reserving four sections of territory in Arkansas, which is the present Hot Springs, part of which is still the property of Filhiol's heirs, and for the past seventy-five years efforts have been made by them and their representatives to secure the compensation due them. A few years after this reservation was made by Congress, Grammont Filhiol, a son of Don Juan Filhiol, placed the papers, including the original grant from the Spanish governor, in the hands of Resin P. Bowie, an attorney who resided in Louisiana, for the purpose of prosecuting the claim. Bowie died in 1841 before any suit had been instituted and Grammont Filhiol applied to Bowie's family for the papers. A search was made for them, but they could not be found, and so the erstwhile chance for recovery ended. It was not until 1883 that a daughter of Bowie discovered the papers in the bottom of an old trunk. They were immediately delivered to the parties in interest and suit was instituted in the Court of Claims for the recovery of accrued "rents and profits."

In the meantime, however, between the years 1845 and 1870, title to that tract of land embracing the Hot Springs had been the subject of legal contention, and in 1870 Congress passed an Act providing that any person or persons claiming title either legal or equitable in the property, could bring suit in the Court of Claims, and providing further that no suit should be brought after the expiration of ninety days from the passage of the Act. Under this act five suits were instituted, all claiming to own Filhiol's property. They were all defeated because of their inability to produce the "grants" and thereby establish their title. But thirteen years after Congress took this action Filhiol's heirs secured their papers and brought suit, and in 1893 Judge Weldon handed down an opinion in the case wherein he dismissed the suit on the ground that the Court lacked the requisite jurisdiction. He held that the Act of 1870 did not invoke a forfeiture of title, but merely operated upon the time in which the court could entertain jurisdiction over cases involving title to these lands. Constitutionally and legally Congress has no power except by that of eminent domain to divest a rightful owner of property of his title without adequate compensation, and the United States still remains a debtor to the heirs of Don Juan Filhiol. The case has never been tried upon its merits, and never can be until Congress passes a special act giving the Court of Claims jurisdiction to determine the equities of the Filhiol heirs.



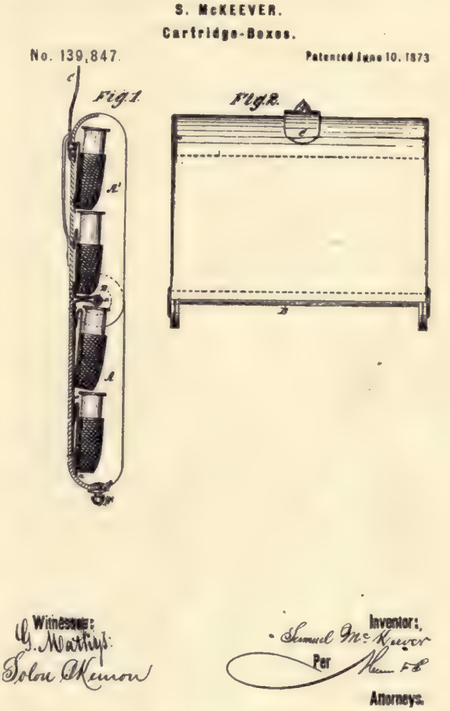
Another instance where equity has not yet been done is that known as the "Stevens Institute Case." One of the fundamental principles of our government since its beginning has been that of free education to the masses, and in carrying out this doctrine all state governments, as well as the federal government, have refrained from taxing the property of any institution used for educational purposes. This has held true with the one exception of the Stevens Case. For a few years during and immediately subsequent to the Civil War, the federal treasury was found sadly destitute, and Congress employed every possible means to replenish it. Among these were the War Tax Acts of 1862, 1864 and 1866, imposing taxes on legacies, inheritances and successions. Edwin A. Stevens of Hoboken, New Jersey, died in 1868 and bequeathed to the present Stevens Institute of Technology $750,000, with which it was founded in that year. A tax bill was at once received by the trustees of the estate, who were the original trustees of the institution, and was paid in full within one month. The bill amounted to $45,750, being six per cent of $762,500, for the federal assessors, for the purpose of the assessment only, had raised by $12,500 the assessed valuation of certain lands in the bequest.

Between 1862 and 1870 taxes had been levied against endowments to other educational institutions, including Rutgers and Princeton Universities, but payment had been refused, because the trustees of the other institutions believed this action of Congress contrary to our constitutional doctrines. When the trustees of the Stevens institution paid their assessment they were unaware that similar assessments had been refused to be paid, but they thought it consistent with the credit of Edwin A. Stevens, which had, during his life, been held above any impeachment, and so paid it.

But in July of the following year Congress began to see the great injustice of these Tax Acts and passed bills naming specifically the other institutions that had refused to pay the tax and providing that the amounts assessed under these Acts should be "*remitted* and released," although no money had ever been paid by them to be "*remitted*." And in July, 1870, a general act was passed by Congress repealing all laws "whereby any tax or duty is laid upon bequests . . . for public uses of a literary, educational or charitable character." Stevens was the only institution that met its obligation, thereby showing its willingness to aid the nation in a moment of distress, and in return the Congress has favored those institutions that refused to aid, and has refused to do equity to the one institution that promptly proffered its aid. And still bills have been introduced in Congress continuously since 1870 asking that the money be returned with interest. Almost without exception Senators and Representatives, when spoken to, admit that the claim is manifestly just, but for forty years justice has been denied.

All public expenditure is subject to the will of Congress, and Congress has ever carefully guarded the jurisdiction of the Federal Courts, fearing that the many honest creditors of the government may prove legally and equitably their claims and thus force the expenditure of large sums for their settlement. Congress in itself constitutes a court of political expedience, and claimants without the requisite influence are seriously handicapped when laws preclude recourse to the judiciary.

Probably the most striking example of this disposition of Congress has been in connection with the claim for compensation to the heirs of Marcus P. Norton and his assignees for the use by the Post-Office Department of the combined postmarking and postage stamp-cancelling hand stamp patent. Prior to the year 1863, three separate stamps had been used by the Post-Office Department to do the work of stamping letters. One was used to denote the date, another to denote the name of the office from which the parcel of mail was sent, and the third was a blot to eradicate the stamp. This required the work of either three men, each with one stamp, or of one man alone, handling each stamp separately for each letter. In 1863 letters-patent were granted to Marcus P. Norton for his invention of this combined stamp, and he at once began negotiations with Montgomery Blair, then postmaster-general under Abraham Lincoln. It was found to be a most urgent need, that two clerks out of every three in the stamping force could be dispensed with, saving time, labor and money, and greatly facilitating the rapid dispatch of mails, and so was immediately adopted in the service. This same patent is used in every post-office in the United States to this day and always will be used. We see it every day on every letter we receive, and yet the Government has never paid one cent to anyone for its use. The Government has saved by its use nearly fourteen millions of dollars; the owners of the patent have expended nearly $200,000 in their efforts to acquire their compensation for its use, but to this day it had been refused. Norton had no written agreement with any government



officials. All of his negotiations were in parol, and he relied entirely upon the integrity of Congress, Montgomery Blair and his two immediate successors, William Dennison and Alexander W. Randall, with whom Norton also had negotiations, having told Norton that they would do all in their power to the end that he be adequately compensated if he would not embarrass the Department by depriving it of the use of his stamp. They did make several recommendations to Congress that they refer the case to the Court of Claims under a special act for the purpose of determining how much ought to be paid Norton, but such action was never taken. Finally, in 1868, Jacob Shavor and Albert C. Corse, two assignees of Norton, brought suit in the Court of Claims on the footing of an implied contract without the consent of Congress. The Court did not pass upon the merits of the case, but held that the implied contract was one with Congress, and that jurisdiction could not be entertained until Congress granted it by a subsequent Act. And ever since that time various representatives of the Norton claimants have continually petitioned Congress to pass such an Act. Many post-offices and post roads committees—for it has always been a matter for that committee—have reported the bill favorably to the houses, but no further action has ever been effected.

In the year 1879 Christopher C. Campbell, another of Norton's assignees, brought an action in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, against Thomas L. James, then postmaster of New York City. This action was one in tort for the infringement of the patent, and Major-General Benjamin F. Butler was counsel for the prosecution. Now the merits of the case were to be passed upon, and we see what the result was. The Circuit Court held that James had infringed the patent and granted the petitioner $63,000 for four years' use of the patent in this one post-office alone. This is the only time that the merits of the case have ever been considered by any court. The decree of this court, however, was reversed by the Supreme Court when the case was brought up on appeal, this court holding that such a suit in tort for infringement could not be maintained because, as against an agent, it was in fact against the principal, which was in this case the Federal Government, and in no case can a suit in tort be maintained against the Government. This decision reversing the Circuit Court was a just one, and no one questions its equity. It is cited here only to show how prolonged and difficult have been the struggles of the owners of the patent to secure their rights.

Norton died in 1891 a poor man, and since then the case has been kept alive by his widow and daughter and the heirs of Norton's assignees. Bills, asking that the Court of Claims be given special jurisdiction to determine whether or not these heirs should be remunerated, and if so, to what extent, have been before every Congress since 1864. They are now, during this Sixty-second Congress, pending before the Post-Offices and Post Roads Committees in both the Senate and House of Representatives, and the parties in interest are still hoping that the balance of justice may yet be brought to its consecrated status.

Time goes on; years come and go, and in their course continue these problems of credits, debts, assets and liabilities. Grave injustices will continue to be practiced by individuals as well as by classes, but it is the acknowledgment of the experienced that no harder debtor exists than the Federal Government, whose policy is supposed to be one of equity for all and malice toward none.

A smile may lighten up the gloom
  And cheer some traveler on life's way,
Bring sunshine and a sweet perfume
  To saddened hearts, so smile today.

J. Andrew Boyd.

The Insurance Laws of Indiana

by W. C. Jenkins

THE student of American progress cannot fail to observe that the remarkable growth of cities has been occasioned in most instances by specialization. For instance: Detroit's phenomenal growth during the past decade may be attributed largely to the automobile industry; Milwaukee's growth has kept pace with the development of the breweries, while the increase in population of Pittsburgh has been coincident with the expansion of the steel mills. During the days of natural gas, Indianapolis gained a large population because of its reputation as the cleanest and healthiest city on the American continent; but today that city must float another banner and "The Hartford of the West" seems to be one of the slogans that is bidding for recognition.

It is perhaps not generally known that Indianapolis is the home of more legal reserve life insurance companies than any other city in the United States and all the companies have been organized within the past twelve years.

Prior to 1899 there were no legal reserve laws on the Indiana statute books, and it was impossible to organize any kind of life insurance company in that state except on the assessment plan. Time and again efforts were made to enact a satisfactory insurance law, but powerful influences which originated with outside companies defeated every effort. In 1899, however, the present legal reserve compulsory deposit law was enacted which made it possible for companies to be organized in the state for the purpose of doing a legal reserve life insurance business.

Under the present law, deposits are required from all home companies, which serve as a protection to policy-holders, the amount so required being measured by the liability of the company to policy-holders.

The State designates the auditor as custodian of these deposits, who occupies practically the same relative position to the life insurance companies as do the insurance commissioners of the several other states. Assessment companies are not required to make deposits with the auditor, nor are foreign companies, except as he may see fit to demand them under the reciprocal section of the Indiana law, where other states make like requirements of Indiana companies.

The enormous volume of deposits in the hands of the auditor is maintained to secure the legal reserve of stock and mutual life insurance companies under the Act of 1899 as their liabilities may appear under an annual appraisement of valuation.

In the case of these companies, deposits must equal three-fifths of the first annual premiums on business submitted at the time of organization, and must not be less than $25,000. After the first annual valuation of the business, the deposits must be increased, if necessary, so as to at all times be equal to the net cash value of all its policies as determined by the annual valuation made as of December 31 of each year. The securities of the Indiana companies on deposit at the present time with the auditor of state aggregate $18,000,000.

The statute specifies the nature of investments of the funds of domestic companies which may be accepted in this department. The section pertaining to stock and mutual life companies as amended by the Act of 1905 provides, in brief, that no company organized under the provisions of the act shall invest its money in any other manner than as follows: Bonds of the United States, of any state, county or province in which the company is transacting an insurance business; in legal tender money of the United States; in bonds or mortgages on unencumbered real estate worth at least double the amount loaned thereon; bonds bearing interest of any county, incorporated city, town, township or school district where such bonds have been issued by authority of law, and upon which interest has never been defaulted; also on loans upon the pledge of stock, bonds or mortgages at par value if the current value of such stock, bonds or mortgages is at least twenty-five per cent more than the amount loaned thereon, and in loans upon its own policies.

C. D. RENICK
President of the Indiana National Life Insurance Company

The legal reserve compulsory deposit law of Indiana is acknowledged by leading insurance men to be the most efficient law for the protection of the policy-holder ever enacted in this or any other country. The making of an insurance contract between an expert agent on one hand and an uninformed citizen on the other is not an ordinary transaction in which both parties are dealing with equal knowledge and whereby the contest is equal. The intricate character of the deal has made it imperative that the state shall stand between the insurance expert and the citizen. The agent goes to the prospective buyer of insurance with a contract which has been carefully worked out by experts, and in which the rates and guaranteed values have been prepared by educated actuaries, looking alone to the value and safety of the contract to the company. The proposition, in its simplest form, involves many matters with which the average policy-holder cannot possibly be familiar, and he is, therefore, at a serious disadvantage. While he fully appreciates the need and importance of insurance, he cannot work out its intricate details. Indiana is one of the few states that recognizes the importance of maintaining a strong department to stand between the insurer and the public so as to guarantee the citizen that any contracts offered by companies doing business in Indiana are honest and fair, and the policy-holder is thus protected by the state against deception, subterfuge and trickery when he appropriates money for so sacred a purpose. This department acts not only as an information bureau for the citizen, but as a stringent preventative of fraud and a guardian of the interests of beneficiaries who may have controversies when the benefactor of the transaction is dead and cannot be present to represent his cause. This strong insurance department works immeasurable benefit to the citizen and at the same time fosters large financial institutions of this character.

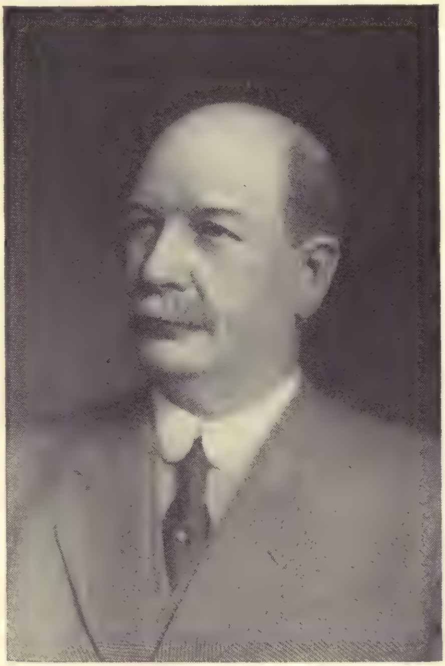
Like most innovations the legal reserve law was bitterly attacked when first introduced. When a similar law was enacted in Massachusetts in 1858 the existing companies declared that the passage of such a law would absolutely destroy them. It was soon discovered, however, that the advantages offered by the Massachusetts companies to policy-holders in the way of loans, surrender values, dividends and non-forfeiture provisions were such that other companies in different states were driven to maintain a legal reserve. Dishonest companies were driven out of Massachusetts, the honest ones grew with wonderful rapidity, and their influence in the insurance world revolutionized the insurance business on this continent. Today the legal reserve principle is so well established that it seems strange that its propriety should ever have been questioned.

Today the matter of insurance in states that have stringent laws like those of Indiana is on the most approved scientific basis. In the early days of insurance the business was largely a matter of guess work; and before the adoption of the American Experience Table of Mortality the insurance company was like a mariner without a compass. Before tables of mortality were devised, life insurance transactions were little more than gambling wagers. The early sellers of insurance had no knowledge of the proper charges to make, but usually erred on the safe side.

The Indiana legislature has enacted laws which require of home companies scientific and economical management, perhaps more so than is required in any other state. This puts the state companies into successful competition with outside companies and makes it possible to build up great institutions of this nature in Indiana.

To what extent the people of Indiana, and especially of Indianapolis, are alive to the possibilities of insurance development is somewhat uncertain. It is possible that they do not appreciate the possibilities that are within their reach. Fostering institutions of this nature is sound business policy and they should be encouraged by liberal home patronage. A dozen strong insurance companies in any city is a splendid asset for the reason that they bring large sums of money to the local banks, which in turn makes it easier for the bankers to accommodate the manufacturer and merchant.

Indianapolis is practically the center of population of the United States. It is one of the best fields for the development of insurance companies that can be found in the country, and if the citizens of Indiana will take a deserving interest in such companies as have been organized, the growth of these institutions will exceed the fondest dreams of their promoters.



EVERETT WAGNER
General Agent of the Indiana National Life Insurance Company

Life insurance has opportunities today which did not exist a few years ago in Indiana. Within the last decade an immense interurban electric railway system has been developed in that state, which has brought a larger area within easy reach of the solicitor than was accessible in the past. Good roads are being extended in every direction, and the automobile, among other methods of conveyance, is being used to bring Indiana's insurance solicitor to the most remote farm and fireside. The rural free delivery has also become a substantial aid, while the large increase in railway mileage has opened up new farming regions, formerly very difficult of convenient and economical access. All these factors combined tend strongly to promote the rapid future development of the insurance companies and make it possible for Indianapolis to become one of the most important insurance centers of the country.

"We are going to capture $2,500,000 worth of business in the city of Indianapolis alone during the year 1912," said C. D. Renick, president of the Indiana National Life Insurance Company. I suggested that his agents had undertaken a big contract, but when he explained his plans, they seemed perfectly feasible.

The Indiana National Life Insurance Company is one of the youngest companies of the state, organized under the Compulsory Deposit Law of Indiana, with an authorized capital of $1,000,000. It has shown a degree of activity during the past three years, the result of which has already placed it among the most important companies of Indiana.

It is apparent that this company relies largely upon the excellent features of its leading policies combined with patriotic pride on the part of the citizens and a vigorous campaign to accomplish the feat above referred to. Should the people of Indianapolis fully appreciate the immense value of a powerful institution of this character, they will not hesitate to support it; and what may at first glance seem a remarkable year's accomplishment may be gained with comparative ease.

The Indiana National Life Insurance Company, while less than five years old, has approximately $5,000,000 insurance in force, and during the last few months has made very satisfactory gains. It has recently established branch offices at Louisville, Kentucky, and at Little Rock, Arkansas. Within a few months the company expects to cover the Middle West and some of the Southern states.

The Indiana National Life Insurance Company, like other progressive institutions of its kind, represents an economic force making for social betterment, which cannot be hindered by occasional disturbances in business, or by financial panics and industrial depressions. Companies of this nature contribute one of the important essentials to our social and material progress, and are a force which must continue to increase with the progress of the city and state in material wealth.

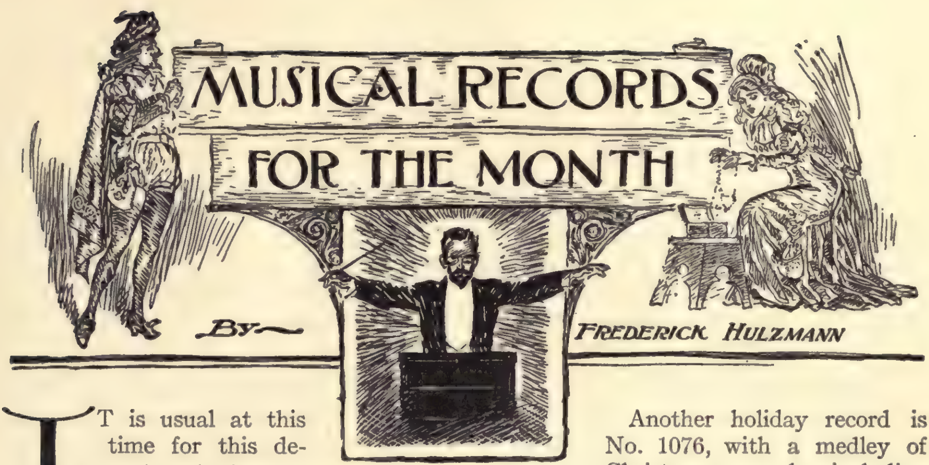
This company, being organized under the Legal Reserve Compulsory Deposit Law of Indiana, is absolutely sound from the standpoint of the policy holder. Before a policy can be issued the legal reserve, a sum large enough to guarantee the policy as promised by the company, has to be deposited with the State Department, and while that policy is in force it can never be withdrawn. The company has on deposit with the state auditor $100,000 in excess of the amount required by law to protect its policy holders.

The leading policy of the Indiana National Life Insurance Company is what is known as a premium reduction policy; that is, the insured pays the largest amount when he enters, the premium being gradually reduced until it becomes a paid-up policy at the end of twenty years. This is a very popular policy because the insured has the privilege of paying the heaviest burdens of the premiums while at an age that he can best earn the money.

The officials of the company are all progressive business men of Indianapolis. C. D. Renick, president of the company, is well known in insurance circles as a successful business man. Everett Wagner is in charge of the agency department. His success in that branch of insurance work is well known in the Middle West, where he is considered one of the most aggressive men in the business.

The field force consists of about a hundred agents, and they are all men of experience, full of energy and enthusiasm for the rapid growth of their company.

What is true of the Indiana National Life Insurance Company is in large measure the history of the other life companies in this beautiful city of the Middle West, and the writer only regrets that time and space prevent his giving the records of the other worthy companies. The Middle West is coming into its own, and a most potential factor in its financial development and success is its splendid record in the life insurance field.



MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— Frederick Hulzmann

IT is usual at this time for this department to extend a welcome to new talking machine owners, who, we hope, may be assisted in their selection of new records by the reviews published in these pages each month. Because of space limitations it is not possible to describe all the new numbers, but we shall be very glad to answer queries regarding any selection that is not noticed, or to give information regarding the older listings.

* * *

As a special holiday offering the Columbia company has announced the "Hallelujah Chorus" from "The Messiah," sung by the Columbia Oratorio Chorus, and proudly referred to as "one of the greatest records ever made." The chorus itself is usually given the palm for magnificence, and the Columbia Company has taken the greatest care in choosing a chorus fit to do it justice. Themes from the overture to "Stabat Mater" according to Francesco Mercadante's arrangement are rendered by Prince's Band on the opposite side of the record.

A Christmas descriptive number by Prince's Orchestra furnishes a pleasing innovation. The selection is "On a Christmas Morning" and covers all the characteristic sounds of Christmas day. There are sleigh-bells, the sound of joyous children, and the quiet while the organ peals out the Christmas melody, "Holy Night, Silent Night." "Adeste Fideles," on the opposite face, is offered in chimes, with organ accompaniment by Mr. Charles A. Prince, the talented leader of Prince's Orchestra.

Another holiday record is No. 1076, with a medley of Christmas carols, including "When Christ Was Born," "Holy Night, Silent Night," and "A Joyful Christmas Song," faced on the opposite side by "Star of the East," sung by Miss Roma Devonne and mixed quartette.

The new record of "Miserere" will be appreciated by lovers of "Il Trovatore." "Il Miserere" is rendered in Italian by Mr. Carlo Cartica, tenor, and Mme. Luisa Villani, now leading soprano in Mr. Henry W. Savage's production of "The Girl of the Golden West." The selection is faced by a number containing many of the celebrated passages of the opera, which are well executed by Prince's Orchestra.

Record No. A1073, with the "only and original" Texas Tommy Swing, is sure to be popular. This was a feature of the "Follies of 1911," and its infectious rhythm evoked much admiration. It is placed on the opposite face with Berlin and Snyder's "After the Honeymoon," a waltz song rendered by Mr. Walter Van Brunt.

Following last month's issuance of popular Princeton songs by that university's celebrated quartet, comes the announcement of three new records by the Harvard Glee Club. This organization needs no introduction; Harvard's "Glee Club" is usually considered the most famous university choral organization in the United States, and its recitals are a feature of New York's musical season. The Glee Club records are typical college selections: No. A1048, "Johnny Harvard" and "Australia," and "Here's a Health to King Charles"; No. A1049, Medley of Footbal

Songs and "Sparkling Piper Heidsieck"; No. A5318, "Annie Laurie" and "Old Friends' Medley."

* * *

Perhaps the most interesting record among the many offerings on the Victor list is No. 70057. Mr. Robert Hilliard, the celebrated actor, has made a dramatic number from "A Fool There Was," the play in which he made his greatest success. Parts of Kipling's weird poem "The Vampire" are recited and the principal parts of the play outlined. Mr. Hilliard delivers himself with great strength, and the moral of the play loses none of its power. Record No. 70057 is not recommended for amusement or diversion; it will appeal rather as an example of the work of a great American actor in a success more far-reaching than the most popular comedy.

A medley of "Snyder Successes" gives vocal snatches from six of the late popular songs. "When You're in Town," "In the Land of Harmony," "When I'm Alone I'm Lonesome," "Let Me Stay and Live in Dixieland," "Kiss Me," and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" are included.

The Victor Light Opera Company has done excellent work in opera medleys prepared for the December list. There are gems from "The Country Girl," Ross Monckton's famous comedy which has been having a successful revival in New York, and an especially complete potpourri from "Carmen."

The Polish records will be of interest to many besides those who know the native tongue. Four records are offered: No. 63458, with a brilliant recitation and a charming peasant folk song; No. 63459, recitation from "Cyrano de Bergerac" and selection from Offenbach; No. 63460, folk song in soprano and folk song rendered by the Chopin Conservatory Male Quartet with orchestra; No. 63461, folk song, duet, and patriotic song by the Chopin Conservatory Mixed Quartet with orchestra.

Some of the old songs have a special appeal. "Keep in the Middle ob de Road" and "Rosa Lee" are placed on double faced record No. 16964. Another interesting combination is "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still" with "The Maid of the Mill."

The classical selections are especially appealing. Notable among these may be mentioned Mr. McCormack's solo, "She's Far from the Land," Miss Ellen Terry's five Shakespearean recitations, and two piano records by Paderewski.

* * *

The relisting of "Ring Out the Bells for Christmas" among the Amberol records on the December Edison list will be of interest to the many Edison owners who are familiar with this record on the Standard program. The new record has the advantage of embellishments in the way of church chimes and orchestra bells. Messrs. Anthony and Harrison sing the duet exquisitely, and the Edison Mixed Quartet and Edison Concert Band join in making it altogether magnificent.

"The Siren," the musical production in which Mr. Donald Brian is now starring at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, has furnished material for two excellent contributions. "Wallflower Sweet" is given on the Standard list, No. 841, by Mr. Reed Miller. The other record, No. 847, includes the delightful waltz airs from "The Siren." The American Standard Orchestra executes the record most ably, and also renders No. 857, the delightful Finck intermezzo "In the Shadows."

Ten Lauder records are issued, following the return to this country of the inimitable Scotch comedian. The numbers are all rendered with orchestra accompaniment, and the eight Amberol records include: "Jean M'Neil," "The Blarney Stone," Killiecrankie," "The Referee," "McGregor's Toast," "Aye Waken O," "Goodbye Till We Meet Again," "I Wish I Had Someone to Love Me." The two Standard numbers are made over from the Amberol list: No. 14080, "The Scotch Errand Boy"; No. 14081, "Just Like Bein' at Home."

There will be a warm welcome for Golden and Hughes, that peerless team of vaudeville entertainers, who are listed under "Whistling Pete" on the December list. A first-class saxophone solo by Mr. Harry S. Barbour, a classical record, "O'er the Fresh Green Fields," by Mr. Henri Scott of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, and No. 845 with the third of the "Pinafore" series are notable records on a well-balanced list.

The Land That Was Dickens

Places Immortalized by the Great Novelist

By OSCAR FRICHET

With Illustrations by the Author

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

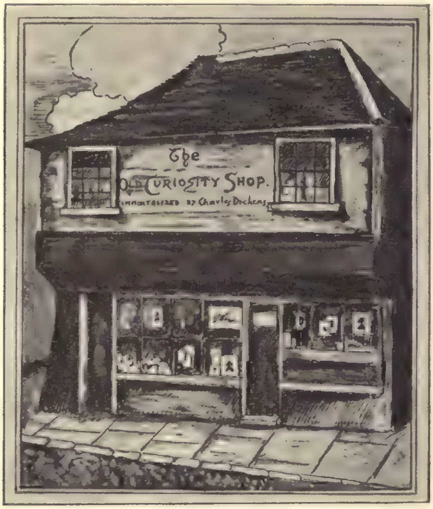
WHEN we consider what Charles Dickens might have been, we shudder to think what the world would have lost had he succeeded in his early avocation, or rather avocations, for he tried several trades before he finally settled down to seek fame and fortune with his pen—a pen that was destined to prove mightier than the sword. Delicately nurtured was young Dickens, and his earliest experiences were those of the old Marshalsea Prison for debt, where his unfortunate father, the original of Mr. Micawber, passed so much of his time, and of the blacking manufacturer's. Later on he served an almost equally hard apprenticeship in a lawyer's office and as a reporter on a newspaper. Then came the day when his name rang round two continents as the author of "Sketches by Boz" and the "Pickwick Papers."

No man knew London so well as Charles Dickens, "Uncommercial traveler for the firm of Human Interest Brothers," and he rejoiced in the throb of its heart. Many and many a night, after the great majority of people had gone to bed, he walked fifteen and twenty miles about its black streets working out plots for stories to cheer the comfortless and to stir up the rich and happy to a sense of their responsibilities. Max Muller said: "Dickens knew the heart of London to the very core, and could draw a picture of human suffering with a more loving hand than any other English writer." It is quite true, and a large number of Dickens' characters lived in London and were part and parcel of its life.

The Old Curiosity Shop in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn, is the finest relic of Dickens' London, and in the novel, "The Old Curiosity Shop," it is described as a place which was "one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town, and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armor here and there, fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters, rusty weapons of various kinds, distorted figures in china and wood and iron and ivory; tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams."

The little dwelling, so dear to those familiar with the pathetic story of Little Nell and her tender grandfather, has luckily escaped the hands of the demolishers, to remind us of the remote past when Lincoln's Inn Fields, now the business quarters of London's most famous lawyers, were actual pasture lands upon which cattle grazed and duels were fought to a bitter and unrelenting finish. The interior of the Old Curiosity Shop is exactly the same as Dickens pictured it in his novel. The building today has a small sitting-room beside the shop, and another tiny apartment with a corkscrew staircase leading to the floor above. It was in the last-mentioned room, Dickens tells us, that Little Nell slept. "Preceding me with a light," writes the great novelist, "he (Nell's grandfather) led me through the place I had already seen from without into a small sitting-room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged."

There are many places in London which can be easily identified with those mentioned in "Bleak House." Some distance from the Old Curiosity Shop at the east side of New Square, Lincoln's Inn, is Chichester Rents, running into Chancery Lane. In the Rents Krook kept his rag and bottle shop, "the general emporium of much disregarded merchandise, lying and being in the shadow of the wall of Lincoln's Inn, and kept as is announced in paint, to all whom it may concern, by one Krook." In Krook's house Captain Hawdon died in a room almost black with soot, and grease and dirt, while in the same building Miss Flite lived with her cage of birds.



THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP
Lincoln's Inn, where Little Nell resided with her tender grandfather

Sol's Arms, in Chichester Rents, was visited by several of Dickens' characters, including Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer. Mrs. Snagsby followed her husband to the tavern, and poor Snagsby stood flabbergasted when he saw "that injured female walk into the Sol's Arms . . . and stand before the beer engine with her eyes fixed upon him like an accusing spirit." Chichester Rents was rebuilt a year or two ago, and much that Dickens loved in the quaint old thoroughfare has been lost to us forever.

Snagsby lived in Took's Court, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and here the tea to the Chadbands took place. In the drawing room upstairs, "kept, as one may say, with its hair in papers and its pinafore on," poor Jo was exhorted.

In the old Black Bull Tavern, in Holborn, Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig of "Martin Chuzzlewit," nursed their patient so well that he did not die. Mrs. Gamp says of it that it was "a little dull, but not so bad as might be. I'm glad to see parapidges in case of fire and lots of roof and chimney-pots to walk upon."

In Furnival's Inn, Holborn, John Westlock resided. Dickens tells us that Tom Pinch, after he had learned the true character of Pecksniff, made his way to Furnival's Inn and there "outside John's door, two stories up, he stood falteringly with his hand upon the knocker and trembled from head to foot. For he was rendered very nervous by the thought of having to relate what had fallen out between himself and Pecksniff, and he had a misgiving that John would exult fearfully in the disclosure."

If you walk through the archways of the Temple at the close of an afternoon, the shadows will creep out of the corners to remind you of the memorable past—the past when the heroic Knight Templars, clad in picturesque red-crossed white cloaks, gathered there. Brave fellows were they, even if they did lead forlorn hopes for civilization. They fell, most of them, their white cloaks stained with blood, at Ascalon, Acre, and Jerusalem, holding aloft the valor and chivalry of England. Dickens loved to wander through those archways and the Temple Gardens.

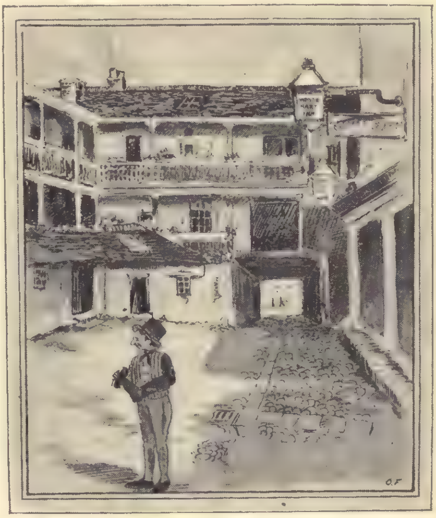
In "Martin Chuzzlewit" we read that Ruth Pinch was wont to wait for her brother Tom in Fountain Court, Temple, and it was there she met John Westlock. "The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood, that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dark and dusty channels of the law . . . old love letters, shut up in iron boxes in the neighbouring offices . . . might have stirred and fluttered with a moment's recollection of their ancient tenderness, as she went by. Anything might have happened that did not happen, and never will, for the love of Ruth. . . . Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim, and vanished."

The chambers wherein resided the hero of "David Copperfield" are in Buckingham Street, Strand, and they were testified by Mrs. Crump as "a sweet set they is for sich." David worked in a blacking factory near Hungerford Stairs.

At the White Hart Inn, in the Borough High Street, Sam Weller was polishing boots when Pickwick, of the "Pickwick Papers," with Wardle and Parker arrived in search of the runaways, Rachel and Jingle. As I am writing, news comes to me that this old inn, which once served as the headquarters of Jack Cade during the rebellion, has been transformed into a stationery warehouse.

When Pickwick and Wardle and Parker dashed there, "the yard presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coach inn. Three or four lumbering wagons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy, about the height of a second-floor window of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofty roof which extended over one end of the yard; and another, which was probably to commence its journey that morning, was drawn out into the open space. A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room. Two or three gigs and chaise-carts were wheeled up under different sheds and pent-houses; and the occasional heavy tread of a cart-horse or rattling of a chain at the further end of the yard, announced to anybody who cared about the matter, that the stable lay in that direction. When we add that a few boys in smock frocks were lying asleep on heavy packages, woolpacks, and other articles that were scattered about on heaps of straw, we have described as fully as need be the general appearance of the yard of the White Hart Inn, High Street Borough, on that particular morning in question."

Little is left of the White Hart as Dickens knew it, and gone is Sam Weller, "habited in a coarse-striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves, and blue glass buttons, drab breeches and leggings."



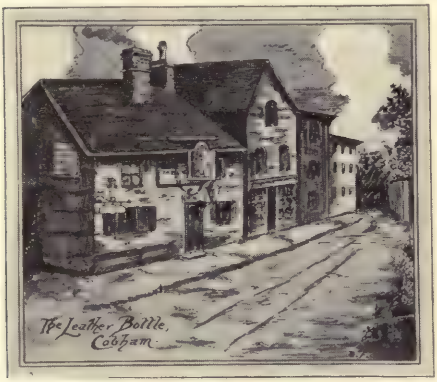
THE WHITE HART INN
In the Borough High Street, where Sam Weller was polishing boots when Pickwick and Wardle arrived in search of the runaways, Rachel and Jingle

Marshalsea Prison, one of the most prominent places in "Little Dorrit," has long since been shelved in the limbo of things forgotten, but we have still with us the Church of St. George the Martyr, in the Borough High Street, which is so closely connected with Little Dorrit. In the vestry of this ancient place of worship she slept on a bed of cushions with a book of registers for her pillow, when shut out of the prison for the night. Little Dorrit was married to Arthur Clennan in the Church of St. George the Martyr.

At No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone, Dickens wrote "David Copperfield." The raven "Grip," of "Barnaby Rudge," lived here with his master, and of his death Dickens wrote to Maclise: "He stopped to bark, staggered, exclaimed, 'Hello, old girl!' (his favorite expression) and died. The children seem glad of it. He bit their ankles, but that was play." Poor "Grip"!

At Devonshire Terrace Dickens also wrote "The Christmas Carol," "Paul Dombey," "Barnaby Rudge," and "Martin Chuzzlewit." He commenced "Pickwick" when he occupied chambers in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, where Thackeray and he drank together and discussed the topics of the day. "Edwin Drood" was partly put together in Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, in the year 1870.

The true lover of Dickens who finds himself in Rochester, that grand old Cathedral city with its Norman castle, has pleasant memories recalled to him, for it contains scores of places familiar to the world through the great author's works.



THE QUAINT PICKWICK INN, OF DICKENS

Rochester had a perpetual fascination for Charles Dickens, and we have it from his own lips that his earliest recollections were of this old city, for he came to it with his father when he was only four years of age. In many of his novels he has made mention of the city, notably in "Edwin Drood." Here, under the fictitious name of Cloisterham, he refers to it: "An ancient city, Cloisterham, and no meet dwelling place for anyone with hankerings after the noisy world. . . . In a word, a city of another and a bygone time is Cloisterham, with its hoarse cathedral bell, its hoarse rooks hovering about the cathedral tower, its hoarser and less distinct rooks in the stalls far beneath. Fragments of old wall, saint's chapel, chapter house, convent and monastery have got incongruously or obstructively built into many of its houses and gardens, much as kindred jumbled notions have become incorporated into many of its citizens' minds."

When I last visited Rochester the sun was shining brightly; the day was similar to the one when Dickens wrote: "A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthy odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm, and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

Rochester Cathedral, though one of the smallest in England, is of early origin, and contains many specimens of late Norman work. The verger of the cathedral, Mr. Miles, was the original of Mr. Tope in "Edwin Drood." Those who visit this ancient place of worship should not fail to read the brass plate in the north transept, placed there in memory of Charles Dickens. It runs as follows:

> CHARLES DICKENS. Born at Portsmouth, 7th February, 1812. Died at Gadshill Place, by Rochester, 9th June, 1870. Buried in Westminster Abbey. To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighborhood, which extended over all his life, this tablet, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter, is placed by his executors.

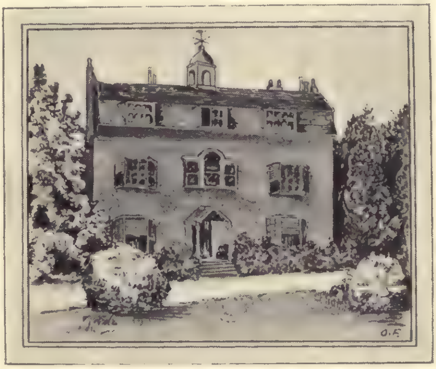
"Mr. Pickwick's Inn" stands in the High Street, Rochester, and is known as the Bull Hotel. It was here that Pickwick and Snodgrass rested, and of its charges the immortal Jingle remarked: "Dear, very dear; half a crown in the bill if you look at a waiter; charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room—rum fellows, very."

Some distance from the Bull is Eastgate House, the original "Nuns' House" of "Edwin Drood," and Dickens describes it as "a venerable brick edifice, whose present appellation is doubtless derived from the legend of its conventual uses. On the trim gate enclosing its old courtyard is a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend, 'Seminary for Young Ladies. Miss Twinkleton.' The house front is so old and worn, and the brass plate so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old beau with a large modern eyeglass stuck in his blind eye."

At Gadshill, about twenty-six miles from London Bridge and four from Gravesend, Charles Dickens resided from 1856 till the day of his death, in June, 1870. The house was erected in 1775 by a man named Stevens. He began life as an ostler of an inn, and after marrying the landlord's widow, he turned brewer, and finally became mayor of Rochester. The picture of the square, red-brick house, with its porch, its bell-turret, and its four bow windows, so familiar to all lovers of Dickens, has been trod by visitors from all parts of the world, and the door of the library still shows the dummy backs of books with whimsical letterings, such as "Cats' Lives" and "Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep."

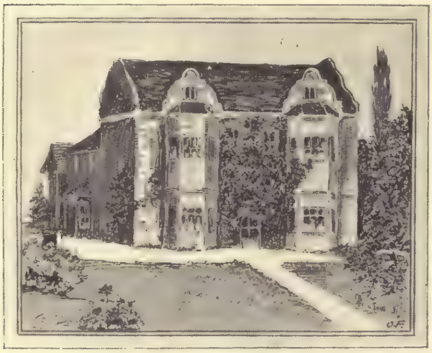
The Swiss chalet, presented to Dickens by Mr. Fechter, stood in the shrubbery of the grounds almost hidden among the trees. The shrubbery itself was separated from the garden by the high road, and was approached by an underground passage and two flights of steep steps. Dickens worked in the chalet till the time of his death, and after his demise it was given to the Earl of Darnley.

"I have put five mirrors in the chalet where I write," Dickens told an American friend, "and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows and the great fields of waving corn and the sail-dotted river (the Thames). My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."



GADSKILL, WHERE DICKENS RESIDED FROM 1856 TO THE DAY OF HIS DEATH IN JUNE, 1870

It was on the roads round about Gadshill that Dickens made the acquaintance of the various tramps and showmen we read of in his works—the tales of their lives, and lives so often made up of many sorrows. The great novelist's knowledge of gipsy wanderers and loafers was unbounded, and many a half hour he spent in their company within a stone's throw of his home. When he wrote that wonderful chapter on tramps in "The Uncommercial Traveller," he had in mind the high road at Gadshill. He tells us: "I have in my eye a piece of Kentish road, bordered on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass. . . . To gain the milestone here, which the moss, primroses, violets, bluebells, and wild roses would soon render illegible but for peering travellers pushing them aside with their sticks, you must come up a steep hill, come which way you may. So all the tramps with carts or caravans—the gipsy tramp, the show tramp, the cheap Jack—find it impossible to resist the temptations of the place, and all turn the horse loose when they come to it and boil the pot. Bless the place! I love the ashes of the vagabond fires that have scorched the grass! On this hallowed ground it has been my privilege (let me whisper it!) to behold the white-haired lady with the pink eyes eating meat pie with the giant. It was on an evening in August that I chanced upon this ravishing spectacle, and I noticed that, whereas the giant reclined half concealed beneath the overhanging boughs and seemed indifferent to nature, the white hair of the gracious lady streamed free in the breath of evening, and her pink eyes found pleasure in the landscape. I heard only a single sentence of her uttering, yet it bespoke a talent for modest repartee. The ill-mannered giant—accursed be his evil race—had interrupted the lady in some remark, and as I passed that enchanted corner of the wood she gently reproved him with the words, 'Now, Cobby'—Cobby so short a name!—'ain't one fool enough to talk at a time?' "



COB TREE HOUSE, SANDLING
The supposed original of Manor Farm, mentioned in "Pickwick"

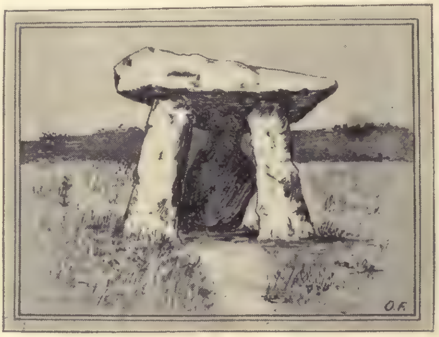
Finding his way to Cobham, the lover of Dickens cannot fail to be attracted by the "Leather Bottle." "A clean and commodious village alehouse," says Mr. Pickwick, "furnished with a large number of high-backed, leather-cushioned chairs of fantastic shapes, and embellished with a great variety of old portraits and roughly-colored prints of some antiquity."

Dickens loved Cobham, which is close to Rochester, and in Forster's life of the great novelist we read: "Though Maidstone had also much that attracted him (Charles Dickens) to its neighborhood, the Cobham neighborhood was certainly that which he had greatest pleasure in, and he would have taken oftener than he did the walk through Cobham Park and woods, which was the last he enjoyed before life suddenly closed upon him, but that here he did not like his dogs to follow."

On the left side of Maidstone Road is Restoration House, which in "Great Expectations" is called by Dickens Satis House.

Standing among beautiful scenery at Sandling is Cob Tree House, the supposed original of Manor Farm in "Pickwick." "'Delightful situation this,'" said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to the house. 'Delightful,' echoed Messrs. Snodgrass, Tupman and Winkle. 'There ain't a better spot of ground in all Kent, sir,' said the hard-headed man with the pippin face."

Among the many ancient remains round about Maidstone is Kits Coty House, and this was a favorite spot of Charles Dickens. It is a massive stone dolmen, and is situated in a field overlooking a wide expanse of Kentish scenery. Its two sides measure seven feet by seven and one half feet and eight feet by eight and one half feet, and together they weigh no less than sixteen and one half tons. A flat stone which forms the roof measures twelve feet by nine and one-fourth feet, is two and one-half feet in thickness and weighs ten and one-half tons. What vicissitudes these crude memorials of a bygone age must have been silent witnesses to; but that troubles us not at all—we know that Dickens loved to linger near them, and that is everything.



KITS COTY HOUSE, NEAR MAIDSTONE
A favorite place of Charles Dickens

You and I have trod, dear reader, in the footsteps of the great novelist, and now I stretch out my hand and bid farewell—farewell to all true lovers of Dickens.

In the Lake Superior Country

by

Mitchell Mannering

A MAP of the United States of today compared with one of fifty years ago furnishes an interesting study in the distribution of population. It reveals the aggressive, restive and pushing spirit of the people who have settled and reclaimed great fertile prairies of the West and the forest districts of almost illimitable territories. Districts that did not attract the land-hunter in the past are now being utilized, and there is scarcely an area of any size that under the scientific investigation and research of the Agricultural Department at Washington has not proven useful for some line of profitable development. The old-time prairie schooners crept across the plains of the West on isothermal lines to the crack of the whip as the ox teams trudged along. The pioneers of Virginia pushed west into Kentucky and on to Missouri—some going to the northwest, making a cross-current of immigration into Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The universal slogan has been "Go West, young man," since Horace Greeley's clarion call sounded, and now almost every available acre of land in the United States has been surveyed.

The complete prosperity of the nation for all time would be assured if the people "moving" could always find the right environment. Undaunted by failure in one locality, the American pushes on to another until he finds something better. Trans-state migration from north to south and south to north has been a feature of the tide of distribution.

The shore of Lake Superior, once a richly timbered country, is just now coming into prominence as a center of agricultural development. Located within twelve hours' ride of the great market of Chicago, the farm development of the New Wisconsin bordering on Lake Superior has been steadily going on, until large areas of old pine slashings have been transformed into fertile fields. All this is especially impressive to one who lived there during the days of lumbering operations. Coming from the prairies of the Dakotas the stranger found a glory in the trees, the greenness of the meadows, and the swiftly running streams that inspired a reverent worship of nature in the "New Wisconsin." That beautiful May-time when the tranquil waters and romantic shores of Chequamegon Bay were first looked upon is a life memory. The trees seemed to be almost alive with sylvan joyousness, so vividly green and thick was the foliage fringing the shores. The ships plowing the Great Lakes were carrying a commerce greater than that of New York or the Suez Canal. The lake terminus of the great water route where rail and sail met seemed to complete a great plan of the Creator providing for the development of the lusty young West. There was a crisp freshness of the air, and the vigor and vitality of the individual soon finds full efficiency wherever quickened pulse and imagination hold sway. Dreams of great cities on the lakes have followed in quick succession since the days of the early French voyagers. Scattered along Superior's shores are many towns, originally missions established by Father Marquette and other missionaries.

The red sandstone cliffs, with evergreen domes in the distance, furnish pictures of treetops rising like myriad spires and primeval splendor. The railroads opened great channels of traffic as the wealth of the iron ranges and copper mines were poured into the docks, building up cities and interests that aggregate billions of dollars. The sweet scent of the pine, spruce, hemlock and cedar lumber at the saw mills is passing, and the cut-over lands, once gaunt, lonesome and barren, are being transformed into smiling fields. Nature's delight in change and rotation sends forth hardwood trees to supplant the pine.

The early pioneers coming to this new country from the East were of strong and rugged types, characteristic of the country which they helped to subjugate and develop. There was the professional man from Massachusetts with the lumberman from Maine, the sturdy sons of Kentucky—in fact, in those early days there was a commingling of all classes of people from all parts of the country, and these furnished brawn and brains equal to the opportunity.

The struggles of these first settlers are now only history. The newcomer today may have his stumps pulled by the wholesale, or his land can be cleared by the state itself, under a recent Wisconsin law. There is always a ready market for timber as land is cleared.

Only a few years ago these rich leaf-mold lands of northern Wisconsin, with strong red clay subsoil, were selling at four and five dollars an acre.

Small towns sprang up on the sites of abandoned sawmills, marked by layers of sawdust and bark. The beautiful rivers and trout streams emptying into Lake Superior, with here and there an old abandoned mill, have for many years been the glory of sportsmen.

* * *

On the Lake Superior shore of the New Wisconsin are located the cities of Ashland, Washburn and Bayfield, clustering on the shores of Chequamegon Bay, one of the finest harbors on the Lakes.

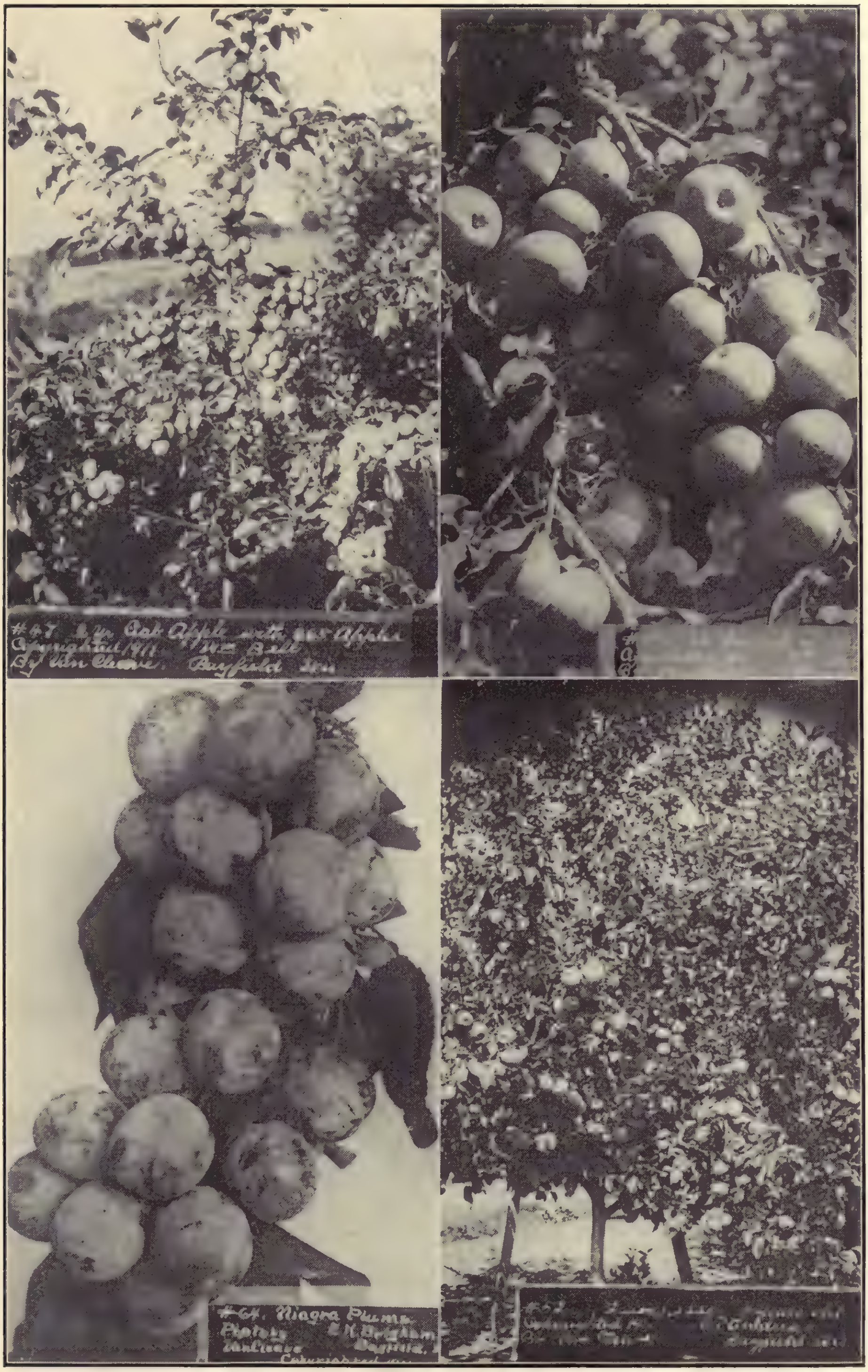
The history of the country is intermingled with Indian traditions and the liquid-sounding Indian names. Nearby is the Odanah reservation, one of the most successful Indian settlements. Here the Chippewas have received cash value for their lands and timber and have made good farms and built up prosperous communities.

Thirty years ago the great Gogebic iron range was discovered and developed, and now a great torrent of red hematite ore pours down to the docks at Ashland, millions of tons yearly, but all this development of the mines, with their distribution of wages, is not to be compared with the permanent resources the farmers are developing in opening all kinds of prosperous farms on land overlooked in the lumber and universal exploitation.

The clover belt of northern Wisconsin is now famous. One view presented at Marshfield, with rows of substantial brick homes and large red barns extending for miles, furnishes a scene of pastoral prosperity the like of which is not paralleled in the country. The rainfall eliminates all necessity for irrigation. All crops grow naturally in northern Wisconsin. No laborious, dry farming is necessary there, no digging of irrigation ditches and keeping them in repair. The soil analysis and surveys have furnished astonishing revelations. Once the land is cleared, plowed and planted, it responds immediately, and amazing crops are produced. Climatic conditions have changed materially with the development of the country. The intense cold of the old-time winters has passed away, and under the summer's sun smiling fields of corn are seen growing on the shores of Lake Superior, all of which would have seemed miraculous years ago.

* * *

THE fame of the fruit farms on the Bayfield Peninsula, Lake Superior, has spread abroad in the land. Here is a fruit country with a remarkable history. Fruit growers from all parts of America have been astonished at the results attained by those who have recently set out orchards on the Bayfield Peninsula, surrounded on both sides by the lake. The early pioneers developed the orchards here with all the faith that was in them, for they had evidence before them in the success of fruit growing forty


Copyrighted 1911
Bayfield
#64. Niagra Plums

LUSCIOUS FRUIT RAISED IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY years ago on some of the Apostle Islands of Chequamegon Bay. In this belt of land, whose climate is tempered by the waters of Lake Superior, are fruit trees that have been bearing for fifty years.

When a comparison is made of the climatic conditions of the south shore Lake Superior region, including Bayfield Peninsula and other fruit districts, the United States Government reports furnish astonishing facts. For a period of ten years the length of the 'frost-proof growing season of this section has exceeded that of the fruit belt of Montana, and even the corn belt of Iowa, three hundred and eighty miles southwest of Lake Superior; of southern Wisconsin, two hundred and seventy-five miles south, and the famous fruit belt of Michigan, three hundred and twenty-six miles south. The average number of days between killing frosts in the Lake Superior district is one hundred and fifty-three, while that of Montana is only ninety-seven days, in Iowa one hundred and forty-four days, and in southern Wisconsin one hundred and thirty-three days. The average temperature, however, of the Lake Superior region is sixty-six, while that farther south ranges in the seventies. The coldest winter day ever recorded in the Lake Superior district is but four degrees colder than the winter temperature shown at any of the other points mentioned. During the growing season the equalizing influence of Lake Superior in preventing high temperatures has a marked influence on the quality of the fruit. Thousands of trees have been set out during the past few years, which means hundreds of new fruit farms coming into bearing in a short time.

* * *

Berry culture is also rapidly increasing. This region is the natural home of blueberries, the wild strawberry, blackberry and raspberry. The yield of the cultivated varieties is very large and the quality unexcelled. The Indians have known how to live on fruit during the long autumns for centuries past. More than fifty carloads of strawberries were shipped from the little city of Bayfield last season. This is the natural fruit country of the northern latitude. During the summer and early fall the Indians have for many years gathered great crops of blueberries, blackberries, raspberries and wild fruit, which grow wild in great profusion, and there are numerous marshes where an excellent quality of wild cranberry is found. Fruitgrowers observed the quality and profusion of the wild berries and fruit-growing in this Lake Superior country and commenced several years ago setting out fruit trees and cultivating orchards intensively with the land between the small trees utilized for berry patches.

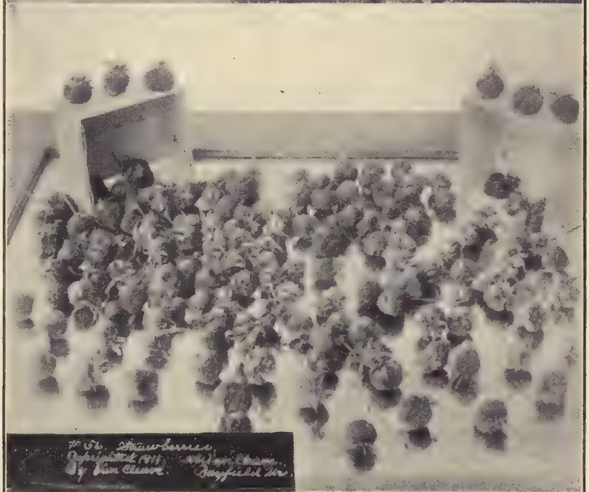
The activities in fruit-land development in the Bayfield Peninsula in recent years are largely due to the energy of Mr. A. H. Wilkinson of Bayfield, who proves in a practical way what he believes.

Some years ago Mr. William Knight, who has lived for many years on the Bayfield Peninsula, evidenced his faith in fruit-growing and took the lead by setting out thousands of fruit trees, and today has orchards that are a profitable proof of what can be done. The United States climatological reports state that a land surface responds much more readily to direct insolution than a water surface and also loses heat by radiation much more readily. The effect of this is to make air temperature over water more equable than over land, so that differences of climate are brought about wherever a parallel of latitude runs partly over land and partly over water. The greater mildness of the winter climate in the region of the Great Lakes is directly attributed to these large bodies of fresh water. In the warm season the modifying effects of the water are confined mostly to the belts along the western gulf coast and around the Great Lakes.

* * *

When one recalls the great pines of northern Wisconsin and the shriek and echo of the whistle of the locomotive reverberating through the great forest aisles of towering timber that clustered about the lakes, and finds it nearly gone,, it certainly induces a feeling of regret; but when it is realized that supplanting those magnificent forests are fields of growing crops and fruit-bearing trees, and the shade trees of the cities touching the very roots of the trees of long ago, the feeling of sadness leaves, and one sees the glory of the transformation of the country, mitigating somewhat the sorrows of reminiscence of the great primeval forests of the past.

AN ORCHARD OF DUCHESS APPLES



SOME BAYFIELD STRAWBERRIES

Van Cleave. Bayfield, Wis

BLACKBERRY FIELD IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY

The Lake Superior district has the great advantage of a growing season extending several days between killing frosts over that of other districts. This is a fact of great importance to the fruit-grower and farmer, and not only is it important because the growing season is longer, but by reason of the proximity of this great lake, the temperature does not rise too high in the early spring, causing the early budding of the fruit trees and berry bushes. This is always retarded until all danger of a killing frost is over, and the great hazard of other fruit-growing sections is eliminated. During the late summer the water of the lake is warmed to such a degree that a sudden cooling of the air to the freezing point cannot take place. It is little wonder with the rich loamy soils of this peninsula, with its long growing season, especially adapted to apple, peach and cherry growing, berries of all kinds, which grow in great profusion, to say nothing of the dairy and diversified farming, has attracted wide attention to the country touching the shores of Lake Superior and Chequamegon Bay. The more the facts are investigated the more certain are the proofs of the value of

Lake Superior fruit farms, with their luscious vintage right at the door of the great markets of Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee, commanding a premium by reason of its splendid quality and having a late season when the fruit is ready for shipment that escapes a flooded market. When you look upon these young trees in the Lake Superior orchards with their boughs bending under the heavy fruitage, the conviction comes to the visitor that the lands are much cheaper, all things considered, than the land of any other prominent northern fruit belt.

* * *

The farmer or fruit grower in northern Wisconsin can enjoy all the pleasures of camp life, without the necessity of putting up tents. There are many beautiful trout streams rippling and eddying on their way to this great lake and beautiful bay, and they are full of those speckled beauties. The streams run directly through many of the farms, and they run every day, filled to the brim with the clearest and coolest of water, so that it is not a long stretch of the imagination to say that the northern Wisconsin farmer is camping out in summer months, and camping out without many of the discomforts incident to real camp life. Wood can be had for the cutting, and springs abound. In the hunting season the whirr of the partridge and grouse is heard, ducks are numerous in many places, and just before the water skims over with ice the wild goose goes honking along on his way south to his winter home. Truly northern Wisconsin is a place where the charm of life in the woods is enjoyed by the home-builder in developing his farm.

There is a delight in talking over the old days as one sits on the verandas of these new homes, many of which look over the waters of the bay. The winters may have seemed long in the early days when the ice covered the bay and "navigation ceased" until spring; but those days now have the fascinating glow of history when Thomas Bardon, the young school teacher from Kentucky, came to Ashland, and Dr. Ellis, Governor Fifield, Colonel Knight, Samuel Vaughn, Martin Roehm, Judge Cochran and many other names familiar in the annals of Chequamegon Bay made up a sturdy Lake Superior neighborhood, that extended for many miles along the shores of the Lake, and delighted in the social life of pioneer days. The Lake Superior country teems with picturesque tradition, which adds piquant interest to the anticipation of the new home-seekers.

The fruit blossoms that come in the springtime seem to tell the story of early days over and over. The buds arrive at the right time, and the glorious scent of the woods and fragrance of early springtime seem to glory in their coming, heralding the fact that the danger of frost is over and the ripened fruit of autumn in the glorious Indian summer time in the Lake region is assured.

* * *

THROUGH the Lake Superior country flows the famous Brule, the most renowned and beautiful trout stream in the world, which winds its way to Lake Superior from the timberland of northern Wisconsin. Upon its banks, from its source near the head waters of the St. Croix River to the Lake, are clustered many beautiful summer homes. For many years the region of the Brule has been the chosen haunt and rendezvous of those seeking an ideal spot for rest and recreation during the summer months.

There are two branches, the Upper and the Lower Brule, and many historic associations are connected with both of them. The main stream is said to have been worshipped as a deity by the Indians in ancient days. Near its banks the greatest of all tribal Indian battles was fought between the Chippewas and the Sioux.

The Brule has the coolest and clearest of water, being fed by countless springs, and as it ripples on it seems to sing with Tennyson's brook:

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I babble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

In other places the Brule rushes on over its rocky bed, forming picturesque rapids:

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,

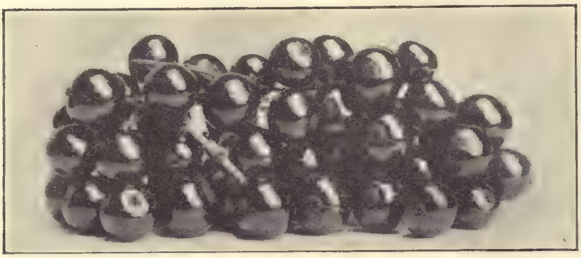
and again its turbulent waters rest in placid pools, clear as crystal, as if murmuring:

#30. Packing Strawberries
Photo by Bros
Wis.
#29. Picking Strawberries
Photo by
Van Cleve. Bayfield Wis
#45. Currants. 1911
Photo by
Van Cleve Bayfield Wis.

FRUIT-RAISING SCENES FROM THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY

I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

The Brule seems emblematic of life itself. On its banks grows the lofty Norway pine, whose fragrance fills the air—air that is at the same time as soothing as invigorating—and the ground's rich brown carpet formed by the fallen needles has afforded a noiseless carpet for warrior and woodsman, ever since long ago it felt the stealthy tread of the Indian brave.



TWO BUNCHES OF CHERRY CURRANTS GROWN IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION

A canoe trip down the Brule on a moonlit night, winding in and out of the shadows to the silent poling and paddling of the Indian guide, while the witching light streams down upon the water through the latticed leaves and boughs, and banks covered with rich foliage, suggests a bridal trip on the swan-bark of Lohengrin, and one looks instinctively for swans in the pools of quiet water, and for sweeping eagles as the canoe shoots through the rushing rapids.

* * *

Upon the banks of the Brule is located "Nississhin," meaning "Good Indian," the summer home of Judge J. W. Cochran of Ashland, Wisconsin. Surrounded by beautiful pine trees in all their primeval grandeur, the cottage stands on the banks of the stream, at the bend just below Wild Cat Rapids.

The birchbark canoes at their moorings had just brought in fresh trout, both rainbow and speckled, toothsome morsels, fit for the gods. There was a hearty welcome from the host, and the good cheer of the guests who gathered about the table added to the charm and delight of days at Nississhin. When the tingling ozone of early autumn comes with her rich oriflamme of crimsoned foliage, then the host and his guests draw nearer to the great fireplace, and in the glow of the crackling logs exchange the experiences of the day and legends of former days and departed worthies. The hospitality of Judge Cochran is as broad as his great, kindly nature itself, suggesting the boundless largess of the old baronial days and the spontaneity of Southern hospitality.

Those who come to Nississhin year after year entertain for the limpid and beautiful waters of the Brule a veritable reverence. Among the guides are some in whose veins courses the blood of famous Indian chiefs and stalwart braves of early years, who to this day cherish fondly the associations of the woods and waters of their forefathers.

The birchbark canoes, the tables and baskets made in rustic beauty, all seem to furnish a setting for the Chippewayan legend of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and the tale of Gitcheegumee and his great future on the Big Sea Water. The spot inspires one to think in poetic fervor, yet avoiding the rhythm which, when long continued, makes one dizzy with its endless swing of words.

Now look out for a real fish story. Trout are so numerous in places along the Brule that when they are "jumping for flies," the surface of the water is mottled as if by the pattering of huge raindrops, and you instinctively reach for your raincoat. Sometimes you wonder why it is that the trout, after all these years, are not able to distinguish between real and artificial flies. Yet perhaps it is not so strange when you consider that there are more than a thousand different flies and hackles made for the mystification of unsuspecting trout.

* * *

Floating down in canoes from Nississhin to the railroad station at Winnebojou was a rarely delightful journey. The baggage canoe left first, and in procession followed the gay party, making merry the last moments on the Brule. It was a beautiful sight. The autumn-tinted banks, the moss bending with the current of the stream, the jagged rocks, the wild flowers in full bloom, will ever be fresh in memory.

Even the prosaic fisherman falls under the spell of the environment. On the way to the station the mouth of the Little Brule, which empties into the Brule some distance below Nississhin, was passed. Just why the water in that beautiful little stream is not frozen over all the year is a mystery. For no liquid, except possibly liquid air, is as cold as the water of the Little Brule. The trout caught in these waters are redder and prettier than any other trout in the world, and as the modern Walton raises them from the water their sides gleam like a flash of flame. South of Winnebojou the Lower Brule for sixty miles "winds about, and in and out" the fifteen miles of territory intervening between Nississhin and the Lake Superior shore.

Just to feel the majesty of the forest primeval and awaken the echoes of the forest-clad banks seems to bring one into closest communion with nature. That doubtless is why the visitor and sojourner along the Brule feel the same fascination of forest and river that filled with deep content the soul of Thoreau. It incites that love of Nature in all her wild glory that makes all races kin in the freedom of the wildwood.

* * *

IN the school geographies you studied years ago, you will remember on the map the little yellow arms or points reaching out into Lake Superior, forming the upper peninsula of Michigan, and you perhaps recall the picture illustrating a copper mine, which was located on one of these little thumb-like pieces of land that project into the lake.

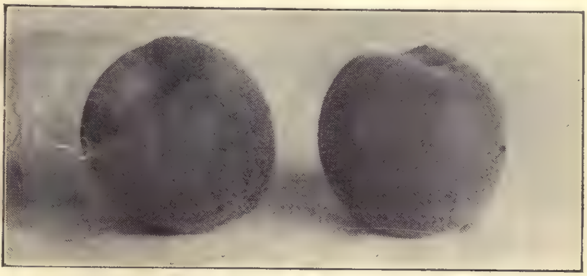
With scattered memories of long past geography days I awoke one morning and found myself in the copper country at Houghton, which is located on the river-like Portage Canal, through which thousands of boats pass every year to avoid the dangers of going around the storm-swept peninsula.

On the hills across the river stand the shaft houses of the Quincy mine, which has paid out sixteen millions of dollars in dividends. Afar in the distance from Houghton are seen Tri-mountain, the Copper Range, and other properties with which Mr. Thomas W. Lawson has been identified. Boston interests seem to predominate; it is said that anything even resembling a copper proposition finds ready favor in Boston and New England, where millions of dollars from the copper mines have been paid out year after year in Calumet & Hecla dividends.

The shaft of the Calumet and Hecla reaches down nearly a mile perpendicularly, and many of the lateral shafts running at various angles greatly exceed that distance in length. It is evident that nature never intended that her treasures should be secured without work. The old-time method of shoring up mines with lumber has been superseded by cement pillars, so that one finds beneath the surface veritable cities, with a system of railways underground quite as extensive as that on the surface.

* * *

Copper ore from the Michigan peninsula commands a higher price than that taken from other districts because it does not have to be treated by smelting; it needs only crushing, and from it comes the purest and best native copper known in the world, and used largely for trolley wire, where the highest grade is required.



FIRST PEACHES GROWN IN BAYFIELD, WISCONSIN

The development of electrical equipment through the country has greatly stimulated the production of copper, and has up to within a few years sustained the price, so that the mines were generally worked at a profit, but at twelve cents there is not the margin of profit that influences a very great development of new properties. Considering the great amount of ore handled in order to get the copper and furnish it at a cost at which it can be sold profitably, copper mining in the upper peninsula is a manufacturing rather than a mining proposition. The great Lake Superior copper veins have been as minutely and definitely traced as the topography of a railroad survey. The mother lode passes under the lake and outcrops again in the Cobalt region.

Copper mining is regarded as one of the most substantial industries of the country, and the great organizations are kept at work even when the market price of the copper is below the profit margin. Skilled and scientific organization in mining, and the permanent development of the copper country has been made possible because of the broad policy of the companies to continue their work with good markets and poor markets, holding together compactly the organizations which have required years to build up.

THREE YEAR OLD YELLOW TRANSPARENT CRABAPPLES GROWN BY WM. KNIGHT

* * *

The cluster of cities in the copper country furnishes an interesting study in sociology. There is Red Jacket, the best behaved and one of the best formed cities in the country. The sheriff here is a veritable "Poobah." Very few police officers are required, for the sheriff of this country has four hundred and sixty-five deputies in the population. While some crimes committed above ground may be dealt with leniently, punishment for an offense committed in the mines is always meted out to the fullest extent of the law. The old-time vigilant spirit of the gold camp reigns; traditional codes of honor are demanded. To steal of a brother miner or to permit of any lawlessness in the mines is beyond contemplation, even among those criminally inclined.

One's impression of a country is oftentimes greatly affected by its hotels. At Houghton is located the Douglas House, made locally famous by Mr. John C. Mann—certainly a most gracious and hospitable host. Travelers from far and near rendezvous at this hotel, which combines all city conveniences with country comfort. There is something about the hotel that reminds one of the home-like popularity of certain taverns of old days. It is home-like, it is club-like—with a piano, books and plenty of other means provided to while away the hours.

A visit to Manndale farm, on the shores of Lake Superior a few miles distant, accounts for the liberal supply of delicious fresh fruits and vegetables provided, for Mr. Mann, the proprietor, is a scientific farmer who has decidedly emphasized the close relationship between a good hotel and a good farm. His Manndale sweet corn, his strawberries, vegetables, melons, cream and butter all explain why a dinner at the Douglas is a thing to be remembered. A great field of alfalfa growing in rank profusion and vividly green right on Lake Superior's shore, furnishes forage for the herd of beautiful Guernseys which supply the hotel with the best of milk and the richest of cream.

The old Hancock mine, for many years abandoned, has been reopened, and at Hancock, Calumet and all the other mining towns, there is a strong community of interests. While heretofore a large amount of the produce consumed has been shipped in, the farm development in the past few years bids fair to change this order of things.

When Secretary James Wilson visited Houghton he was especially impressed with the agricultural possibilities of this "copper country." On June 10, the day after he was there, many large fields of corn were planted, which ripened into a profitable harvest in about ninety days of a growing weather.

* * *

A native son of the copper country takes as much pride in his birthright as does a survivor of the days of '49 in California. The copper mines in the Lake Superior country have been operated by several generations of miners, and the inspiration of true democracy is demonstrated here. Many of the wealthy and successful men of the copper country began their careers as boys in the mines. Among local celebrities is Mr. Horace G. Stevens, who has long been noted as one of the great authorities on copper mining, not only in the Upper Peninsula, but in all parts of the world. His hand-books are authoritative reference in all metallurgical libraries.

At the Houghton School of Mines, Secretary Nagel made his famous address, which, with the paper prepared by Mr. George W. Perkins, has been made the basis of a large part of the investigations before the Stanley committee investigating the steel corporation at Washington. The School of Mines enjoys the distinction of being the only educational institution of importance in the country that does not have an athletic department. The three hundred students take their recreations and physical exercise in practical work at the mines, thus acquainting themselves with the practical and basic facts of metallurgy. This school has established a reputation as one of the best mining schools in the country.

Fortunes have been made from copper mines, but it is estimated that more money is lost on mines, considering the time and money expended by prospectors, investors and promoters, than is taken out. The fascinating quest of copper harks back to prehistoric times; far back of recorded Assyrian, Phoenician or Egyptian dynasties.

That yellow spot on the map in the old geography will always be associated with the gleam of copper. The optimism of the people of that section is reflected in the gleam and glow of the "red metal" which they furnish to the markets of the world. No less than three thousand separate articles of everyday ornamental use, ranging from the double eagles in the United States mint to the pins that are made, used and lost by hundreds of tons every year, are products, directly and indirectly, of copper, and the future will undoubtedly increase its uses and materially advance present prices.

Many thoughts are so dependent upon the language in which they are clothed, that they would lose half their beauty if otherwise expressed. But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language; and the dignity of any composition and praise to which it is entitled are in exact proportion to its independency of language or impression.—*Ruskin.*

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

NEIGHBOR knowledge has been found an inspiration in the preparation of various state issues of the NATIONAL. The splendid success of "What Cheer in Rhode Island" in the October number will be followed in February by "The Untold Treasures of Louisiana." These state numbers have had a most potential influence in clearing up the mists of sectional prejudice. Little did I think, when we prepared the first state issue on Oklahoma, published in April, 1908, which appeared at the same time the ambitious new state was admitted to the Union, that the state numbers would eventually grow so great in scope as to include every state in the Union, with Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico in the list.

"The Lure of Louisiana" has been most effectively set forth by Mr. Garnault Agassiz. As one editor who pored over the proofs remarked, "Louisiana has never been so comprehensively and thoroughly presented to the people." The hearty co-operation of Louisiana people was most gratifying and there were many invitations from the home-folks in the different parishes just to come in and visit with them when passing through. To come close to the home-folks and to have them feel that the NATIONAL has a friendly interest in the development of the American home, wherever that home may be, is the fondest wish of the publishers.

The wonderful strides and development of the Creole State are suffused with romance and picturesque traditions of the past. No wonder that her native sons and daughters love Louisiana. After one has spent even a few weeks among her hospitable and kindly people in the towns, counties and parishes, there is a desire and an inclination to remain. As to cities, what could rival New Orleans? It has long been called the winter capital of the country, and the Mardi Gras and early festivals of springtime have a touch of old-world grandeur.

Again let the suggestion be made that if you desire an extra copy of the Louisiana issue, the order be sent in at once. Past experience has shown that state issues are always exhausted before everyone has received his "copy to keep."

* * *

OUT in St. Charles, Illinois, there are many stories current concerning the late John W. Gates. This striking type of man believed always that life was a gamble. He often said that even the farmer planting his corn is gambling. He bets on the weather; sometimes he loses, sometimes wins. Every man gambles, no matter if he only crosses the street. This has gone into history as the philosophy of the late John W. Gates. Many old friends at the old home feel that John W. Gates was first of all a jolly, good-hearted man. He did love a poker game in a box car, even when living in a small city in Illinois. At Turner's Junction, now west Chicago, he entered a contract to husk a neighboring farmer's corn when a lad. With this he made enough money to make his first payment on a threshing machine. And then, as an old Illinois farmer said, "You bet he threshed not only wheat, but all competitors." He gambled on a big crop and got his share of it.

A squirrel running up a tree gave him the idea of buying some woodland and turning it into money. He carefully measured the trees, made estimates of the amount of cordwood the woodland would yield, and then made an offer. Later he bought out his father's hardware store and sold barbed wire. As he rolled the bundles of wire he began to think about selling more barbed wire, barbed wire by wholesale. He dreamed about the great ranches in Texas and all the thousands of farmers growing more and more prosperous who required barbed wire. He started to sell barbed wire on the road, made a study of wire, and laid the foundation of his fortune in the product which has supplanted the old wire fences of pioneer days. He was ready at any and all times to bet on his judgment, and from his quaint saying was coined the phrase "bet you a million dollars." His constructive work in Texas, at Port Arthur, reveals the sturdy pioneer stuff that wrought success in business undertakings.

* * *

"WHAT does Christmas mean to you?" I asked a jocular friend. "A box of Huyler's all around," he answered with a smile.

The giving of a box of sweets grows more and more popular every year since candy-making has become an art. Never in the history of civilization have there been so many kinds of candy to choose from. In the old days a few rolls of "barberpole," stick candy and horehound was a liberal assortment for any store.

The scientific recognition of candy as a powerful sustaining and strengthening food has done much to eliminate the old prejudice against children eating too much candy, and the growth of the candy business in the United States during the past half century has been nothing short of phenomenal. The pioneer of this new epoch in national history, the epoch of sweets, was John S. Huyler of New York, who began making soft molasses chewing candy in 1874. It was "recommended by doctors and physicians for coughs and colds" and thousands of samples were distributed daily. In 1876 a candy-maker went into a window of the Huyler Broadway store and pulled taffy, much to the enjoyment of the pedestrian, and this proved to be a valuable advertisement. The success of the great Huyler business was assured after this novel exploit.

The old-fashioned molasses candy business soon evoluted into a great manufacturing plant in the very center of New York City, covering an area of 125,000 square feet, besides fourteen branch factories located in other cities. From one single confection the number of dainties grew until today there are 650 different kinds of candy made in the Huyler plant alone. There are fifty-four Huyler stores located in twenty-four cities, and more than four thousand agencies located in the leading drug stores throughout the country.

John A. Huyler, the founder of this great business, died about a year ago, and the business today is conducted by his three sons with a fourth to enter the business upon the completion of his collegiate course. This is the realization of the dream of the founder. It is unusua in these days to find a business carried on by four sons, and the circumstances of their association of kinship in the harmonious conduct of a great business is a lasting tribute to the memory of their father.

At the time of John S. Huyler's death a stray newspaper clipping conveying the sentiments of a family "pulling together" was found among his valuable papers in the vault—a silent and powerful message to his sons. During his lifetime this far-seeing father planned the conduct of his candy and chocolate business by starting each son in a different branch of the business and at the bottom of the ladder.

Immediately upon his graduation from college, F. DeKlyn Huyler, the eldest son, stepped into the business office of the concern and worked his way through the various branches until he became treasurer of the corporation before his father's death. The training in the financial end of the business was thorough and practical, and today finds him president of the vast Huyler candy business.

The second son, David Huyler, began his work in the manufacturing end of the business, where in overalls and jumpers he started in to learn "the art of candy-making," according to the Huyler standard. As I chatted with him he caught up several cocoa beans, and cutting them through with a knife, explained the different grades of cocoa beans to show that, as in coffee and tea, the secret of success in the making of cocoa products is the blend.

Coulter Huyler, the third son, is in charge of the retail stores of the Huyler company, and under his efficient management, this branch has grown into an important end of the business, coming in close touch with consumers all over the country.

These brothers, each specializing in the work at hand, are making the Huyler business an enduring monument to a great man and a noble father, John S. Huyler. The name "Huyler" is already synonymous to candy of the highest quality and standard.

* * *

EVERYONE likes to read a magazine which, like a well-informed traveler, comes to hand with "good reports" of its observations in many quarters of the Republic.

An honored statesman and a possible recipient of the nation's greatest possible honor once remarked that "the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is not to be classified among the ordinary periodicals. It does not require a college professor to sense its meaning. Neither is it on the lower level of sordid intolerance and demagogy." It is rather to be classified as built on the broad level of human sympathy. It's the magazine of the "Happy Habit" and "Heart Throbs," and its hold upon the affections of the people is the strongest because it is truest to the real wants of the people.

The matron in one Southern home declares, "The history of our country is being recorded every year, and nowhere do we find it written in such a vivid, interesting and condensed style as our own Editor gives us in the NATIONAL."

From Canada comes this breezy compliment: "I like the way you tell of a country, one can so readily follow you. The NATIONAL is doing a great work. It puts the various parts of our country in touch with all other parts—it makes us acquainted with one another."

Mrs. A. B. Patton, Livingston, Alabama, who began reading the NATIONAL in 1903, says, "My whole family enjoy the NATIONAL, the Washington Department especially by the men—and the Home Department by the women."

Hon. George W. Taylor, Congressman from Alabama: "I have certainly enjoyed your NATIONAL MAGAZINE and my chief pleasure has been the delight my children take in it."

The NATIONAL wants to be as a friendly visitor among the home folks.

* * *

IF the public is to be attracted, some preconceived idea must be exploited in either social, commercial or political life. Men who go along in regular routine are looked upon, no matter how valuable their service may be, as only a part of many thousand indispensable men, who do the work of the world in comparative or actual obscurity. While certain so-called "successful" men have sacrificed their health and lives in the pursuit of some goal, there are thousands of contented, happy men who live quietly day by day, away from the turmoil of hazardous ventures. Nothing has impressed me more than the story of an employe of the Waltham Watch Company, who after more than half a century of service, retired at a ripe old age, happy and contented and proud of his life work in rearing a family. His home was happy, though supported on a moderate wage.

There is a great difference between being dissatisfied and unsatisfied. One must be unsatisfied in order to progress, but to be dissatisfied is another story. Sometimes it is hard to know whether progress depends more upon the unsatisfied or the dissatisfied man. Creating discontent and disturbing things is not enduring reform. It merely secures an ephemeral sensation that passes away quite as quickly as in the making. Things are seldom what they seem, and if a true analysis could be made of the conditions of the millions "unheard of and unsung," and again of those few who have projected themselves into the limelight, it would be found that the unknown thousands are in reality the happiest. The more I mingle among public men, magnates or celebrities, the less I am inclined to envy their position. The law of compensation operates today as in ages past, and the cost is always commensurate with the gain. To be good and healthy, contented but unsatisfied enough to push on and help others, without maligning those who have what we have not, but enjoying what we have with a consciousness that even the rich and successful have their trials—to keep, in a word, a wholesome viewpoint of life—what more is there, after all?

* * *

RIVER transportation into Switzerland via the Rhine, from Strasburg to Basle is steadily increasing, reaching 64,700 tons in 1910, against 40,000 tons in 1909, and this in spite of the fact that railroad construction in the cantons has been immensely developed.

* * *

EMIGRATION from Armenia has largely increased since the Turkish government decided to "enlist" Armenian Christians into the Turkish army, and a very large proportion went to the United States. Here they find wages immensely higher than at home, where a skilful rug-maker seldom earns over two and one-half piastres (ten cents) per day. Much of their earnings are sent back to Armenia by letter; a dollar or two at a time, and those sections which have largely sent their young people to America are said to be wonderfully prosperous compared with the inland population, although it is estimated that the whole amount does not much exceed $500,000 a year. This, however, makes a great difference to people who live on one or two piastres (four to eight cents) a day, or five piastres at the most.

* * *

FILBERTS, largely sold in Europe, but less generally in the United States, are produced in the Black Sea Provinces of Turkey in Asia, and were exported in 1910–11 to the amount of 118,750,000 pounds valued at 2,530,884 abroad, of which about ten per cent only reached the United States.

* * *

THE Fifty-seventh Annual State Fair of Iowa has had as one of its features a million-dollar parade of prize-winning livestock. It was without doubt the greatest fair ever held in the Hawkeye State, and the attendance during the hot and high winds of early fall surpassed the records of all previous years.

Many claim that this livestock show has never been equalled in the history of the world, and after seeing the million-dollar parade, which included cattle and horses which had won premiums and were valued at more than a million dollars, one could form some conception of the rapidly-growing wealth of the farm and stock holdings of the Middle West. There were more than five hundred cattle and as many horses in each procession, and the parade covered the mile race course for more than half its length. It was altogether one of the most impressive displays of livestock that has ever been witnessed, even in the center of American livestock production.

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

AMONG the precepts for the successful wife laid down by Mme. Maeterlinck, who married the great Belgian mystic, she is credited with this remark: "Don't cry and say of your husband, '*poor me*, he doesn't understand.' Rather sympathize with him and say '*poor fellow*, he can't understand.' "

A play that had successfully withstood five hundred performances in one metropolis came recently to another, and was enthusiastically heralded by those who had witnessed its initial run. The press was especially cordial in advance announcements, and the large audience of "first nighters" included representatives of all the leading papers. That the play intensely impressed them was manifested by the notices which they wrote in review. All save one spoke of the play in warmest praise; all save one agreed that this production was among the most important in the annals of the modern stage. But the single dissenter was, alas, a critic of no small note. His comment had for years carried weight in dramatic circles, and his denunciation of the play was not without its effect.

One night upon reaching home this critic found his wife reading an effusive commendation bestowed on the play by a well-known contemporary.

"Tell me, dear," she asked him, "why you do not like this play? You have admitted the quality of the cast, and the excellence of its production. What spoils the play?"

"It's the unnaturalness of it," he said wearily. "It throws a false viewpoint on a woman's life and ideals."

"Plays of that kind are detestable," encouraged his helpmate, "but—I was thinking that I'd like to hear the music."

"Oh, the music is gorgeous," he admitted readily, "but a stilted play like that would bore to death a woman like you."

Not naturally antagonistic, the lady held her peace, but the next afternoon she attended the matinee, unaccompanied. Before she left the theatre she stepped into a telephone booth and called her husband's office.

"I've seen it," she cried breathlessly, "and—if you ever write another word against it—I'll lose all faith in your judgment. So will every woman who reads your paper. That play was the most wonderful thing I ever saw—it gave an almost uncanny insight into women's lives, and"—as she prepared to ring off—"tomorrow evening I'm going to bring the girls to see it."

The erstwhile critic looked blankly in front of him. Finally he murmured, "Women are—the deuce," and called up the manager of the play.

"Your show's all right," he began. "My wife says so, and she knows. But *blamed* if ever I knew before that women were like that!"

"Poor fellow," quoted the critic's wife, "he can't understand."

The play "Everywoman" follows a young woman on the great journey of her life—or, as the author has put it, on "her pilgrimage in quest of love." The play is properly an allegory, not unlike the "Miracle plays" or "Moralities" of the remote past. Everywoman with her three beautiful companions, Youth, Beauty and Modesty, seeks King Love. Youth believes he is to be found in the playhouses of the city, and encouraged by Flattery's words, Everywoman and her companions set out for the great metropolis. Behind the scenes of the theatre, Everywoman in turn mistakes Passion, an actor, Wealth, a millionaire, and Witless, a nobleman, for Love. Everywoman has become a star, the world is at her feet, but her quest is still unfinished when Beauty dies at the close of a gorgeous New Year's banquet at Everywoman's home. Modesty is banished, Conscience, the faithful handmaiden, annoys Everywoman, and Youth has grown weak. At the anti-climax, when Youth is claimed by Time, and Everywoman is spurned for Vice by Wealth, when alone and heartsick she finds Nobody her friend, a great human scene is enacted. The agony of Everywoman's remorse must strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of every woman who witnesses the play. An outcast, she is at last rescued by Truth, and is led back to her home. Here ends her pilgrimage; for Love is found at her own hearthside.

No woman can follow the play without realizing that the experiences, the temptations, the obstacles that beset the path of the allegorical "Everywoman" are indeed in some degree a counterpart to those in her own life. No woman can gainsay the vital insight of the author, Mr. Walter Browne, who died upon the eve of the first performance of "Everywoman." Much might be written of Mr. Chadwick's music and of Mr. Marion's staging, which contribute so much to Mr. Savage's faultless production. But in the last analysis, "The play's the thing," as Shakespeare has said, and though men may see, and seeing, may not understand, I feel sure that no woman can resist the fascination, nay, the truth and forcefulness of "Everywoman."

Ann Randolph

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LITTLE HELPS

A HELP IN MAKING BREAD

By A Longtime Subscriber

After the bread is mixed and molded, grease the mixing pan in which it is to stand while rising, and the ease with which it can be taken from the pan when making into loaves will be a pleasant feature of the work. Please don't fail to try this at the next bread mixing.

Perfection Dumplings

You'll call them so surely if you make them this way. Take some of the broth in which your meat is cooking, let it cool, and use for mixing in place of milk, thus imparting the flavor of the soup to the dumplings. Aside from this, proceed as with cream tartar, or baking powder biscuits, only not making quite as stiff, and dropping from the mixing spoon on a steamer which rests on the meat and bones above the broth. Let them steam in this way and find for yourself how light and nice they are, with none of the sogginess coming from their being submerged in the boiling liquid.

FIVE GOOD SUGGESTIONS

By Mrs. George R. Whitcomb

A white cotton blanket, used as a table mat, is less expensive than the regular "silence cloth," easier washed and answers the purpose very well.

I use the partly-worn ones as mattress covers, piecing out the length with canton flannel, so that they may turn well over the mattress at both ends.

For outdoor use, a two candle-power electric light enclosed in a frosted glass globe on each gate post, or veranda posts, will "carry" a long way, lighting the path and giving a cheerful glow to the premises at night, at little expense. The switch may be indoors or on the porch.

Aprons of strong, dark Japanese crepe, gathered slightly in to a yoke band, and tied back with two-inch wide strings, are becoming, wear well, do not show soil like a smooth surface and require no starching or ironing. The blue shades are best.

This is also nice for slip covers on cushions in common use.

Run a tuck in the children's new bloomers, for even if the material is shrunk before making up, it will shrink more, and they are so soon outgrown and begin to draw uncomfortably.

It is better to have the elastic only half as wide as the casing, and draw it out before washing, as it shrinks considerably, and unless left *very* loose, will impede the circulation.

Flour, baked in the oven till thoroughly heated and dry, is much more wholesome for thickening gravies, soups, sauces, etc., than the raw flour, which needs long cooking in liquid.

I make a small supply at a time and keep in a covered tin receptacle.

TO KEEP BABY QUIET

By Dora B. Riddle

In order to keep baby quiet while trimming his toenails, wrap a stocking around his foot and hold in this way, as he is ticklish and squirms when your hand touches him.

To Keep Tins from Rusting

Rub your tin buckets, etc., with lard and then heat thoroughly and wash before using. You will learn this will make them last twice as long.

Baking Hints

When baking a cake, have the pan or tin real hot and your cake will never stick. I learned this by experience.

To make biscuits fit " for a king" use sour milk, and to every quart of milk use one teaspoonful of soda, one and one half teaspoonsful of Snow King baking powder, one tablespoonful of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter. Mix just enough flour to conveniently work for biscuits and bake in a hot oven. You will be delighted.

THE BEST SAUSAGE YET

Mr. M. N. W.

What farmer's wife that has ever mixed a large tubful of half-frozen ground sausage meat will not welcome this recipe?

First cut your sausage meat into three or four inch pieces, which will make it go through chopper much faster. Then weigh up, say, twenty-five pounds, and for every pound of meat allow one level teaspoonful of black pepper, salt and sage, or if sage is not liked, it may be omitted. Or if sausage is relished better when highly seasoned, use heaping teaspoonful.

Now spread meat on mixing board or bare table and sprinkle with the salt, pepper and sage, which has been thoroughly mixed. Roll and stir meat so the seasoning will be thoroughly distributed. Then run meat through chopper when lo! you have your sausage ready to run through stuffer.

Then if you want to cook part of sausage down in the quickest and easiest way, pack gallon crocks with fresh-ground sausage within two or three inches of top, cover and place in slow oven for two or three hours or until when pried open in middle the meat will be white and not red. When cold cover with melted lard. When wanted for table, scrape off lard, slice and fry. Keep in cool place. Sausage cooked in this way will keep for a year.

HOT BRICK FOR IRON STAND

By Jessie Redfern

When ironing, heat a brick hot and use for your iron stand; the iron keeps hot much longer.

To Remove Mildew

Rub common brown soap on the spot and scrape white chalk on it; keep wet and lay in the sun.

To Clean Oil Paintings

A slice of raw potato will clean oil paintings without injury; a slice dipped in soda brightens it.

Scorched Food

To remove scorch from bread, cakes, cookies, etc., use a grater; it leaves a smooth surface and does not break the food as does a knife, and there is no waste.

PRUNE PUDDING

By Mrs. Joseph Allen

It melts in your mouth and is a real novelty.

One cup cooked prunes, unsweetened and chopped fine; one cup sugar; one cup chopped nuts; one-half cup milk; one tablespoon butter; one teaspoonful baking powder; three crackers rolled fine; one pinch salt; one teaspoonful vanilla. Bake in a buttered pan for about twenty minutes. Have oven at moderate heat. Serve hot.

HOME HINTS

By Abby Barry

To remove ink spilled on carpets, apply melted candle wax and allow it to remain until cold. Lift the wax and place a blotter over the spot. The remaining wax may be lifted by passing a hot iron over the blotter.

If china is tied together and boiled in milk, the pieces will adhere and the article will last many years.

Wash tortoise shell in tepid water, dry and rub with olive oil. Polish with a cloth or chamois.

Common table salt added to gasolene will clean spots from silk and delicate fabrics without leaving a ring.

Cream to be whipped must be one day old. No sugar should be added either before or after it is beaten. The sweetening should be in the pudding or cake with which it is served.

A pinch of cayenne pepper taken in water before going out in the cold keeps one from getting chilled.

Washing lamp chimneys by immersing them in water often makes them brittle. A safer way to clean them is to hold them for a few minutes over a steaming kettle. Then polish them briskly with a soft cloth.

HOW TO PRESERVE OLD PHOTOS

By M. C.

A unique way to preserve old photos is as follows: Put the photographs into clean, hot water; very soon the pictures loosen and may be easily removed from the cards. When dry, either trim down, to economize space, or carefully cut away the background entirely. Mount them in a scrapbook or a book made especially for kodak pictures. You will then have a book with which you can spend many happy moments looking over familiar scenes and faces.

To Clean Gold Picture Frames

To the beaten white of an egg add one pint of cold water and moisten the frames with the mixture, using a sponge. Carefully wipe with a soft flannel, then take another dry cloth and give the frame a light rubbing.

PASTE IT

By Michigan

When my embroidered waist came home from the laundry, the collar was torn in three places, and as it was fastened to the waist, I did not know what to do, as I could not mend it without wrinkling the waist. I snipped three little pieces of the linen from the bottom edge, and with a bit of library paste applied them to the inside of the collar, then pressed with a warm (not hot) iron. They did not show at all. I wore the waist until it was soiled and then made a new collar.

This may help someone to whom laundry bills are a serious item.

LAUNDRY HINTS

By W. E. C.

1. Never wring linen with a clothes-wringer; it makes wrinkles that are hard to iron out.
2. Starched clothes are easier ironed if sprinkled with hot water half an hour before ironing.
3. If ladies who have weak eyes would wear a pair of smoked or dark glasses while hanging out clothes after washing, they would be saved many a headache caused by the reflection of the sun on the clothes, or on the dazzling white snow.
4. When you need to iron some clothes in a hurry (or have colors that run) and have no time to dampen them as usual, try wringing a clean turkish towel in lukewarm water, spread over the article you wish to dampen, roll up for a few minutes, and the moisture from the towel will make the article ready for ironing in a short time.

How to Shrink Goods

It is a wise precaution to shrink wash goods before cutting; keep your material in the same creases as when bought, opened only enough to lay smoothly on the bottom of the bath-tub; run enough water in the tub to cover the goods and leave until thoroughly wet and shrunken.

Lay a broom handle across the tub and hang the material over it to drain till dry; upon removal the goods will be as smoothly pressed as when delivered.

If colored goods, a little salt in the water will set the colors at the same time.

A COAT OF VARNISH

By H. L. P.

A coat of white varnish applied to straw-matting suit-cases and shopping-bags much improves their looks and usefulness. The varnish causes them to shed water and makes them waterproof.

For the Houseworker

To prevent graham gems scorching, when filling gem pans with batter leave one of the cups empty and fill it with water.

Honey Sandwiches

Sweet clover honey blended with dairy butter makes a delicious sandwich spread between slices of white or brown bread. Mixed with minced raisins and nuts and used in the same way, the sandwiches are also fine.

DUSTLESS DUSTER

Might I make a request of the Home Department?

Will someone please send in directions for the liquid into which to dip a duster to make it the "dustless duster"?

WHAT TO DO WITH SCRAPS

By O. Mott

The large heavy ribs or veins of cauliflower leaves, peeled and the heavy threads stripped off as in rhubarb, make a fine relish or salad, when cut in tiny cubes, and if for a relish, add vinegar or lemon juice, salt and pepper (sugar if desired), and if for salad add a mayonnaise or boiled dressing, and garnish with lettuce leaves as usual. Cut in one-half inch pieces and boil until tender, by adding a cream sauce, it makes an excellent creamed vegetable.

The large veins in cabbage leaves can be peeled and shredded the same way, cut in short lengths, cooked until tender, and creamed to make an extra dish in the vegetable course, when the inside of the cabbage has been used for some other purpose. Also the large outside green curved cabbage leaves can be cut to form boats or shells, serrating or pointing the edges, and the cubes cut from the tender inside pieces of the center veins or the inside of the large stalk, with dressing, makes almost as good salad as the shredded inside which is usually used, and this can be used to fill the shells.

The stalk on which the lettuce leaves grow will be found to be exceedingly tender on the inside, and makes a good salad, cut in tiny pieces, adding onion and celery, and a dressing, or can be used as an addition to any green salad. The outside lettuce leaves themselves which are a little overgrown, may be cooked in the manner as greens, and are quite palatable.

The inside of celery roots so often thrown away can be cut in tiny cubes and added to a potato salad, or any salad which requires celery; also can be boiled and creamed the same as creamed celery. The light tender leaves should always be dried, as they are an excellent addition to soup or anything where celery flavor is desired, giving almost as strong a taste as celery seed.

Beet tops and turnip tops, when young and fresh, either singly or cooked together, make an excellent dish of greens.

Apple peelings can be chopped and cooked, and the juice drained off from the peelings makes an excellent jelly, as the property so desirable to make a good jelly is near the skin; consequently no apple peelings should ever be discarded when making apple jelly from the whole apple. Apple peelings put in a stone crock and treated the same as cider vinegar, makes a very good vinegar in time. Rhubarb peelings, strawberry variety, cooked until soft and juice drained, adding one-half apple juice made from peelings, makes a nice jelly of a good color.

POTATO HELP

By Mrs. W. G. Roberts

To keep potatoes from rotting in the cellar, place chunks of lime in several places among them.

A NUTRITIOUS SOUP

By Mame E. Buxton

All know how very healthful and nourishing buttermilk is, but not many know what delicious soup it makes. The recipe is very simple. Three pints buttermilk heated and thickened with one small tablespoonful fine cracker crumbs and one of flour mixed with a tablespoonful of sugar. Add very slowly the beaten yolks of two eggs. If a little of the hot milk is added to the egg before putting egg in the soup, it is not so liable to curdle. Season with salt, pepper and cinnamon if liked. Lastly add a piece of butter size of egg when ready to serve. Beat the whites of the eggs and drop a spoonful in each soup plate before sending to table.

To Pour Oil

Since learning to use the following precaution I have been saved so much annoyance that I think the idea worth passing along.

Everyone recognizes the difficulty of pouring out the contents of an oil can when it is full by the usual method of holding the can with bunghole at lower side. By reversing the order, that is, holding the can with the opening at the upper side, the trouble is entirely eliminated, owing to the fact that the bulk of the contents is below the bunghole. The pressure relieved, the oil flows in an even, steady stream with no danger of mishap.

To Make Cork Smaller

Pare *around* the cork, as in peeling an apple. This gives a smooth surface instead of the haggled results of the usual methods of whittling.

EGGLESS SPICE CAKE

By Mrs. E. A. Tapper

Cream a tablespoonful of butter or lard with one cup of light brown sugar, add one cup of buttermilk or sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda, two heaping teaspoonfuls of cocoa, a pinch of salt and two cups of flour, or enough to make a batter a little thicker than for layer cake. Flavor with spices or vanilla as you prefer.

Frosting: Add to four tablespoonfuls of confectioners' sugar a scant tablespoonful of water or milk. Flavor with vanilla. Stir well and use, adding a little more sugar if the frosting is not thick enough.

SOAP TEST

By A. P. Reed, M. D.

Soaps unfit for use on the skin are those having free alkali in them: that is alkali uncombined, not held in solution; such soaps are irritating and may be readily detected by touching the tongue to them when a burning sensation will be produced. This, a good toilet soap will never do.

[illegible]
LAWRENCE, [illegible]

In the
Highways
and
Byways
of
Louisiana

Eden of Louisiana

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

* * * *

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

* * * *

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.

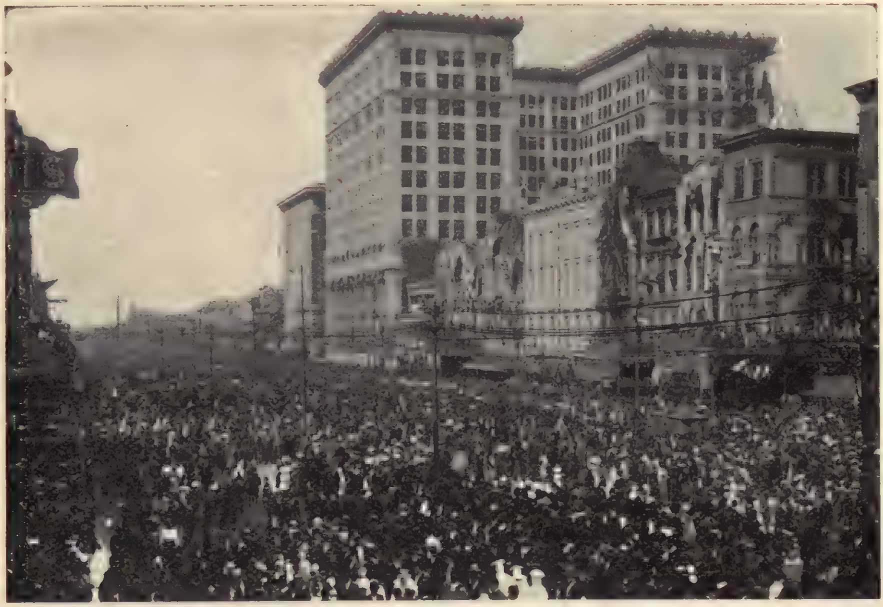
Henry W. Longfellow, in "Evangeline."

A BEAUTIFUL HOME ON ST. CHARLES AVENUE, NEW ORLEANS' MOST ARISTOCRATIC THOROUGHFARE

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL NEW ORLEANS HOME

THE CYPRESS AT HOME

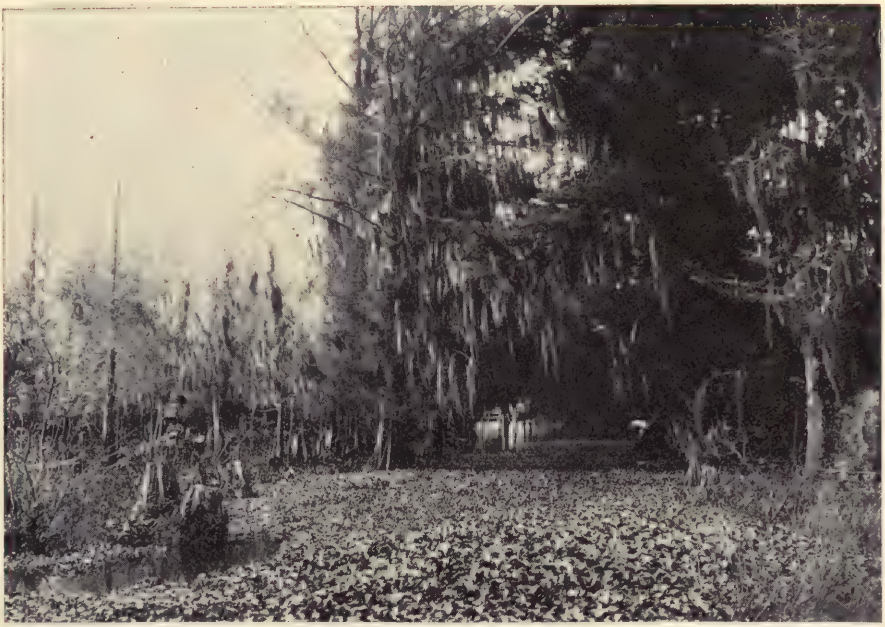
THE CULTIVATION OF THE GRAPEFRUIT IS BEING EXTENDED ANNUALLY IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA



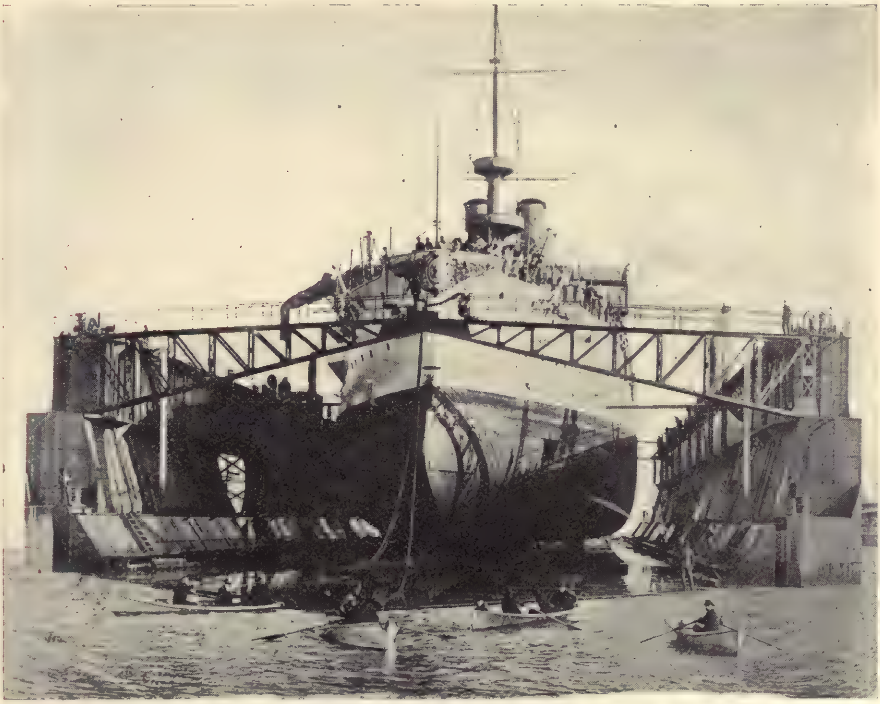
WAITING FOR THE PARADE
A Mardi Gras crowd waiting on Canal Street, New Orleans' chief mercantile thoroughfare

"ALFALFA" SPELLS GOOD HORSES AND GOOD WAGONS

THE GRUNEWALD, NEW ORLEANS' MAGNIFICENT MODERN FIREPROOF HOSTELRY



WATER HYACINTHS LEND A DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY TO A LOUISIANA STREAM BUT ARE A SERIOUS IMPEDIMENT TO NAVIGATION



THE BATTLESHIP "ILLINOIS" ON THE NEW ORLEANS DRY DOCK

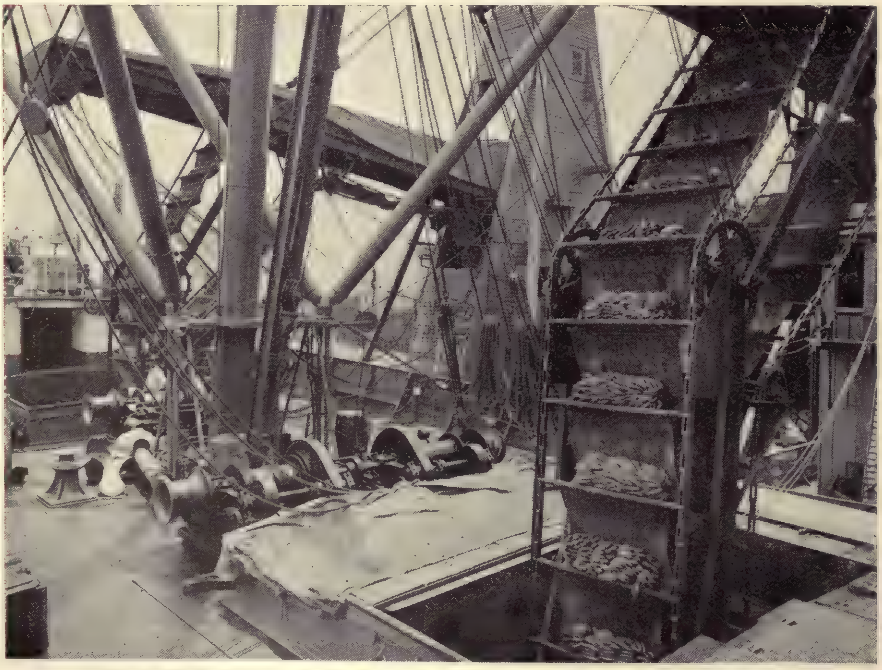
WATER AND RAIL TRANSPORTATION GIVE THE LOUISIANA FARMER ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

GLIMPSE OF PICTURESQUE CITY PARK, NEW ORLEANS
Dancing pavilion in distance

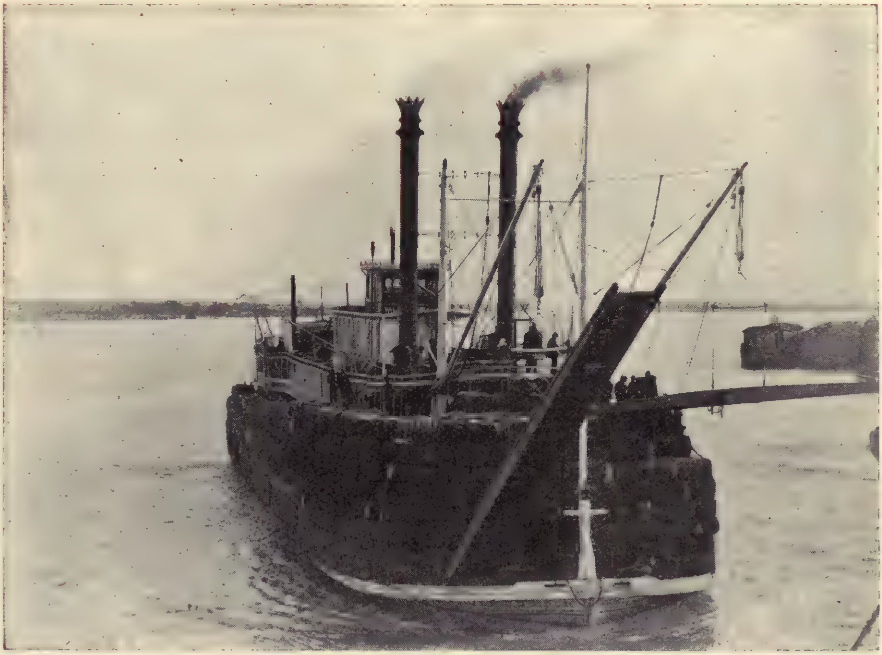
THE HORSE LOVER CAN FIND PICTURESQUE DRIVES ANYWHERE IN LOUISIANA

A TRUCK FARM NEAR ALEXANDRIA

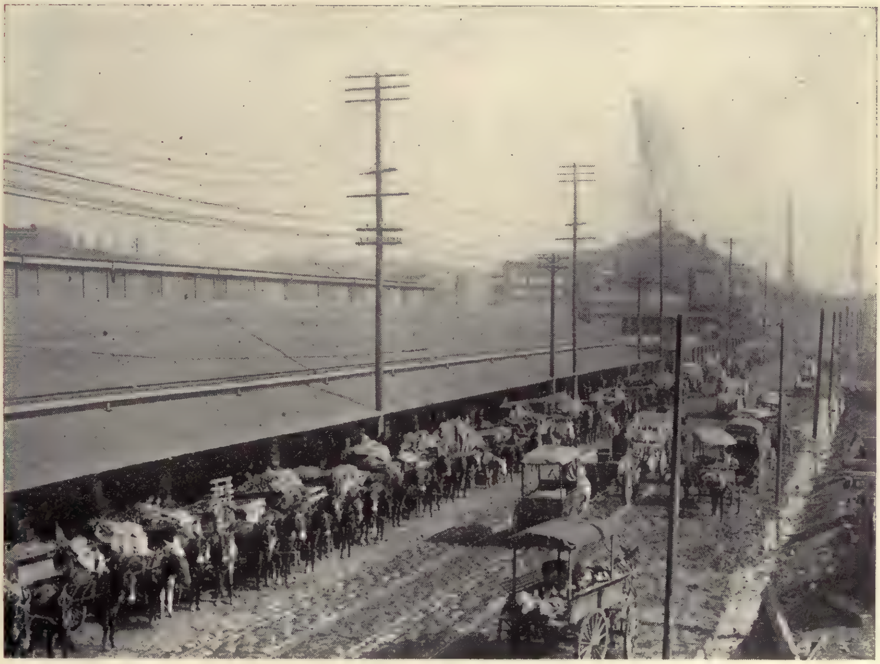
LOOKING UP MAIN STREET, LAKE CHARLES



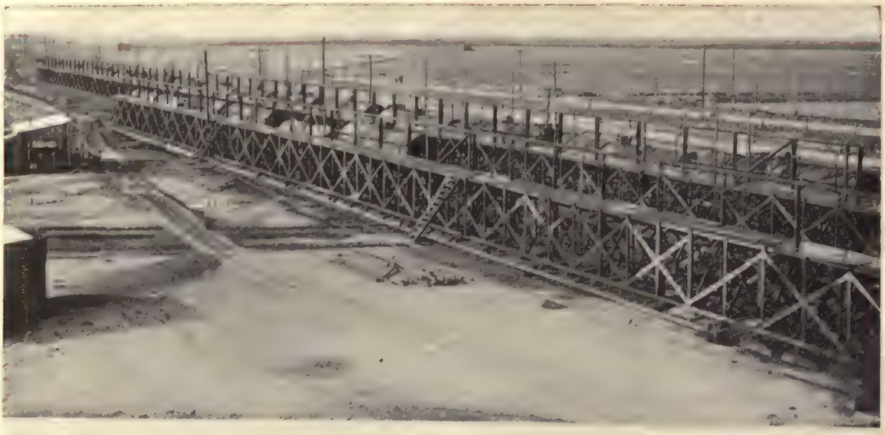
UNLOADING BANANAS FROM A UNITED FRUIT COMPANY'S STEAMER
The mechanical unloader has revolutionized the banana industry

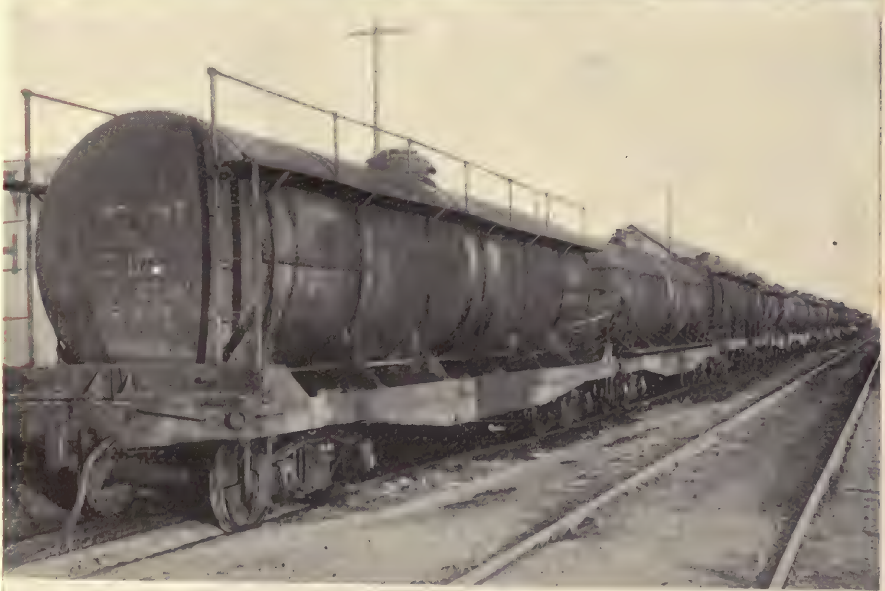


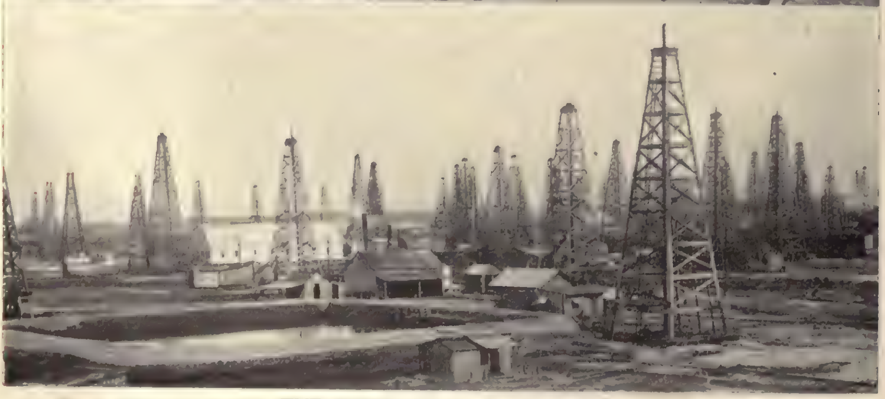
A MISSISSIPPI COTTON STEAMER



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE OLD FRENCH MARKET, NEW ORLEANS







THE JENNINGS OIL INDUSTRY

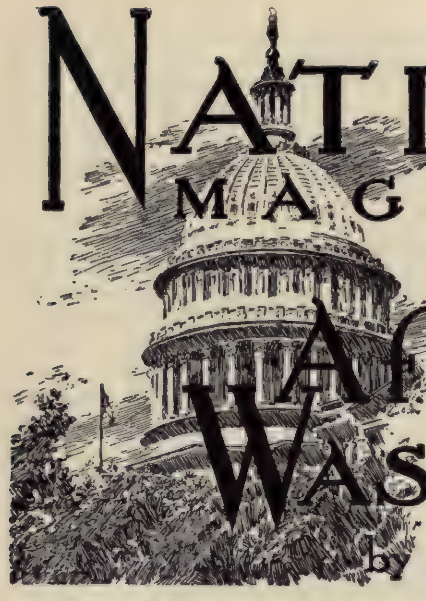
(1) Loading the oil cars (2) An oil train ready to depart (3) General view of the Jennings Field

CABBAGE IS ONE OF LOUISIANA'S MOST PROFITABLE WINTER CROPS

A MODEL TRUCK FARM IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA

"WHERE THE CATTLE GRAZE ON A THOUSAND HILLS"
A typical North Louisiana scene

INTERIOR OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP DOCKS



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1912

Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

DURING the month sacred to Saint Valentine, events crowd thick and fast in Washington. In the whirl of brilliant social functions and banquets, diplomatic and otherwise, at which the richest and most notable gentlemen and ladies of the New World sparkle with priceless gems and bright repartee, the legislative wheel lazily grinds away.

Lent will bring a lull to the grist-grinding, but meantime Washington and Lincoln birthday celebrations furnish occasions for the delivery of "inspired" speeches that will foreshadow the issues and platforms of the coming political campaign. At this time the one point of focal interest in Washington centers on the nominations to be made at Chicago and Baltimore next June, and the result of the election to follow in November.

* * *

EVERY prominent visitor to the capital city finds himself confronted with eager interrogations the moment he lays aside the pen at the hotel register. Each move on the legislative chessboard is watched, and the work of the committee on investigations is stimulated into new activities as the reams of testimony pour forth.

The constant succession of important events includes a recommendation by the Postmaster-general to emulate European example and take over the telegraph companies. The matter was prematurely made public, but will prove an important factor in determining public sentiment on Presidential issues.

The President, as genial as ever, is receiving his callers and dispatching business in regular routine, while Secretary Hilles has lost none of his tact and courtesy to visitors, keeping in touch with the political situation betimes. In the House, Speaker Clark maintains his usual *bonhomme* and courtesy, although gossip says that his hands are full thumping the gavel, wearing away the wood in the determination to preserve order.

* * *

IN the Senate the arbitration treaties have directed attention to the foreign relations committee. Just note the distinction in the titles of committees performing the same work: in the Senate it is the foreign relations committee, and in the House the committee on foreign relations. It is unpardonable to refer to a Senate committee by the House title. While it is only a difference of tweedledee and tweedledum, and of the manner in which the words are placed, it is an offense against official tradition to misname a committee. As one Senator remarked, smoothing his chin: "It would be just the same as though you were to go up to a certain individual with the greeting, 'How are you, Mr. William J. Roosevelt?'

"No, sir," continued the Senator, "these words and their relations must be properly used in Washington."

* * *

POLITICAL "lightning rod agents" now carry on a rushing business. The misty dawn of presidential possibilities reveals a number of well-known, frequently photographed and widely exploited gentlemen clinging tightly to the traditional lightning rods, in the hope that the electric shock of a presidential nomination will "come their way."

"Words and their relations must be properly used in Washington"

The political campaign of 1912 has begun rather earlier than usual, and it is feared that many of the booms will suffer from an early frost.

But all is optimistic in February anticipations, and the candidates can enjoy social gaieties before the call to campaign duty is sounded.

* * *

IN the heat of the great battle waged at Washington between New Orleans and San Francisco for the Panama Exposition one figure in the Louisiana delegation towered above his fellows, virile, strong, convincing—a leader and a director, the central inspiration of what will go down in Washington history as one of the most picturesque battles of peace ever waged in the National Capital. That figure was Jared Y. Sanders.

To know the inspiration behind the great leader in New Orleans' magnificent fight for the Exposition one must hark back thirty years, and see him as a young boy, old beyond his age, a dreamer of dreams, a conceiver of fancies, a builder of castles in Spain; looking into the future, to the day when he should sit in the seats of the mighty, in the most august legislature in the world, in the Senate of the United States.

Two weeks before New Orleans started her memorable contest with the city by the Golden Gate, the life-long ambition of this boy, now grown to manhood, had been realized—the Legislature had chosen him from among all the people to be Louisiana's representative at the National Capital. Only those who know Governor Sanders intimately realize what a sacrifice it was for him to refuse that honor at the hands of his State, feeling that his work as governor has not been completed—that the great measures for the upbuilding of Louisiana inaugurated by his administration could go into effect only through him, that New Orleans needed him in his capacity as chief executive of the State to aid her in her great fight.

Few men in public life today have had a more romantic career than the talented Governor of Louisiana. When he was but a boy of twelve years his father, a prominent sugar planter, died, leaving him as the sole support of a family of eight brothers and sisters, and a widowed mother. A year later their fine plantation fell victim to the famous crevasse of 1882, and the boy started out in another field of endeavor. For some years he worked in a country store, but afterward entered the office of the *St. Mary Banner*, a country weekly, published at Franklin, Louisiana, and soon rose to be its editor and publisher.

In 1890 he commenced studying law, feeling that legal knowledge would do much to further the great ambition of his boyhood—to sit one day in the Senate of the United States. As a lawyer he was successful, as a newspaper man, being for many years an active partner in the firm of Foster, Milling, Godchaux & Sanders, of which Senator Foster was the senior member.

Elected to the Legislature in 1892, Governor Sanders served twelve years in that body, being almost from the beginning its great leader and adviser. In 1904 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the state, with the largest majority given any of the state candidates in the Democratic primary. He was a foremost member of the Constitutional Convention in 1898, and it was largely through his efforts that the franchise article, by which the negro was practically eliminated from Louisiana politics, was adopted. In 1908, after one of the most memorable political battles in recent years, he was elected to the governorship by an overwhelming majority.

Louisiana has had few more picturesque

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The Belgian mystic, whose wife (formerly the Parisian actress, Georgette Leblanc) is playing "Melisande" in "Pelleas and Melisande" at the Boston Opera House. There has been amusing speculation in newspaper circles as to whether Mr. Maeterlinck came to America with his wife men in her public life than Governor Sanders. A brilliant orator, an aggressive fighter, a man who believes in following out his policies, no matter what the consequences, he has naturally made some enemies, but at the same time it can be said with truth that no man in the public or private life of Louisiana has more friends, more admirers, or more staunch supporters than has the Governor of Louisiana.

ARNOLD BENNETT
The English author, who recently visited the United States and is now "writing up" his impressions of American customs

THROUGH a vagrant paragraph in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Speaker Champ Clark was discovered by Judge Stover of Milwaukee to be one of his old college mates. A little sketch in the Washington department told how "Beauchamp" Clark changed his name to plain "Champ" because they pronounced Beauchamp "Beecham" out his way, and he did not want his name to be confused with that of the popular English pill. Consequently, after he removed to Missouri, he became known to the world as "Champ" Clark, and as Champ Clark he won local fame and a national reputation.

The paragraph came under the eye of Judge Stover of Milwaukee, who mused, "I wonder if that is the 'Beecham' Clark that used to rehearse Cicero in the stable, to the consternation of the cows." He wrote out a telegraph blank as follows: "Are you the real Beauchamp Clark of Kentucky?" signed "Poker." A flashing wire from the congressional side of the Capitol addressed to Justice Stover at the District Court House of Milwaukee replied: "Poker, I am the man."

Not long after there walked into the Speaker's room in the Capitol at Washington the old-time classmate from Kentucky. There was no ceremony about ushering the visitor into the inner room, for the Speaker of the House was ready to greet his old school friend with the "high sign" of the order. What they talked about for the next half hour is not recorded. Judge Stover came away insisting that his old college friend Champ Clark is the logical, natural and inevitable Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1912, although he admits that the irrepressible "Beauchamp" of school days was not seriously considered as the one boy in college who might some day step into George Washington's shoes.

* * *

ALMOST side by side with the tidings of recent loss of life by coal-mine explosions comes the report of Walter C. Hamm, resident consul at Hull, England, describing an improved form of firebox and other parts of multi-tubular boilers, for utilizing waste coal. Reduced almost to dust, the coal is blown into the firebox, so mingled with atmospheric air that it is almost an explosive, and burns with a roar and an intensity that raises steam with much greater rapidity than can be done by the ordinary boilers using the best qualities of steam coal, and utilizing a much greater proportion of the heat energy per ton used.

Descriptive literature concerning these boilers has been sent to interested manufacturers and engineers by the Bureau of Manufactures at Washington, and reveals how the forces that bring death and disaster may be harnessed for profitable purposes.

HON. JOHN KEAN OF NEW JERSEY
FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR, WHO WAS A PROMINENT VISITOR AT THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE MONTH

AN article on the Red Horse Inn at Sudbury in the December NATIONAL chronicled the recent visit to that storied hostelry of Alfred Tennyson Dickens, the eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens, and godson of Alfred Lord Tennyson, the poet-laureate under Queen Victoria.

THE LATE ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS
Who died suddenly in New York while on an American lecture tour. He was the eldest son of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, whose hundredth birthday is this month being celebrated all over the world

Mr. Dickens was filling a series of engagements to lecture on the life and works of his distinguished father, and seemed about to pass a very pleasant winter among the numberless American admirers of Dickens, but was suddenly attacked by acute indigestion while stopping at the Hotel Astor, New York, and died the same day.

Mr. Dickens could not be said to resemble his illustrious father, being more of the conventional Englishman in style and bearing, but his recollections of Gadshill, his father's home and surroundings, were very vivid and interesting, and he had made many friends during his short stay in America.

* * *

CONTINENTAL Europe is still largely the arena of small competing interests, and genuine "home industries, in which farmer, woodsman, miner, or mechanic carries on at odd times manufacturing operations which are a factor in the markets of the world. The Department of Commerce and Labor, at Washington, has always some interesting topic of interest suggested by the Consular Reports, which come from the very heart of the trade centers of every land.

Christmas and the brilliant window displays and decorations naturally suggested the question, "Where do all these ornaments come from?" An answer came in the shape of the latest report of Vice-Consul General Matthew C. Dillingham, resident at Coburg, Germany, from which city a little railway only twenty-five miles long leads into the heart of the Thuringian forests ranges, terminating at Lauscha, where the greater part of these ornaments are made. Nearly every house and hut is the home of a glass-blower, and the smallest child that can use its hands understandingly has some part in the work.

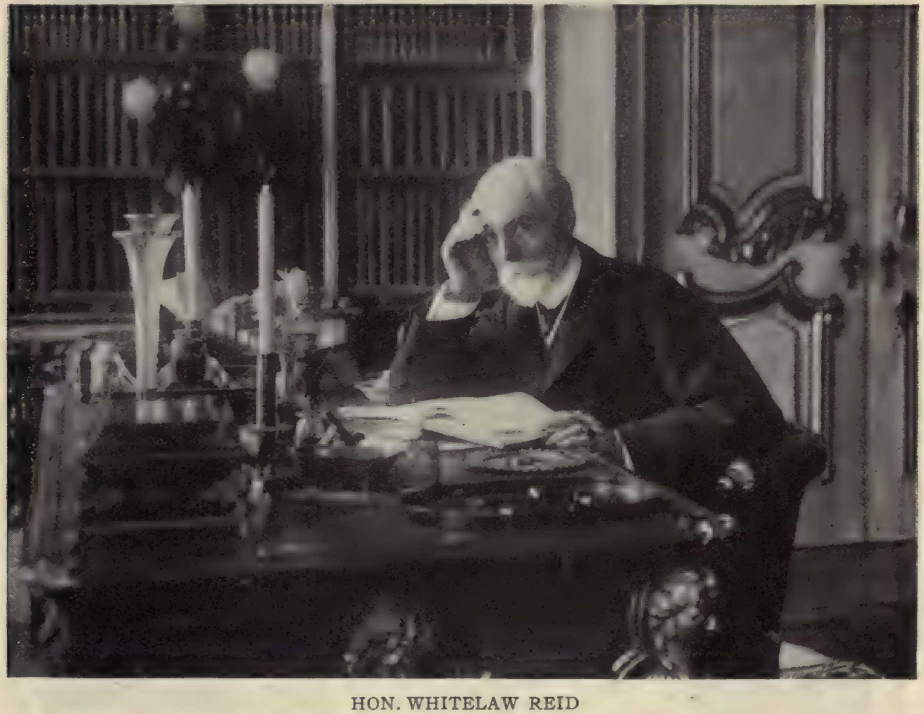
The blowers make all their work from glass tubes of varied diameter and thickness which are cut to convenient lengths by scratching them with a file, and breaking them at the cleavage. A burner consisting of two, four or more flames issuing from tiny gas jets converges its fires upon a metal plate which usually supports a piece of dry wood or charcoal whose slow but fierce combustion under the blue flame of the blow-pipes rapidly melts the hardest glass. Driving the bellows which supplies air to his blow-pipes with his feet, the operator turns out with deft swiftness balls, stars, pendants and larger ornaments of almost every conceivable shape and size. His good wife is perhaps injecting a spray of gilding or silvering solution into a great basketful of the tiny balls, used to festoon windows and Christmas trees, or perhaps with greater skill, is coloring with deft fingers the interior of a larger ornament. The eldest boy may himself be a skilled operator, and perhaps excels his father in creating miniature reindeer with great spreading antlers, spirited horses, coursing hounds, fragile airships and balloons, and most wonderful of all, roses, carnations, tulips and other flowers, each of whose parts are made of colored glass of the proper color and fused in place with a delicacy of touch that far excels ordinary painting.

So light and fragile are these goods that they are packed in cotton and cartons divided into compartments, and to a very great extent are shipped away from Lauscha by parcels express. So generally is this done between the middle of November and Christmas week that the post office force and the number of mail-cars are furnished to meet the demand for parcel transportation.

This aspect of German "home industries" suggests the chain-makers of England; the wood carvers of Swiss and German forested mountain lands; the jewelers of Switzerland; the glass-bead makers of Venice; the toy-makers of Nuremberg and the Belgian armorers, who hammer out on their old-fashioned anvils the "twist" and "laminated steel" gun barrels, which no machinery has as yet been able to surpass.

* * *

DURING the great fight in Louisiana against the lottery, Murphy J. Foster, then State Senator, came prominently into public notice. Born of fine Southern stock and educated in part at Washington and Lee University in Virginia, when General Robert E. Lee was at the head of that institution, his career has been most noteworthy.



HON. WHITELAW REID
American Ambassador to Great Britain, who is in America for a visit. Mr. Reid is the owner of the New York *Tribune*

Graduating in law in 1871, he was elected to the State Legislature the following year, but was denied admission, the State being at that time controlled by the Republicans of the reconstruction regime.

A few years later, he was elected to the State Senate, where he served three con-

MRS. WHITELAW REID

WIFE OF AMBASSADOR REID, WHO ACCOMPANIED HER HUSBAND ON HIS VACATION TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES secutive terms and was president of that body.

He was the Senate leader in the memorable fight to overthrow the Louisiana Lottery Company, which had developed into the most powerful political machine ever organized in any state. The fight went before the people in the form of an amendment to the constitution, submitted to the voters at an election in which the governor and other state officers were elected, and in which Senator Foster was prevailed upon to become a candidate for governor and to lead the fight against the lottery.

That contest attracted attention throughout the country and gave the victorious young champion of the people a commanding position among the dominant leaders of the South.

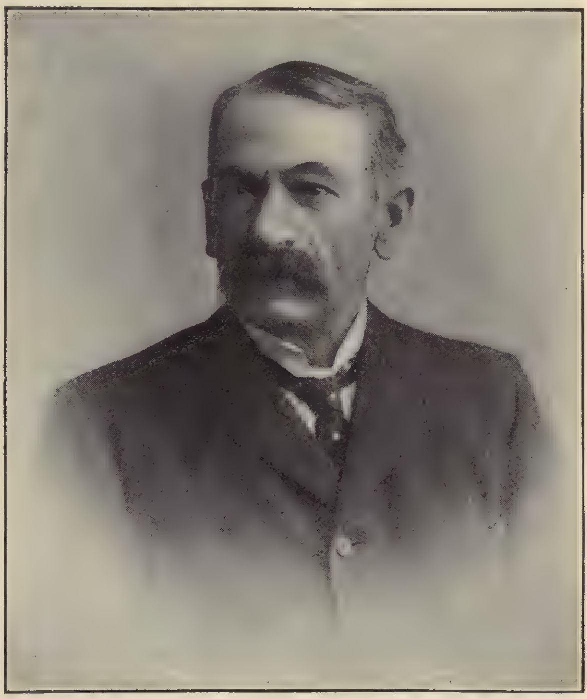
He served two consecutive terms of four years each in the Governor's office, and his wise and statesmanlike administration is generally regarded as among the soundest and best that Louisiana has ever had.

In 1900, upon retiring from the Executive chair, he was elected to the United States Senate without opposition and was re-elected in 1904, his term expiring March 4, 1913. Senator Foster is a member of eight committees in the Senate, among which are the Committees on Appropriations, Canadian Relations, Coast Defences, Interstate Commerce, and the Committee on Military Affairs, all important committees.

He visited the Orient with the Taft party some years ago to study the problems that had been posed in connection with our acquisition of the Philippines, and the results of that study were embodied in an address in the Senate, which for clearness of philosophical insight and breadth of statesmanship attracted wide attention throughout the country.

As a member of the Interstate Commerce Committee, he took a prominent part in the preparation and passage of the act that prohibited rebating by railroads and in the Railroad Rate bill.

He has ably represented the industries of the country and of his State during the past eleven years and during the late session of Congress, by the exercise of rare foresight and consummate generalship, he defeated the attempts made in the Senate to cripple the rice and sugar industries of Louisiana by greatly reducing the duty on the one and placing the other on the free list.



THE LATE CAPTAIN EDWIN COFFIN

Who commanded the steamship "America" on the Zeigler Polar Expeditions. Readers of the NATIONAL will recall his "Records of a Polar Expedition," containing extracts from his diary

Senator Foster is a modest, unobtrusive gentleman, simple in his tastes and thoroughly democratic in his habits and manners. His methods are those of the statesman, rather than of the demagogue, and he works for results, rather than for the applause of the multitudes. Those who know him most intimately, love him best and among the masses in Louisiana there is a devotion to him on the part of the people he has served amounting to genuine affection. No southern statesman stands higher at Washington than he, nor does any possess greater capacity for effective service to the whole country.

* * *

FEW movements have attained greater national prominence within a few years than the project for inland waterways. Many public men and private citizens have devoted much of their time and energy to this important work, and in no section has the activity been greater than in the South.

HON. LEON LOCKE
Secretary of the Inland Waterways League of Louisiana and Texas

From the time of the organization of the Interstate Inland Waterway League of Louisiana and Texas, Mr. Leon Locke of Lake Charles, Louisiana, has been its secretary, and to him has fallen much of the work in connection with the promotion of the inland waterway for which project the league was formed. This waterway is eventually to join the Mississippi River with the Rio Grande and although the league has been in existence but six years, one-third of the canal is completed.

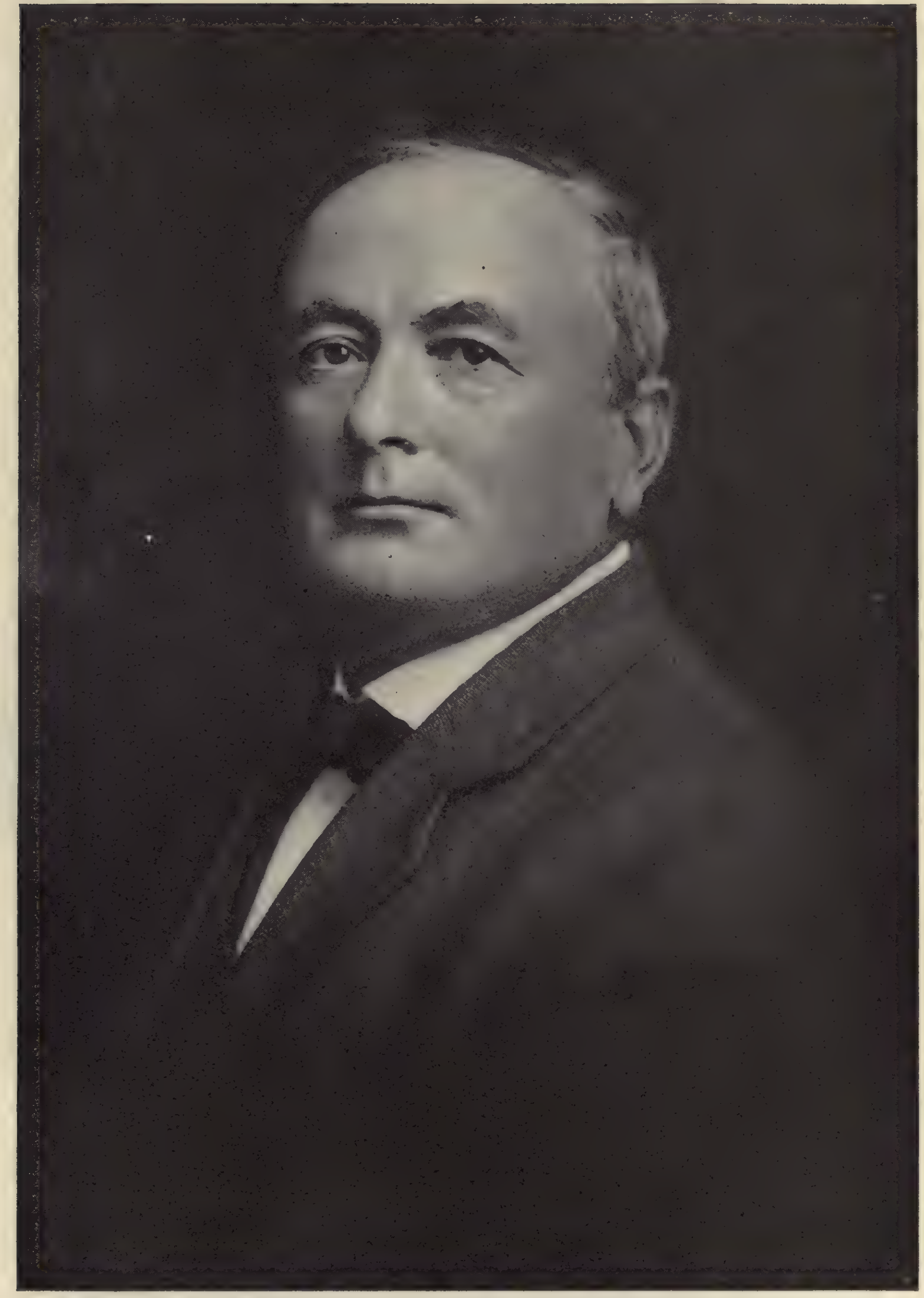
Mr. Locke is a member of the Louisiana Assembly and was the author of the "Locke Law" which penalized race-track gambling in Louisiana. Its passage was closely contested and the class vote was dramatic in its close and bitter rivalry, the bill having but one majority in the State Senate; that vote, as was the case in New York, being cast by a Senator who rose from a sick bed to vote for the bill.

* * *

THE wonderbook of the world today is the census of the United States. The continuous flow of facts and the growth of the country as indicated by the figures tabulated at the Census Office have been the admiration and astonishment of all foreign students of economic development. While many new sections have shown a phenomenal expansion, there is a wonder story associated with the marvelous exploitation of large sections of the oldest and historical centers of the country. Louisiana's development during the past decade furnishes a story of land reclamation that is almost as revolutionary as any part of its history under five flags.

A school teacher from Calhoun County, Michigan, whose health was breaking down under the rigorous climate of Southern Michigan, went to Louisiana in 1888. Louisiana had interested him when teaching his geography classes chiefly because of the inadequate descriptions in the textbooks as compared with what he himself witnessed while taking a Southern excursion. Later he engaged in the banking business at Athens and Saugatuck, Michigan, but after his visit to New Orleans he settled in Franklin Parish in Northern Louisiana, and finally transferred all his interests from Michigan to the Pelican State in 1892. He established a bank at Delhi, engaged in the timber and cotton business, and purchased five thousand acres of Louisiana land, thus giving him a solid and enduring interest in his adopted State.

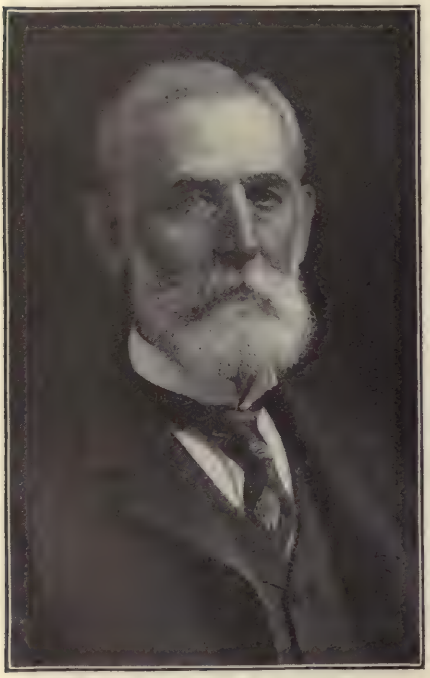
In 1900 he removed to New Orleans, inspired with the same ambition to develop the resources of the Gulf States which had hitherto characterized his



EDWARD WISNER

A PIONEER WHO WENT INTO THE WILDERNESS OF THE LOUISIANA DELTA AND HAS CARRIED ON THE RECLAMATION OF VAST AREAS OF SWAMP LAND career. In 1904 he bought a million acres in the Florida Everglades and became a pioneer in the wonderful development of that hitherto wilderness of the Peninsula State, but he could not forget the visions of possible development which had filled his mind when he first came to Louisiana.

Accordingly he visited Holland and Denmark and made a careful examination of the remarkable reclamation of marshes and lagoons in those countries, and a special study of dyke construction and low level drainage. He believed that in the alluvial delta of the Mississippi were combined the land of Holland and the sky of Italy, and conceived a gigantic plan for making thousands of acres of rich farm land out of the marshes, surpassing even the fertile leagues secured by the thrift and constant struggle of the dyke builders of Holland. Year by year he saw large areas drained and developed under his constant supervision.



THE LATE JOHN F. DRYDEN
Formerly United States Senater from New Jersey and president of the Prudential Insurance Company

As President of the Louisiana Meadows Company, Mr. Edward Wisner's name will always be identified with the wonderful reclamation of the alluvial lands of Louisiana, and associated with him is Mr. Edenborn, President of the Louisiana Railway & Navigation Company, both of whom will long be remembered as typical pioneers, who went into the wilderness to create and maintain provinces whose fields and farms are a "very garden of the Lord," and have been actuated by a spirit of patriotism and true philanthropy over and above all questions of profit and self-interest.

* * *

THE boy from Farmington, Maine, who passed away as the honored and respected president of the great Prudential Insurance Company, lived to realize his dreams. John F. Dryden was one of the strong business builders of the past quarter century, and the great Insurance Company he founded is a monument to a life devoted to one great purpose. During the scathing insurance investigation, the record of John F. Dryden was tested and revealed business methods that demonstrated why he enjoyed the confidence of thousands of stockholders.

John F. Dryden was more than the president of an insurance company. His public life was one of which his state and nation may well be proud. In the United States Senate, as a member of the Isthmian Canal Committee, he bore the brunt of the Panama Canal contest in the early stages—the crucial time—and great credit is due him for promoting legislation that finally led to the national assumption of the great enterprise. Modest, gentle, lovable and strong in every way, those who knew Senator Dryden realize the value of a man whose life career remains an inspiration for the farmer boys of the future, or to any young man launching a new business enterprise.

* * *

SIGNIFICANT expressions of the general desire for international peace followed the opening of the New Year. At the reception of the diplomatic corps by President Fallieres, at the Elysee, Paris, the general felicitations were presented by Sir Francis L. Bertie, the British Am-

COL. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

WHO IN DECLINING THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY, ANNOUNCED HIMSELF IN FAVOR OF GOVERNOR WOODROW WILSON bassador, who declared that he and his fellow-diplomats felt certain that France would continue to be a powerful aid in every work having in view the progress of civilization. He added that this permitted the hope that the generous initiative of the President of the United States in favor of the extension of arbitration to international questions would be productive of larger results during the coming year.

Responding, President Fallieres assured the diplomats that France would labor always in behalf of progress. France, he said, already could with modesty claim her part in the initiatives already taken.

"Like you, Mr. Ambassador," the President said, "we have seen during the last year the President of the United States give his precious adhesion to the principle of arbitration. It may be repeated that the application of this principle will determine for men and things a decisive method for the pacific solution of international differences."

HON. CURTIS GUILD
The Russian Ambassador, who, with Mrs. Guild, was formally received by the Czar in the royal palace at St. Petersburg

WHEN Secretary of the Treasury Franklin MacVeagh carried his portfolio to the cabinet meeting at the beginning of the year his total estimates of expenditures in 1912 were eleven million dollars less than those of 1911. The one item of the year requiring a large amount is the Panama Canal, on which an appropriation of $47,000,000 is recommended.

The special attention of Secretary MacVeagh has been given to the evolution of a plan that will prevent the centralization of our banking system in the hands of a few powerful financiers, and to establish the long-deferred reform of necessary changes in the banking and currency situation. This, it is thought, will avert future panics and "hard time" periods.

HON. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH
Secretary of the Treasury, who has been busy with plans for a banking and currency reform

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING that "nearly everybody says" that a Democrat will be elected to the Presidency in 1912, some acute political observers evidently believe that President Taft will succeed himself. In the first place, they say, all the campaign thunder that is corked up in a presidential year is now let loose. Next, there is nothing so susceptible to a frost as presidential booms. The people are not now led by magnetic and impulsive enthusiasm as in the early days. The primary system of the Australian ballot has made voting more deliberative; it is more a matter of business; the question is, who is the best man to serve the people as President.

They say that Mr. Taft is not sagacious and is not a politician; that he is not diplomatic, all of which is true; and all of which are strong reasons why he is likely to be re-elected. He has kept free of all patronage entanglements, and thus has saved many of the thousands of enmities that have in times past punctured presidential possibilities. The people are now thinking sanely over what William Howard Taft has done since he took the executive chair. Among other things of particular import to the business men of the country, he has carried through a tariff battle, meeting all those exigencies that have arisen out of the maelstrom of contested investigations and many conflicting eddies of public sentiment.

You hear that the Middle West is against Taft, but many of the Western men who talk that way will say when asked the question, "Well, I suppose I will vote for him," and if this general opinion prevails it means enough votes to elect him. It will not be an election secured by torchlight processions, red fire, Roman candles and brass bands, but it will be the deliberate choice of the common people. Although in building up a business or in almost any other pursuit, personal friends and those for whom we have admiration are our choice, yet there are other things to be considered, and the personal equation has really little to do in most matters of moment. It is simply the adjustment of matters under the new order of things, and under the strong glare of publicity as it exists today; there is not much else left to the people of the United States to do today but to realize that, after all said and done, William Howard Taft is about the best man for the place.

There are some who would re-elect Roosevelt, clamor for Clark, "whoop-'er-up" for Wilson, hurrah for Harmon, uphold Underwood, or make Marshall president—all of these being splendid men. Yet it always seems to be the unfortunate fate of the Democratic party that about the time they are ready to shake the plum tree, something happens; there is a dis-agreement or schism, and the enthusiasm simmers down. After all, the question should be asked, aside from any partisan fervor, who is the best man to be the President of the United States. And when this is done the old political prophet rises in his corner and says to the newspaper men there gathered in a group about him, "Taft is the man, and Taft it will be.

MRS. W. MORGAN SHUSTER
The wife of the former Treasurer-General of Persia

"And," he continues with a smile, "if you analyze the waves of public opinion during the past ten years you will find I am right."

WHENEVER any foreign event becomes of special interest to America, the State Department is forthwith the mecca to which all the initiated turn for the latest news "from the front," and it is fascinating to stand in the darkened corridors of the department corridor and hear at first hand the latest tidings direct from Persia, on the Shuster situation and Russian massacres; from China on the founding of the new republic, or the latest events of the struggle between Italy and Turkey.

Perhaps the most interesting news to those who came and went through the day concerned the Shuster situation. W. Morgan Shuster was a Washington boy, and at the recommendation of President Taft and Secretary Knox, on the application of the Persian government, was appointed treasurer-general of Persia at a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year for three years. The Persian government was badly in need of a strong hand to take hold of its finances, and the work done by Mr. Shuster revealed the American's remarkable ability.

As the click of instruments was heard and the statements of Mr. Shuster's removal were sent out in manifold typewritten form, it was suggestive of the mutations of time and fortune to realize that the great empire of Xerxes and Cambyses, of Darius and Cyrus, had applied to the New World for effective service and was grateful for the work done by a representative of the new republic.

It is not all warfare in the State Department, however. The fluttering red and white ribbons have more to do with commercial matters than with diplomatic tangles. The question of making a standard cotton bale interested Secretary Knox, and putting on his great horn-rimmed spectacles, he signed an impressive letter on the subject of protection of American foreign trade. Mr. Knox called attention to the excess tare charged in foreign countries against American cotton in comparison with African and Asiatic cotton. It was estimated that this loss amounted to something like twelve million dollars a year, and with information brought to him by Representative Brantley of Georgia, the Secretary strongly recommended that the baling and binding of cotton be standardized and improved so as to prevent the wastage which foreigners allege is the reason for the present high tare.

"What a lot of trouble," remarked one of a group of Congressmen, "about a little tare. Secretary Knox seems to be in a mood to look after any sort of a rip."

"Tare," took up an erudite representative of the State Department, "is the root also from which tariff sprung," and a smile played about the corners of his mouth as he looked from one to another of the legislators who represented all sides of the tariff controversy. Then they all agreed with Representative Brantley and Secretary Knox that they didn't care to have the tare on foreign cotton become converted into another tariff disturbance.

The average bale of cotton weighs five hundred pounds, and, says Mr. Brantley, it is arbitrarily decided abroad that six per cent, or an average of thirty pounds, shall be deducted from the price paid to the American seller for tare, when the actual tare averages only ten pounds.

So it is that the Secretary of State in dealing with all the subtleties of diplomatic questions, finds himself at his best in taking up those practical matters which directly affect the interests of all the cotton planters, traders and manufacturers of the country.

* * *

IN President Taft's message, reviewing the work of the different departments for the year ending June 30, 1911, he began with the financial condition of the government, showing receipts of $701,000,000 and an expenditure of $654,000,000 in round numbers, leaving a surplus of approximately $47,000,000. For the first time in many years the postal revenues left a surplus of receipts over disbursements of $219,000.

Naturally, the President points with pride to the fact that the Post-office Department has proven itself self-supporting under the rigorous supervision of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, and has within two years exchanged a deficit of $17,000,000 for a surplus. In spite of the demand for extended rural free delivery and other expenses, it is believed that next year will see even a greater improvement in postal finances.

The credit of the government is again demonstrated by the ready sale of the three per cent Panama Canal bonds. The efficiency and economy in the Treasury Department is given more than passing notice, and the monetary situation comes in for prominent mention. The Monetary Commission has made its report, in which the imperfections in our banking and currency system are recognized.

The War Department finds consolidations and economy the order of the day. An extension of the enlistment period from three to five years is not approved by the President, who recommends that recruits should be enlisted for six years, serving on active service for three years, and being subject to call in the reserve force for the remaining three.

HON. W. MORGAN SHUSTER OF WASHINGTON
Recently the Treasurer-General of Persia

Presidential enthusiasm runs high over the Panama Canal situation, and it is predicted that the work will be completed before the end of 1913, two years ahead of the original schedule.

Regarding the question of tolls, the President insists that the cost of such a

HON. FRANCIS E. WARREN
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WYOMING, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE IMPORTANT COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS

work should be imposed gradually upon the trade which it creates and makes possible, with a recommendation that tolls on American shipping be reduced or rebated as may best favor our shipping interests.

The "first love" of President Taft in his public career was the Philippine Islands, and on this subject he is able to compress a lot of information into a very short paragraph. He suggests that the legislature of the Philippines be authorized to provide for the naturalization of Filipinos and others who have lived there as aliens, thus enabling them to become citizens. The finances of the Philippine government are in fine condition.

The River and Harbor projects, reaching thirty-two million dollars, are discussed; and the President advocates that appropriations sufficient to make definite and practical progress be made, instead of the old and wasteful tentative appropriations. He decidedly favors government appropriations for the ship channel from Chicago to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico.

The Department of Justice is also commended, with the discretion of a keen lawyer and jurist.

Enthusiasm over turning a seventeen-million-dollar deficit in the Post-office Department into a surplus balance is coupled with a strong recommendation for the reduction of parcels postage, an increase in the weight of parcels, and the gratifying success of the postal savings system. The amount of these savings has already run well up in the millions, distributed in twenty-seven hundred banks, with depositors approximating one hundred and fifty thousand.

At the review of the Atlantic fleet of battleships in New York harbor, the President had an opportunity of seeing in person the splendid squadrons of the American navy, "consisting of twenty-four battleships, two armored cruisers, two cruisers, twenty-two destroyers, twelve torpedo boats, eight submarines and other attendant vessels, making ninety-eight vessels of all classes of a tonnage of 576,634 tons." The President suggests a continuation of the policy of building two battleships a year until the Panama Canal is completed. The consolidation of the navy yards he points out as a "progress in economy," regardless of the local feeling which the destruction of the New England yards will intensify.

The Agricultural Department is chiefly noticed by a reference to the consular reports and the Department of Commerce and Labor. It was a bold stroke for a prospective candidate for the presidency to recommend so strongly that local offices, including collectors of internal revenue and customs, postmasters, immigration commissioners and marshals, should be covered by the classified civil service, thus relieving the President of the time taken in considering and making these appointments and the Senate in their confirmation, which would take away the power of the government to use its patronage for political purposes.

SHERMAN ALLEN
Who has been appointed Assistant Secretary to President Taft

Altogether the message is pronounced one of the most comprehensive reviews of governmental subjects that has ever been made by any President.

THE Presidential message, now delivered in sections, might be said to have something in common with the periodical, and some publishers are wondering if it will be duly entered as second class matter. The messages are printed in pamphlet form, duly distributed, and seem to have a regular "continuous interest" like a serial story.

HON. JOE KIRBY
Of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Abraham Lincoln

The message from the White House on the wool situation was the last thing sent out before the holidays. Then the President was off for New York for a number of addresses and the speech on arbitration before the Economic Club, which was called one of his ablest oratorical efforts. He held the rapt attention of fourteen hundred diners as he earnestly and forcefully expounded and clarified many of the debated problems and intricacies of our arbitration treaties.

* * *

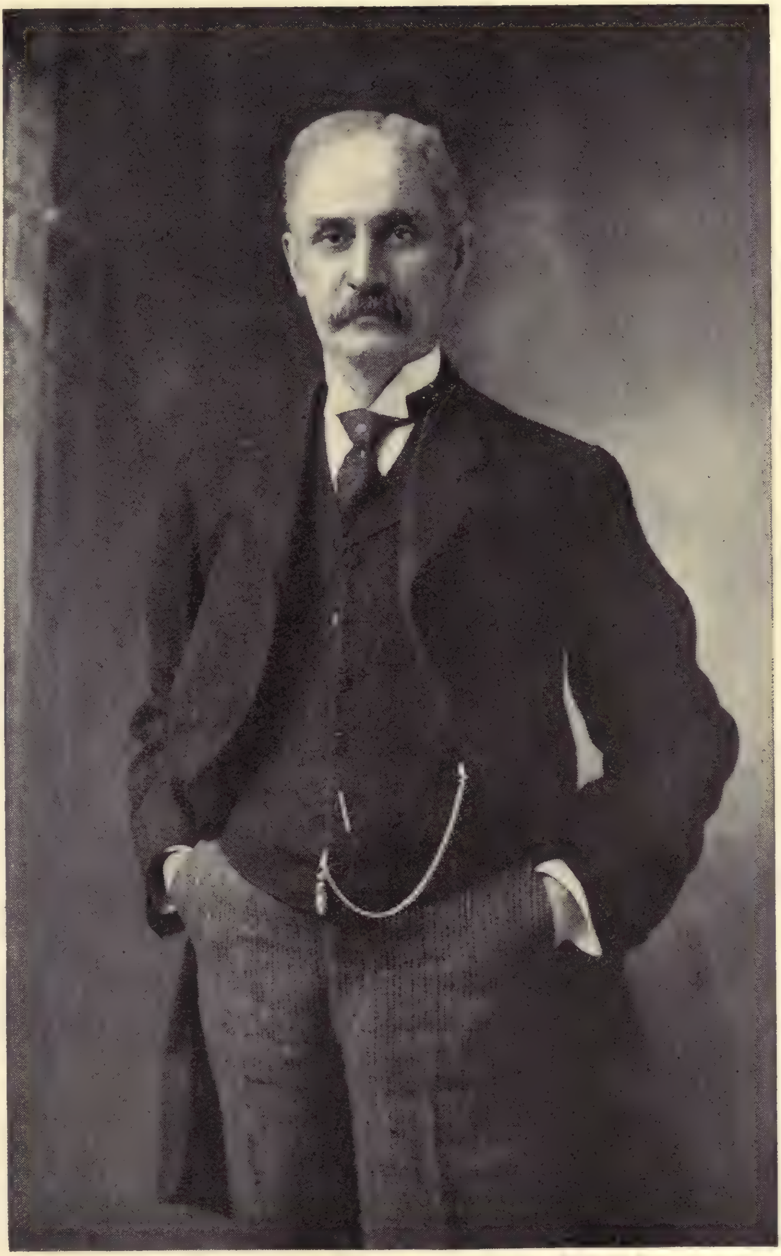
IT is now called "Wyoming Row"—the corridor of the committee rooms on the Senate side. There are the rooms of Senator Warren, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and Senator Clark, chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, two of the strongest committees in Congress, ably headed by the Senators from Wyoming. The appointment of Justice Van Devanter, also of Wyoming, to the Supreme Court is looked upon as a tribute to the good judgment and counsel of Senator Clark.

There has been much discussion concerning the appointment to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Justice Harlan. There were calls from the White House for this and that information, and visitors were interviewed early and late in regard to the fitness of their favorite candidate. Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, was a most likely candidate. His wide training at the bar and his general experience especially fitted him for the bench. Mr. Nagel was born in Texas, but left the state with his father at the beginning of the Civil War and later settled in St. Louis, where he obtained his education. He attended the University of Berlin following his graduation from the St. Louis Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1873. He served on the Missouri legislature as president of the St. Louis City Council, as a member of the St. Louis Law School faculty, and for twenty years has been associated with different matters of public interest. Although he is now two years past the age limit for entrance to the Supreme Court, it was felt in Missouri that no abler man could be raised to the dignity of a seat on the supreme bench than the Missouri member of the President's cabinet.

* * *

SPEAKING of the cosmopolitan life of Washington, I was impressed the other day when riding on a Pennsylvania street car to see sitting side by side an American Indian, a Chinaman, a Hindu, and one of the jolliest looking Irishmen that I ever looked upon. Two Swedes were hanging to straps, and outside on the platform were three liquid-voiced Italians, two negroes and a bushy-whiskered Englishman.

A Philadelphia citizen who noted my amazement, put aside his paper for a



SENATOR C. D. CLARK OF WYOMING

WHO WITH HIS COLLEAGUE, SENATOR WARREN, OCCUPIES QUARTERS IN THE POPULAR "WYOMING ROW."

moment to remark: "Can you beat it anywhere else, on one street car at the same time?"

On another evening in Washington just after the House adjourned, I noticed in the little yellow car that shunts into the Capitol grounds on the Senate side, a member of the Supreme Court, a Congressman, a Senator, a member of the Cabinet, two bureau chiefs, a number of clerks and stenographers and three millionaires, who had been in attendance on the investigations. Remember that this was one of the Washington street-cars, six tickets for a nickel—and everybody had a ticket.

REGINALD DE KOVEN
The composer, whose new musical comedy, "The Wedding Trip," has been given a hearty reception by the public

These scenes of American democracy would have delighted Thomas Jefferson, who made his first appearance at Washington riding his own horse and tying it to a hitching post.

* * *

INTO the waiting-room at the White House walked Dr. Mary Walker, in masculine attire, but with the dainty, quick step of a ladylike little woman. Over her shoulders was thrown a large fur of the kind that every woman wears —Nobody knows—and in her hand she carried a cane, with which she tapped gently but nervously at the Secretary's door. Perhaps this was the second time she had come—anyhow she was impatient, and she gained admittance. As she stood waiting, her eye fell on a little boy, the son of Congressman Austin, who was growing ill at ease waiting for "farver." In an instant Dr. Walker had picked him up and kissed him as only a woman could, and in that little act neither the mannish cane nor masculine attire could disguise the fact that here was a womanly woman who first of all loved children and who was also beloved by them.

Her iron-gray hair, parted a little to one side, was smoothed down in a professional roll. Her narrow, delicate features and high falsetto voice were in strange contrast to her garb, especially when the towering form of Congressman Ollie James, six feet three, swept by. As she passed out a whispered question was caught up and became infectious: "Why didn't she wear a man's overcoat instead of the woman's fur?"

* * *

PASSING through the Circular Room in which the President holds his receptions has often been called "girding the globe," since on the circular carpet the President receives guests from all parts of the world. On the last day I was there I met with a gentleman who thoroughly understood the Chinese revolution and gave me much valuable information concerning the part taken by Dr. Wu Ting Fang, ex-ambassador to the United States and the steps taken to create the new Chinese republic on the ruins of the ancient Manchu dynasty. President Taft has kept himself thoroughly informed as to the progress of events and the intricacies of the situation, and seemed equally well informed concerning the situation in the far East, where Russia is making her long-expected raid on defenceless Persia.

On the same day there were several distinguished callers interested in the Russia-Persian situation; visitors from nearly every state and many foreign countries and even one from distant Australia. There are few more cosmopolitan spots in the cosmopolitan city of Washington than the round rug on which the President receives.

One foreigner remarked, "How heartily he laughs," and added that the head of no other nation of which he could think had the jovial laugh of President Taft, as in the name and service of the Republic he genially received without respect to creed or race representatives of every nation and clime.

The President's desk is always resplendent with beautiful flowers, and the law books on either side, in the room, give it a very legal atmosphere. On one side of his desk hangs the picture of his distinguished father, Judge Alonzo Taft, Secretary of War under President Grant, and on the other side the likeness of his predecessor, ex-President Roosevelt.

* * *

THE Congressman who seems to be especially enjoying himself in these days of political uncertainty and partisan gloom is Victor Berger, the Socialist. He cares not for political precedent or procedure, but sits on the fence and can make faces or do what he pleases.

Scarcely less celebrated is Caleb Powers, formerly elected secretary of state of Kentucky, and three times sentenced to be hanged for an alleged murder, but today an honored Representative from the Blue Grass State.

On the floor of both Houses of Congress may be found men whose history and experiences, if told aright, would make the average popular novel sink into deserved obscurity. There is Henry George, the son of the distinguished author of "Progress and Poverty," a young man of serious mien, earnest and enthusiastic in the advocacy of the single tax principle. Tragedy and comedy are wrapped up in the terse biographical sketches of the Congressional Record.

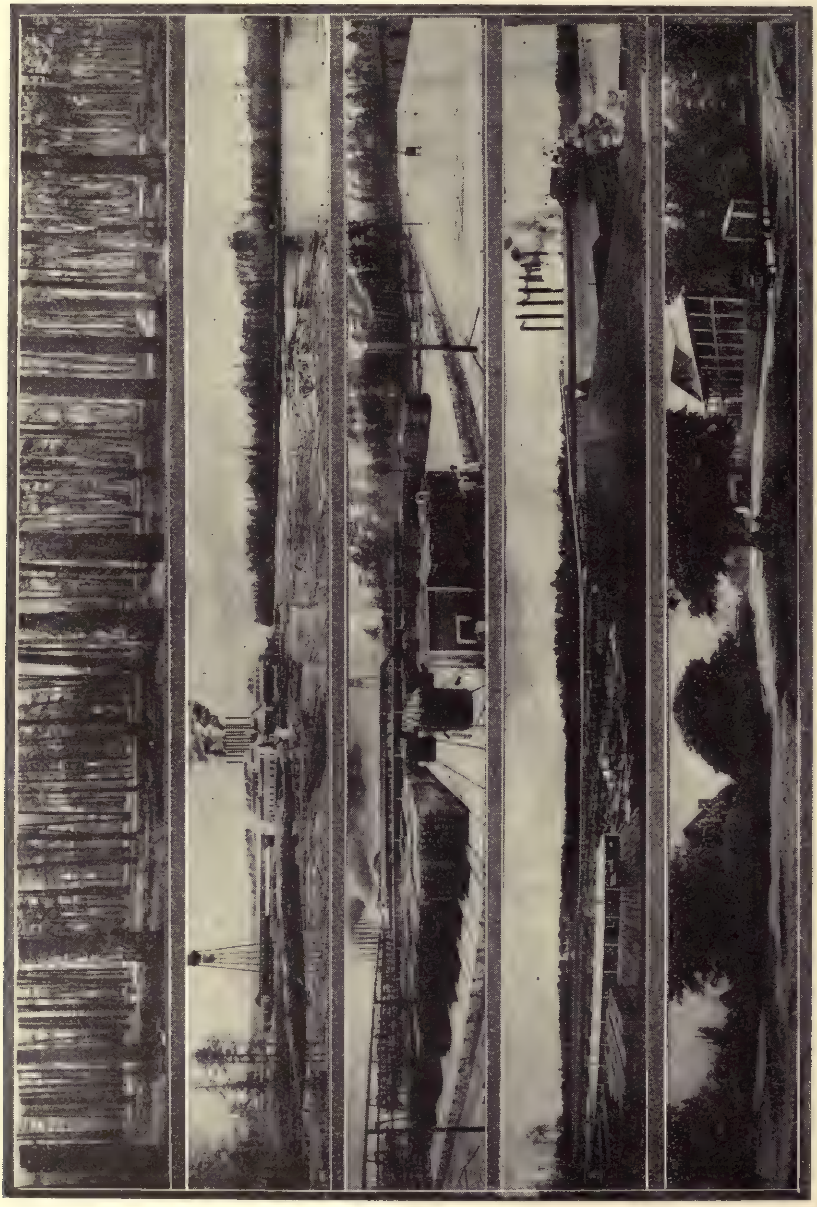
* * *

WHILE the horrors of desert warfare and persistent massacre surround captured Tripoli, and Turk, Arab and Italian advance and retreat in battle and foray, the story of another American soldier of fortune comes to light. One of the vice-admirals of the Turkish navy, Ransford D. Bucknam, Pasha by title, is a New England boy, who lived and went to school in Bucksport, Maine, on the banks of the Penobscot. His remarkable career began when he went to sea in merchant sailing ships at fourteen years of age. Before he was twenty he found himself in Manila harbor on a vessel whose captain and two mates had died of cholera. Young Bucknam had studied navigation and applied for the post of master, which, there being no older and more experienced applicant, was granted him, and he brought the ship and cargo back to America, her desired haven.

VICTOR L. BERGER OF WISCONSIN
First Socialist ever elected as a member of the House of Representatives and enjoying himself in the midst of partisan gloom

In consequence of this service he was for many years known as the "kid captain." While commanding a lake steamer he attracted the attention of John D. Rockefeller, and was given command of the new Standard Oil transport. Later he took service with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and became its superintendent and manager at Panama, but he grew uneasy ashore, and sought the honor of commanding the battleship "Maine" on her trial trip.

In 1904, the year of his marriage, he went to Turkey to deliver the "Medjidia," a modern warship built in America for the Turkish navy, then in a very demoralized condition. This was the first naval vessel the Sultan had purchased which he felt really returned good value for every dollar expended. His Imperial Majesty was also attracted by the frank and open, almost



SCENES OF THE FULLERTON LUMBER COMPANY OF LOUISIANA. THE BUILDINGS ARE OF CONCRETE AND ARE BUILT AROUND AN OLD PLANTATION HOME boyish face of the commander, and he offered Bucknam a position in the Turkish navy, as naval adviser and personal aide-de-camp. Despite the jealousy of Turkish officers, the young American rose rapidly to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and has received all the medals and other Turkish decorations he can conveniently arrange on his splendid, gold-encrusted uniform.

* * *

A NEW sailing ship, to be driven when necessary by auxiliary engines, is effectively described to the Department of Commerce and Labor by Consul Charles A. Holder at Rouen, France:

> The most important feature in the construction of the auxiliary cargo ship "La France," recently launched at Bordeaux, is the installation of two 900 horse-power oil motors, each driving an independent screw. These motors will use heavy oil, the low price of which will be of decided advantage, and the owners believe that this equipment will materially shorten each voyage, as the motors will drive the ship at a speed of eight to ten knots when the wind is not favorable.
>
> The vessel is a five-masted bark, 430 feet in length, with a displacement of 10,560 metric tons (metric ton—2,204.6 pounds) and a draft, when loaded, of twenty-four feet. It has a sail area of 7,774 square yards and a cargo space of 13,027 cubic yards, and will be used between France and New Caledonia. While primarily built for cargo carrying, the vessel has several cabins, a salon, and a dining-room of modern type, arranged for possible passengers.

The owners of "La France" recently experimented with oil motors in the bark "Quevilly," as noted in the Daily Consular and Trade Reports for April 25, 1911, and the NATIONAL MAGAZINE of about the same period.

The success of such vessels is sure to give a new impetus to wooden shipbuilding, and the use of sails in conjunction with auxiliary motors burning low-grade oils because, as pointed out in recent articles, there are many places where wooden ships of the most lasting type can still be built, and with auxiliary engines can compete with the average tramp steamer in carrying heavy freight.

* * *

CONSULAR reports received at the Department of Commerce and Labor often contain intensely interesting information. From the American headquarters in Bulgaria comes news from the Valley of the Roses, Bulgaria, where the greater part of the farms are devoted to the culture of the deep-hued, crimson, odorous, Oriental rose, some seven thousand acres being in full bloom in 1910. Nearly all of the crop is devoted to the distillation of the famous attar of roses, 5,550 pounds of which were produced in 1910, valued at $130 per pound; or $720,242 for the district, which had yielded 11,000 pounds valued at $81 per pound, or $895,436 in 1909. Hitherto the authorities have prohibited the importation of the oil of geranium, which costs only about $2.60 per pound, and is largely used to adulterate the pure attar; but the 1911 crop has so suffered from frost that the distillers have paid as high as four cents a pound for rose leaves, against the usual price of one and

REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES H. DAVIS

One of the heroes of the battle at Santiago, who has achieved distinction in art. Thirty-two of his paintings have been on exhibition at the Corcoran Art Gallery. Although he never had any instruction, Admiral Davis ranks among America's masters of landscape painting in water colors one-half cents. It is so certain that adulteration will be general this season that it is proposed to let in the geranium oil and recognize the weaker mixture as a regular factor in the business.

The ladies may find in this information a hint to lay in their supply of attar of roses from last season's importations.

His death excited more than the usual tenderness of regret at Washington, as indeed, it did all over the country, for notwithstanding the nickname of "Fighting Bob Evans," his pugnacity was of the manly, chivalrous sort, and was underlain by the same greatness of heart that ordered his men in the supreme moment of victory, after the fierce rush and fury of the sea fight of Santiago, not to cheer, for their foes were dying.

In society he was beloved for his warmth and enthusiasm, which long service and advancing years had only mellowed and made more admirable and dignified. The hearty approval or contempt with which he commented on men and events was refreshing to many friends who recognized the diplomatic reserve which characterizes Washington converse.

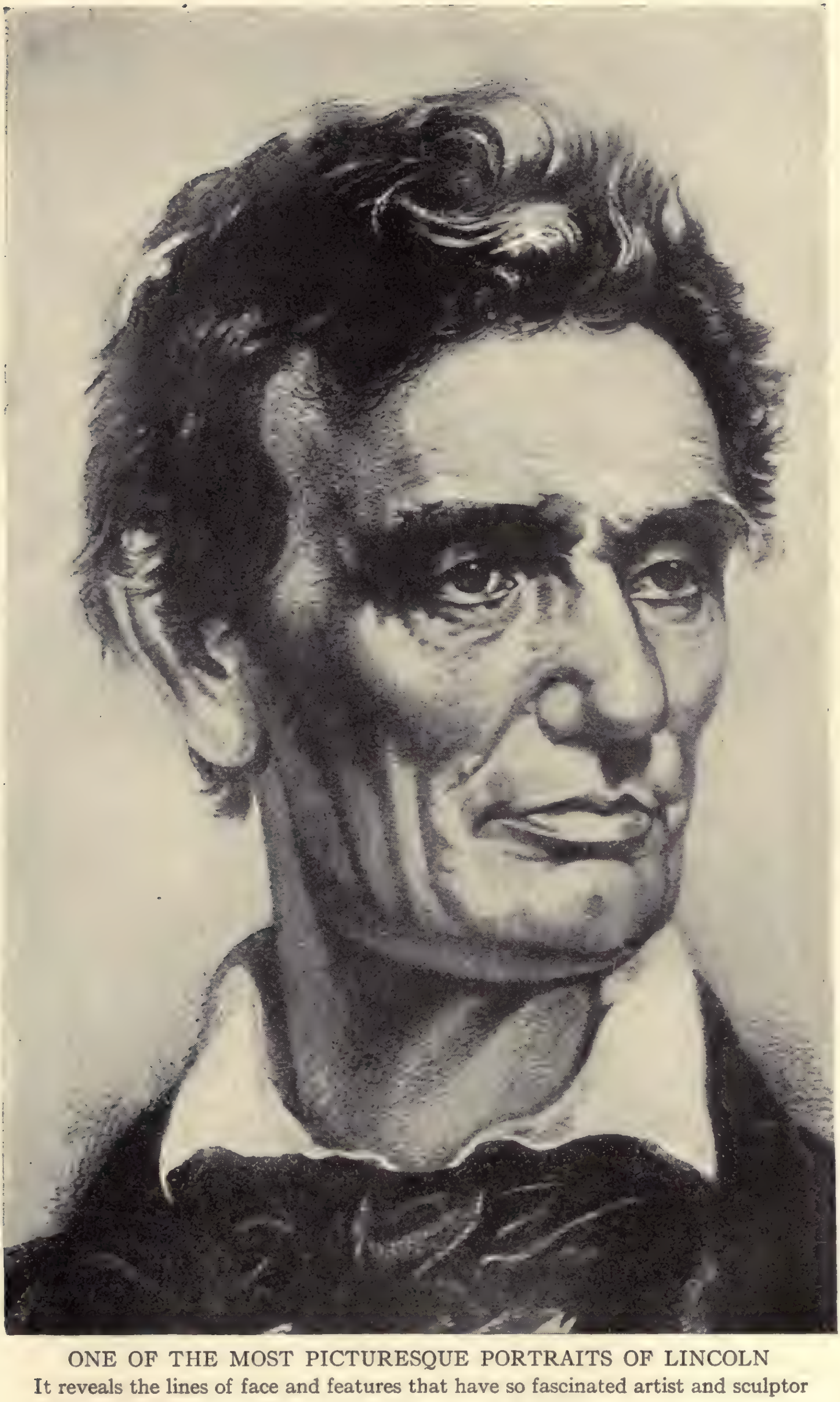
THE LATE ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS
Familiarly and affectionately known as "Fighting Bob"

FOR some reason the commander of a man-of-war is generally looked upon by his crew with a closer affection or dislike than an officer in the army, and as a rule there are few martinets in the sea-service. Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans was one of those sea captains of the old school who cared for the comfort and feelings of his men, and whose reproofs, although strong, left no sting behind them.

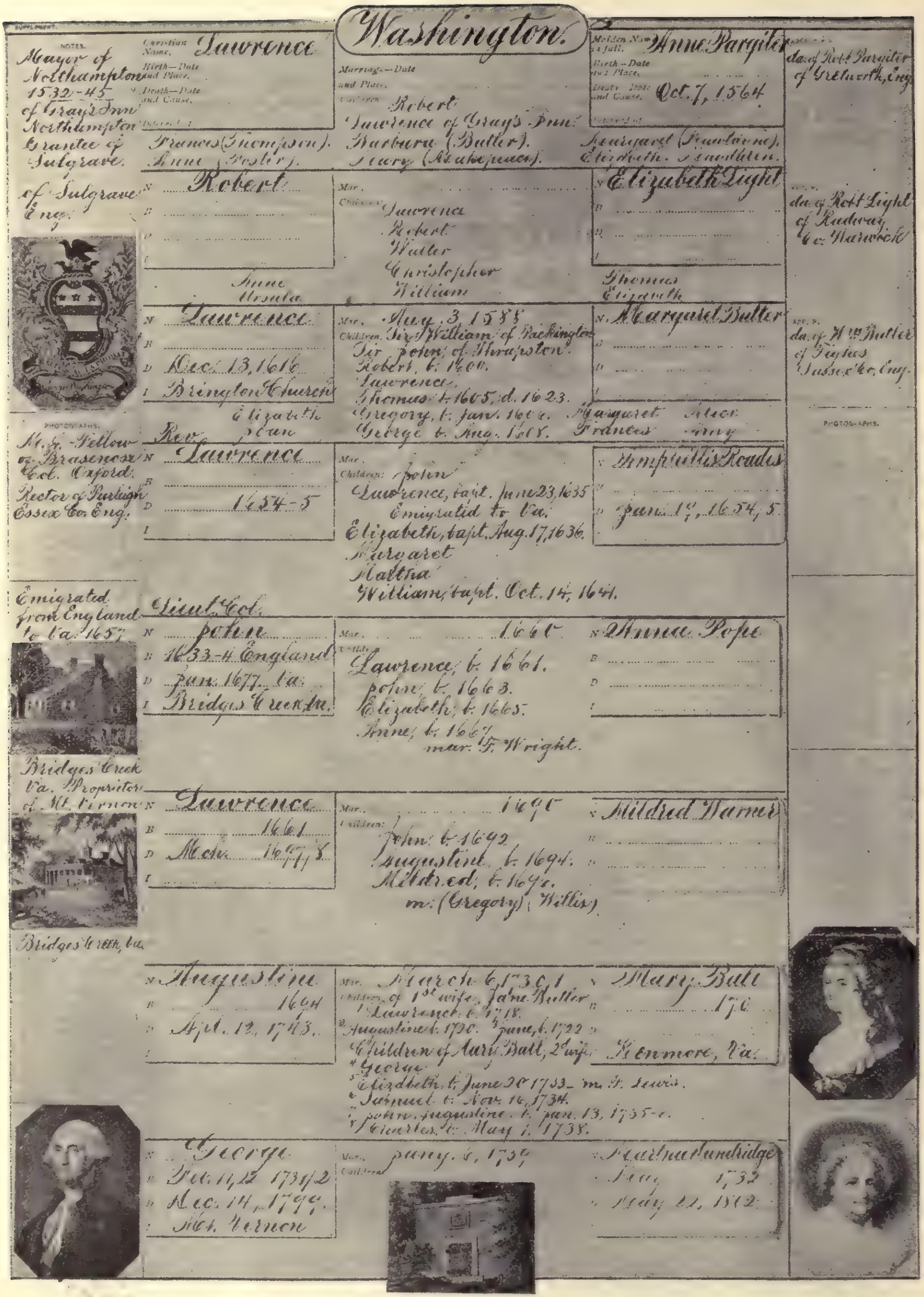
* * *

TOURISTS passing up or down the historic Potomac little realize that during the hours of night all craft salute the site of Washington's birthplace, where a beacon-light ever gleams upon the shore to light the mariner on his devious way up or down the Potomac.

Only a clump of small trees marked the historic site, until in 1815 a stone was placed on the spot by George W. P. Custis. At one time there stood here, on the banks of the Potomac in Westmoreland County, a one-story, lowpitched house. It was built in 1657 by Washington's grandfather, about whom many interesting stories are told. It is recorded that he was "remarkably tall, and delighted in field sports"; the heavy gun which he used when hunting in the Virginia fields is still preserved. To his son, the father of George Washington, he gave the classical name of Augustine. Augustine Washington is said to have been devotedly



ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN
It reveals the lines of face and features that have so fascinated artist and sculptor



SUPPLEMENT.

Washington.

NOTES.
Mayor of Northampton 1532-45
of Gray's Inn Northampton
Grantee of Sulgrave.

Christian Name. Lawrence
Birth—Date and Place.
Death—Date and Cause.
Interred at

Marriage—Date and Place.
Children: Robert
Lawrence of Gray's Inn.
Frances (Thompson). Barbara (Butler). Margaret (Pawlaine).
Anne (Foster). Mary (Makepeace). Elizabeth. [illegible]

Maiden Name in full. Anne Pargiter
Birth—Date and Place.
Death—Date and Cause. Oct. 7, 1564
Interred at

da. of Robt Pargiter of Greatworth, Eng.

of Sulgrave Eng.

N Robert
B
D
I

Mar.
Children: Lawrence
Robert
Walter
Christopher
William
Anne
Ursula
Thomas
Elizabeth

N Elizabeth Light
B
D
I

da. of Robt Light of Radway, Co. Warwick

N Lawrence
B
D Dec. 13, 1616
I Brington Church

Mar. Aug. 3 1588
Children. Sir William of Packington
Sir John of Thrapston.
Robert, b. 1600.
Lawrence.
Thomas b. 1605, d. 1623.
Gregory, b. Jan. 160?.
George b. Aug. 1608.
Elizabeth
Joan
Margaret
Alice
Frances
Amy

N. Margaret Butler
B
D
I

da. of Wm Butler of Tighes Sussex Co. Eng.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

M.A. Fellow of Brasenose Col. Oxford. Rector of Purleigh Essex Co. Eng.

Rev. Lawrence
N Lawrence
B
D 1654-5
I

Mar.
Children: John
Lawrence, bapt. June 23, 1635
Emigrated to Va.
Elizabeth, bapt. Aug. 17, 1636.
Margaret
Martha
William, bapt. Oct. 14, 1641.

N Amphillis Roades
B
D Jan. 1?, 1654, 5.

Emigrated from England to Va. 1657

Lieut. Col.
N John
B 1633-4 England
D Jan. 1677 Va.
I Bridges Creek Va.

Mar. 1660.
Children. Lawrence, b. 1661.
John, b. 1663.
Elizabeth, b. 1665.
Anne, b. 1667
mar. F. Wright.

N Anna Pope
B
D
I

Bridges Creek Va. Proprietor of Mt. Vernon

N Lawrence
B 1661
D Mch. 1697/8
I

Mar. 1690
Children: John b. 1692
Augustine, b. 1694.
Mildred, b. 1696.
m. (Gregory) (Willis)

N Mildred Warner
B
D
I

Bridges Creek, Va.

N Augustine
B 1694
D Apl. 12, 1743.
I

Mar. March 6, 1730/1
Children. of 1st wife, Jane Butler
1 Lawrence b. 1718.
2 Augustine b. 1720. 3 Jane, b. 1722
Children of Mary Ball, 2d wife.
4 George
5 Elizabeth b. June 20 1733 m. F. Lewis.
6 Samuel b. Nov. 16, 1734.
7 John Augustine b. Jan. 13, 1735-6.
8 Charles b. May 1, 1738.

N Mary Ball
B 170?
D
I Kenmore, Va.

N George
B Feb. 11/22 1731/2
D Dec. 14, 1799.
I Mt. Vernon

Mar. Jany. 6, 1759
Children

N Martha Dandridge
B May 1732
D May 22, 1802.

THE GENEALOGY OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY, WITH PORTRAIT OF MARY BALL WASHINGTON, AND OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON fond of his boy, and in a way to have foreseen the greatness that would come to him. One year, it is said, the father planted flowers in the garden, spelling out the name of his son, George Washington, in gorgeous blossoms. A steadfast, upright man, he declared in the last hours of his life: "I thank God that I never struck a man in anger, and I die in peace with all mankind"—a fitting sentiment for the life work of his distinguished son.

* * *

THE life of Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George Washington, furnishes many incidents that reflect the indomitable will and energy of the Father of His Country. In the neighborhood about Westmoreland County it was always declared that Mrs. Washington had a serene judgment and dignified kindliness that made her a majestic figure in Virginian society. Lawrence Washington declared that he could never stand in the presence of Mary, the mother of Washington, without a feeling of awe.

When writing her, Washington always employed the formal salutation "Honored Madam" and used the closing "I am, Honored Madam, your obedient son." This formality continued even after he had grown to manhood. After an absence of seven years, during which he had led his men to victory and his country to independence, he dispatched a messenger to his mother's home with the request, "When will it be your pleasure to receive me?"

She received him with all the queenly dignity of a proud mother, but the moment he crossed the threshold of her room and she looked again on the towering form of her beloved son, her mother's heart gave way to the full flood of maternal tenderness. Majestic, undemonstrative, regal in bearing, yet with an unfaltering mother love, Mary, the mother of Washington, had no small part in the moulding of one of the world's greatest characters.

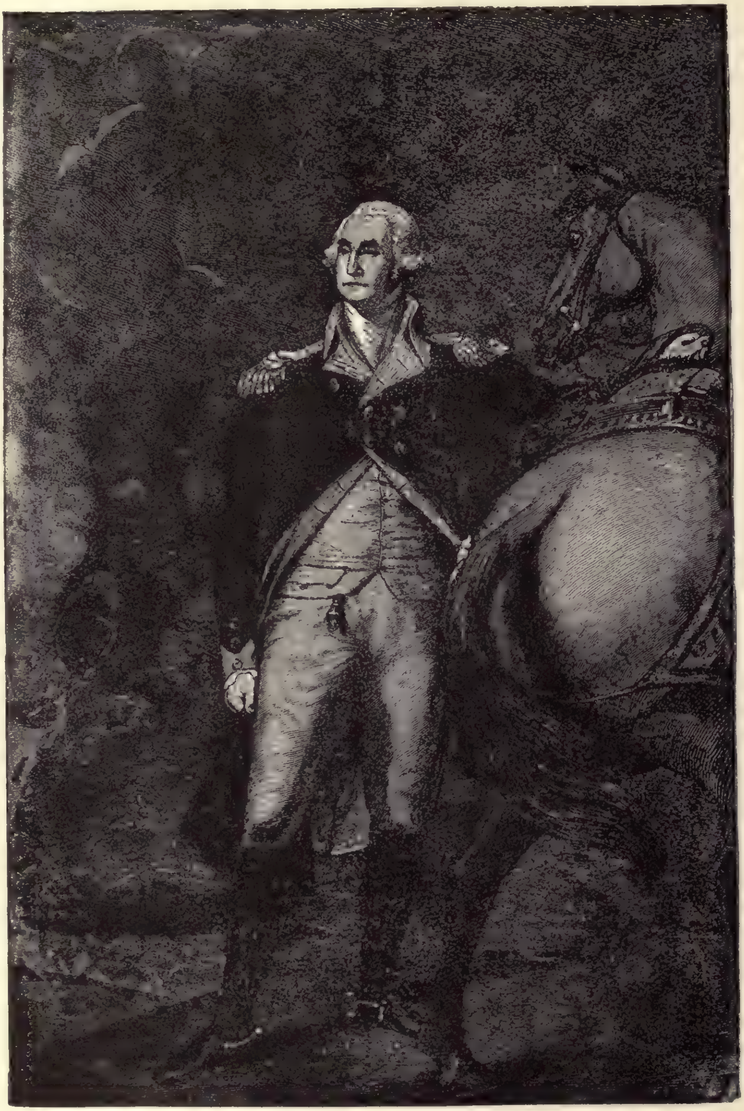
* * *

THE banquets of the Gridiron Club have long been features of Washington life, and no public man can escape the ingenious and searching wit of its inquisitors. At the opening meeting the Supreme Court justices came in for their share of genial criticism, Colonel Roosevelt had his usual allotment of good-natured satire, while Doctor Wiley was given special attention.

There was genuine "grand opera," and

MRS. LOUIS BACON

Formerly Miss Mary Southerland, daughter of Admiral W. H. H. Southerland, and a close friend of Miss Helen Taft. The Bacon-Southerland wedding was one of the events of Washington's social season



GEORGE WASHINGTON AT DORCHESTER HEIGHTS, 1776

His masterly movement in the face of a disciplined army and occupation of a position commanding the city of Boston and its harbor compelled its evacuation by General Howe and the retreat of a powerful fleet 136 years ago; since which time Boston has never been threatened by invasion a speech delivered by a gentleman impersonating Colonel Bryan, in which he declared his warm admiration for Harmon, his friendship for Champ Clark and his sympathy for Congressman Underwood, although he asserted that his vote would be for Taft.

The political situation of the G. O. P. was touched upon, and the distinguished guests who attended the festivities heartily joined in the spirit of the occasion. The Gridiron Club still maintains its position of having previously entertained every man who became President, and a rush of invitations for the present year is predicted.

* * *

EVER since there has been a "cloakroom," members of Congress have been wont to tell "George Washington stories." This was maintained until Andrew Johnson appeared on the scene, and then stories, good and bad, concerned "Old Hickory." Jackson was followed by Lincoln, and now every time there is a really good, funny story, it is honestly heralded as a Lincoln anecdote. Statisticians have computed that it would have taken Lincoln every minute of at least a hundred years to relate all the stories accredited to him.

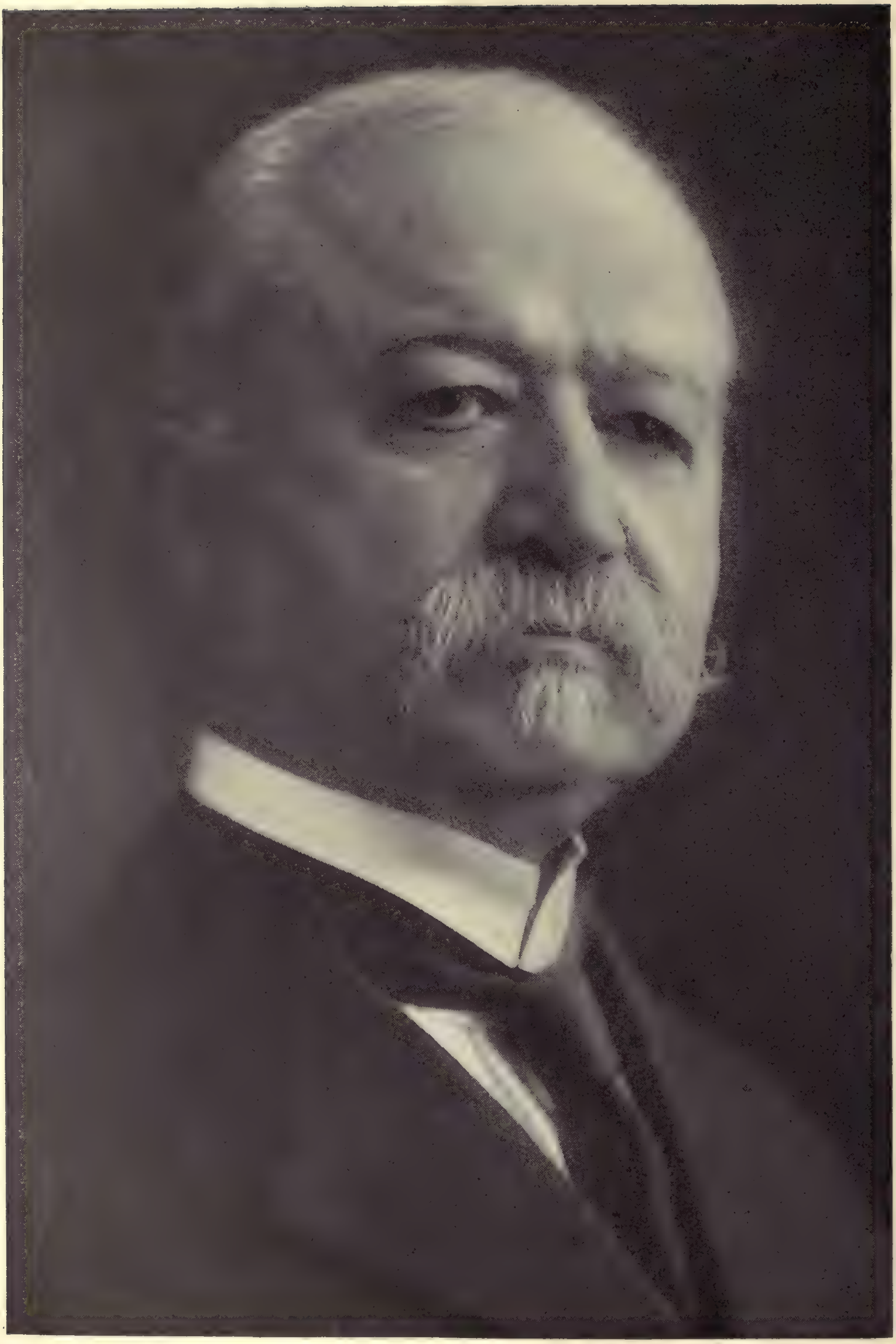
HON. JOHN BARRETT
Director of the Pan-American Union, who is en route for Latin America on a trip to further the interests of the Union

And now the question is: Who will be Lincoln's successor as the traditionary source of popular anecdotes?

* * *

THE majesty of the law was again emphasized in a decision of the Supreme Court holding the city of Chicago liable for damage occasioned by mobs and riots. During a strike in Chicago in 1863 a six-story building was attacked. Judgment was obtained against the city, which was appealed to the Supreme Court on the grounds that the law making the city responsible for damage resulting from riots was unconstitutional, but the Supreme Court of the United States in no uncertain words affirmed the validity of the Illinois legislation, declaring that the tendency of the statute was to uphold the majesty of the law and that cities are responsible for property destroyed by mobs or riots.

SENATOR ATLEE POMERENE OF OHIO
Who has taken the reins in furthering the presidential nomination of Governor Judson Harmon

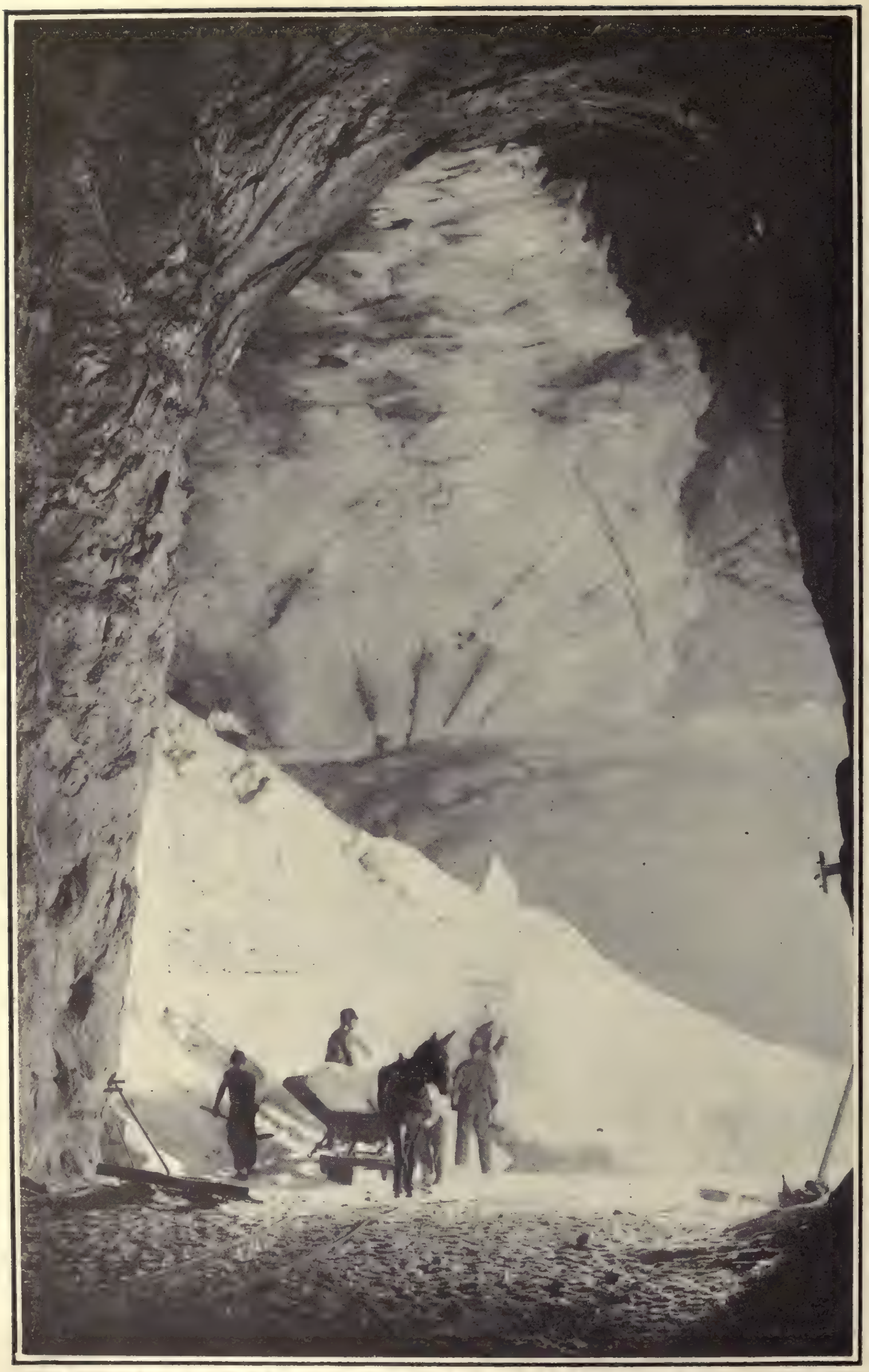


HON. MURPHY J. FOSTER

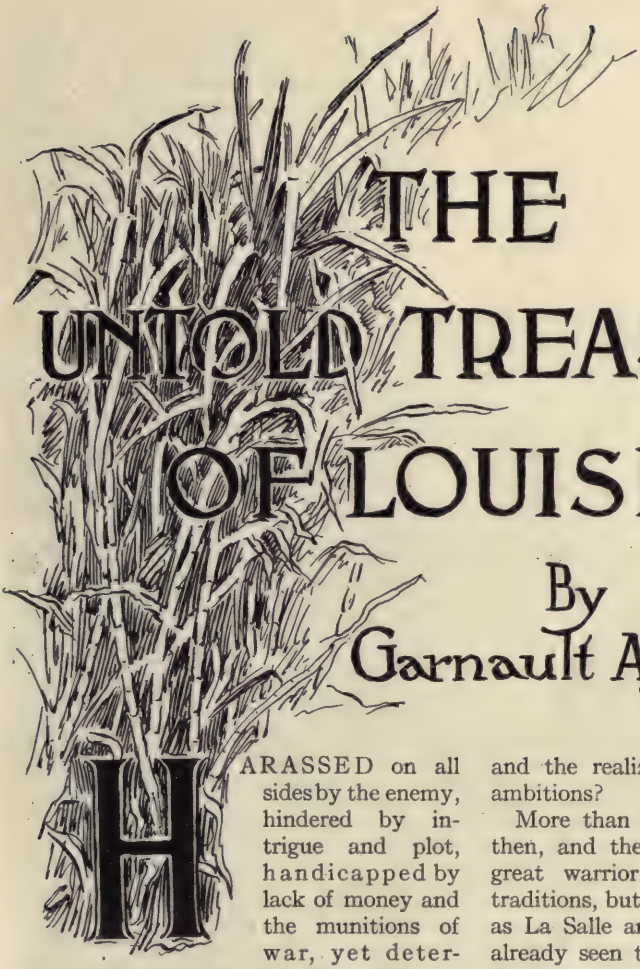
ENIOR SENATOR FROM LOUISIANA, FOR EIGHT YEARS GOVERNOR OF HIS STATE AND ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE UPPER HOUSE OF CONGRESS SINCE HIS UNANIMOUS ELECTION IN 1901

HON. JARED Y. SANDERS

Governor of Louisiana



FIVE HUNDRED FEET BENEATH THE SURFACE, VERITABLE MAMMOTH CAVES, CUT FROM THE SOLID, TRANSPARENT ROCK, SEEMINGLY BY A MASTER HAND. LOUISIANA'S GREAT ROCK SALT MINES WELL MIGHT BE THE FANTASTIC CAVERNS THAT INSPIRED THE FACILE PENS OF SUCH VISIONARY ROMANTICISTS AS JULES VERNE AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



THE UNTOLD TREASURES OF LOUISIANA

By Garnault Agassiz

HARASSED on all sides by the enemy, hindered by intrigue and plot, handicapped by lack of money and the munitions of war, yet determined to triumph in the end, no matter what the cost, Napoleon Bonaparte, yielding to the temptation of the moment, the exigency of the hour, sacrificed, by a single stroke of the pen, and for a price that well might be compared to Esau's mess of pottage, all the glories that were left to France in the New World; all the glories of that vast empire, Louisiana—Louisiana, the pride and the hope of the Bourbons.

To the great Corsican, however, the sale of Louisiana spelt no sacrifice, for to him Louisiana was a huge wilderness; indefinable, unexplored. True, it had its traditions and its dreams of the future, but what were traditions and dreams compared with fifteen million dollars in gold and the realization of his own personal ambitions?

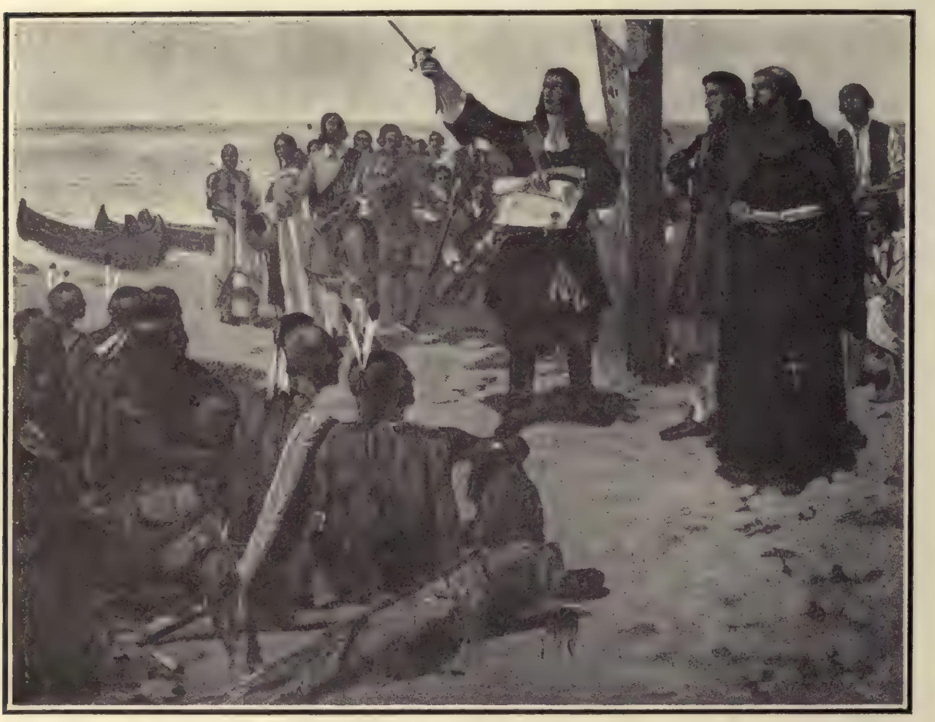
More than a century has passed since then, and the unrealized ambitions of a great warrior have themselves become traditions, but the dreams of such pioneers as La Salle and Bienville, have they not already seen their realization in the thirteen great commonwealths that have been carved in whole or in part from this discredited region—commonwealths rich in natural resources, bringing forth in profusion all the chief fruits of the earth, settled in hill and in dale by a happy and prosperous people, and having an aggregate annual assessment of over ten billion dollars and an aggregate wealth of at least a hundred billion?

One hundred billion dollars—could the shades of Napoleon contemplate it—for the identical territory that that soldier in distress sold for a paltry fifteen million!

Nor was Napoleon alone in his failure to appreciate the future possibilities of this wonderful region. When Thomas Jefferson, father of Independence, third

President of the United States, and beyond question one of the greatest statesmen that this nation has given birth to, seeing, in the broadness of his vision, the Louisiana of the tomorrow depicted on the horizon of the today, ratified the historic Louisiana Purchase treaty—an agreement now recognized universally as a masterstroke of statecraft—many there were who condemned such action as inimical to the best interests of the nation as a whole, basing their argument on the generally accepted assertion that of all that great wilderness the only portion that could be commercially developed was that comparatively small area on the Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico, then known as the "Eden of Louisiana," to differentiate it from the territory as a whole.

But strange as it may seem, the "Eden of Louisiana"—the Louisiana of today—conceded from almost the very day of her settlement to be the future agricultural cornerstone of the New World, has been less developed, commensurate with her possibilities, than any of the thirteen states that the Louisiana Purchase gave to the American Union—and yet there can be no question that in the wealth of her natural resources, the productivity of her soil, the geniality of her climate, not to mention her regular and bountiful rainfall, her magnificent system of inland waterways, her diversified agriculture, her great fisheries, and her many other untold advantages, she is richer far than any of these.



MARCHAND'S INTERPRETATION OF LA SALLE CLAIMING LOUISIANA FOR FRANCE—THE PAINTING THAT INSPIRED THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE OF THE MAGAZINE

Why is it, then, that Louisiana with all her wonderful advantages, has not experienced the development that would seem to be her due? Why have men, in their eagerness to better their conditions, gone out, in advance of civilization, into our own Great West, into far northern Canada and Alaska, under the very shadow of the Arctic circle itself, combatting the ravages of winter, the droughts of summer, laboring from sun-up to sun-down, they and their wives and their children, too often to wrest a mere existence from the soil, instead of following the line of least resistance—the course of the river or creek that meandered by their very gates—to Louisiana, the land where, in the poetic words of Longfellow, the grass grows more in a single night than in a whole Canadian summer?

To this seeming phenomenon there have been many contributing factors.

A BEAUTIFUL LOUISIANA DRIVE

Before the War, Louisiana, from an agricultural standpoint, was in many respects the banner state of the Union. Her great plantations were the pride of the nation. Rich beyond her needs in her resources of cotton and sugar, secure in her feudal system of labor, prosperous to a degree, she neither invited nor needed to invite capital or labor to her shores.

Some idea of her prosperity can be gained from the fact that many of her alluvial lands, valued today at from twenty-five to fifty dollars an acre, were then held in reserve for from a hundred to two hundred; indeed, it is estimated that sixty per cent more lands in the alluvial parishes were under cultivation then than now.

The War dealt a more lasting blow to Louisiana, perhaps, than to any other state in the South, for it spelt not alone the death-knell of her feudal system of labor, not alone the despoliation of her homes and crops, not alone the ruination of her banks, the destruction of her manufactories, but, above all, the demolition of her great system of levees, by which, after years of toil and patient effort, the waters of the mighty Mississippi had been brought at last under human control.

For the Mississippi River, the "Father of Waters," who "seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean" —the river which in countless ages has reclaimed almost the whole state of Louisiana from the indefinable waters of the Gulf—a potent power for good controlled, uncontrolled would be a tremendous factor for evil, a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, spreading prosperity and contentment on the one hand, on the other, destruction and woe.

Nearly twenty years elapsed before Louisiana found herself financially able to reconstruct her great levee system. True, private owners, and in a dilatory way the state, had done some work toward this end, but to what purpose can be seen when one learns that the losses from crevasses alone amounted in 1882 to a much larger sum than the figure represented by the entire state assessment for the same year.

And it was this extraordinary finding that awoke not only the people of Louisiana but of the entire Mississippi Valley to the paramount necessity of inaugurating an intelligent system of levee protection. The federal government, awakening to its responsibilities, also agreed to aid financially in the work. And it has stood by its promise nobly, in the last six years having contributed no less than three million dollars annually to the cause.

In the past few years, under a competent central engineering force, and the supervision of no less than seventeen individual levee boards, the levee system of Louisiana has been brought up to a wonderful state of perfection; to a point where the Mississippi River, bound hand and foot, with scant opportunity of ever again breaking a single thong, is no longer a source of danger or dread, but a source of wonderful benefit to the future trade and commerce of the nation at large.

THE "HEALTH TRAIN" OF THE LOUISIANA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH RECEIVING AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME AT A NORTH LOUISIANA TOWN

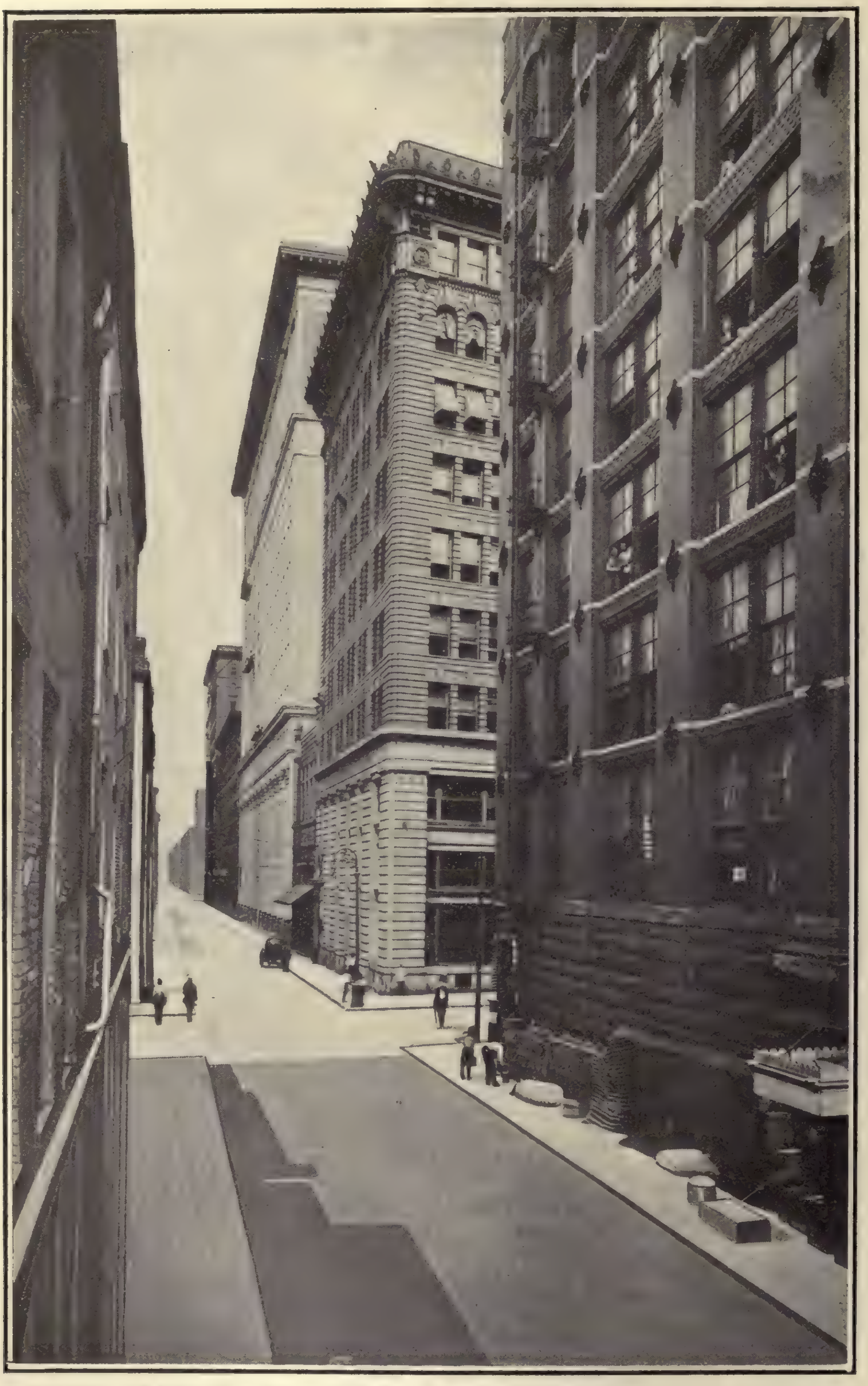
Patrolled night and day during seasons of high water, every foot of Louisiana's wonderful levee system is sentinelled just as vigilantly as are the ramparts of a fortress; sentinelled for the slightest indication of sepiage, for sepiage spells the loosening of the thongs with which man keeps the mighty Father of Waters forever a bondsman.

Another factor that has retarded the development of Louisiana has been the bugaboo of yellow fever.

Fifteen years ago yellow fever might have been a legitimate factor in keeping people from Louisiana, for it is an incontrovertible fact that New Orleans, as a port of entry for tropical Central America, was subject to intermittent epidemics of this disease, just as New York or Boston, without rigid quarantine measures, would be subject to outbreaks of cholera or the bubonic plague. Sanitary conditions in New Orleans, however, have changed radically in the past ten years; the old open sewers have been superseded by a modern drainage system, adequate quarantine laws have been introduced, and general health conditions have been materially improved. New Orleans has not had a single case of yellow fever for more than seven years—and scientists say she will never have another, for in the past decade, from an unknown dreaded disease, this ailment has become a treatable and preventable malady, easily confined to certain delimits. The medical conquest of the tropics constitutes one of the most remarkable scientific accomplishments of all time.

To the nation at large, too, Louisiana has been, until very recently, a state of malarial swamps, with New Orleans, Shreveport, Baton Rouge, and a few other important commercial centers, her only oases, and only now are men beginning to appreciate the fact that she is a land of terraced hill and undulating valley, noble forests, fertile prairies—a land with an ever-changing landscape in a thousand moods. True, she has her swamps, eleven million acres of them, or nearly one-third of the total area of the state. But these swamps, for centuries things, anathema, accursed, she now regards as her greatest heritage. For Louisiana's swamps, for the most part, are not swamps in the generally accepted sense of the term, but rich alluvial and prairie lands, inundated by the overflow of the state's many fine waterways, and readily susceptible to

A FIELD OF SEED ONIONS ON RECLAIMED LAND



GRAVIER STREET, THE "WALL STREET" OF NEW ORLEANS, ON A SUNDAY MORNING economical reclamation. And even her cypress swamps, valueless up to ten years ago, are now numbered among Louisiana's untold treasures.

But the one factor more than any other that was responsible for Louisiana's slow growth was the pernicious factor system, with its attendant negro-tenant and one-crop features. The war freed the Louisiana bondsman, it is true, but it made a veritable slave of many of the free men, slaves to a system of monetary servitude that prevented Louisiana from occupying her merited position in the vanguard of the world's agriculture for nearly half a century.

Under the obnoxious factor system, the factor agreed to advance a planter enough money to make his crop on condition that he would devote so many acres of his farm to the cultivation of cotton, sugar or rice, as the case might be, and designate him as his broker in the marketing of the crop. This sounded all very well. The money was turned over, the crop was made, the harvest was abundant—for a time the factor seemed to be a philanthropist indeed. Then came the day of reckoning. The New York bank said to the New Orleans bank, "Pay"; the New Orleans bank said to the country bank, "Pay"; the country bank said to the factor, "Pay"; the factor said to the planter, "Pay." And all he could do was to sell his crop, irrespective of market conditions or his hopes of the future.

A good crop and a bad year, a strange anomaly. But the planter has grown only one crop, perhaps on the negro tenant basis. He has purchased his mules in Missouri or Texas, his corn in Illinois or Indiana, his oats in Kansas or Iowa, his own provisions in almost every state of the Union. The day of settlement finds him literally a bankrupt—the only hope of the tomorrow, the factor and another year.

That hope of the tomorrow, the factor and another year, held good for more than forty years, and it might have held good for forty more had not Nature herself intervened—Nature in the shape of the intrepid boll weevil who, in his forced march from Mexico, camped with his legions on the snow-white cotton fields of Louisiana, and in a single night, as it were, undermined the whole industrial fabric of the state.

For a time things looked desperate indeed to the Louisiana cotton planter, but just as water finds its own level, so man, failing in one direction, inevitably courts

A FIELD OF WHITE CLOVER AND A WELL-BRED HORSE
Both products of North Louisiana

success in another—and the direction taken by the Louisiana planter was one that spelt not only salvation to him, but pointed him to a greater success than he had ever dared to dream. That road was diversified farming.

What diversified farming has done for the Louisiana planter needs no recital. It is what it has done for the planter everywhere who depended for his success on one staple crop. When the boll weevil made its appearance in Louisiana, the state's corn crop was less than a quarter of a million bushels, last year it was fifty-eight million, and next year it promises to reach seventy-five million bushels. And what is true of corn is true also of oats, wheat, rye and every other staple crop.

Two or more crops can be grown anywhere in Louisiana, and in some sections, under favorable conditions, three and four. The two most widely grown crops are potatoes and peanuts; oats and sweet potatoes, oats and June corn, sweet and Irish potatoes, and in every case cowpeas, velvet beans, or some other self-nitrogenous crop can be sown in the corn. Throughout North and Middle Louisiana there are many large farms that would do credit to Illinois or Indiana, farms that are conducted on the most improved scientific lines, that employ the very latest machinery, and that return a dividend on the investment that to the average Northern farmer would seem incredible. In a majority of instances these farms are absolutely self-sustaining, raising everything that is required for their maintenance, and breeding their own horses and mules. These large farms raise chiefly oats, corn, cotton, wheat, Irish and sweet potatoes, lespedeza, Bermuda and other hays, truck, live stock and poultry.

LESPEDEZA IS FINDING GREATER FAVOR WITH LOUISIANA FARMERS EVERY YEAR

As an illustration of what a Louisiana farm is capable of under intelligent management and scientific crop rotation might be mentioned the splendid plantation of J. H. and R. W. Boisseau, of Shreveport. This farm has eleven hundred acres under cultivation. Up to a few years ago it was essentially a cotton plantation, over eleven hundred acres being under cultivation to the cotton plant, and one hundred acres in corn constituting the factotum of everything else raised. Then came the boll weevil, with its demand for changed conditions. Unlike many other Louisiana planters at the time, the Boisseau brothers were not so discouraged with the future as to neglect their farm entirely or lease it out on a profit-sharing basis to negro tenants. They foresaw that new conditions called for new methods, and with this resolve in view prepared to enter the field of diversified farming on an elaborate scale. And the results have been all that could have been desired. Last year this plantation cultivated:—three hundred acres of alfalfa, yielding four to six tons an acre, valued at thirteen dollars to twenty-five dollars a ton, conditioned on the season and market; two hundred acres of oats, yielding, without fertilizer, from forty to eighty-five bushels an acre, the yield being conditioned on the time of planting; twenty-five acres of wheat, yielding twenty-five bushels to the acre; three hundred acres of cotton, averaging nearly a bale to the acre; twenty acres of peanuts, and a large acreage of pasturage and truck.

This farm maintained, in addition to its two hundred work animals, nearly all home raised, some three hundred head of cattle, five hundred graded hogs, a large number of sheep, some poultry, and shipped something every working day in the year. Its gross income was $78,000, of which $25,000 was clear profit. Not a bad return on the investment!

The little town of Mansura, in Avoyelles Parish, is another concrete example of the success of diversified farming in Louisiana. In 1908, when this town depended on the one-crop system for its upbuilding, marketing about four thousand bales of cotton a year, its only bank had total deposits of $52,000. In the fall of 1910 only a thousand bales of cotton were sold in the town, but diversified farming had so enriched the surrounding country that the deposits of that bank had increased to $102,000, in spite of the fact that five other banks had been established in the parish in the interim.

* * *

WITH the farmer beginning to appreciate more and more the great possibilities of intelligent corn culture, Louisiana is fast taking a ranking position

A NORTH LOUISIANA ALFALFA SCENE—FOURTH CUTTING among the leading corn states of the country. And this is as it should be, for in the general scheme of diversified farming, corn is unquestionably the most important unit. The yield is being steadily increased, not by fertilization alone, but by deep plowing, adequate cultivation and a systematic rotation of crops.

Nothing is more important to the corn grower than the question of deep plowing. Under the old three-inch method of plowing the yield for the whole state was less than twelve bushels to the acre, while twenty-five bushels was a splendid average for even the most productive soil. Deep plowing has increased the yield, irrespective of conditions, wherever tried. This has been remarkably demonstrated by a Louisiana farmer, who this year, by plowing to a uniform depth of six inches, raised seventy bushels of corn to the acre on two acres of ground that under the old method of plowing had never been known to yield more than twenty-five bushels to the acre. And he used no fertilizer whatsoever. Next year this farmer intends to plow up ten acres to a depth of one foot, accomplishing this with a six-inch disk plow and a six-inch sub-soiler.

A CORN FIELD NEAR ALEXANDRIA THAT RAISED 135 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

In speaking of corn-raising in Louisiana, one cannot lose sight of the splendid work being accomplished by the Boys' Corn Clubs, an important branch of the United States Department of Agriculture's Farm Demonstration Bureau, which is doing such a noble work in uplifting Southern agriculture. There are now forty-two individual corn clubs in the state, with a total enrollment of 3,875 members, Louisiana laying claim, by the way, to the boy, in Stephen Henry, of Melrose, near Natchitoches, who, by "making" 139.45 bushels of corn to the acre, at the cost of 13.6 cents a bushel, not only won the Department of Agriculture's grand prize, but established beyond dispute the peculiar advantages of Louisiana soil for corn culture.

WHEAT and oats are two other staple crops that are finding each year more favor with the modern Louisiana farmer as integral units in the scheme of diversification, this being true especially in the northern and middle sections of the state. And with good reason. Either of these grains can be planted from the first of September to the first of November and provide a splendid pasturage for cattle from late autumn until the first of April without any deterioration to the growing grain. Wheat will produce twenty to thirty bushels and oats from thirty to ninety bushels to the acre, and be followed by peas, peanuts, soy or other beans, sweet potatoes, sorghum, kaffir corn, milo maize, or June corn. An Arcadia, Bienville Parish, farmer this year harvested eighty-five bushels to the acre on fifty contiguous acres. He followed his oats by peanuts, which as a second crop practically represent clear profit.

Louisiana's 50,000 acres of oats yield approximately a million bushels a year. The yield of wheat is inconsiderable at present, hardly computable, but the acreage is being increased yearly, due chiefly to the success attained by the Department of Agriculture in the acclimation of a seed well suited to the particular needs of the state.

* * *

IRISH potatoes constitute another important unit in the general scheme of modern farming, it being quite possible in Louisiana to raise two good crops on the same ground annually, the second at little expense, as additional fertilizer is rarely necessary, and the small potatoes from the first crop serve as seed for the second.

A MEETING OF THE TANGIPAHOA PARISH BOYS' CORN CLUB

The first crop is planted in January and February and harvested in May; the second in the latter part of July and the beginning of August and harvested in late autumn.

Irish potatoes bring from $60 to $175 a car for the spring crop, while the fall crop sells as a rule at from $75 to $200, the higher price being conditioned to some extent on the larger home demand.

The profit in Irish potatoes in conjunction with some other crop is well illus-

CULTIVATING IRISH POTATOES

trated by the experience of Benjamin Gray, an up-to-date farmer in the famous Red River Valley, who last year made more than a hundred dollars an acre on ten acres of land from this source. This was accomplished as follows: He harvested 868 bushels of Irish potatoes, for which he received $1.10 to $1.15 a bushel, or about seventy-seven cents net when freight and commissions had been deducted. On the same ten acres he later harvested 610 bushels of peanuts, for which he received $140 net, and twenty-three tons of peanut hay, which returned him twelve dollars to fourteen dollars a ton.

And the potato crop, owing to climatic conditions, was an unusually short one.

At the present time Louisiana imports no small proportion of her potato supply, which means that the Louisiana farmer has the local market to fall back upon when conditions in the higher-priced Northern and Western markets are not favorable.

* * *

IN this scheme of diversification, peanuts also occupy an important role, for no state in the Union, not excepting the greatest of all peanut states, Virginia, combines in a happier manner the peculiar requisites to peanut growth. And as peanuts in Louisiana, as in all the far Southern states, can be grown as a second crop to potatoes, oats or wheat, peanut culture would seem to be a more profitable venture in the Pelican than in the Old Dominion State.

And it is a crop that requires no great investment of capital. A man and two mules can cultivate with ease from fifty to sixty acres of peanuts, which should yield from forty to sixty bushels an acre, with an average price of about one dollar a bushel, not to mention the high-grade hay, which in itself is said to pay for the seed, cultivation and harvesting of the crop. The present state average, it is true, is only fifteen bushels to the acre, but this is due to poor cultivation, inadequate fertilization, and a lack of diversification, for crop rotation is one of the chief essentials in successful paying culture.

Peanut hay will yield from a ton to a ton and a half an acre, worth according to the conditions of market from fifteen dollars to eighteen dollars a ton. Most farmers think it more advisable to make the hay with the pea still on the vine, feeling that the increase in the value of hay will more than counterbalance the attendant loss, just as many of the more up-to-date consider it wiser, if the peanut

HARVESTING SAME

HARVESTING PEANUTS

itself is harvested, to plough the vines under for the enrichment of the soil.

The Louisiana peanut, which at present is the Spanish variety exclusively, although all varieties, with the exception of the Virginia, will do well, finds its chief uses today in the peculiarly high-grade oil which is extracted from it, in the manufacture of peanut butter and salted peanuts, and as a staple article of diet for the stock farm. Peanut factories, controlled for the most part by Virginia corporations, are now located at Ruston, the seat of Lincoln Parish, the largest peanut-raising parish in the state, Shreveport and other points in northern Louisiana, so that the farmer who wants to grow peanuts on a commercial scale has a good market at his very door. There is no peanut oil factory in the state at the present time, but as the Spanish peanut will average more than a gallon of high-grade oil to the bushel, there would seem to be no reason why an oil factory would not be a paying investment.

But it will be more for a food for live stock, especially hogs, that the progressive Louisiana farmer will cultivate the peanut. In this connection it may be said that there is no better or more economical diet for hogs, for not only does the peanut produce a meat of a peculiarly distinctive flavor, as witness the famous Smithfield ham, but the expense of feeding the hogs in the regular way is almost done away with, as they are allowed to root for their own living. In a recent experiment, indeed, the State Department of Agriculture cleared fifty dollars an acre from hogs raised in this way. As a rule, however, the farmer finds it better to give a ten-day diet of corn before slaughtering, as the corn imparts a tenacity to the flesh that it would not otherwise have.

* * *

IN the hill country of middle north Louisiana, that portion of the state which is embraced by the Red and Ouachita Rivers, an area approximately of ten thousand square miles, sweet potatoes can be grown to better advantage, perhaps, than in any other portion of the United States, for not only are these sweet potatoes of an especially good variety, but they will yield from $200 to $500 an acre, depending on the methods of cultivation and crop conditions. And as with peanuts, sweet potatoes are a second crop.

* * *

STILL another industry that is rapidly becoming an important unit in this new era of diversified farming is the raising of live stock. Louisiana has been a great cattle-raising country since the day of her settlement, her vast prairies, which until

PEANUTS DRYING IN SHOCK

the coming of the white man, were black with buffalo, having been the home of as picturesque and as unique a cattle industry as can be found in the United States. This industry, still an important one, is confined chiefly to the parishes of Calcasieu, Cameron and Vermillion, there being about 50,000 head in the first-named parish, and approximately half that number in each of the other two.

Louisiana range cattle are a small, hardy, raw-boned type that have been identified with the state for generations. They are mostly native with some grade improvement. Their raising involves practically no expense, as they feed in the low prairies in winter and the high in summer, and are sold for beef right out of the marsh. Once a year, generally in June, the ridges are burned over to promote the growth of new vegetation.

But it is to the stock farm more than the range that Louisiana will have to look for the future upbuilding of this industry. In this connection it can be said that no state in the Union is better adapted to the raising of high-grade stock. The natural pasturage to be found anywhere in the state alone will provide for the yearly sustenance of from one to five head of stock to the acre, while on cultivated pasturages, such as oats, wheat, velvet beans, cow peas and other legumes, from five to ten head can be fed.

Nothing is more important to the stockgrower than good pasturage. In this respect Louisiana is especially well endowed. Her native grasses embrace white and red clover, timothy, beggarweed, bermuda and other of the chief domestic varieties, while such exotics as alfalfa and lespedeza grow to splendid advantage in every section of the state. Cowpeas and velvet beans also grow luxuriously, and, both being nitrogenous plants, assist materially in enriching the soil. Cowpeas are planted principally for hay, although every farmer retains enough seed for the following year's planting, as they are an annual crop and grow only from the seed.

Lespedeza, a member of the legume family, and a native of Japan, is finding greater favor in Louisiana than alfalfa, and alfalfa will grow in Louisiana as well as anywhere, and it will not only yield from two to three cuttings a year with an average of a ton to an acre, but one planting will last from three to four years. It might last very much longer were it not for the fact that after the fourth year volunteer grasses and weeds as a rule spring up to such an extent as to preclude its sale as a high-grade hay. Lespedeza, too, is a nitrogenous self-fertilizer, and is

"WHO SAID 'DINNER

said to bring the land in the three or four years of its life up to a high state of fertility for the cultivation of staple crops.

Lespedeza is sown broadcast in oats or wheat when they are twelve to fourteen inches high, this time being selected as all danger of a killing frost has passed, young lespedeza being very susceptible to cold. Oats are harvested May 25, and the first cutting of lespedeza occurs a month later. Lespedeza, like cowpeas and velvet beans, is also a nitrogenous self-fertilizer.

Another branch of the live stock industry that is annually receiving more attention from the progressive Louisiana planter is the raising of mules. This is almost a departure for Louisiana, but it is a departure of tremendous importance not only to the planter himself, but to the state at large. A three-year-old mule is worth anywhere from $200 to $300; it can be raised for $25. This means a saving to the farmer and to the state of at least $200 on every home-bred mule employed on the farm, and some of the larger planters utilize from three hundred to five hundred head. The mare that is used for raising mules on the larger Louisiana plantations is a common working mare. This represents a great saving, also, as she can be worked within a few days of foaling time and ten days after and raise a colt every year.

Sheep, too, can be raised very profitably throughout Louisiana, particularly in the cutover pine lands, which afford splendid ranges—ranges that on account of Louisiana's equable climate are available all the year round. While all breeds do well, the native sheep thrive better than any other kind, for being acclimated they require less attention, and consequently are more profitable to raise.

A PRIZE HERD OF JERSEYS OWNED IN HAMMOND

At Lake Providence, in East Carroll Parish, a beautiful old trading post on the Mississippi, sheep-raising is a very important and profitable industry, as it is also in Calcasieu, Cameron, Winn, Ouachita, and a number of other parishes.

HARVESTING SUGAR CANE IN THE HEART OF LOUISIANA'S GREAT SUGAR BELT

OF all Louisiana's many profitable branches of agriculture, the sugar cane industry is infinitely the most important, not only on account of the thirty-five million dollars that it returns annually to those engaged in it, and the three hundred million dollar investment it represents, but because of the unique position it occupies in the economic life of her people, nearly half of whom are interested directly or indirectly in its development.

It is the industry more than any other that has upheld the commercial dignity of the state—that has been the chief factor in exploiting her to the world at large. At times, indeed, it has been practically her one source of wealth; the impenetrable bulwark in her industrial life.

True, King Cotton some years has returned more actual money to the state, but King Cotton is a vacillating, uncertain monarch, sometimes prodigal in his gifts, at others more penurious than King Midas himself. And it is when King Cotton has failed to justify Louisiana's right to a ranking position among the sister states of the Union, that Prince Sugar—a veritable giant in proportions—has silhouetted his mighty shadow across the industrial map of the nation, compelling the attention of the world to the greatness of Louisiana.

Sugar was first made in Louisiana in 1795, though sugar cane had been grown in various parts of the state from before the Revolution for the manufacture of syrup and rum, the sugar cane having been introduced into Louisiana in 1751 by the Jesuit Fathers from San Domingo, where their confreres had built up quite a considerable industry.

The cane grew well, but all attempts to manufacture sugar from it were abortive, and it was not until 1791 that Don Antonio Mendez succeeded in extracting sugar from cane. Three years later Etienne de Boré made such a large crop of sugar that many were induced to go into the industry, and it is to him that the real credit of being the father of the industry belongs.

In common with all industries in the experimental stage, the sugar-cane industry of Louisiana was at its inception a very crude and unimportant one, both as to its cultural and manufacturing methods and the insignificance of its annual output, but as the progressive planter, realizing its future possibilities, abandoned indigo entirely and to some extent cotton to sugar cane, it commenced to enjoy a period of steady growth, until in 1820 the crop approximated some twenty million pounds of sugar.

THE TRIPLE EFFECTS

From 1820 the industry developed rapidly, due entirely to the foresight and intelligence of the planter, who by the application of improved cultural and manufacturing methods placed himself in a position to compete successfully with his

AN EARLY DRAINAGE PLANT

great tropical rivals, Barbados and Cuba.

The Louisiana planter always has been a potent factor in the development of the state, distinctive in his type and representative of her best class of citizenship, and he has been ever ready to introduce any innovation, no matter how expensive, that would promote the welfare of the industry and the welfare of the state. This is well illustrated by the fact that while the steam mill was a rarity in the United States up to 1840 steam began to supersede the horse in the larger Louisiana sugar plants nearly twenty years before, in 1830 no less than half the mills in the state being operated by it.

From the first year or two of its adoption, steam was used only as the source of power in the grinding of the cane, but about 1824 the planters commenced to use it in the actual boiling of the syrup. This marked the invention of the vacuum pan, which is the technical term for boiling the syrup in vacuo, *i. e.*, below the normal pressure of the air. This new method of boiling the syrup was a great improvement over the old open kettle method, as the heat could be regulated, thus causing a great deal less loss from inversion, inversion being the chemical change from sucrose to glucose.

Under the old method, a large proportion of the saccharine content of the juice was inverted into glucose, and although a superior molasses was obtained—known as open kettle molasses, and commanding a great premium over the molasses obtained under the new method of boiling—the increase of sugar calculated at 156 pounds for the vacuum pan, as against ninety-two pounds for the open kettle, more than counterbalanced the difference.

The revolutionizing discovery of Isaac Watts having been applied with success to the industry, the enterprising planter, not content to derive only the one-eighth power value from his steam that comes from a single effect, now turned his attention to the problem of how to secure a larger proportion of the theoretical value of his fuel—a problem which the engineers of the world were lending their best efforts to solve. Various solutions, such as heating the water with the exhaust steam, heating rooms with it, and utilizing it in devious other directions, were suggested, but it remained for a Louisiana cane

INTERIOR VIEW OF SAME

operative to find, in what is known the world over as the multiple effect, the real solution to this all-important problem. This Louisianan was an octoroon by the name of Norbert Rillieux, a free man of color, who had been educated by his sponsor as an engineer in one of the greatest educational institutions of France, and who had ability far beyond his day and race. Rillieux's invention was introduced in 1830. The multiple effect consists of the utilization of the vapor of the same steam in concurrent effects, the vacuum and temperature being lower on each effect, the latter falling from two hundred to as low as one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit.

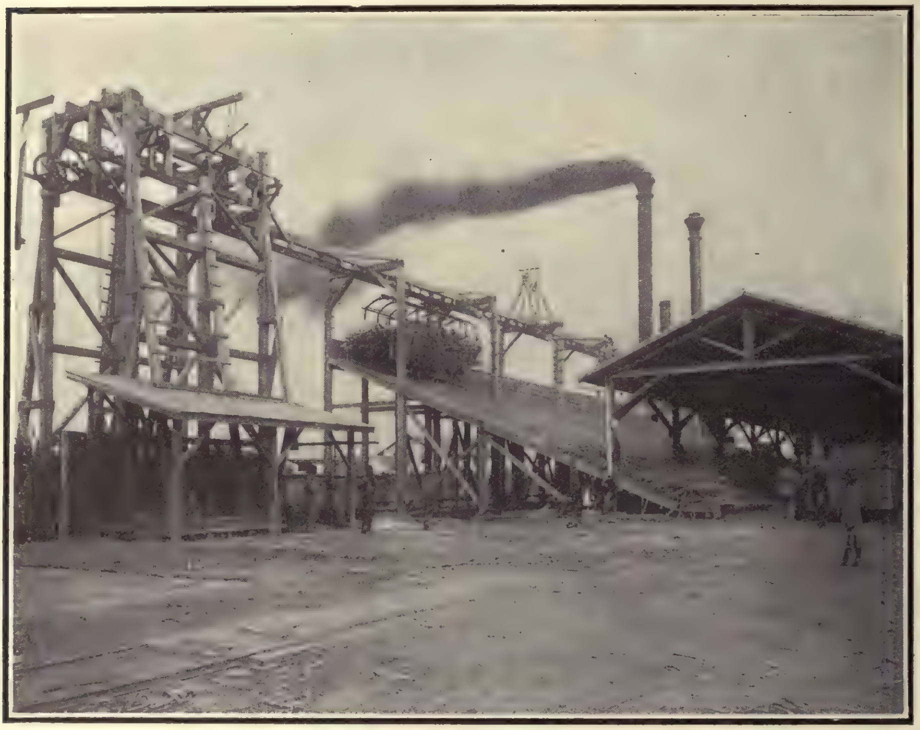
From 1830 to 1844, when the annual output was more than double that of the year previous, the industry enjoyed a regular growth, and from then until the Civil War, when in common with other Southern industries it was entirely obliterated, an era of prosperity that even in these days would have been considered remarkable, in 1854 nearly five hundred million pounds of sugar being produced, an output that was not surpassed until 1906.

The war dealt a stunning blow to the sugar industry, and it was many years before economic conditions had so adjusted themselves as to warrant a comprehensive rehabilitation.

The real dawn of the present industry may be said to date from 1882, the year that gave birth to the centralized plant. Up to this time the industry had been prosecuted in a crude way, both as to its agricultural and manufacturing methods, the planter seldom knowing the actual cost of his operations.

The centralized plant changed all this. Its operator was as a rule a big planter of the old school, who recognized that sugar could be manufactured successfully only by the most improved methods, and the practice of the most rigid economy. Thus he not only improved his lands by an intelligent rotation of crops, but he

THE MORNING TURNOUT ON A LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANTATION cultivated and fertilized them more thoroughly than had been the custom, and eliminated every possible source of waste. He began, too, to compute the amount of sugar that could be manufactured from a ton of cane, something never before attempted in the sugar industry, the effect of this being that in the last thirty years he has increased the yield of sugar to the ton by over fifty per cent.



THE MODERN CANE GRAB DOES THE WORK OF TWENTY MEN

In 1892 the industry received a new and unexpected impetus. The Federal Government, realizing the necessity of building up the domestic sugar industry, offered a substantial bounty on all sugar manufactured within the United States that would test over ninety degrees by polariscope, the instrument that determines the proportion of saccharine matter in sugar.

A graded bounty was offered for sugar above eighty degrees test, but no subsidy on sugar that tested under eighty degrees. This induced practically all the sugar planters of Louisiana to rehabilitate their plants, at great cost, and invited many men of capital to invest materially in the industry, feeling assured that the Federal Government having entered into a fourteen year contract with the sugar grower in good faith, their investment would be a stable one. But such was not the case. Three years later the Federal Government withdrew the bounty, claiming that the experiment had cost it in the neighborhood of a hundred million dollars, including bounty and the loss of revenue incident thereto, for the government had during these years abolished the duty on sugar entirely.

Left without protection of any kind the Louisiana sugar planter was absolutely helpless before his foreign competitors and in the short period elapsing between the abolition of the bounty and the adoption of the Dingley tariff, many Louisiana planters went to the wall, and the State of Louisiana experienced a

PLOWING THE LAND ON A LOUISIANA PLANTATION

financial setback, second only in character to that of the Civil War.

For the last ten or fifteen years the industry, adequately protected and conserved, has grown rapidly to tremendous proportions, until today with many thousand acres under cultivation to the sugar cane, with nearly two hundred great sugar plants and over a thousand individual cane growers, with an annual output of three hundred and fifty thousand tons of sugar, and an annual reciprocal trade of fifty million dollars it is by a wide margin the chief money crop of the state.

Very few people have even the remotest idea of the great investment that a sugar plantation represents. The average large sugar planter pays out in wages alone from $100,000 to $250,000 annually, and labor is not by any means the only factor of expense in the operation of a sugar plantation. There is the machinery bill, fertilizer bill, the maintenance of the railroad—a cardinal requisite to every up-to-date plantation—and last but not least the sugar factory. A good sugar factory will cost anywhere from $150,000 to $600,000, and will have to be almost entirely renewed every ten to fifteen years.

More than three-quarters of the year idle, the depreciation of the machinery and the plant is greater when idle than when in active operation. Then there is the repairing of the machinery—eight thousand to fifteen thousand dollars a year is no uncommon figure for this.

One ten-thousand acre plantation in La Fourche Parish might be cited. This plantation, which has 3,400 acres in cultivation to sugar, has an annual payroll of $150,000. Its immense sugar house is valued at over $300,000. It has thirty-five miles of thirty-six-inch gage railroad, with three seventeen-ton engines and 262 cars of from five to ten tons capacity. Its mill will grind, on the average, twelve hundred tons of cane a day. Over fifteen miles from end to end, this great farm employs from eight hundred to a thousand people all the year and thirty per cent more during the planting and harvesting seasons, and maintains a population of nearly two thousand souls. It has its own public school with an eleven months term, as against six months for the ordinary parish institution.

And this is not by any means the largest single sugar interest in the state.

DRILLS AT WORK IN YOUNG CANE FIELD

LOADING CANE ON TO WAGON IN FIELD

One great holding corporation, for instance, operates four great plants under such a unique and comprehensive system as to make the four integral units constitute to all intents and purposes one single plantation, with no less than eighteen thousand acres under cultivation to the sugar cane, and employing three thousand people throughout the year—eight thousand during the harvesting season—maintaining a stable population of five thousand people, and paying out a million and a half dollars in wages. The original investment in these properties represents no less than seven million dollars, which, considering the extraordinary increase in their efficiency, due to improvements in agricultural methods, centralization of manufacture, and scientific disposal of the crop, is worth today at least fifteen million dollars.

These large plantations are conducted in much the same way as are the great railroad systems of the country. Records of all kinds are kept showing the daily cost of plowing, hoeing, ditching and cultivating an acre to each unit as compared with the same undertaking on each of the other units, effecting an economy in the cost of annual maintenance that would be impossible under ordinary conditions.

The advantage of the centralization of effort can be realized very readily when it is said that the four great factories of this corporation are today manufacturing more sugar and at a cheaper rate than the figures represented by the output of the twenty odd factories, before this centralization was effected.

This great plantation uses twelve hundred mules, seventy-five miles of railroad, six hundred and fifty cars of six to ten tons capacity each, and produces eighty million pounds of sugar—a figure that twenty years ago would have been the aggregate product of over seventy sugar houses—and has an annual gross income of three to three and a half million dollars.

The first operation in the growing of sugar, as in the growing of any staple crop, is the proper preparation of the land. A sugar plantation is divided into and operated as three integral units in order to permit the regular and systematic rotation. Each year finds one of these units growing plant cane, one growing second and third year cane, and the third

WAGONS HAULING CANE TO SUGAR FACTORY

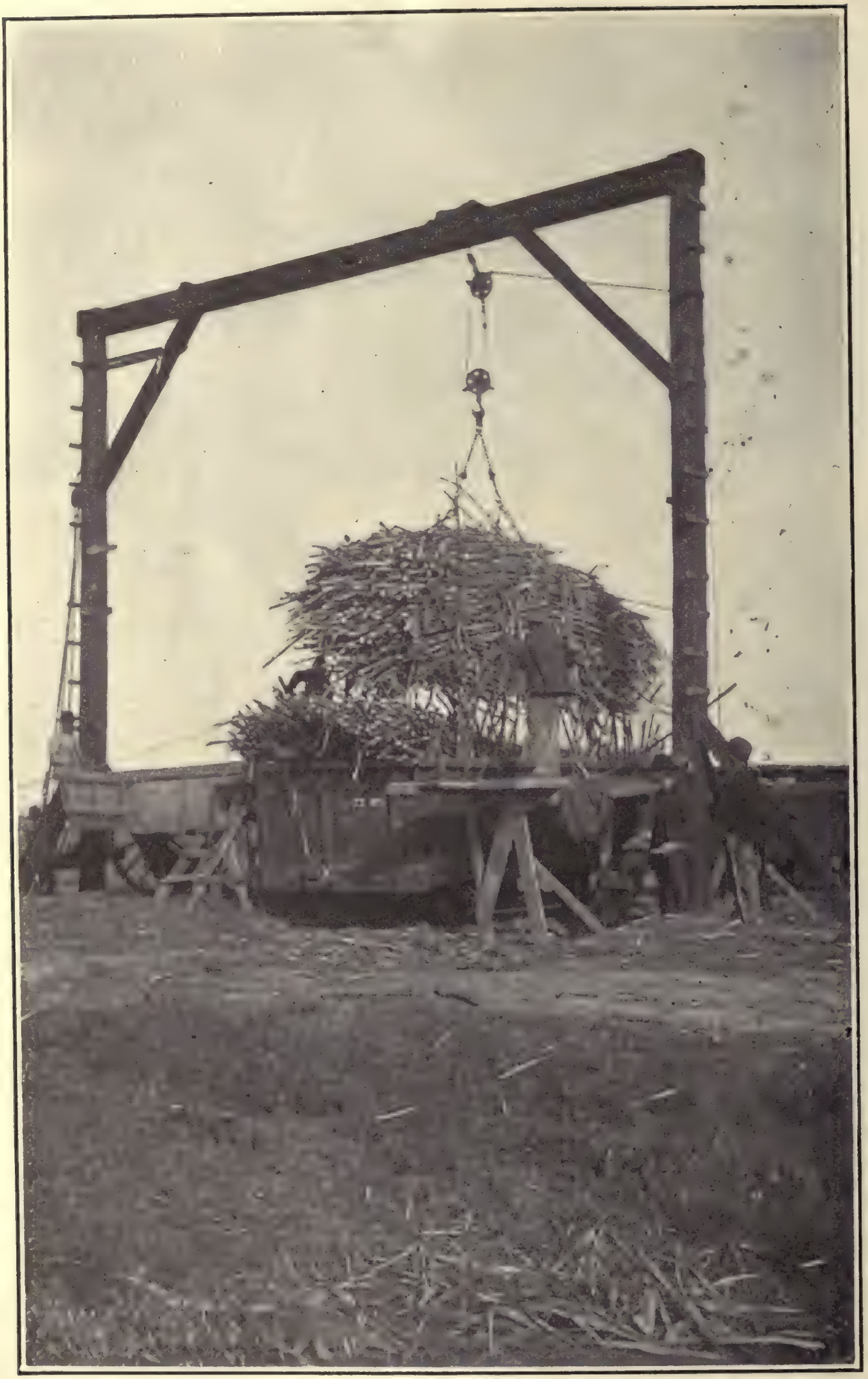
UNLOADING CANE FROM CAR

corn and peas. The peas are planted after the corn and are plowed under to bring the land into condition for the planting of the new cane crop. This system of rotation is followed with little deviation year after year.

The ground that is to be planted in sugar is plowed twice, once in the fall and once just before planting time, which for two-thirds of the crop is in the latter part of February or the beginning of March, the vicissitudes of season sometimes prolonging it until the middle of April. The fall planting season ranges from the middle of October until the middle of November. Plowing over, the land is tilled up in six-foot rows which are opened up and the cane placed in them by hand; three stalks side by side ensure a stand, as very frequently cane is defective, the ulterior appearance of the stock not being indicative of its ability to germinate. The cane is then covered with three to five inches of soil, this operation being performed by a light plow. A heavy roller is then passed over the field, and the cane left to grow. After the cane sprouts, or shortly before, the season of active cultivation commences. A plow is first passed on either side of each row and all surplus soil removed fron the cane by hoe, an operation which, requiring manual labor, is very tedious and expensive. As the cane grows, the dirt is continually stirred around it with standard riding cultivators; is continually fertilized with tankage, cotton seed, and various commercial fertilizers, and every weed is religiously kept down. From then on until the cane has attained a height and density as to make it impracticable, the growing cane is regularly cultivated with plows and disks, the soil being completely hilled up around it. The last period of ciultivation commences as a rule about July the first, at which time the middle of the rows is plowed to a depth of fifteen inches, and the drainage perfected by the cutting of quarter drains, which run perpendicular to the rows and empty into regular drainage ditches. The cane is then left until harvest time, the yield depending on the bounty of nature and the extent of the ravages of the cane borer.

The cane borer, a worm three-quarters of an inch in length, is to the sugar cane what the boll weevil is to cotton—a vital, unrelenting, ever-active destructionist.

THE MECHANICAL CARRIER



THE CANE DERRICK
" An ominous looking contrivance that bears a close resemblance to the gibbet "

It is estimated by those in authority to know that its relative damage to the growing crop is from ten to twelve per cent, sometimes more.

In the past few years strenuous efforts have been made to eradicate it by both federal and state governments, as well as by the larger planters, and although the annual loss occasioned by it has been somewhat reduced, no effective measure of relief has been devised. Fall planting, the burning of the corn stalks where the borer propagates to especial advantage, the destruction of all other waste, and the cutting out and burning of the cane killed by the borer, are some of the measures in its eradication that are meeting with a certain measure of success.

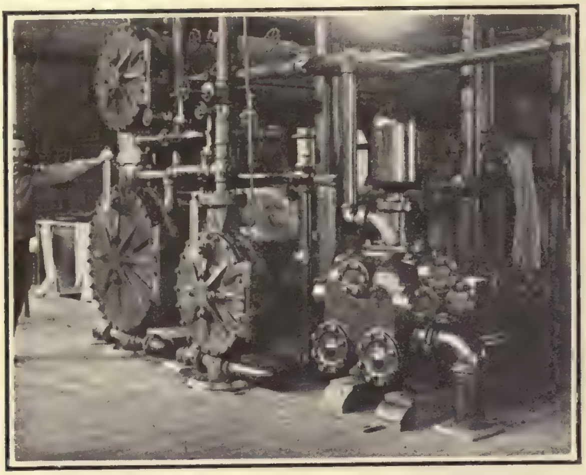
The Georgia plantation, one of the largest sugar plantations in the state, has devised a very unique method of cane borer destruction. Lamps of three-thousand candle-power are placed on flat cars at defined distances along the plantation railroad, while wood and coal oil fires are burned at convenient points throughout the fields themselves, and the cane borers, in moth form, are said to fly by thousands into the flames, it being estimated that in the last few months many billions have been destroyed.

The harvesting and grinding of the cane is a most strenuous period to the cane grower, who has little time at this season for even his meals.

At the present time the cane is stripped and cut by hand, man having not yet devised a machine commercially adapted to the work. Experiments, however, are being made, and it is expected that before very long a suitable machine will be on the market. Many machines have been introduced to date, but none has embraced the requirements of the successful harvester.

As the cane is cut, it is loaded by mechanical loaders, operated by gas engine, into wagons of from one and a half to two tons capacity each. These are driven to the hoisting derricks, placed at convenient distances throughout the plantation, ominous looking contrivances that bear a striking resemblance to the gibbet. These derricks load the cane on to the cars, which as loaded are run to the sugar

A LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANTATION HAS MUCH THE SAME APPEARANCE AS A MODEL NORTHERN FACTORY TOWN



THE SYRUP HEATERS

house, where the cane is automatically discharged into a patented carrier which conveys it to the corrugated steel crushers. After being crushed the cane is run under six to nine heavy rollers, each exerting a hydraulic pressure of three hundred to four hundred tons. The consequent juice is then run into what are known as the liming tanks to correct acidity and cause coagulation and the precipitation of all foreign matter. The juice is then pumped into a cylindrical heater through numberless copper tubes where it is heated to 180 to 230 degrees Fahrenheit, conditioned on the results desired, after which it is run into settlers, or clarifiers, and its impurities allowed to settle. The juice is then subjected to the double, triple, and quadruple effects, where it is concentrated into syrup, the residuum in the bottom of the settlers being carried to the filters. The syrup is then conveyed by pump to the charge tanks, where it is concentrated into sugar by a system of vacuum boiling. It is then passed through the centrifrugal machines, where the coherent grain sugar is separated from the masquitte, this being the technical term for the syrup in a highly concentrated form. The masquitte is then reboiled, and second sugars are extracted from it in the same way. The syrup is then boiled again, and generally allowed several months to concentrate, or grain up, when it is once more run through the centrifrugals and a small-grained, low-grade sugar obtained from it. The residuum is sold as common molasses or black strap.

According to the successful planter it costs $2.75 to $3.00 a ton to make and harvest a crop of cane. The average yield per acre amounts to twenty tons, although thirty are frequently, and forty-five have been made. About one-fifth of the yield, however, is used to make the next crop.

As a rule the cane is sold on a sugar basis, the price being conditioned on the market value of sugar, the grower being paid ninety cents a ton, for each cent that yellow clarified sugar commands in the open market, which means that if sugar is selling for four cents a pound, the grower realizes three dollars and sixty cents a ton for his cane.

At the present time about two-thirds

INTERIOR OF SUGAR FACTORY, SHOWING LIMING TANKS

TRANSFERRING CANE TO SUGAR FACTORY

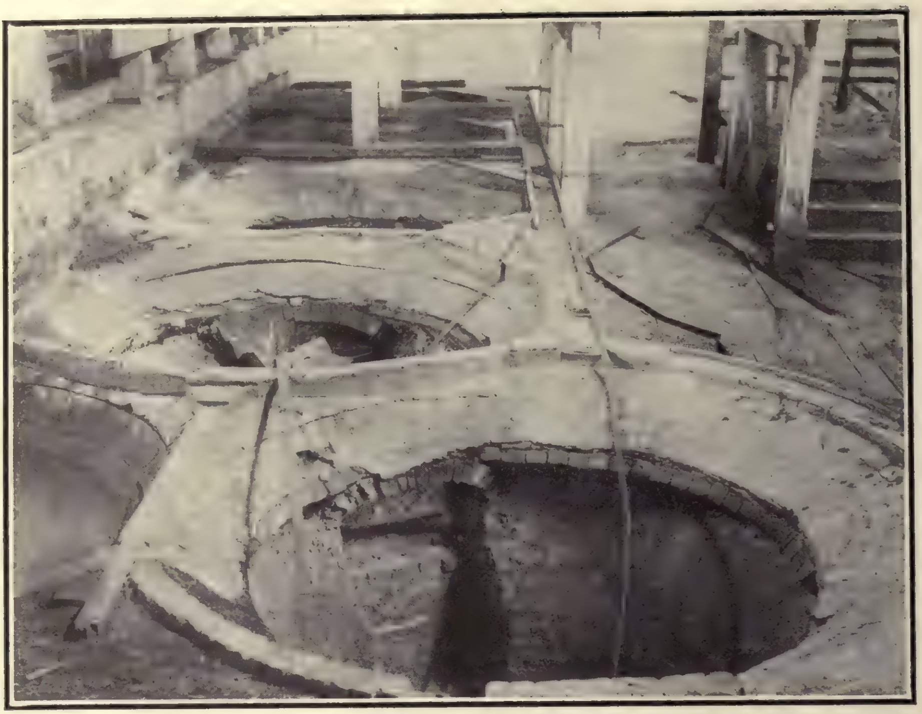
of the annual crop is sold to the refiners, the remainder, comprising the higher-grade sugars, being consigned direct to the trade.

The chief sugar refining companies that depend upon the Louisiana crop for a part at least of their annual supply of raw sugar are the American Sugar Refining Company, the National Sugar Refining Company, the Warner Sugar Refining Company, and the Arbuckle Sugar Refining Company, New York, and the A. L. Spreckels Company, Philadelphia, the first-named company consuming sixty per cent of all the sugar offered, this being due to its enterprise in having afforded the Louisiana sugar planter, in the erection of its great Chalmette, New Orleans, refinery, a home market for his product.

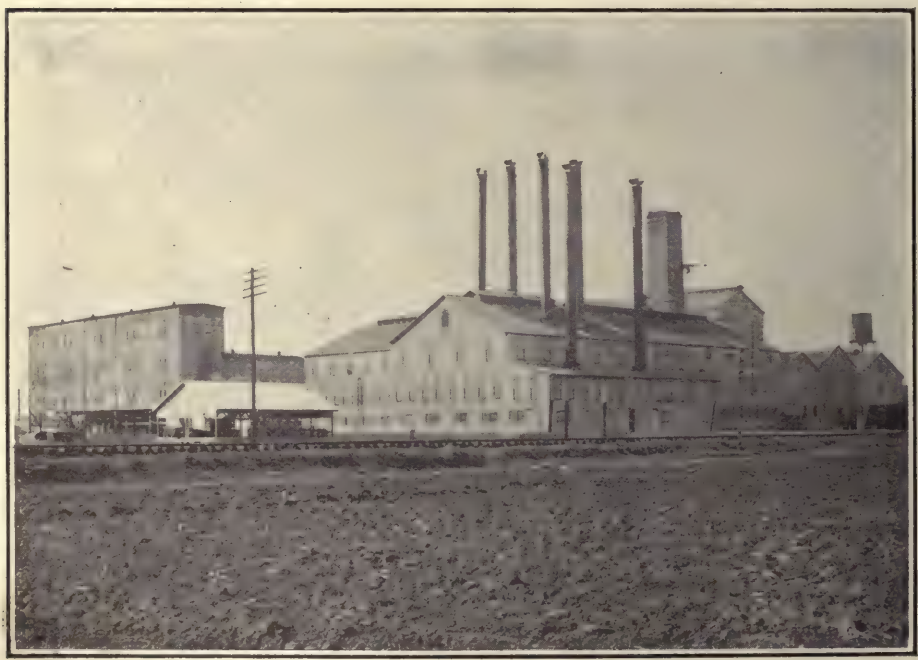
Second only in point of size to the much older Brooklyn refinery—another link in the American Sugar Refining Company's great chain of refineries, the Chalmette is unquestionably the most modern sugar refinery in the world, representing the very last word in steel and concrete construction engineering and being fitted throughout with every facility that Twentieth Century ingenuity has been able to devise.

Its fine steel dock is eight hundred feet long, and eighty feet wide, with a minimum of from thirty to thirty-five feet of water, according to tide, permitting three big steamships to discharge their cargoes simultaneously; indeed only recently the steamship "Texan," of the American-Hawaiian Line, drawing thirty feet of water, discharged a record cargo of twenty-two million pounds without any

LOADING CANE IN THE FIELD BY MANUAL LABOR



THE OPEN KETTLES, SUPERSEDED BY THE VACUUM PAN



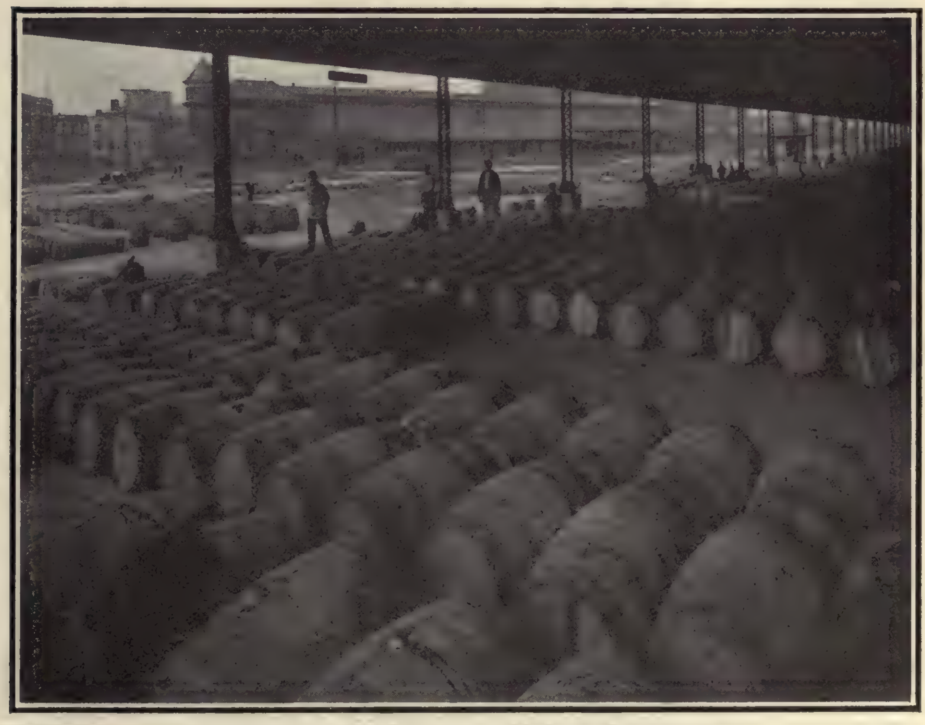
THE MODERN LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANT IS A VERY ELABORATE STRUCTURE OF CEMENT AND STEEL delay, excitement or untoward incident. Its three great warehouses and dock are comprehensively interlinked by an ingenious overhead system of electrically operated travelling cranes. Its filter house is equipped with the most up-to-date kilns for the reburning of the black bone, one of the most important substances in the process of filtration. Its shipping facilities permit the loading and unloading of fifty cars at the same time without disorder. Its filtering plant has a capacity of six million gallons a day. Its huge boiler plant generates approximately 11,000 horse power, and is fitted with gravity coal bins of seven thousand tons capacity and mechanical stokers. Its cooperage is one of the largest in the South. Its machinery is all electrically driven.

The refinery has an annual capacity of 600,000 tons, of which about 275,000 tons is Louisiana sugar, the remainder being imported from Cuba, Java and the Hawaii Islands.

One of Louisiana's distinctive institutions, the Chalmette Sugar Refinery, stands sentinel on the banks of the Mississippi, a mighty tribute to the greatness of the sugar industry of Louisiana.

The sugar belt embraces some twenty-four parishes, of which the most important are, in order, St. Mary, LaFourche, Iberia, Assumption, Terrebonne, Iberville, St. James, West Baton Rouge, Ascension, St. John, Lafayette, St. Martin and Plaquemines. But the belt is being gradually extended northward, sugar now being grown in Rapides Parish, once considered far out of the zone.

As a war measure alone the Louisiana sugar industry should be conserved. It is an admitted fact today that sugar is an essential part of a soldier's diet. The great beet sugar industry valued last year at nearly five hundred million dollars, saw its genesis in the great Napoleon's attempt to free France from her absolute dependency for sugar on her great rival, England, which had been used to such great advantage by the Iron Duke in the Peninsular War, and was then beginning to be recognized as a fundamentally essential



INTERIOR VIEW OF LOUISIANA SUGAR WAREHOUSE

THE MAGNIFICENT CHALMETTE REFINERY

Probably the most modern sugar refinery in the world—stands sentinel on the banks of the Mississippi, a mighty tribute to the greatness of the sugar industry of Louisiana unit in a soldier's diet. In our own Civil War and in the great Franco-Prussian contest, sugar also played an important role; in the late Boer War England found sugar, especially in candy form, of peculiar service in keeping up the spirits of her soldiery, while only recently a German regiment finished a forced march on a twenty-four-hour diet of sugar alone in much better physical and mental condition than another regiment supplied with the regular army rations.

In case of war the United States necessarily would have to be prepared for a long siege, for there are few military experts, even in this country, who do not share the opinion that this country would come out victorious in a struggle with a first-class power only by reason of her inexhaustible natural resources, which, properly fostered and conserved, should make her absolutely independent of the world, capable of winning in the end, no matter who her opponent.

Perhaps it would be impossible to find a better illustration of the paramount importance of conserving the domestic industry, than that afforded by the present world-wide sugar famine, for it is an admitted fact that were it not for this year's record American sugar crop, the price of sugar would be at least three cents higher in this country than it is today.

INTERIOR OF THE CHALMETTE REFINERY, SHOWING THE WONDERFUL SYSTEM OF HANDLING RAW SUGAR

For revenue purposes alone the sugar tariff would seem to justify itself, not alone as being the ideal revenue producer, but because of the fifty millions of dollars it pours annually into the coffers of the country. This does not represent by any means, however, fifty million dollars worth of protection to the sugar grower, for the 350,000 tons of sugar raised annually in the State of Louisiana come into active competition with no less than three million tons of free and preferred

A LOUISIANA COTTON FIELD THAT YIELDED MORE THAN A BALE TO THE ACRE IN SPITE OF THE BOLL WEEVIL sugar. Four hundred and fifty thousand tons of cane sugar are imported into this country every year from Hawaii; two hundred and fifty thousand tons from Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands are already shipping a hundred and thirty thousand of the three hundred thousand tons of free sugar they are permitted under their annexation treaty to export annually to the United States. Then Cuba, the Louisiana sugar grower's chief competitor, is given a twenty per cent preference in the tariff, this arrangement having been entered into in the belief that Cuba was to give American products a decided preference in her markets—a belief that has never been realized in fact.

It has been said that the Louisiana sugar planter needs no protection. But history does not seem to bear out the statement. In the only years in which the industry was not adequately protected—1893–1894—practically every Louisiana sugar planter failed, and there seems to be no doubt that the industry, but for the adoption of the Dingley tariff, would have been effectually killed.

Without some measure of protection the Louisiana sugar planter could not hope to compete for an instant with the planter of Cuba, for instance. Cane grows every day in the year in Cuba, attains to a greater height than in Louisiana, contains a higher percentage of sugar, and needs to be replanted only every ten or fifteen years, although many Cuban planters feel that they secure better results from planting it every four or five years. Cane in Cuba, too, is of a great deal more fibrous nature, and the planter uses no other source of fuel. In Louisiana, on the contrary, every planter has to use an auxiliary fuel, some using as much as ten to fifteen gallons of crude oil to every ton of cane. A fuel bill on a Louisiana sugar plantation will run from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year.

The chief drawback to a greater develop-

THE AUXILIARY REFINERY OF THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, NEW ORLEANS ment in the Louisiana sugar industry is the unstability of the tariff. Sugar has been the football on the political campus of both great parties for more than fifty years. If the sugar planter were to be guaranteed a certain tariff, and could feel confident that that tariff would not be modified, altered, or abolished, at any moment, and on any pretext, there is no question but that he would be willing to invest more largely in the industry. As it is he has evinced wonderful courage—three hundred million dollars in a venture, the success of which, due to that single word *tariff*, has been hypothetical from the beginning, is substantial evidence of this.

COTTON FIELD AT JONESBORO, LOUISIANA, GROWN UNDER OLD METHODS YIELD ONE-THIRD OF A BALE TO THE ACRE

The retention of the tariff assured, the Louisiana sugar industry should have a future of great promise, for the available acreage adapted to successful sugar culture is very great. But this future will not be dependent so much on the big planter as on the small farmer, who, in a general scheme of diversification, will cultivate sugar as his money crop.

* * *

NOR must it be supposed for a moment that "King" Cotton has been forced to relinquish entirely his inherent right to a throne in the agricultural dominion of Louisiana. Agriculturally, Louisiana may be defined as a triumvirate, with "King" Cotton, "King" Sugar, and "King" Rice the triple monarchs.

"King" Cotton, it is true, never again will be the absolute monarch of Louisiana; her arrogant dictator, the usurper of her every prerogative, but he will be a limited monarch, contributing more effectively the wealth of the Commonwealth than when, in the zenith of his power, he enjoyed undisputed homage, secure in the knowledge that no pretender threatened his supremacy.

When in 1903 the boll weevil camped with his legions on the cotton fields of Louisiana—beyond question the most prolific cotton fields in the world—there were few indeed who did not believe that "King" Cotton had met his final Waterloo. And there seemed to be justification for the belief, for from over a million bales the annual production fell to two hundred thousand.

Less than a decade has passed since the dawn broke on what was then thought to be the blackest day in all Louisiana's history, but memory alone stands monument to that giant struggle in which "King" Cotton went down in defeat to the myriad-legions of the invader from Mexico.

True, Louisiana may never regain her proud position as the third largest cotton-producing state in the Union, but there is every reason to believe that cotton will forever remain one of her most potent sources of agricultural wealth. For cotton is the great money crop, the one crop which has a staple value in every market place of the world, its bill of lading a universally negotiable instrument.

"King" Cotton's restoration is already evident. This year Louisiana raised over four hundred thousand bales of cotton, and next year, with an increased acreage and an improved agriculture, she looks forward with confidence to a yield of a half million bales.

Where formerly a planter consumed a whole year in making a bale of cotton, he is now, by fall plowing, the planting of an early variety of seed, by more scientific methods of cultivation, by adequate fertilization, by systematic picking off and burning of the affected bolls, by the destruction of the cotton stalks, and by an intelligent scheme of diversification, making it in from eight to nine months.

Ten years ago, when it was the custom to hold Farmer's Independence Day picnics in various parts of the state, a farmer was indeed proud who could exhibit a cotton bloom as evidence of his skill on those occasions; on July the Fourth of this year not only was cotton generally in bloom, but fully matured bolls were not uncommon, something that the most progressive planter would not have considered within the region of the possible even five years ago.

For this happy condition, great credit must be given to the Farm Demonstration Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, which is doing such a colossal work in advancing the welfare of Southern agriculture.

The Bureau has forty-six experiment stations in the State, which, by constantly advocating fall and winter plowing, the rehabilitation of the soil, diversification, the use of more and better machinery, and proper seed selection, are doing a splendid work in assisting the Louisiana planter in his efforts to repulse the invader.

The Louisiana planter, perhaps, has not yet seen the day when he will acknowledge that the boll weevil was the saviour of

ADJOINING FIELD GROWN UNDER DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE METHODS YIELD ONE BALE TO THE ACRE his state, but he has begun to discount its power for evil, and work intelligently for its subjugation.

The reign of the boll weevil will be short-lived. Even now, in the height of its power, its dominion is threatened. And day and night, scientist and expert are endeavoring to find an effective parasite for the destruction of the little pest that has cost the Southern farmer so many millions of dollars.

Cotton can be grown in every parish in Louisiana; last year, indeed, there were only two parishes in which cotton was not raised. In some of these parishes, of course, the output was inappreciable, this being due to the fact that other crops such as sugar and rice could be grown to greater profit.

The chief cotton parishes in the State are Tensas, Pointe Coupee, St. Landry, Morehouse, Avoyelles, Caddo, Bossier, Claiborne, Concordia, East Baton Rouge, Union, Ouachita, Richland, East and West Carroll and Rapides.

Another source of great wealth to the Louisiana cotton planter is the cotton seed oil industry.

While not so great as a few years ago, when the yield of cotton was appreciably larger, the cotton seed oil industry, returning this year over six million dollars to those engaged in it, still occupies an important role in the industrial life of the State.

More than forty cotton mills with an average capacity of 125 tons each are in operation at various strategic points throughout the cotton belt. Of these, New Orleans has five mills of 250 tons capacity, Shreveport three mills of 125 tons capacity, and Bunkie one of the same size, while Alexandria, Monroe and Vidalia each have two mills of one hundred tons capacity each.

The cotton seed oil industry is so co-dependent on the cotton industry as to prevent any forecast as to its future other than that which would be reflected from a forecast of the cotton industry itself, for the cotton seed oil industry of every state is governed by the rise and fall of that state's annual production of cotton.

The use of cotton seed is entering into the economic life of the people and is utilized more and more for domestic use. The use of cotton seed oil meal in fattening stock and hundred of by-products now manufactured from cotton seed is one of the astonishing economic evolutions that has added millions to the productive value of the cotton lands of the South.

* * *

WITH nearly 400,000 acres under active cultivation at the present time, with an estimated yield this year of some ten million bushels, with a rapidly increasing acreage and a regular and sustained improvement in its agricultural and marketing methods, the rice industry of Louisiana, returning over ten million dollars annually to those engaged in it, and constituting in itself over one half

CULTIVATING A RICE FIELD

of the rice industry of the nation, is one of the Pelican State's most important, profitable, and growing branches of agriculture.

PREPARING RICE LANDS BY POWER

Perhaps no industry in the South has enjoyed a more remarkable or a more romantic growth. First raised in Louisiana on a commercial scale during the Civil War in an attempt to offset the ill effects experienced by the South in the wanton destruction of the Carolina industry, and found to be so peculiarly responsive to its fertile soil and genial climate, rice soon became a recognized staple in the state, its culture gradually being extended, until in 1880 the harvest aggregated over a hundred thousand bushels.

But the real birth of the industry may be said to date from 1884, when a colony of sturdy farmers from the Middle West, disheartened by successive crop failures and tired of the interminable, rigorous winters of the North, migrated to the prairies of Southwest Louisiana, where rice-growing had just been commenced in a small way, the industry up to this time having been confined to the alluvial and delta lands of the state.

Until the arrival of the newcomers rice culture in the United States had differed only in detail from rice culture in the Orient—the same methods of cultivation and harvesting as had obtained throughout the centuries being in vogue. But the Western farmer, fresh from his wheat farm, could not be expected to tolerate a continuation of these conditions—the hand method of sowing must be superseded by the modern drill; the primitive sickle by the binder; ancient methods of threshing—such as pounding the grain with a club and whipping it over a barrel, by the modern steam thresher, and such old-time methods of milling as tramping the rice out by horse, by the steam mill.

This, indeed, was a revolution, and the native population, strong in its inherent prejudice against conditions that were foreign to it—a common prejudice throughout the world—viewed with pessimism the dawn of the new era in the industry—the drill was a myth; the binder, on such wet soil, an impracticability; the steam thresher as a substitute to the windrow, a dream; the steam mill, an innovation of a tomorrow far distant. But Western enterprise and Western courage could not be daunted, and they find their vindication today in such prosperous and picturesque communities as Crowley, Jennings and Rayne, which, rising from the surrounding lateral plain, veritable oases in the desert, stand as lasting monuments to those intrepid pioneers from the far-away West, who, by hewing out a new trail in the wilderness, made possible the present wonderful development of the rice industry of Louisiana.

The next great era—beyond question the most important in the history of the rice industry—dates from 1896, the year in which the irrigation canal was introduced. This canal was built by the Abbott brothers and the Duson brothers, who have been potent factors in the development of Western Louisiana.

Up to this time the farmer had had to depend entirely upon the rain supply for the irrigation of his crop, the canal, except as it applied to the primitive waterway in which the planter stored his rainfall against a later day, being unknown.

What the irrigation canal spelt to the rice grower of Louisiana needs no emphasis.

How many growers had experienced total crop failures through their inability to afford adequate nurture to the growing grain can never be calculated. But their number is legion. The irrigation canal changed all this. It made the grower entirely independent of the elements. Jupiter Pluvius was no longer the patron saint of the industry—his dethronement had been absolute. A new star had arisen in the firmament.

A RICE IRRIGATING CANAL

The canal method of irrigation was a tremendous success from the day of its inception, and it completely revolutionized the industry, extending the growing area to sections that up to that time had been regarded as waste lands, wholly unfitted for the growing of any commercial crops.

Unromantic figures can best relate, perhaps, the story of the marvelous growth of the industry since the introduction into it of this great new factor. In 1897, the year after the irrigation canal was introduced, there was only one plant with less than ten miles of canal; seven years later there were no less than eighty distinct plants in operation, each capable of irrigating from 160 to 20,000 acres, while today 150 individual companies control 2,500 miles of canal and irrigate in the aggregate over 300,000 acres of land. In the same time the number of binders has been increased from three thousand to ten thousand, while the annual crop has grown from three to ten million bushels, with a value to those engaged in it of over ten million dollars.

Most of the big canal companies have for their primary object the irrigation of their own lands or the lands of some other big rice-growing corporation, although every company is willing to sell water to the smaller growers. This is generally arranged on a basis of one-fifth of the crop, which, in case of a poor crop or an unsatisfactory market, materially reduces the obligation of the small grower.

In commencing operations the canal company first makes a thorough topographical survey, which makes possible the construction of the main canal and laterals in such manner as to allow the water to go on at the higher levels and inundate the lower by gravitation.

Some of these canals are enormous propositions, costing anywhere from $50,000 to $300,000 and sometimes more; and all of them represent the investment of a great deal of capital, as not only the work of cutting and maintaining the main canal and the lateral ditches must be provided for, but also the erection and operation of power plants adequate to the needs of the particular undertaking, for practically all of the rice in Louisiana is irrigated by pump, the exceptions being the alluvial sections, where the water is syphoned from the river—which, too, have to maintain auxiliary power plants for emergency purposes—and the flowing well, of which there are now about six hundred in the state.

Some of the larger irrigation plants in the state are: The United Irrigation & Rice Milling Company's project, at Abbeville and Gueydan, irrigating 35,000 acres; the Louisiana Irrigating & Milling Company's project, at Crowley, irrigating 30,000 acres; the Hunter project, at Gueydan, irrigating 15,000 acres, and the just-completed Schell project, at Washington, irrigating at the present time about 20,000 acres.

THE RICE INDUSTRY OF NORTH LOUISIANA
(1) Pumping plant. (2) Harvesting the crop. (3) Threshing the grain

The United Irrigation and Rice Milling Company's plant, originally called the Gueydan, bears the distinction of being the first important project in the state. This proposition formerly irrigated 20,000 acres, but has been extended from time to time, until today it is nearly twice its original size.

The Schell canal represents the last word in rice irrigation, both as to the character and the size of the enterprise. This huge project, the genesis of J. Franklin Schell, a noted Pennsylvania engineer, contemplates in its consummation the irrigation of a quarter of a million acres of land. This is by far the greatest irrigation project ever undertaken in the South, representing an ultimate investment of over seven million dollars.

Rice culture, the irrigation feature eliminated, differs very little from the cultivation of wheat or any other of the great staples. The ground is broken in the late fall and again in February or January, being harrowed and planted from the first of March to the first of June, according to climatic conditions and the condition of the soil. As a rule the seed is planted by drill, although in the alluvial districts a great many growers cling to the old method of broadcasting. Unless the ground is sufficiently wet, the water is turned on immediately after seeding, being turned off again until the grain has not only germinated, but attained a growth of four or five inches, when it is reflooded to about the same depth until a week or so before harvesting time, which commences from the latter part of July, according to locality, and extends to about the fifteenth of November.

A crop of rice will yield anywhere from twenty to eighty bushels an acre, this remarkable divergency in the figures being attributable to some extent to local weather conditions, but more largely to careless planting and cultivation and the failure of the grower to restore the fertility of his lands by crop diversification. Some farmers raise only sixteen to twenty bushels to the acre, as against a common average for the state of thirty-two bushels, while more progressive farmers realize an average yield of from seventy-two to eighty bushels.

In the past, the average Louisiana rice grower has been extremely improvident. In the early history of the industry, the pioneers coined money. Not infrequently,

UP-TO-DATE METHODS ARE USED IN HARVESTING RICE indeed, a farmer would purchase from two hundred to three hundred acres of land on time payments, and pay for it out of the net proceeds of his initial crop. Fortunes were made on every hand, and it was only natural that the planter should plant rice to the exclusion of every other crop.

This led to a decided deterioration not only in the productivity of the land, but in the quality of the rice, which soon became impregnated with a very inferior variety, now known as "red" rice, a seed absolutely untrue to its parent Honduran type. The appearance of this "red" rice was the signal of a fall in the yield per acre and the market value of the grain, and sounded the death-knell of the one crop idea.

With the dawn of diversification the rice industry of Louisiana is beginning to assume a stability that would not have been possible under the old order of things. Many rice farms are now absolutely self-sustaining, raising their own corn, food-stuffs, cattle, mules and poultry, and leaving rice as the money crop. Crop rotation is fast restoring the fertility of the soil, and seed selection, the quality of the grain.

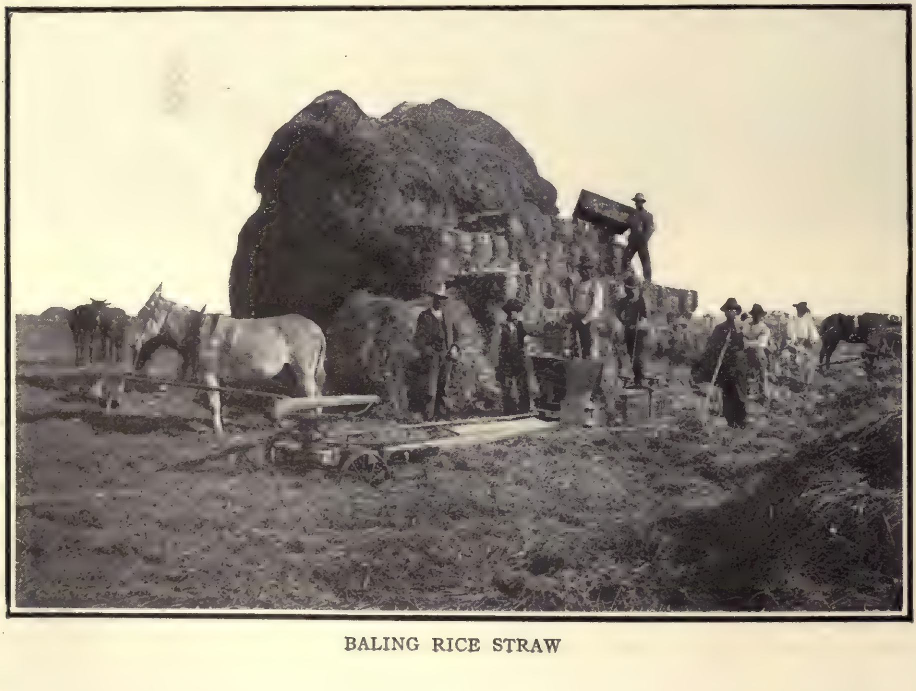
After being threshed the rice is either sold in the field to the agent of one or other of the big mills, shipped to the mill direct, or consigned to one of the central rice milling points, such as New Orleans, Beaumont, or Houston, about one-third of the total crop being disposed of through the factor on the floor of the New Orleans Board of Trade, which organization is a ruling factor in controlling the prices of this comodity for the entire country. About three-quarters of the annual crop goes direct to the mills, of which there are some fifty in the state, thirteen of which are located in New Orleans and the balance distributed at convenient points throughout the rice belt.

New Orleans, in the "Mill A" of the National Rice Milling Company, boasts the largest mill in the world. This mill

THE RICE HARVEST IS TO LOUISIANA WHAT THE WHEAT HARVEST IS TO KANSAS has a capacity of seven thousand bags every twenty-four hours, as against a common average of twelve hundred for the other mills of the state. There are several other large mills in New Orleans, as well as at Crowley, Eunice, Jennings, Gueydan, Abbeville, Lake Charles, Lake Arthur, and other points.

A visit to a rice mill is a unique experience. The rice is received at the mill warehouse in sacks weighing about 180 pounds each, which are unloaded from the cars by belt-conveying machinery of a somewhat similar character to that employed in the grain elevators of the West, being elevated into bins by regular grain elevator machinery. From the bins the rice is run through separators, which remove all foreign substances from it. It is then fed into the center of the hulling stones, where it is revolved at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and through centrifugal action forced through the perforated ends of the upper and lower stones, a process which removes the hull from the grain. From these the rice is passed through what are known as the fanning machines, which remove the hulls by suction. A very ingenious German separator then turns back the unhulled grains to another set of stones, for about twenty-five per cent of the rice that goes through the initial set of stones comes out unhulled. The rice is then passed through what are technically known as hullers, this really being a misnomer as the hulls have been removed already. The huller is a cylinder within a metal case, the rice going in at one end and out at the other. This removes the oily cuticle that covers the grain, this by-product being known as rice bran, and commanding a high value as a cattle food. From here the rice goes to what are known as the brushes. The brushes are upright cylinders covered with leather, which polish the rice against a wire screen, leaving behind a white powder known as rice polish. From the brushes the rice goes to the polishing drum, where, through friction, the highly polished appearance, which is found in nearly all finished rice, is obtained. From there the rice goes to the clean rice separators, where the broken grains are separated from the whole grains and the various commercial grades are separately packed.

Rice finds its chief uses today as a staple article of human food and in the manufacture of beer, about ten per cent of all the Louisiana crop being used



BALING RICE STRAW

for the latter purpose. Approximately one-sixth of the entire American crop of rice is shipped at present to Porto Rico, the balance, with the exception of occasional shipments to Cuba and European ports, being consumed at home.

More than a million bags of rice are sold annually on the New Orleans Board of Trade. Not all of this, however, is Louisiana rice, about one-tenth of it coming from Texas and approximately the same amount from Arkansas. All of this is sold through the medium of the factor, the rice factor being to the rice grower what the cotton factor is to the planter, advancing him the money necessary to grow and harvest his crop at a regular rate of interest, and selling it for him afterward on a commission basis. Most of the rice disposed of on the New Orleans Board of Trade is sold to the local mills, the balance being shipped to the South Atlantic markets, such as Savannah, Charleston and Morehead City.

The future of the rice industry would appear to be very great.

The late Dr. S. A. Knapp of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, who played a more important role than any other man in the upbuilding of this industry, in speaking of rice, once said:

"Rice forms the principal food for one-half the population of the earth. It is more widely and generally used as a food material than any other cereal. Where dense populations are dependent for food on an annual crop, and the climate permits its cultivation, rice has been selected as the staple food. A combination of rice and legumes is a much cheaper complete food ration than wheat and meat, and can be produced on a much smaller area. As a food material rice is nutritious and easily digested. Even rice polish, or flour, which is now sold at the mills at about a cent a pound for cattle feed, or exported to Germany, will, when appre-

EXHIBIT OF LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY
RICE EXPERIMENT STATION
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A RICE EXHIBIT AT THE CROWLEY FAIR

ciated, be in demand for human food, as it contains 10.95 per cent of protein, in comparison with 7.4 for the clean rice."

The consumption of rice in the United States is ridiculously low. As the American people are educated, however, to its real food value and to the many ways it can be prepared, this consumption will no doubt be greatly increased. A per capita increase of five pounds alone would represent a most enormous increase in the domestic consumption. Nor is the United States the only market that the Louisiana rice grower has to look for his future. With higher paid labor, more modern agricultural machinery, a more comprehensive system of irrigation, the American rice grower should be in a position one day to compete successfully with the rice growers of the world.

To the good farmer, the growing of rice would seem to offer a more profitable return than the growing of wheat. The cost of labor is practically the same. Rice, however, under intelligent cultivation, should yield at least sixty bushels to the acre, worth from sixty-five cents to a dollar a bushel in the field, according to market conditions.

A story of a grocery clerk, who three years ago was working for fifty dollars a month at Crowley, the rice center, well illustrates the profits to be derived from a rice farm by intelligent management. This grocery clerk rented a rice farm in the northern part of Acadia parish, on what is known as the crop percentage basis. He made no money investment whatsoever. This year, after paying all his family and farm expenses, he netted nearly $5,000. The farm was 235 acres in extent.

Any Western farmer who really wants to engage in rice cultivation can buy land in the rice belt on very reasonable terms.

FORTY odd miles from New Orleans' in the Parish of St. James, is being carried on an historic and picturesque industry, infinitesimal in comparison with many of the other great agricultural industries of the State, but so peculiarly Louisianian as to make a story of her industrial life incomplete without its incorporation.

First grown long before the Civil War by an Acadian whose name the tobacco now bears, the cultivation of Perique tobacco has been kept up continuously ever since, the direct lineal descendants of Perique being still engaged in the industry.

Perique tobacco culture is confined to a very small area on the banks of the Mississippi, where soil and climatic conditions are peculiarly adapted to its

COMPRESSING PERIQUE TOBACCO INTO HOGSHEAD growth, and it is marketed from Lutcher, a great cypress manufacturing center, Convent and Grand Pointe. Altogether there are but five hundred acres in cultivation, although about two thousand acres are available.

Perique tobacco is cultivated in much the same manner as any other sun tobacco, the land being plowed over and planted in rows five feet apart. The tobacco is sown in the early part of January and re-planted in March or April, the crop being harvested in the latter part of June or the beginning of July.

After harvesting, the tobacco is hung in sheds to dry, after which it is stripped and placed in presses until the following March or April, when it is ready for market, although frequently it is not sold until three or four years old, Perique tobacco, like wine, improving with age.

INTERIOR OF A PERIQUE FACTORY

Perique tobacco yields about five hundred to six hundred pounds to the acre, and commands a price from twenty-five to fifty cents a pound. The present yield is about 275,000 pounds a year.

Perique tobacco finds its chief use as a seasoner for mixtures, it being an exceedingly strong tobacco, with a distinct flavor and aroma. It is shipped to all American tobacco markets, to Canada, England and elsewhere.

* * *

LOUISIANA has been so frequently alluded to as the Holland of America as to need no introduction as a trucking state. From the day of her settlement, indeed, trucking has been one of her most important native industries, New Orleans for more than a century having been the center of an intensive agriculture that has served as a model for truckers in every quarter of the land. Today this industry is valued at more than ten million dollars annually, and is growing in importance each year. The State of Louisiana could have no better all-the-year-round exhibit than this living monument to the tremendous advantages that the Pelican State offers to the tiller of the soil.

OCTAVE ROUSSEL
TOBACCO MANUFACTURER
FACTORY N 24 DIST. OF LA.

THE PERIQUE TOBACCO INDUSTRY HAS ITS UNIQUE TYPES

Louisiana's trucking industry is not confined to the environs of New Orleans by any means, however. Louisiana, like Florida, has built up in the past few years commercial trucking interests of varying character in different parts of the state. There is the famous strawberry industry of Tangipahoa Parish, the general truck industry of Rapides, the tomato industry of Ouachita, the cabbage industry of Calcasieu, and the potato and cantaloupe industries of Caddo and Bossier.

The trucking industry of Tangipahoa Parish has a world-wide fame—especially

WINDING PERIQUE TOBACCO

the strawberry part of it. Six million dollars' worth of strawberries were shipped from Hammond, Independence, and Amite, the chief shipping points of the parish, in 1911—and all from a district that twenty-five years ago was an indefinable part of the great pine forest.

In 1885, the year of the Cotton Exposition at New Orleans, Hammond, then known as Hammond's Crossing, had only half a dozen families. Not a single family had been added to its population in twenty years. Its lands had only a nominal value; in fact, only two years before a wise investor had purchased 5,000 acres of land at a tax sale for the munificent sum of $117. These same lands, by the way, are now held at $30 an acre or $149,883 more than the investor paid out. But conditions changed materially in 1885, for in that year the Illinois Central Railroad acquired control of the old New Orleans, Jackson & Great Northern, and inaugurated a real policy of progression. The direction of this policy was in able hands—in the hands of a man who has done a noble work in the upbuilding of the South—Captain J. F. Merry of Manchester, Iowa, now retired, but for quarter of a century general immigration agent of the Illinois Central System, and a living potent factor in the economic life of the South.

Starting its work by bringing in a few families, the Illinois Central gradually extended its policy to include desirable foreign immigration. The wisdom of this movement was seriously questioned by the people of Louisiana at the time. But it has seen its justification already. The great Tangipahoa strawberry industry is almost wholly in the hands of Italians. But these Italians have nothing in common with their city brothers. They are agrarians, pure and simple. Crime is practically unknown to them. They are orderly in the extreme, industrious, provident. And best of all, their children are growing up

A TYPICAL STRAWBERRY SCENE IN TANGIPAHOA PARISH to be real Americans, just such good Americans as the Germans and Scandinavians have become in the West.

This is true also of every foreign colony in Louisiana. Take the Belgian Colony at Alexandria, for instance. When the Rock Island Railroad brought out these immigrants from the Province of Brabant, Belgium, some ten years ago, none of them had aught but the clothes he wore, most were ill clad. For a time they sought employment in the saw mills. But they were farmers by nature and calling, and after a while, with their meager savings, they bought on time payments some of the rich bottom lands that are to be found anywhere around Alexandria, which lies in the famous Red River Valley. Their success belongs really to the category of the marvelous. There are approximately a hundred farmers in the colony, and they are rated on an average at over ten thousand dollars each—some, indeed, are said to be worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars. And all in the space of a decade.

Some of the younger members of this colony, too, are beginning to sell their valuable bottom lands and locate on the lower-priced upland, or cut-over pine lands, as they are more usually called. They find them just as good as the bottom lands for most purposes, and for strawberries and some vegetables, better. A farmer and son are making between two and three thousand dollars net every year on less than twenty-five acres of cut-over land, while a Northern settler this year made $1,400 clear profit on nine acres of strawberries.

SHIPPING STRAWBERRIES FROM HAMMOND, THE CENTER OF THIS MAMMOTH INDUSTRY

The Rock Island has recently established a new French colony on the cut-over pine land region of Alexandria. The members of this colony do not come direct from their native soil, but from Saskatchewan, Canada, where for the past two or three years they have found an indifferent success. This colony will devote itself to the growing of truck for the present, but ultimately it hopes to establish a wine industry in Louisiana, such as the Italian Colony established with such success in California. And their efforts should not be in vain, for the wine grape grows luxuriantly in Louisiana, and Louisiana is much closer to the great consuming centers of the country.

Tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, radishes, onions, eggplants, parsley and all the other chief vegetables of the temperate zone will grow as well in Louisiana as anywhere in the United States.

Three hundred and fifty-three dollars net to the acre on forty-six acres of tomatoes sounds large, but that is what one enterprising farmer, Mr. L. P. Alexander, of Monroe, did this year. And that did not represent the sum total of his year's work either. On the same land he raised forty bushels of potatoes to the acre as a second crop, for which he received $1.40 a bushel. And this was an exceptionally poor year for potatoes, for he has made 225 bushels to the acre as a second crop. Mr. Alexander raises peas, various varieties of beans, carrots and other vegetables, following them by cowpeas, potatoes, or peanuts as he deems best. This year he cultivated 175 acres and cleared $17,000. Next year he expects to do even better.

TOMATO FIELD OF L. P. ALEXANDER, MONROE, THAT RETURNED $353 NET TO ACRE ON 46 ACRES

LOUISIANA also is coming to the front in the raising of canteloupes. Louisiana raises the famous Rocky Ford exclusively, and it is said to produce a fruit that is absolutely true to the parent seed. The Louisiana melon is marketed about the same time as that of South Georgia, so reaches the market at a time when conditions are, as a rule, very favorable, and the price is a great deal higher than the most successful Colorado growers can realize. At least $75 to $100 net can be made from canteloupes, subject, of course, to climatic and market conditions. Canteloupes can be followed by peanuts or by California peas, which command three dollars a bushel in local markets and yield twelve to fifteen bushels an acre. Canteloupes are sold for the most part in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Detroit, Erie and Wheeling, but next year it is intended to invade the West where the Louisiana grower will not have to compete with Georgia and Florida.

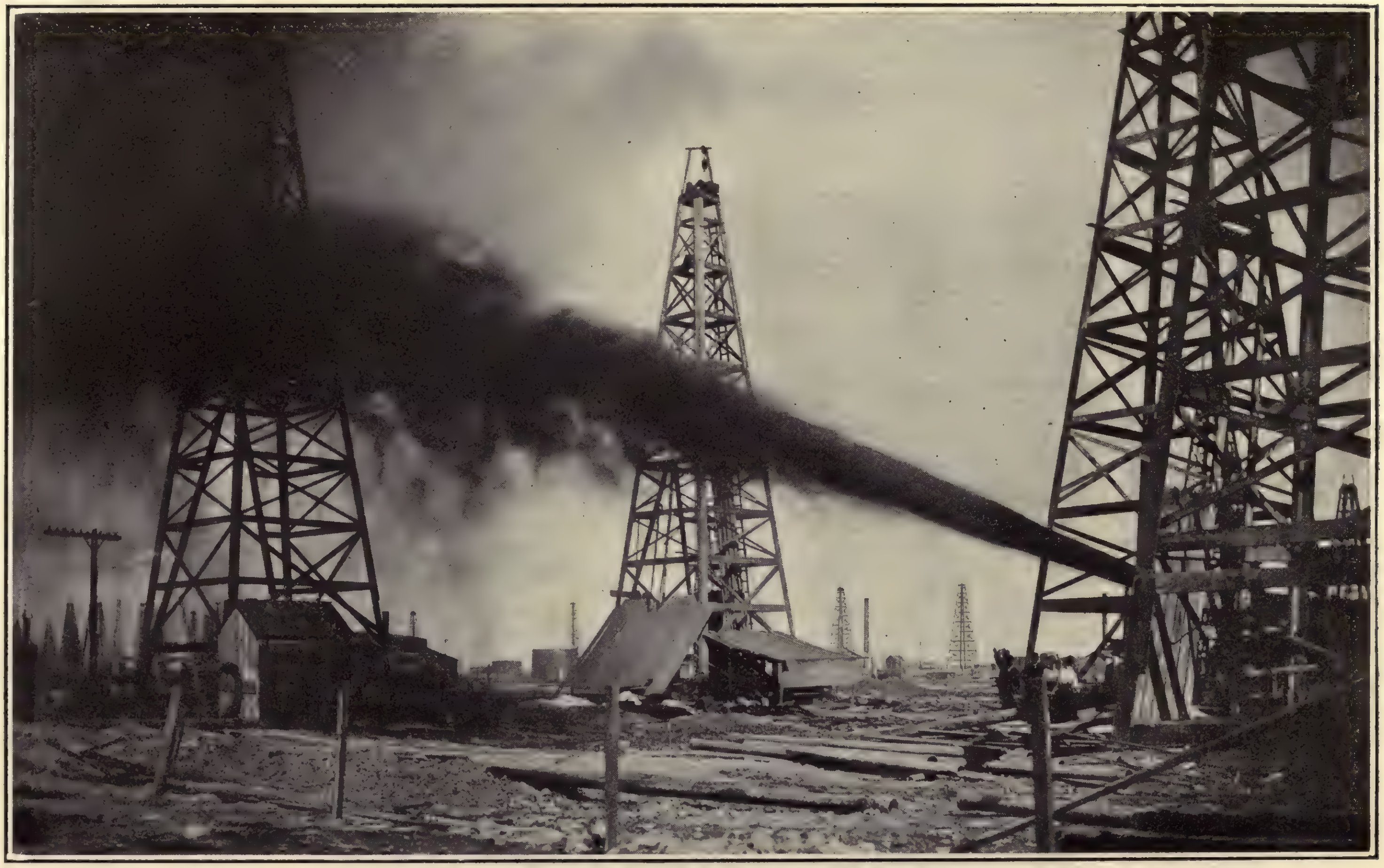
* * *

IN the growing of citrus fruits Louisiana is becoming yearly more prominent, this year raising four hundred thousand boxes of her famous "sweets," or native seedlings, said to be the highest priced oranges on the market. The chief orange groves in the state are situated along the Mississippi River, south of New Orleans, although there are many fine groves throughout the Gulf Coast country, especially in the Parish of Calcasieu. In the latter parish at Lake Charles, there has been evolved a system of grove protection from frost by inundation that promises to give the citrus industry of that section a wonderful impetus. The grapefruit also does well in Louisiana, as do Satsuma oranges and figs. The fig industry around Jennings, built up through the efforts of "Father" Cary, the town's founder, and one of the chief factors in the development of Southwest Louisiana, has become one of the most important fruit industries of the state.

LAKE CHARLES IN THE BEAUTY OF A WINTER AFTERNOON

* * *

ONE of Louisiana's indigenous trees, the pecan, grows to especial advantage in the Pelican State. Louisiana has a larger native pecan area than any state but Texas. The grafted pecan industry is also becoming an important one, especially in Ouachita, Rapides, Jefferson and West Baton Rouge parishes. Properly cultivated, a pecan grove is a safe and conservative investment.



BRINGING IN A GUSHER IN A LOUISIANA OIL FIELD

NATURE has endowed Louisiana with many wonderful natural resources. Within her borders can be found in inexhaustible quantities vast deposits of sulphur, oil, natural gas, salt, lignite and many fine kaolins and clays; while throughout her tertiary strata there occur in varying quantities, marble, limestone, sandstone, iron, gypsum, Fuller's earth, green sand, and other less important minerals.

Of these, sulphur, oil, natural gas, salt, and, to a limited extent, marble, are the only ones that have been commercially developed and even they have not seen the dawn break on the horizon of the future, for almost every day witnesses an extension of Louisiana's mineralogical area; almost every day sees the necessity for a revision of her geological textbooks; in fact, no other state in the entire union seems to be experiencing a more remarkable or more striking development in this respect.

FOUR hundred men and American ingenuity to produce the same results in the United States as twenty-one thousand men in Italy—that is the wonderful story of the sulphur industry of Louisiana.

The history of this industry is typically American in its vicissitudes.

Discovered as long ago as 1858, it is only within the past few years that the deposit has been commercially worked.

DEMOLISHING A "MOUNTAIN" OF LOUISIANA SULPHUR

It must not be supposed, however, that this was due in any measure to a lack of knowledge as to its value. How many millions of dollars were lost, how many hundreds of people financially ruined, how many lives were sacrificed in the many vain attempts that were intermittently made to utilize this magnificent gift of Nature before success at last came, no man can tell.

From the close of the War until 1870, however, when a great French syndicate acquired an option on the property, numerous attempts were made to mine it, all, for one reason or another, unsuccessful, and from that time until the present interests gained control, almost as many more.

The operations of the French syndicate, being undertaken on the usual elaborate scale of all things French, deserve special mention. How to get at the sulphur no one knew, but the engineers in charge determined to sink an eleven-foot shaft to the deposit. This was a gigantic enterprise in itself, for at that time there was no foundry in the United States that could pretend to manufacture the castings required for such a great engineering enterprise. These, therefore, had to be imported from France, an arduous and an expensive task, for each casting was eleven feet in diameter and five feet long and weighed seven and a half tons. At that time there, too, was no railroad to the mines, and the machinery had to be conveyed thereto by wagon from a point on the Calcasieu River, nine miles away. The cost of transportation on the machinery and castings alone amounted, according to the company, to over three hundred thousand dollars!

This enormous expenditure of money and time was, however, all to no purpose, for before the engineers in charge had sunk their shaft to a depth necessary to insert even the first ring of the caisson, the company abandoned the project, feeling that, having expended over a million and a half dollars with no tangible results, to invest more money in what appeared, from their long range, a fruitless undertaking, would be an absurdity.

A "MOUNTAIN" OF LOUISIANA SULPHUR

The great castings and the magnificent machinery, left to rust in the wilderness, are today the only reminders of France's interest in the sulphur resources of Louisiana!

The next big attempt to develop the mines was made in 1889 by a New York syndicate, which, in the face of expert advice, proceeded to sink an elaborate shaft to the mines, the only result from this attempt being the loss of a million dollars and a number of lives and the reversion of the property to its original owners.

But every problem in Nature is bound at last to yield to the ingenuity of man—that has been the law and order of things in the evolution of the ages. Man and the hour must eventually meet—and in the meeting Nature must succumb.

Thus it was with the sulphur industry of Louisiana. In 1902 a scientist, with the scientist's faculty of delving into the region of the unknown, directed his efforts toward the solution of the one great problem that for so long had thwarted the energies of science and engineering, namely, how to mine the sulphur in some other way than by the shaft method, which could never be successful, owing to the inconsistency of the overlying strata.

It took Herman Frasch, the inventor of the process for desulphurizing Lima oil, some time to find a practical solution to the problem, but that solution not only gave birth to the Louisiana sulphur industry, but it completely revolutionized the sulphur industry of the world.

Mr. Frasch's invention consists roughly in melting the sulphur from the sulphur-bearing rock by the application of hot water and steam, and the pumping by compressed air of the consequent liquid sulphur to the surface. Here it is run into vats and allowed to congeal, the vat being formed of an eight-inch plank enclosure. As each layer of sulphur congeals, the operation is repeated, until the sulphur pile has attained a height of sixty or seventy feet and become to all intents and purposes a solid mountain of sulphur.

Scintillating in the sunshine, these huge masses of sulphur, over 99 per cent pure, constitute one of the most remarkable sights to be found anywhere on this continent. It is said, indeed, that there is over two years' supply of sulphur above ground at the present time.

A unique thing about the Frasch method of sulphur mining is that not a single workman ever goes beneath the surface, every operation being carried on above ground; in the Italian government mines in Sicily, on the contrary, the sulphur is all produced on the shaft and tunnel principle, the consequent loss of life being very great.

ONE OF THE FOUR UNITS OF THE POWER PLANT THAT PROVIDES THE STEAM AND HOT WATER WITH WHICH LOUISIANA SULPHUR IS MINED

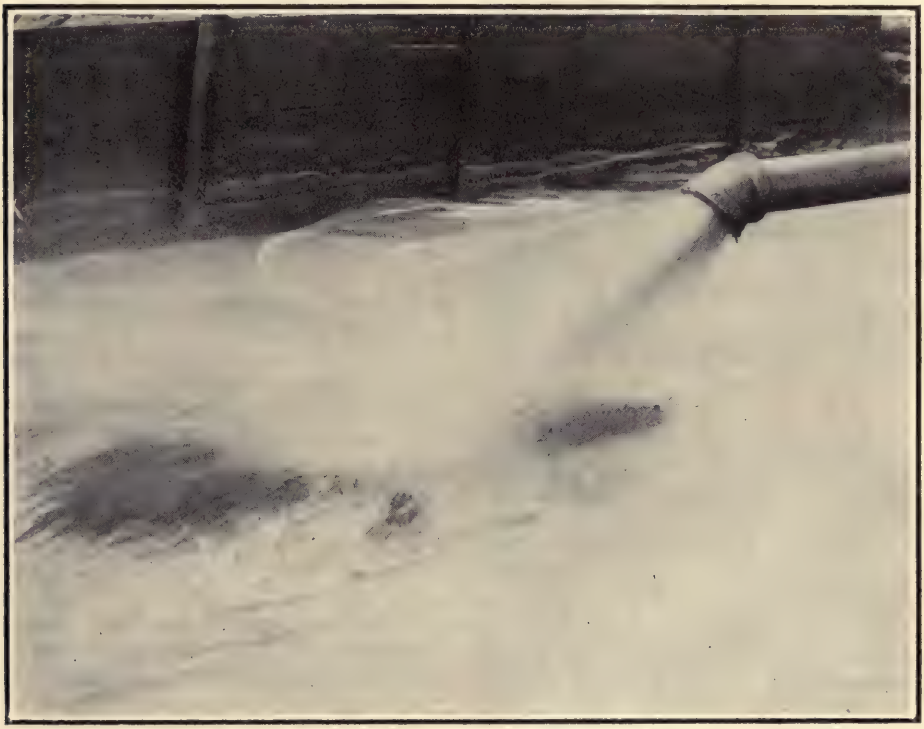
VIEW OF SULPHUR MINES, SHOWING WELLS AND PIPE LINES

The annual output of the Louisiana sulphur mines is about two hundred thousand tons, the value of the product being estimated at over four million dollars.

Most of this sulphur is shipped in the company's own steamers from Port Sabine, Texas, to North Atlantic seaports for distribution throughout the United States and Canada, about ten per cent of it going to the Eastern refineries, the largest of which are in New York, the National Sulphur Company's plant in that city being the largest sulphur refinery in the world.

About seventy per cent of the domestic supply of sulphur is now used in the manufacture of paper. The sulphur is burned into gas and passed through a tank containing milk of lime, and then finely chopped up wood, usually spruce, is mixed with the resultant fluid, which induces a process of decomposition in the wood, and converts it into what is technically known as wood pulp.

WITH a production in 1910 of 6,841,395 barrels of crude oil, valued at $3,574,069, Louisiana now stands eighth among the great oil-producing states of the Union, and as almost every week witnesses the bringing in of new wells, or the finding of oil indications in various parts of the state, there would seem to be every reason to believe that she will have outranked at least four of these states in the next two or three years. Louisiana increased her output in 1910 123 per cent. The year 1911 should record a production of at least ten million barrels.



A LOUISIANA OIL WELL FLOWING 25,000 BARRELS A DAY

And the oil industry of Louisiana is yet in its infancy. Oil, it is true, has been prospected for in Louisiana from long before the War, the magnificent sulphur deposits of the state having been uncovered in one of the many unsuccessful attempts to tap the oil deposits of Southwest Louisiana. But it is only since 1901, when the famous Spindletop gusher of the Beaumont district turned the atten-

THE GREAT OIL FIRE AT HARREL NO. 7

tion of the great oil operators to the Gulf Coast country, and the Jennings field, which in point of production has been one of the most remarkable confined oil fields in the world, was discovered, that the petroleum industry has been a factor in the industrial life of Louisiana.

The Jennings oil field is said to be the largest single oil pool in the world, having produced sixty million barrels of oil since 1902. This field reached the height of its production in 1906, when it produced 9,025,174 barrels. Since that time it has dropped off appreciably, in 1909, making less than two million barrels and in 1910 even a smaller record.

The Jennings field has had a number of large gushers, the Wilkins No. — having been, when it came in, the greatest oil well in the world. Since that time many great gushers have been brought in, especially in California and Mexico, that have been far greater producers than this pioneer well of the Jennings field, but it is doubtful if many wells can claim a better record, this well having produced over three million barrels of oil, or, in other words, over one-twentieth of the total amount of oil taken from the field.

Unlike the Jennings field, the Caddo field is supposed to be a series of pools, with the first wells in the proven territory getting the bulk of the oil.

When oil was discovered in the Caddo district in 1905, it was not thought that the field was an important one, but the production has increased at a tremendous rate, until now, with nearly five hundred producing wells, many of them gushers, the production averages over twenty-five thousand barrels a day, and the Caddo field has become by far the most important oil-producing section of the southwest.

In the Harrel Number 7, the Caddo field has one of the largest single oil wells in the United States; indeed, it is estimated that when this well was first brought in it made nearly fifty thousand barrels of oil a day, a production that was reduced materially only because the pipe line facilities in the Caddo Field were inadequate. This is the oil well that furnished the sensational fire that for so many months defied every engineering effort, and was brought under control only after the engineers had tunneled below the point of combustion and piped out a large portion of the oil and gas that fed the flames.

There are three pipe lines from the Caddo field, namely to Beaumont, Texas, Baton Rouge, where is located the great three-million dollar refinery of the Standard Oil Company, and to Port Arthur, Texas, the seaport through which most of the oil produced in Texas and Louisiana is shipped to the markets of the world.

The Vinton oil field has not lived up to expectations. In its early days it made twenty-two thousand barrels a day, while it now averages less than five thousand. For a new field, however, the Vinton district has a remarkable record, having produced approximately three million barrels of oil in less than ten months. When this field first came in two to ten thousand gushers were quite common, but the gushers appear to have given out entirely, all of the oil now being produced entirely by the pump method.

What the future holds forth for the oil industry of Louisiana, no one can foretell. All of Louisiana's oil is at present said to be produced from pockets, no regular stratum of oil having been found to date. Some geologists hold, however, that oil underlies a great portion of the surface of Louisiana, and that the Louisiana oil field is a continuation of the Texas and Mid-continent oil fields, and that one day Louisiana will be second only to California as an oil-producing state. Out in the Gulf of Mexico, too, there is said to be a veritable oil pool in which ships ride regardless of the storm, and which is said to mark the outlet for this great subterranean stream.

Oil is being prospected for in various parts of Louisiana, and as the prospecting is not of the "wildcat" variety, but is being carried on by close corporations along intelligent lines, there seems to be good reason for conceding a real future to this romantic industry.

* * *

ANOTHER of Louisiana's great natural resources are her wonderful deposits of natural gas.

Although she cannot pretend to rank at present with West Virginia and Pennsylvania in point of natural gas production, Louisiana is in possession, in the Caddo gas field, of the largest single natural gas field in the United States.

Some idea of the vastness of this field can be gained from the fact that it has no less than forty-seven huge producing wells in active operation at the present time, although the entire field, as at present defined, is embraced in an area of ten to twelve square miles. It is believed, however, that this field is a continuation of the Mid-continent field, and that it will one day extend, with interruptions, to the Gulf of Mexico.

Gas at Caddo is found at depths of 800, 1,800, and 2,200 feet, varying slightly with the topography. Some wells have made as high as eighty to a hundred million cubic feet every twenty-four hours from a six-inch open pipe, while others, again, have greatly exceeded that figure.

Only a small portion of the available gas in the Caddo field is consumed at present, hundreds and hundreds of millions of feet being lost daily from the larger oil wells. This, however, is unavoidable as there is no way of utilizing gas and oil simultaneously.

The gas from the Caddo field is of a very superior grade, having very little fume, and being absolutely non-noxious. In theoretical fuel value it is also very high, sixty per cent of this gas being equal to a hundred per cent of gas manufactured from coal.

The natural gas flows from the wells at a pressure of from thirty-five to three hundred pounds to the square inch, depending on the amount of gas required. From the well to the pipe or field line, a pressure, regulated to conditions, of 150 to 400 pounds is maintained. The natural pressure answers all present purposes, but unless this field differs materially from the older gas fields of the country, compresses eventually will be necessary for long-distance transmission.

Caddo natural gas is piped at present to Texarkana, Little Rock and Shreveport, there being a ten-inch main to Texarkana, and three pipe lines, of four, six, and eight inch capacity respectively, to Shreveport.

The Little Rock line is 180 miles long, has two compressor stations, and, besides

AND HOW IT WAS PUT OUT

Little Rock, supplies Arkadelphia, Hope, Garden, Hot Springs, Poplar Bluff and other towns.

Ultimately it is hoped that pipe lines will be laid to New Orleans, Memphis and St. Louis.

The natural gas field should offer great opportunities to the manufacturer of all classes of articles in whose manufacture fuel is a consideration. When natural gas was first utilized in 1900 gas was sold in Shreveport at $3.00 a thousand feet for lighting purposes and $1.75 for fuel, the gas being generated from Oklahoma coal; today gas for domestic purposes sells at eighteen to twenty-two cents net and power gas for from four to eleven cents. The citizens of Chicago, just celebrating their eighty-cent gas victory, should regard Shreveport with envy. In Pittsburgh, too, where the producers of natural gas have to compete with the very best class of Pittsburgh-mined coal, the rates for natural gas are twelve and a half cents for power and twenty-seven cents for domestic uses. The highest rate for electricity generated from natural gas, is eight cents per kilowatt hour for domestic purposes and for from three to eight cents for manufactories, large consumers getting an even lower rate.

* * *

FIVE hundred feet beneath the surface, veritable mammoth caves, cut from the solid transparent rock, seemingly by a master hand, glittering with a thousand crystals, reflecting strange colors and weird phantom shapes, converting men and mules into diminutive denizens of a strange world—awful in their magnitude, awe-inspiring in their unknown depths, forever veiled in mystic shades, the great rock salt mines of Louisiana well might be the prototypes of those mystic caverns that inspired the facile pens of such visionary romanticists as Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson.

STEAM STILLS, STANDARD OIL REFINERY, BATON ROUGE

With a visible supply of some twenty billion tons of rock salt, sufficient salt to supply the demands of the world for centuries to come, the great rock salt deposits of Louisiana are larger than any yet uncovered on this continent, eminent scientists the world over comparing them to the famous Strassfurt and Sperenberg deposits of Prussia, the Gallicia deposits of Austria, and the world-renowned Trans-Indus salt beds of Hindoostani, most of them admitting that they are at least third, perhaps second, among the great salt deposits of the earth.

The only two salt deposits that have reached a greater depth than those of Louisiana are the Gallicia and Sperenberg workings. The former has reached a depth of 4,600 feet, but this does not represent by any means 4,600 feet of solid salt, for there are a number of geological interruptions, various strata of foreign matter occurring at irregular intervals. The Sperenberg deposit, however, is 3,769 feet in depth, the salt occurring in a conglomerate mass. The famous Strassfurt deposits are only 685 feet deep, while those of India average from three hundred to seven hundred feet, and at no point show a greater depth than 1,200 feet. The deepest boring made in Louisiana to date is 2,090 feet, and as at this depth there seemed to be absolutely no change in the character of the salt or the consistency of the stratum, there is every reason to believe that the Louisiana deposits are equally as deep as any to be found anywhere.

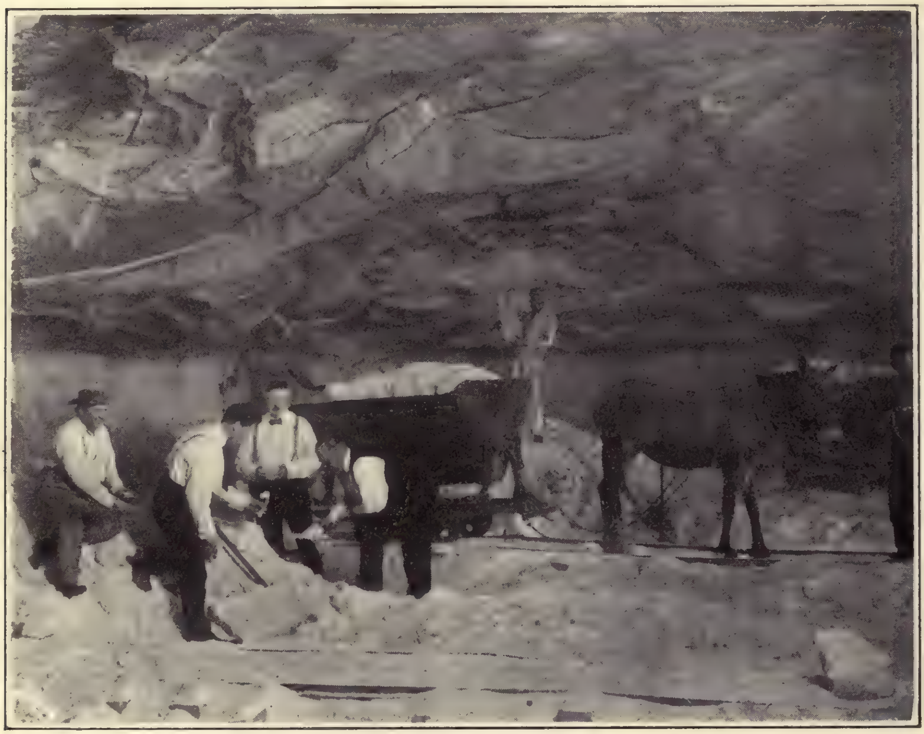
A LOUISIANA RIVER HAS A BEAUTY ALL ITS OWN

From whence these great deposits spring is a mystery—a mystery that geologists from almost the first settlement of this country have attempted in vain to solve. Some scientists, such as Thomassy, have claimed them to be of volcanic origin, others, like Dr. Richard Owen, non-volcanic, but due to the action of wind and waves; some claim that they are due to alluvion, that is, the imprisoning of an arm of the sea through alluvial deposit, and the consequent evaporation of the salt water so enclosed; while others claim that salt water springs, and not the sea, have figured in their formation.

Louisiana's rock salt mines have been confined up to the present to certain islands on the Gulf Coast, but it is the opinion of scientists that rock salt underlies not only the great salt springs at Natchitoches, Bienville, Monroe, and other parts of North Louisiana, but a considerable proportion of the entire tertiary strata. At Pine Prairie, a few miles southwest of Alexandria, indeed, a rock salt bed has been uncovered that is thought to be larger than any heretofore unearthed.

Hardly islands in the accepted sense of the term, being separated from the mainland only by a low salt marsh, these remarkable promontories, rising to a height of from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred feet above the surrounding country, differ so radically in character and formation from the mainland itself, as to be geographically distinct, and fully entitled to the appellation, Island.

The names of these islands are: Grand Cote, commonly known as Weeks Island; Petite Anse, better known as Avery Island; Cote Carline, known to all Louisiana as Jefferson Island, because it was for many years the beloved home of America's great actor; Belle Isle, the chief rendezvous of the intrepid Lafitte and his piratical band, and Cote Blanche, the last-named being the only one of the five on which rock salt has not been found, due probably to the fact that few borings have been made there.



LOADING SALT AT A DEPTH OF SIX HUNDRED FEET

The production of salt is Louisiana's oldest industry, for not only has it been produced more or less extensively since the day the House of Bourbon unfurled its flag upon her shores, but long, long before the tread of the white man's foot resounded through the noble forests of Louisiana, it had been used as a valuable trading commodity among the Indian aborigines, the very first white settlers of Louisiana having reported meeting with Indian salt traders at various points, one of these being no other than the great Bienville.

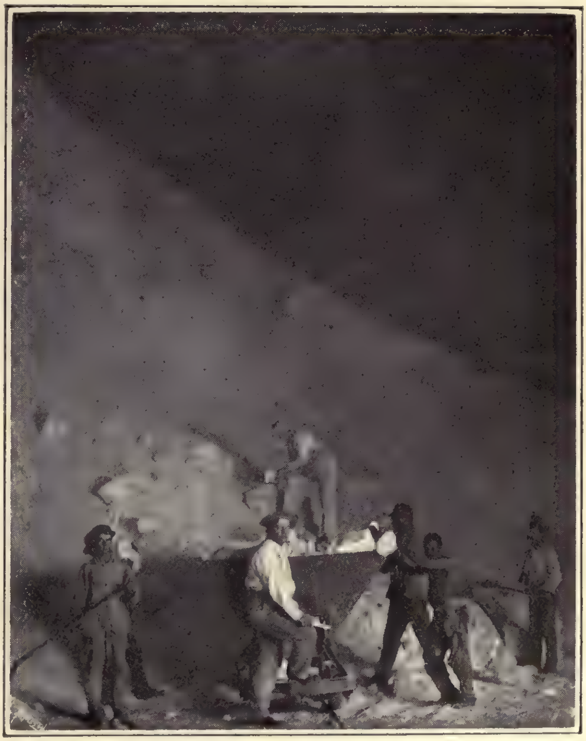
The salt produced by the aborigines was all evaporated, a fact that has been borne out by the finding at the salt springs of North Louisiana and at least three of the five Gulf Islands of large accumulations of potsherds, the crude clay vessels fashioned by the Indians for this purpose.

The extensiveness of Louisiana's rock salt deposits does not appear to have been known to the Indians, but certain discoveries have been made that would seem to indicate that prehistoric man both knew of and worked them—either that, or the scientific theory that man and mastodon did not exist on the earth at one and the same time has been successfully refuted, for in the sinking of the shafts mastodon bones have been found intermingled in the same stratum with human bones, pottery and other relics, while at Avery Island a fragment of cane basket work was picked up on the face of the salt itself.

The evaporated salt industry was quite an important one from the first settlement of Louisiana until after the war, not only in North Louisiana, where were located Price's salt works, King's salt works, and Rayburn's salt works, all known to fame, but also at Petite Anse, where salt had been manufactured from the year 1795, three years from the first attempt to evaporate salt from the great brine springs of New York State. During the war salt sold as high as fifteen dollars a barrel, and both Confederates and Federals depended upon Louisiana for a large portion of their supply.

With the march of progress, however, with its incident economy of manufacture, its increased transportation facilities, its freight rate differentials—all speaking active competition, the industry, carried on intermittently until 1894, died out altogether in that year, and has never been revived.

The great rock salt deposits of Louisiana were discovered by accident in May, 1862. Salt was very scarce at that time, and the proprietor of the Island's salt works, John Marsh Avery, determined to profit by it. With this end in view he commenced to deepen his wells. One negro workman, after going down sixteen feet, came to Mr. Avery with the news that he had struck a sunken log, and could proceed no further. Mr. Avery investigated, and found, not a log, but the great rock salt deposit that has made Louisiana famous throughout the country. The discovery did not come altogether as a surprise, as Thomassy had predicted that a great rock salt deposit would be one



TWENTY THOUSAND TONS OF BLASTED SALT

day uncovered in each of the five Gulf Islands, and perhaps in other portions of the state.

Since the close of the war, rock salt has been an important contributing factor in the mineral wealth of the state. Until 1903, when mining operations were commenced by the Myles Salt Company at the great Weeks' Island deposit, Avery Island had the only active salt mine in the state. The deposit at Belle Isle was worked for some time, but the shaft was destroyed by water, with a loss estimated at over a million and a half dollars.

Weeks' Island is situated a hundred miles west of New Orleans, and about twenty-five miles from Franklin, on an arm of beautiful Vermillion Bay, being connected to the mainland by a branch of the Southern Pacific Railway. It is a beautiful island, with a topography and an outlook as charming as can be found anywhere on the Gulf Coast. Archæologically, also, it is interesting, for it is the possessor of one of the largest Indian shell mounds known. This mound is 600 feet long, 3,260 feet broad and ten feet high, and from it numerous skeletons, arrow heads, and other Indian relics have been taken. It is supposed to have been the burial ground of an important Indian tribe.

Although salt was not discovered at Weeks' Island until 1897, it had been projected for at intervals from 1862, in the excitement following the discovery of the Avery deposit.

QUAINT OLD MORGAN CITY, DESTINED TO BE ONE OF THE GULF OF MEXICO'S GREAT SEAPORTS

The discoverer of the Weeks' Island deposit was General F. F. Myles, who with his brother, Mr. Beverly B. Myles, present president of the Myles Salt Company, has done more, perhaps, than any living man to develop the salt resources of the state.

A visit to the Myles salt mine is of peculiar interest. Arriving at Weeks'

Island, on the Company's own train, we ascend the sloping hill to the plant, which stands sentinel above the Gulf. A few minutes later we enter the shaft, and are being carried down to the mine itself, six hundred feet below the surface, a unique sensation, especially when we look upward, and watch that ball of light, the last vestige of the outside world, gradually grow smaller and smaller, and ultimately disappear. Arriving at the bottom, we step out on to a floor of solid salt—salt everywhere—no artificial scaffolding as in most mines, just pillars and columns, columns and pillars, of solid salt—six billion tons of it altogether, so the scientists say. The depth of this deposit is unknown, as no shaft has been sunk lower than six hundred and fifty feet, this not having been necessary, as the amount of salt available at this depth is more than sufficient to meet the demand for many years to come.

Having found our bearings, we start out for an inspection of the mine itself, each carrying a tallow candle to light him on his way, and warn the mule trains, which seem to wind like grim octopuses in every conceivable direction.

Passing through the first great chamber, which has the appearance, and the grim grandeur of some ancient cathedral, we arrive at a point where active operations are being carried on.

THE ELEVEN-FOOT AIR DRILL AT WORK IN A SALT MINE

Rock salt is mined in very much the same manner as are all the baser minerals. The first operation is the drilling of the holes for the insertion of the dynamic charges, rock salt having a resisting power of five thousand pounds to the square inch. This is accomplished by eleven foot drills. The salt is cut out in tunnel form, arched columns being left to prevent a collapse. These tunnels are seven hundred and fifty to a thousand feet long and eighty to a hundred feet wide, and of about the same height. The blasting is generally done at night, as well to prevent accident as to allow the atmosphere to clear in time for the following day's work. As blasted, the salt is loaded on regular narrow gauge mule trains, which carry it to the foot of the shaft. The negroes who do this work are all swarthy looking fellows, with skins as smooth and as shiny as the finest porpoise leather, due to the action of the salt, for salt is unquestionably the greatest skin remedy known.

As we stand and look around us, we are indeed inspired and awed—the dusky shovellers clothed only from the waist, the mule trains, some empty, some loaded, flitting here, there and everywhere, the huge piles of salt, 99.84 per cent pure chloride of sodium, the glittering lights, the lurking shadows, and above all the grandeur of the mines themselves, they constitute indeed a scene that will focus itself forever upon our memories.

Retracing our steps to the foot of the shaft, we pause for a moment to watch the salt pass through the great forty horse power electric-motor-driven crusher, an operation that is accomplished so speedily that we cannot detect even a single detail.

After being crushed, the salt is fed by gravitation into the cage and carried to the mill, where it is fed automatically into screens and separated into the various commercial grades, and if shipped in bulk deposited by gravity into the cars; if the contrary, automatically fed into sacks.

"THE SHADOWS OF THE TECHE"—A BEAUTIFUL HOME NEAR NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA

Again we are headed for terra firma, glad to be once more in God's own outdoors, but sorry to leave behind us what is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable sights in this state of many wonders.

* * *

SECOND only to the much larger state of Washington in the vastness of her timber resources and the value of her annual cut, Louisiana, possessing, in untold quantities, such soft and hard woods as long and short leaf pine, cypress, almost every known variety of oak; hickory, gum, pecan, cottonwood, ash, magnolia, maple, and the largest known varieties of elm, is, by a very large margin, the greatest lumbering state in the South.

* * *

WITH a timber area of over four million acres, with more than five hundred saw mills in constant operation, with an army of at least twenty-five thousand men in active employment, with an annual cut of two and a half billion feet, or one-sixth of the total yellow pine cut of the country, the manufacture of yellow pine is at present the most important branch of Louisiana's great lumber industry.

Yellow pine occurs in thirty-one of Louisiana's sixty parishes, and is said to cut more to the acre than the pine of any other state. In the southern and middle part of the state there are to be found immense forests of the long-leafed pine that has built up the famous lumber industries of Georgia and Florida, while throughout the northern sections of the state short-leafed pine of a superior character is very plentiful. Scattered throughout the state, too, there are hundreds of sawmills that in construction and capacity are the equal of any to be found in the world; in fact it can be said with truth that the Louisiana lumberman has set a new standard in sawmill construction.

In Bogalusa, Louisiana boasts the largest lumber town in the United States, if not in the world—and one of the most unique. Not one of those lumber towns that is established today to be abandoned tomorrow, Bogalusa has been built up on the broad and comprehensive lines of permanency that should assure her a continuation of prosperity long after the timber to which she owes her present well-being has become a memory of yesterday.

A TYPICAL HARDWOOD SCENE IN NORTH LOUISIANA

The City of Bogalusa, owned and controlled by The Great Southern Lumber Company—every building in the corporate limits being either leased or rented from it, is a pleasing example of the prosperous American city. Modern in every detail, it has two hotels—one of which, the Great Southern, would be a monument to any town of fifty thousand inhabitants or more —a splendid high and two good common schools, churches of all denominations, a modern hospital, a fine library, one of the most substantial Y. M. C. A.s in the state, a modern sewerage system, an elaborate electric light plant, a good water system, cement sidewalks, a fire protection service and all the other conveniences of the city of today.

The help is entirely segregated, the white, Italian and colored elements all being established in different sections of the town. The houses, of which there are about seven hundred, are rented by the company to the help at a nominal figure, those for the white hands being lighted by electricity and equipped with bath, running water, model washstand, and all other modern conveniences; those for the colored differing very materially from the class of residence that is usually found in a mill town, being fitted with glass windows and running water.

Six hundred and fifty thousand to seven hundred and fifty thousand feet a day—that is the capacity of the great Bogalusa sawmill. In other words, this great mill is devastating the pine forests of its territory at the rate of forty to fifty acres a day. How this is accomplished is an interesting story. The company's own forty-five-mile standard railroad extends its tentacles into the surrounding woods, where some four hundred and fifty men are constantly employed in felling the trees, cutting them to the desired length and operating the great steam jiggers which load the finished log on to the train.

A TYPICAL LOGGING SCENE IN A LOUISIANA PINE FOREST

When loaded, the train is run to the mill pond, which is encircled by a track elevated to an angle of thirty degrees, which permits the logs to roll off into the water immediately the supports have been removed. This pond is over twenty-seven acres in extent and has a storage capacity for about seven million cubic feet of timber. The logs are diverted to the slip by the slip-feeders, men who are specially trained to maintain their balance on floating logs. The slip, a chain contrivance, grips the log and automatically carries it up to the saw. There are two slips in this mill, each having a capacity of one hundred and fifty logs an hour. The saw's automatic machinery, controlled by two doggers, men who work the levers of the dogs, the technical name for the vise that grapples the log, grips the log with lightning swiftness; the setter does his work, the sawyer his; the log is sized and cut into the length required in a moment of time that to the uninitiated seems both infinitesimal and marvelous.

There are four band saws in the Bogalusa mill, each forty-four feet in length and each capable of cutting simultaneously two logs in as many as thirty-two one-inch boards. As the log is cut, the resultant lumber is carried off automatically to either the shipping platforms or to the drying kilns, of which there are twenty-two. These kilns are heated by sixty-five miles of steam pipes, and have an aggregate capacity of about two million feet of lumber. From the kiln the lumber goes to the cooling shed and from there to either the plant's own magnificent planing mill or to the shipping platform. Over 45 per cent of all Bogalusa's lumber output is dressed on the grounds.

LONG-LEAF YELLOW PINE READY FOR THE MARKET

An idea of the power required to operate this mill can be gained from the fact that four electric generators with a total generating power of twenty-two thousand kilowatt and a steam engine of eighteen thousand horse-power, are in constant use. The belt that drives the main plant is said to be the largest in the world. It is two hundred and forty feet long and seventy-two inches wide and over seven hundred and fifty hides were used in its manufacture.

THE LOUISIANA CYPRESS HAS A MAJESTY ALL ITS OWN

ALONG the shores of the myriad lakes and streams that are to be found all over the southern portions of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, and throughout Florida, there is to be seen, intermittently silhouetting itself upon the horizon, a great tree, a veritable monarch of the forest, that, heavily draped in its somber garb of Spanish moss, robed in the native majesty and glory that signals it out from its brothers of the forest, seems to stand sentinel at the water's edge as though to challenge and halt the approach of the iconoclast.

It is the cypress, "the tree eternal," the tree that has outlived the centuries, impervious to time and the elements; that has delighted the heart of nature lovers since the day La Salle first explored the mighty reaches of the Mississippi; that has inspired the artist and the poet and compelled music from the lips of the songster.

But it is Louisiana more than any other state that this noble tree calls home. Here can be found huge forests of cypress—the famous red cypress of Louisiana—the cypress that attains a height, a diameter, and a texture that no other does—three million acres altogether, or more than twenty billion feet—twenty billion feet of solid cypress growth, unbroken save for an occasional tupelo gum or other marsh-loving tree.

Up to a very few years ago these noble forests were looked upon as interminable swamps, even their magnificent timber having little intrinsic value. True, there were many who recognized the lasting and other qualities of cypress, but the extraordinary lack of knowledge concerning it on the part of the nation as a whole, the immense cost of cypress lumbering operations, the lack of adequate lumbering machinery, and the difficulties of transportation, precluded any comprehensive development of the industry.

A CENTURY-OLD HOME AT MONROE, BUILT OF SOLID CYPRESS AND STILL IN A SPLENDID STATE OF PRESERVATION

In the last few years, however, conditions have been revolutionized, not only on account of the great improvement in the transportation facilities of Louisiana, and the introduction of machinery adapted

UNLOADING OYSTERS AT HOUSE

to the logging of cypress, but because of a wider appreciation on the part of the consuming public as to the superiority of cypress in all classes of building construction in which durability is a prime consideration, and also because the capitalist, recognizing the future of the industry, has invested millions of dollars in it.

Today the cypress industry, with nearly one hundred and fifty mills in operation, with fifteen thousand men in active employment, and with an annual value to those engaged in it of some fifteen million dollars, is second only in importance to the much older yellow pine branch of Louisiana's wonderful lumber industry.

Perhaps no wood in the world has better weathering qualities than cypress. In the alluvial deposits of Louisiana almost perfect cypress logs have been uncovered hundreds of feet below the present level of the Gulf of Mexico, that are said by scientists to be at least six to ten thousand years old. Some of the oldest houses in New England, constructed by the Pilgrim fathers in the pioneer days of this country, are also of cypress construction, as are practically all of the homes that, scattered throughout Virginia and other Southern states, survive their day and age, living monuments to the pristine greatness of the antebellum South.

Cypress, the most valuable of all Louisiana's commercial woods, is now regarded as one of the richest of Louisiana's many untold treasures, and even the despised swamp from which this valuable timber is cut—the swamp that for so many years was regarded as the breeding place of the mosquito, the home of the moccasin, and the harbinger of fever, pestilence and plague—is recognized as the future soil foundation of an agricultural industry that one day is destined to be a source of potent wealth to the state and to the nation.

* * *

NOT the least of Louisiana's many untold treasures are her wonderful resources of the sea. More rivers and bayous enter the Gulf of Mexico from Louisiana, it is said, than from the balance of the territory that borders America's Mediterranean, carrying with it, in immense quantities, all manner of food for almost every form of fish life, with the result that Louisiana waters abound, in their season, with redfish, Pompano, mullet, trout, red snappers, sheepshead, Spanish mackerel—all the other commercial fish for which the Gulf of Mexico is famed, and inexhaustible quantities of oysters, shrimp, crabs and various other mollusks and crustaceans.

* * *

IF Louisiana had no other resources whatsoever, her wonderful oyster beds would entitle her to a ranking position among those states of the Union who depend on their sea-products for a large measure of their wealth.

With a larger acreage available for oyster culture than even the famed Chesapeake, with greater natural beds than any other state in the Union can boast of, and with better climatic conditions than practically all her sister states, Louisiana has the natural foundation for a greater oyster industry than is now known in the world.

Louisiana has a total water area of 4,720,502 acres, of which 409,220 acres are available for oyster culture under just as favorable conditions as the grounds of Narragansett Bay or Long Island Sound. Her natural reefs, confined, it is true, to three parishes, are 62,740 acres in extent, her famous Point-au-Fer reef, in Terrebonne Parish, being approximately 50,000 acres in extent, and having an annual production of a million barrels of oysters that up to the present time have been nearly all killed each year by the flood-waters of the Atchafalaya because of the absence of a market large enough to permit of its harvesting in time to forestall destruction.

The advantages that Louisiana offers to the oyster grower are many and pronounced. All the natural conditions are peculiarly favorable to oyster growth. The water is warmer, the food supply greater, and the oyster enemies, like the star fish, the mussel and the ray, so common in the North, and so detrimental to the oysterman's welfare, are few and unimportant, the Louisiana oysterman not being compelled to dredge and clean his beds continually, knowing that unless he does so the destruction of his crop will be as complete as it is speedy.

Just as the Louisiana farmer can produce two crops a year, so the Louisiana oysterman can produce two crops of oysters while his Northern brother is making one, for an oyster reaches maturity in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico in less than half the time than the oyster grown in the colder waters of the North, a year and a half to two years being the average time in which a Louisiana oyster will mature, as against four to five years in any of the North Atlantic states.

No story of the Louisiana oyster industry would be complete without a mention of some of its famous oysters, such as the Cyprian Bay, the Bayou Cook, and the Four Bayou, those oysters that have delighted every visitor to New Orleans, and have compelled recognized connoisseurs to place them on an equal footing with the famed Blue Point, Cotuit, and Lynnhaven, in the blue-blooded aristocracy of oysterdom. While it is hard to make comparisons, there are many who feel that the Louisiana oyster has a flavor and a consistency that is common to no other oyster in the country, and whether this be so or not it is certain that the warm waters of the Mississippi River carry into solution certain salts that give these oysters a piquancy peculiar unto themselves.

Although more than five thousand men are engaged in the oyster industry of Louisiana, seventeen hundred of whom are employed in the packing houses and on

TONGING FOR OYSTERS AT THE MOUTH OF A LOUISIANA BAYOU

NEW ORLEANS IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL CEMETERIES

AUDUBON PLACE

ENTRANCE TO AUDUBON PLACE, ONE OF NEW ORLEANS' ARISTOCRATIC THOROUGHFARES the dredge boats, and while the state is now producing nine hundred thousand barrels of oysters annually—valued at nearly a million and a half dollars—and is deriving approximately fifty thousand dollars a year in revenue from leases and other sources, the industry is yet in its infancy, for at the very lowest estimate Louisiana has an acreage sufficient to produce at least a hundred million bushels of oysters annually, or more than the present output ofthe entire country.

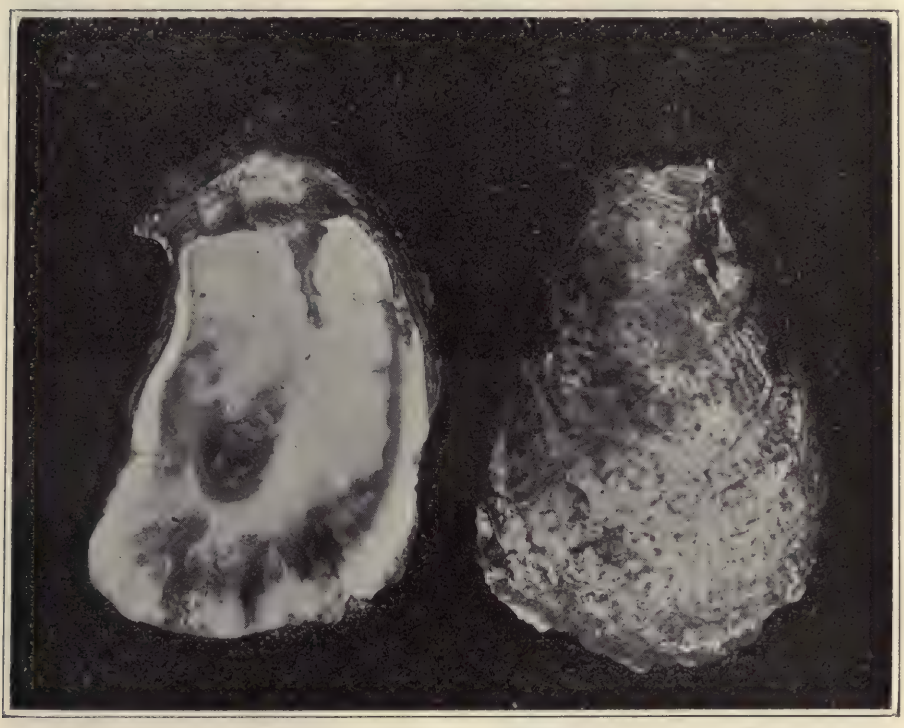


FIG MONTH-OLD LOUISI
(reduced one-third)

THE shrimp industry, too, is also becoming yearly more important to the State of Louisiana. This industry, which has had a slow but healthy growth since the War, is today valued at about $400,000 a year, and represents an investment of over a million dollars.

Owing to the close season enforced by the Game and Fish Commission of the state to induce propagation and thus prevent the annihilation that without some measure of Government control would be inevitable, together with the fact that in the winter time the shrimp seek warmer waters, this industry is carried on only in the months of February, March, April, August, September and October, the three thousand people employed finding other occupations the remainder of the year.

Shrimp are found chiefly in Louisiana in the waters of Grand Isle, the Timberley Islands, various sections of Barataria Bay, at the estuary of Bayou La Fourche, and in the lakes and bays of the Mississippi Sound, in the Parish of St. Bernard.

About seventy-five per cent of the annual shrimp product of Louisiana is canned at one or other of the oyster and shrimp canning factories that are to be found at intervals along the entire Gulf Coast of Eastern Louisiana and Western Mississippi and shipped chiefly to New England points, the Pacific Coast, Great Britain, Australasia, and South America, the balance being consumed in raw state in New Orleans and the larger commercial centers of the Mississippi Valley and the Middle West.

"LOVERS' K AUDUBON RK, NEW OR

A STREET IN NEW ORLEANS' FRENCH QUARTER

IN industrial as well as in agricultural and mineral development the state of Louisiana is also forging forward in the mighty current of progress that is sweeping the whole South. Not alone in New Orleans, Shreveport, Lake Charles, Alexandria, and Baton Rouge, is there a decided trend to real industrialism, but in every town and hamlet in the Commonwealth there are springing up many new industries, incipient industries, it is true, but industries that appear to be founded upon the rock of stability that spells permanence.

The strategical position of Louisiana in relation to the great centers of population of the Mississippi Valley and the Middle West; her navigable waterways, her splendid railroad and other transportation facilities, her raw materials, cheap power, and the supply of labor that is bound to follow the peopling of her lands, all point to the day when she will be almost as great a manufacturing as an agricultural state.

The opening of the Panama Canal, too, is bound to divert an enormous amount of the commerce of the world to the Gulf of Mexico. Already the prow of the tramp steamer is turned toward what is destined to be the Mediterranean of the tomorrow, and New Orleans the Genoa of Italy, but a greater Genoa than the Latin Kingdom ever knew is even now beginning to feel the effects of a movement only three years away.

A TYPICAL COTTON SCENE AT A NEW ORLEANS DOCK

And this is as it should be. Situated at the mouth of the greatest system of inland waterways in the world, occupying a strategic position in relation to the great centers of commerce that no other city in the United States can boast of, enjoying a climate that is acknowledged by world travelers to be the counterpart of the Riviera, New Orleans, the Queen City of the Gulf, is passing through a period of evolution that should make her one day one of the mightiest cities of the world.

There have been many cities in the past decade that have grown up from the very plains themselves, magnificent tributes to our modern civilization, but few that have undergone such revolutionary changes as the romantic old city of New Orleans, the city that under five flags has played such a picturesque role in the history of the New World.

Already the third largest port in point of commerce in the United States, New Orleans is each year increasing her importance in this regard.

Speaking in this connection no less an authority than Herbert Knox Smith, the Commissioner of Corporations, said:

"New Orleans is one of the most important as well as one of the most interesting harbors in the country, particularly in its advanced terminal facilities, its organization, and its methods of public administration. It is a river harbor, about one hundred miles from the Gulf, but easily accessible for ocean vessels.

"Both the commercial and industrial functions of the harbor are important. It has about six miles of publicly owned wharves, over twenty-five in number, and about fifteen large steel sheds and warehouses. There is a very considerable amount of modern transshipping machinery for grain, fruit and coal."

Another institution that is doing much to forward the interest of the Port of New Orleans is the Belt Railroad Commission, a Municipal Board that in the last few years has built and operated a belt railroad along the water front of the city. This is an eleven mile double tracked railroad, and has about forty industrial spurs.

It is intended ultimately to encircle the entire city with a double track railroad which will increase the length of the road to twenty-two miles. This road is publicly owned and publicly managed, and is giving universal satisfaction.

New Orleans has splendid dry-dock facilities, for besides its great government steel floating dock which can accommodate with ease ships of 18,000 tons, there are two other docks of 5,000 and 2,000 tons capacity, permitting the merchant ships of the world to undergo necessary repairs without having to proceed to some distant port.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP "MOMUS" IN NEW YORK–NEW ORLEANS SERVICE AT ONE OF NEW ORLEANS' MAGNIFICENT MUNICIPAL DOCKS

To one who knew New Orleans ten years ago, the New Orleans of today would be a dream city. Not that she has lost any of that Latin atmosphere that has signaled her out from among all the cities of America, that has marked her with a charm unique unto herself, but combining in perfect harmony the new era with the old, she has become a mighty center of commerce, a city of business as well as of pleasure; a city of great buildings and great industries.

Although New Orleans did not experience the growth in the last census that some other cities can claim, it is indisputable that no city in the United States grew more from a civic point of view. Ten years ago she had no sewerage system whatsoever, now she has one of the most modern in the country; ten years ago she depended entirely on the mosquito-breeding cistern for her supply of water, now she has as fine a water system as can be found anywhere in the world; ten years ago she had few paved streets, now she has over a hundred miles of macadamized roadways, and is each year building and improving. Her commerce, too, is growing in volume every year. Already one of the largest lumber ports in the country, exporting sixty per cent of all the staves shipped from the United States, she is also a great port of entry, importing in vast quantities such valuable commodities as mahogany, sugar and coffee.

And the spirit of progress that pervades New Orleans pervades the entire state. Good roads, good schools and a greater Louisiana is the slogan that is sweeping from the Mississippi border to the Texas line and from the State of Arkansas to the azure waters of the Gulf. And, above all, Louisiana is sending out a message to the world, a message which interpreted means, we want your money, we want your energies, we want your brains; we want you, Mr. Capitalist, you, Mr. Farmer, you, Mr. Workman—we want you all to come to Louisiana, to assist us in the upbuilding of our great state—to assist us in carrying out the work that has been destined us, the work of making Louisiana one of the greatest and richest commonwealths in this great Union of free states.

A FLOCK OF SHEEP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LAKE PROVIDENCE

Roosevelt as a Candidate

By

Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE one predominant topic in connection with the presidential campaign of 1912 is whether or not Colonel Theodore Roosevelt will run for the presidency. It is the one great subject of talk everywhere, and enthusiastic admirers in all parts of the country are not waiting for formalities, but are going right ahead "without the advice or consent" of the candidate, on the Rooseveltian plan.

A call at the *Outlook* office in New York does not seem to clarify the situation. On the seventh floor during the hours that the "Contributing Editor is in" there is a throng of visitors in the outer office, with a few nestling in the alcove behind the brown curtains. The table is covered with books and magazines. On the wall is a portrait of Henry Ward Beecher, in his rugged prime, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. Valentine, the founder of the periodical that now has the distinction of having on its editorial staff a former President.

* * *

In a moment the scene changes to one recalling days at the Executive office in Washington some years ago. The Colonel bursts into the room with greetings right and left—bowling out handshakes like a rapid-fire gatling gun. Each request is met without evasion. It was interesting to distinguish among the crowd of visitors certain influential Hebrews, Catholic priests, business magnates, manufacturers, laboring men, representatives, authors, artists—all coming to pay their respects, many of them with a request for a speech somewhere sometime. By the side of the redoubtable Colonel, while he runs the gauntlet of visitors, is his private secretary, Mr. Fletcher Harper, grandson of one of the founders of the great publishing house. More than four thousand invitations to make addresses then required answers. And still they continued to come, presented in person by individuals representing all sections and all sorts of organizations.

The door opened and a smiling, boyish face under a nobby green hat appeared. "My dear old fellow African hunter," cried the Colonel, rushing over and grasping both hands. Blushing like a girl, John T. McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist, returned the greeting as he was commanded to go out in the hall "around the elbow" in the corridor to the waiting lunch room. There a luncheon had been arranged on the old White House plan, where affairs universal and problems in particular were discussed over soup, nuts and—pie.

Each group of visitors was handled with the old-time dispatch, and all caught the infectious buoyancy of the Colonel.

In the corridors the visitors lingered to discuss matters.

"Same old Teddy."

"Doesn't he look fine?"

"You can't stop that man."

* * *

The Colonel's blue eyes snapped behind his glasses, the massive jaws moved forward in smiles or set in grim determination, and his white teeth gleamed under the close-trimmed moustache. The old-time fire was there, but he seemed more mature, more ripened, and a little more mellow than in days of yore.

His articles in the *Outlook* were invariably the text for conversation among those who awaited an audience. To his admirers his editorials have something of the weight of official messages. The discussion of the McNamara case last

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

August was pointed out as "another case of Roosevelt luck"—or foresight. His recent article on the Trust situation has brought many words of appreciation from sources where formerly he was criticized. The Colonel as an editor appeared just as impervious as ever to criticism. Some callers who urged his candidacy were disposed of with an interview punctuated with blankety-blanks. The old habit of adding recruits to the Ananias Club still seems to be maintained.

At this center of his present activities it was evident to his most captious critic that Theodore Roosevelt is sought as a leader with a pressure that has seldom come to any individual direct from the people, and entirely outside of any well-organized or concerted movement.

The manner in which he has always met his public obligations in the past; his identification with the inaugurations of policies that have marked an epoch in history, makes his friends believe that he cannot brush aside a nomination if it comes with the same positive force that has characterized his public career. He is sought by party leaders to insure success at the polls, as well as by those who believe his aggressive personality is essential to perfecting the program of progress inaugurated during his administration, and who feel that his conservative balance in ministering on justice to rich and poor, labor and capital, the strong and weak, is the one thing necessary to arrest a rushing tide of socialism and revolution that may sweep beyond all bounds of reason.

There are many Republicans who holp that if the party is to continue to meet great problems and give to the country the benefit of its experience and fundamental principles, it must in the first place have a leader who is sure of election, and they insist that it doesn't make any difference what Theodore Roosevelt personally wishes, the American people will make him a candidate. His name is already on the ticket in the Nebraskan primaries. Petitions are being circulated in New Jersey insisting that his name head the presidential ballot. The old cry of 1896, when McKinley was declared the "logical" candidate, has been renewed. The awakened memories of those days is strong among the mature leaders and counselors within the party, who might personally prefer another candidate. But, after all, public opinion dictates the only safe course to follow, and the history of "forcing nominations and losing elections" is not forgotten.

The thing to be done now, say these leaders, is to conserve the same vital forces that directed the last nomination, and persistently to look forward to like results in November. It is insisted that a united party is necessary, and the existing situation and sentiment need not be regarded as an affront to the administration, which has certainly met problems fearlessly, and has fulfilled obligations inherited from previously inaugurated policies. The idea, erroneous or otherwise, is in the minds of many people that Roosevelt is the man who can be elected, no matter how the chances of other candidates may be regarded.

HOPE

THERE is no grave on earth's broad chart
  But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every breast,
  Although we may not hear it;
And if today the heavy wing
  Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring
  The weary heart a blessing.

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

Reclaiming an Empire

By

Garnault Agassiz

WESTWARD from the Mississippi border line to the State of Texas, skirting the azure waters of the Gulf of Mexico for from thirty to a hundred miles to the northward, there lies in embryo an empire, an empire not alone in the vastness of its territory and the magnificence of its distances, but in the wealth of its latent resources and the boundless possibilities of its future—an empire destined one day to be the central jewel in the diadem of the world's agriculture.

Larger than the states of Rhode Island, Vermont and Massachusetts combined, this "empire in embryo" is more than seventeen thousand square miles, or eleven million acres in extent. It is traversed throughout its length and breadth by innumerable waterways. It has a soil that can be excelled in no developed section of the world. It has the climate and rainfall that have made Southern Louisiana the most productive agricultural section of the land.

And yet for more than three centuries this "empire in embryo" has been regarded universally as a barren wilderness, a great interminable swamp, an impenetrable region, unsurveyed; a sort of brand of Cain placed by Nature upon a continent.

In the last decade, however, this old belief has become almost a tradition of the past. Men have gone into other countries, have seen what those countries have done in converting their overflowed lands into their richest agricultural possessions, and have come back with a new vision and a new point of view, and this region, no longer to the nation at large a barren wilderness, unfitted for human habitation, is at last coming into its own. Truly the stone which the builder rejects becometh the cornerstone of the building.

But, after all, the reclamation of the great delta of the Mississippi would have been an inevitable epoch of the future. This has been the history of the world—and "history repeats itself."

It is said, indeed, that in the Eighth Century a large portion of the continent of Europe was defined as a morass that could never be brought under cultivation; that in the natural order of things could never contribute to the wealth of nations—and yet that despised swamp land, that territory of no account, today maintains forty-one per cent of the population of Europe, and embraces practically all the finest agricultural lands of the Old World, the Fens of England and the Lowlands of Holland and Belgium maintaining a greater population than any other lands in the civilized world, and yielding a greater revenue to the acre than any other lands in the same dominions.

In a recent article on Louisiana reclamation, Mr. John A. Kruse, a noted reclamation engineer, said:

"There is, perhaps, no area of land in the world so intensely cultivated as Holland. These lands have a value of from $1,000 to $3,000 per acre, and the population of the reclaimed areas is at present 943 to the square mile. Holland is one of the richest, if not the richest country in the world according to population. For centuries it has been famed

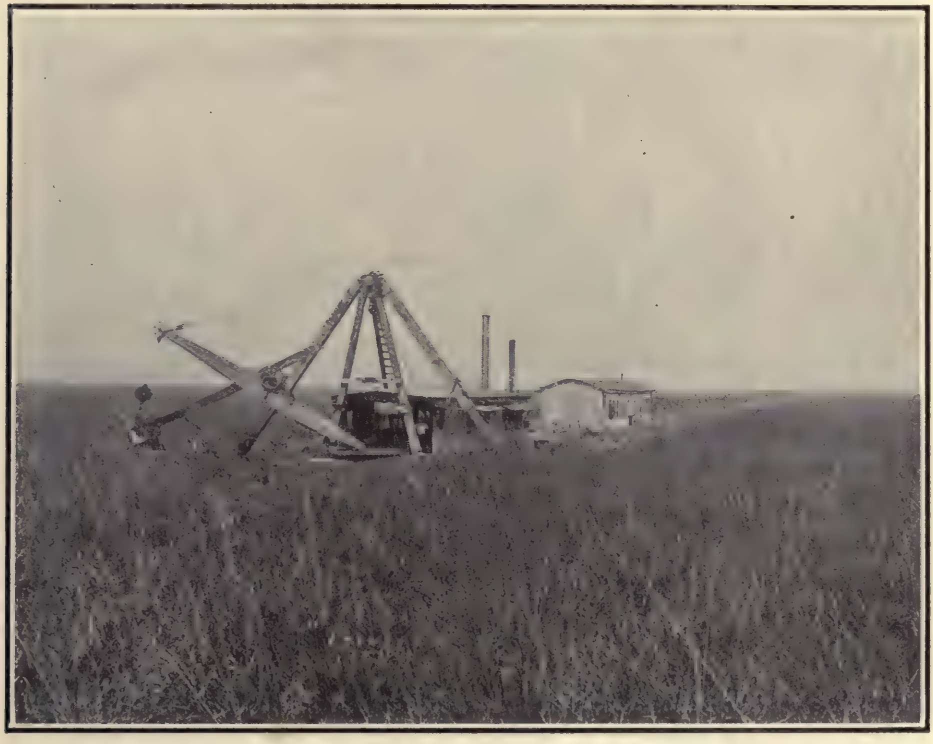
RECLAIMED LAND IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO CORN CULTURE for its truck gardens, its field crops and its fruit. Its cattle are famed throughout the world. Despite the fact that the reclaimed portions of Holland are below the level of the sea, it is noted for being one of the most healthful countries in the world.

"The area reclaimed in England embraced a goodly part of what are now known as Lincolnshire, Huntingtonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk, the richest portions of England. Like Holland, too, it is noted for its splendid health and climatic conditions.

"In many respects the wet prairies of Louisiana are much easier to reclaim than are those of Holland, owing to the fact that they are very little, if any, below the sea-level. The immense dikes used in Holland, the average of which are thirty-three feet in height, are absolutely unnecessary here; we do not have the peat beds to contend with as did Holland, and the area of the alluvial sections are so large that in many cases the reclamation districts are many miles from the sea, so that even the tides do not reach them."

Since the Norman planted his standard on the shores of Britain, and reclamation became a factor in the economic life of nations, there has been expended in the drainage of the famous Fens of England, the Lowlands of Holland and Belgium, and the alluvial Delta of the Nile, more than five billion dollars in gold, and yet in this wonderful "empire in embryo" there is embraced a larger area of alluvial lowlands susceptible to reclamation than is represented by the aggregate area of the three great agricultural pillars referred to, and it can be reclaimed for two hundred and fifty million dollars, or one-twentieth of the cost.

The four and a half million acres of alluvial lands tributary to New Orleans comprise in themselves a greater area than the alluvial lands of Holland and England combined. Under cultivation these four

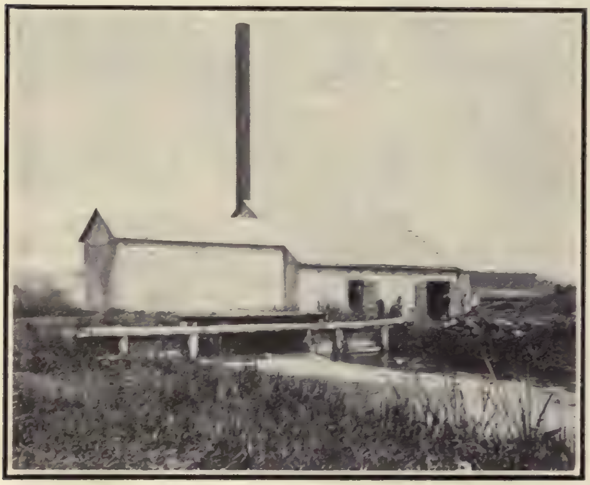


DREDGE AT WORK CUTTING DRAINAGE CANALS IN SOUTHERN LOUISIANA and a half million acres would add to the potential wealth of the nation more than two hundred and fifty million dollars a year, this calculation being based on the average present acre yield of the reclaimed lands of Louisiana.

Thirty counties in Iowa are projecting the expenditure of three hundred million dollars for the reclamation of a little over a million acres of swamp lands. Sixty million dollars, which is to be used in the construction of the chief gravity drainage canal has been provided for already by a bond issue, and the balance will be paid by the individual owners who avail themselves of the public drainage scheme. Seventeen million dollars has been expended on these projects to date.

The reclamation of Louisiana's wet lands presents no difficult engineering features, owing to the regular contour of the topography, the absence of high tides in the lakes and bayous, and the fact that there are more rivers and bayous entering the Gulf of Mexico from Louisiana than from the entire Gulf Coast, offering a natural outlet system for the drained water that artificially constructed would represent an outlay of many millions of dollars. The absence of any appreciable tide in the Gulf of Mexico means that the levees can be built as low as is consistent with the normal high level of the water, although along the coast higher levees are required on account of the wind tides that are occasioned by the West Indian storms. Such levees, however, do not have to be nearly so high as those on the coast of Holland. Usually the dirt thrown up by the dredges in digging the navigation canals will of itself form the levees on either side of the canal, the nature of the soil and subsoil, which are of the famous Sharkey clay formation, precluding the possibility of seepage. This is evidenced by the levees of the Mississippi River, portions of which have stood from before the War, without having shown any evidence whatsoever of percolation.

The first operation in Louisiana reclamation is the location of a drainage district, and its thorough topographic survey, little attention being paid to levels, as the alluvial prairies present few contradistinctions. The district having been defined, and the survey completed, a canal large enough to provide adequate navigation and at the same time supply sufficient material for the construction of the levee by which the entire district is protected, a comprehensive system of canals and lateral ditches is constructed within the district itself, and a pumping plant, adapted to the needs of the particular undertaking, installed. The pumping plant, which is located at the point considered by the engineers as best suited for the economical removal of the water, pumps the water from the reservoir canal into some bayou, lake or outfall canal, generally the former.



A MODEL PUMPING STATION

The pumping plant is a very simple one, as it seldom has to be operated more than thirty days a year at full capacity after the actual work of reclamation has been consummated, and necessarily does not need the expensive equipment and economies that are a necessary part of pumping plants that have to be in constant operation. Simplicity and reliability are held by the reclamation engineer to be eminently more important than high efficiency.

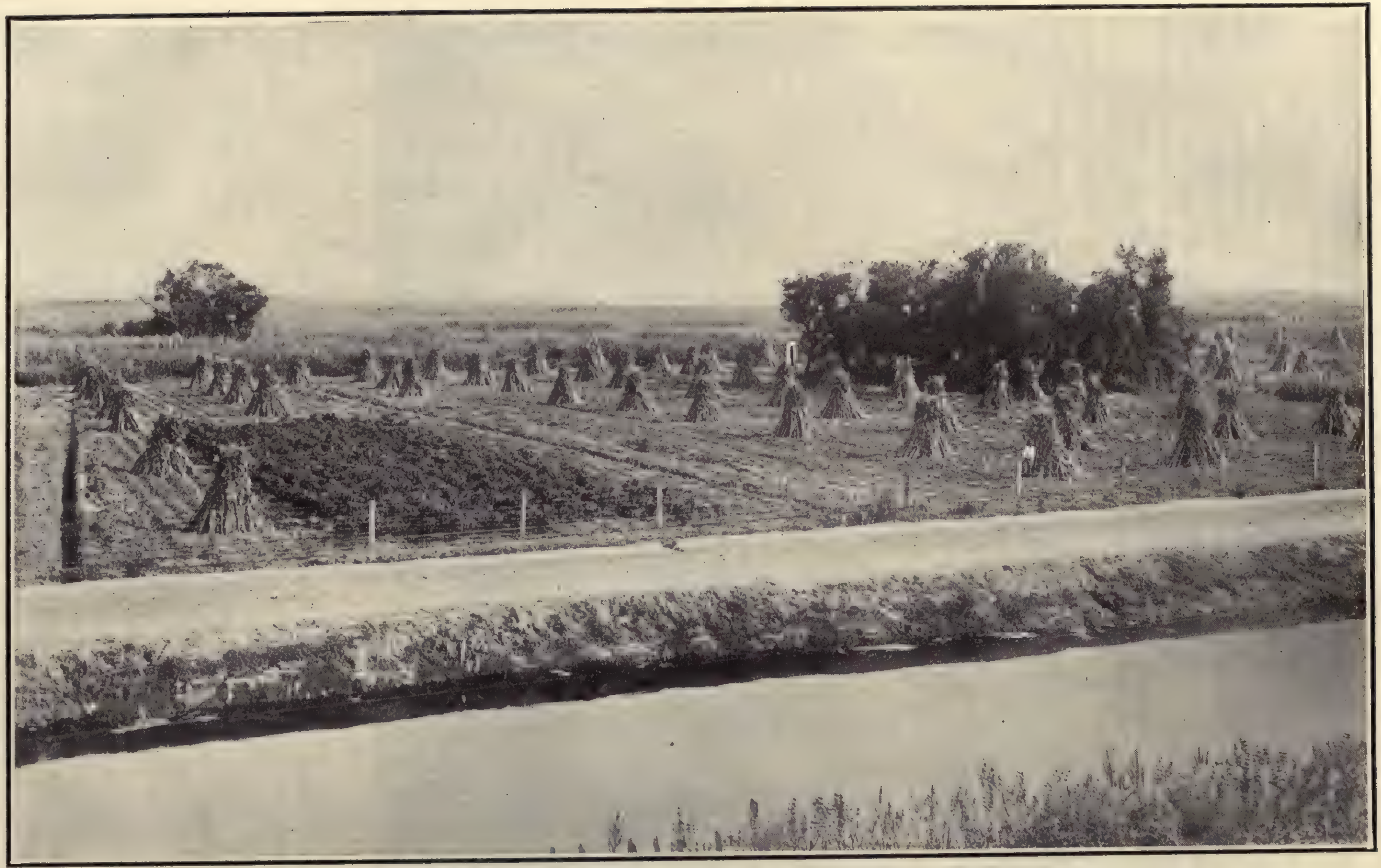
Engineers differ as to the most suitable size of the pumping plant required for any particular reclamation district, but the plants usually installed are of a capacity that will take care of an inch to an inch and a half rainfall over the entire district in an eighteen-hour shift. A pumping plant on a unit of two thousand acres, which is operating to general satisfaction, has installed two twenty-four-inch centrifugal pumps, connected to two eighty horse power engines. The total cost of this plant was only nine thousand dollars.

The cutting of the canals, too, is a very simple affair. The alluvial soil of Louisiana has a depth of from one hundred to four thousand feet, which means that the dredges can meet with no foreign stratum, but are able to cut their way through the soft soil with absolutely no geological interruption. This in itself is unique. The drainage of the Florida everglades, even, which has been exploited so much in the past few years as a drainage proposition without any real engineering problems, is eminently more difficult than drainage in Louisiana. The Everglades are a humus deposit, on a coral foundation, the coral being found at a depth varying at from eight feet to a few inches below the surface, and in some cases, especially on the edge of the great coral reef that confines the entire Everglades, outcropping; this being evidenced by the fact that in some portions of the main canals being dug in South Florida the contractors had to remove the dredge and proceed with the work of cutting the sands with powder.

PUTTING RECLAIMED LAND IN CONDITION FOR THE FARMER

The average ten-thousand-acre Louisiana plant will pump 1,500,000 gallons an hour on the basis of an eighteen-hour day. The cost of a pumping plant is approximately five dollars an acre. After the first year the land is assessed fifty cents an acre. twenty-five cents of which is for the maintenance of the pumping plant, canals, ditches and roadways, the balance for its actual operation.

Drainage as a national issue is every year winning more champions. It is pointed out that the drainage of over-



A VIEW AT LITTLE WOODS, LOUISIANA, WHICH SHOWS WET LAND RECLAMATION COMPREHENSIVELY

Drained land under cultivation, levee, converted into a good road, and main drainage canal, a source of water transportation flowed lands should *ipse facto* be more a matter of government concern than the reclamation of arid lands. For the great swamps of the North and the Middle West are the natural watersheds on which the rivers of the country are absolutely dependent, and as the National Government exercises a prerogative control over the rivers and waterways of the country, then *per se* it also should exercise a similar control over the watersheds upon which these rivers and waterways depend, formulating a system of national drainage that would permit the draining of hundreds of millions of acres of productive agricultural land without prejudice to any section, and with tremendous benefit to the navigable waterways of the nation.

Speaking in this connection, in an address on "Drainage as the Basis for National Development," before the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the National Irrigation Congress, at Chicago, on December 5, last, Mr. W. L. Park, Vice-President and General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad, which in operating a special reclamation train and in devious other ways has helped to promote the cause of Southern drainage, said in part:

"I have been an irrigationist during my entire business life. In moments of ultra-enthusiasm I have said that you could not talk fast enough to interest me in a dry farm. I was accused of being the originator of the expression, 'Rain is a substitute for irrigation, but a mighty poor one.'

"I have not as yet been converted from my first love. I am, however, broad-minded enough to see and feel that there are other interests of equal or greater importance to our national welfare in the conservation of our resources—the most important of which is the bringing under subjugation the seventy-five million acres of overflowed land—an empire in itself—distributed throughout forty of our forty-eight great commonwealths, at present adding nothing to material wealth.

"The agency through which this is to be brought about is immaterial. In my opinion, and in that of many others, in order that it may be done quickly, the Government should undertake the work, and the credit for initiating this movement should go to this Congress, which will then have accomplished the grandest, most enduring and substantial work of any body of loyal, patriotic and far-seeing citizens in the history of our great Commonwealth—the redemption of over one hundred million acres of land, capable of supporting in comfort and contentment half as many millions of people.

"It is not paternalism, as some contend, to supply water to the arid lands in the manner in which it has been done under the Reclamation Act; neither is it paternalism to take from our swamp lands the same water, under the same conditions; on the other hand, it is the wisest public policy.

"The basis of our prosperity lies now, and must always remain in the soil. Unless we so regard it, disaster is sure to follow. Drainage as a basis of development is only one of the many economic problems our Government must take cognizance of. It is, however, the most important at this time.

"We must make available our utmost agricultural possibilities. This is to be accomplished in two directions, by restoration and reclamation. Our impoverished lands must be fertilized and rotated back into their natural condition by intelligent

HEALTHY CHILDREN AND FINE CROPS
Two of Louisiana's claims to greatness

farming, in which the Government must be a paternal factor, with its agricultural schools and experimental stations. This will take time and will not come fast enough to feed our rapidly growing population. The immediate relief is to be found in the continued reclamation of virgin lands by irrigation and drainage of overflowed lands.

"Our development by drainage now holds out the greatest promise, for the reason that such lands when drained can be irrigated and made to produce crops continuously—in this way supporting a dense population. No matter how soon this work is commenced, it will be none too soon."

THE MAIN DRAINAGE CANAL ALSO SERVES AS A MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION FOR THE FARMER AND HIS CROPS

And strength, too, is given to the claim for national aid. That the Government, not owning the lands, could not of itself undertake the actual work of reclamation is apparent, but that the work could be undertaken by private enterprise under some comprehensive scheme of Government aid, and under the supervision of the Government Reclamation Service, or other engineering board, is incontrovertible. That it could render aid of this character, as a government, the history of drainage presents many precedents. The drainage of the Fens of England might never have been consummated had it not been for the liberal aid extended by the British Government in the form of guaranteed reclamation bonds. Three times during the progress of this work, indeed, did the British Government find it necessary to extend additional aid. The Lowlands of Holland might have been reclaimed by private enterprise ultimately, but the work was unquestionably advanced many years by the action of the government in taking an active hand in it. The Dutch Government, in this case, undertook the reclamation itself and sold the land to settlers on long-time payments.

Approximately a hundred million dollars has been provided by Congress for the reclamation of three million acres of land in the arid West, but whether this sum will be sufficient for the completion of the work is problematical, as the Government already has expended over sixty million dollars in completing a little over one third of the total work.

The great Salt River project alone is costing over nine million dollars, three million of which represents the cost of the famous Roosevelt Dam. The Roosevelt Dam, which blocks a mountain canyon, is 1,080 feet long at the top, 235 feet at the bases and 284 feet high. This dam was constructed sixty miles from a railroad, and a wagon road had to be built to it, at a cost of $350,000. The Salt River project contemplates the irrigation of 240,000 acres, 50,000 of which will have to be irrigated by pump.

The Government has estimated the cost of irrigation at from $25 to $60 an acre, or an average of about $35. None of the projects, however, is sufficiently advanced to afford a certain basis for calculation. The completed units of the various great irrigation projects that have been undertaken show a remarkable divergency as to cost, the lowest figure being $22.93 an acre and the highest $96.36.

At the present time the Government is charging a dollar to a dollar and a half an acre for water rights, which include the cost of operation and maintenance and the actual delivery of the water to the consumer. In cases where the project is in the hands of a private corporation, the charge for water rights will average from four to seven dollars an acre, and in all cases the farmer will have to construct his own ditches and laterals, the average cost of this work being estimated at seven dollars an acre for the first year and five dollars an acre for each subsequent year thereafter.

But irrigation is not the only problem

CARROTS GROW TO ESPECIAL ADVANTAGE ON RECLAIMED LAND in the reclamation of arid lands, drainage being a big factor in practically every irrigation project. Drainage, indeed, is the one great problem before the National Government today in the irrigated areas. The history of all the great irrigation projects that have been inaugurated in the past few years under both Government and private enterprise, shows that the extended use of water on land cannot be regulated without a comprehensive system of drainage.

A comparison of the present values of irrigated land and non-irrigated land in the arid districts of the United States with those of the drained and undrained lands in the alluvial belt of Louisiana shows the latter, commensurate with their far greater wealth-producing ability, to be ridiculously low. Irrigated lands have a value of from a hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars, according to the crop to be grown, in some cases, indeed, being held as high as $2,500 an acre; while non-irrigated lands in an irrigated district are held at from fifty to a hundred dollars. The reclaimed alluvial lands of Louisiana, on the other hand, are being sold at from seventy-five to a hundred dollars an acre, drained and ready for the farmer, and from five to thirty dollars an acre in their natural state according to their geographical position.

According to the United States Government no less than thirteen and a half million acres of land will have to be placed under active cultivation annually in the next decade to maintain the normal growth of the country's population. Even with the Government aid that has been extended to the arid regions of the West, the increase in the area of cultivated lands has been only fifteen per cent in the last ten years, as compared with an increase of the population of the country of twenty-one per cent in the same period.

Thus it is imperative that provision be made for the future. Louisiana wet land reclamation is one undertaking that will help in the solution of the problem.

FIELD OF ONIONS ON RECLAIMED LAND

THE GRUNEWALD

A Monument to Louisiana Progress

By MITCHELL MANNERING

SITUATED in the very heart of New Orleans, one of the most conspicuous business structures in the Southern Metropolis, the Hotel Grunewald, representative of the very last word in modern hotel construction as it has found its expression in the United States, stands as a lasting monument to the progressive native enterprise which is playing such an important role in the upbuilding of Louisiana.

Few hotels in the United States, indeed, afford to the tourist and the traveling public more of those conveniences, luxuries, and creature comforts that help to spell home to the home-loving American citizen. It is to the South what the Waldorf-Astoria has been to New York, the Cecil to London, or the St. Francis to San Francisco.

Constructed at a cost of nearly three million dollars, the Grunewald architecturally is one of the finest buildings in the whole South. Fourteen stories in height, it is of steel concrete and hollow tile construction throughout, consequently absolutely fireproof. Its outside walls are of white enameled pressed brick, the base of the building and the main stairway being of granite. Its foyer—one of the finest in the country—is finished in African, Italian and French marble, its grand white Venetian marble stairway being especially handsome.

Its mezzanine floor is in happy keeping with the magnificence of its foyer. Here are found the dainty Italian tea garden, the ladies' writing room and library, banquet halls, private parlors, reception rooms of every character, and the finely appointed state suites.

The Gold Room on this floor is the scene of many exclusive social gatherings, not

A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE FAMOUS "CAVE"

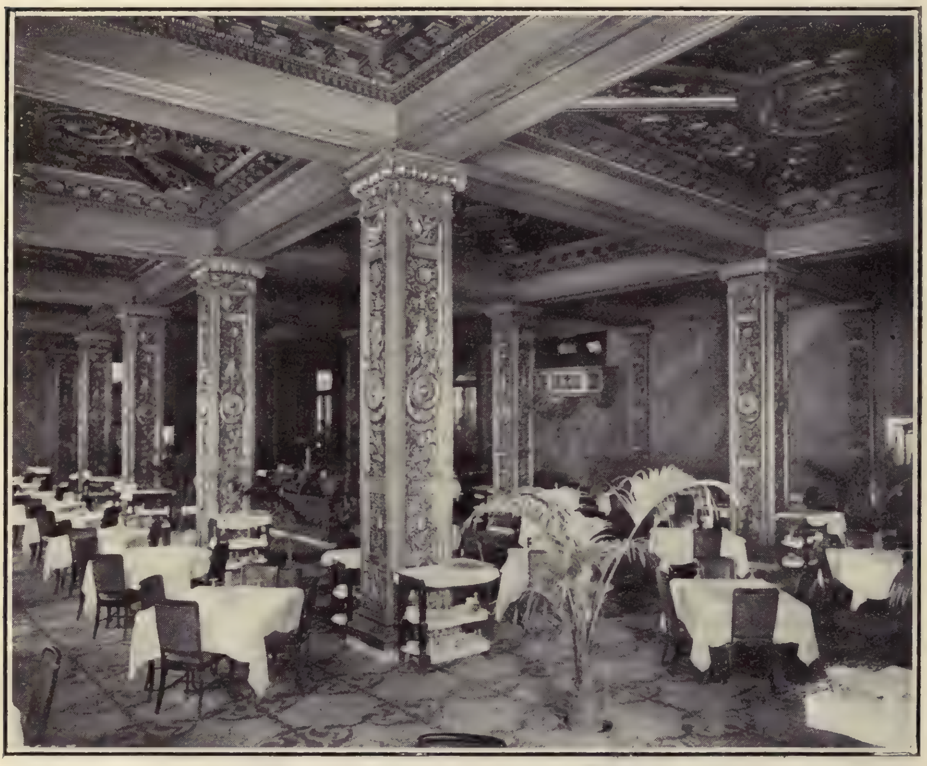
only for the people of New Orleans, but of the entire State.

The Hotel has some four hundred rooms, fitted with baths and every modern convenience, with unusually large ceilings and more than the usual number of windows, the furnishings being very elegant and in exquisite taste, each room being provided with solid mahogany furniture, including writing desk, ample chairs for convenience and comfort, and brass bed. The interior decorations are also most artistic. In addition to the regular rooms, there are three suites of apartments on each floor.

The management of the Hotel Grunewald has apparently left nothing undone that will add to the entertainment and comfort of the guest of the Grunewald whether he be guest or traveler.

In addition to its many private dining rooms, the Grunewald has two main restaurants that are the equal of any to be found in even the most luxurious hotels of New York or London, these restaurants being the main dining room with its massive pillars, its beautifully panelled ceilings, and its other artistic decorations, and the famous "Cave," probably the most unique restaurant in the world.

A visit to the "Cave" is, indeed, a pleasure no visitor can forego. As we sit at one of the well-appointed tables in this beautiful, yet weird, underground cavern, we experience a sensation that is both exhilarating and new. Strange iridescent stalactites and stalagmites, figures of strange beings gaze out upon us almost lifelike. Nymphs disport themselves in the beautiful fountain. Elves play upon the walls and ceilings. Ferns wave their heads in response to the current of cool fresh air that is constantly entering the "Cave" from every conceivable direction. Myriad vari-colored lights add a fantastic glow to the whole scene, and as, in the words of



A GLIMPSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MAIN DINING ROOM

Byron, "music arises with its voluptuous swell, and eyes speak love to eyes that speak again," we forget in this modern Bohemia the cares of yesterday or the doubts of the tomorrow.

The Grunewald cafe, in which one can partake of all those famous New Orleans' drinks, the gin fizz, the sazerac and ojen cocktails, the mint julep, and the absinthe frappe, is, perhaps, the most handsomely appointed bar room in the Crescent City.

Then there is the beautiful banquet and convention hall on the twelfth floor, the magnificent chamber that has been the scene of memorable banquets to Presidents Taft and Roosevelt and other dignitaries. From this hall can be obtained a splendid panoramic vista of the Crescent City, with the Father of Waters, curving majestically around it and holding it in its fond embrace. On clear days it is possible to view the boats on Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana's beautiful inland sea, the beloved rendezvous of the sportsman.

Other facilities of the Grunewald are local and long distance telephone connection from every room, telegraph service from the hotel lobby by direct wire, and a powerful wireless telegraph station. This station is situated on the top of the hotel and is in constant touch with the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic Ocean, and the Caribbean Sea.

The Grunewald is also connected by arcade with the Tulane and Crescent theatres, two of the foremost playhouses in the city.

Over two hundred rooms in the annex are equipped with private bath. The hallways are unusually wide with large windows at each end, allowing splendid light and ventilation. At all parts of the hotel there is ample protection in case of fire, so that the higher floor rooms are the most desirable. On each floor there is a service room with its electric dumb-waiters from the kitchen and its cold storage boxes, steam and serving tables and circulating ice water, which insures quick and proper service of meals to all apartments. Modern vacuum cleaning devices are installed throughout the hotel, and a trash chute carries the sweepings to a crematory in the basement.

Although in the basement of this monster hotel there is a fully equipped electric plant, there is no noise from the machinery, nor the unpleasant vibratory sensation sometimes caused by its motion. This is a feature of particular importance, as it means comfort to such guests who require complete rest and absolute freedom from noise. The lighting plant has a capacity of twenty thousand lights.

The Grunewald is a hotel on the department plan. Under its management is embraced a superior laundry service which does the work of the hotel and has a large outside clientele, a catering department, in which the most carefully selected viands, vegetables, fruits, game, fish, and birds are to be found in all seasons as well as the best prepared candies, dainties, ice creams, pastries, and all the other creations that delight the palate, a fine billiard and pool room, a printing department, and a complete pressing and tailoring establishment.

THE GRAND STAIRWAY

THE GRUNEWALD'S ARTISTICALLY APPOINTED MEZZANINE FLOOR

As far as human ingenuity, skill and science can make it, the cuisine of the Hotel Grunewald is perfect. None but the best food is served, and special care is taken that only the most carefully selected and inspected fruits, vegetables, meats, fish and dairy products are served. Its cuisine, though famous for the preparation of the genuine Creole and French dishes, is not by any means confined to any one style. It is truly cosmopolitan and uniform, in that a patron who once has enjoyed a service of some roast, pattie or bird that particularly suits his fancy, can be assured that he will always have the same degree of service and excellence in its preparation, so that his satisfaction will be unvarying.

By this means the Grunewald cuisine has become famous throughout the South, and notables and dignitaries who have partaken of the viands say unhesitatingly that it is unsurpassed anywhere.

Standing as a lasting monument to Louisiana progress, and depicting the wonderful growth of New Orleans during the last few years, representative in every way of the intelligence and sturdiness of Louisiana citizenship, the Hotel Grunewald, the very last word in modern hotel construction, stands at the portals of the Crescent City typical of the industry of the new Louisiana, and the hospitality of the old.

When a government has done more harm than good to individuals, its further existence depends on the merest accident; the masses square the account after their fashion by upsetting it. *A statesman ought always to imagine Justice with the poor at her feet, for justice was only invented for the poor.—Balzac.*

·THE·MINOR·CHORD·

CHAPTER VII

OUR journey was before the days of through train service such as we have in these days. One had to change roads often, cars oftener, with endlessly long waits for connections. At one junction I read all the placards several times sideways and upside down.

When we reached Chicago all was bustle. The trip already seemed to put new life into father. It was his day for an ague chill—and he missed it—and never another pill was taken. The cable cars, gliding along without any horses or engines, were the first things to attract my attention. The waters of Lake Michigan were dancing in the morning sunlight. The dome of the old Exposition building on the lake front, since then removed, was to me awe-inspiring, and the trains darting along the lake front, with their wide funnel smoke stacks, seemed like busy messengers from another world.

On to Boston we journeyed. We could not afford sleeping cars, and father arranged a bed for me on the seats, but did not sleep himself. The nearer we approached Boston, the straighter the people sat in their seats; for the picturesque little crooked streets of Boston have, to all Americans, a peculiar fascination. They are among the few evidences left of the early European settlement of America. The historic old Boston common, with its towering elms, brought before me visions of the Revolutionary War, which I had been reading over again in my school history.

We crossed the Charles River bridge to Cambridge, passed the old Washington elm and Longfellow's beautiful home, buried in the trees, and stopped at a low, narrow gray house with a green door and an enormous brass knocker, which was to me quite an object of curiosity.

A tall, kindly-looking lady with a long face, which to my childish fancy recalled our old horse at home, came to the door.

"Miss Paxton, I believe?" said my father.

"Yes, sir, and this is Mr. Maxwell, I believe, and is this Minza? Come here, my dear."

She was a prim maiden lady with handsome lace about her neck. She was kind, but I was human. She was not my mother. Only a mother can win a child at once. She untied the strings of my hood.

"Yes, this is Helen's only daughter, and she—"

"Oh, you know mamma!" I broke in. Even an association of acquaintance inspires confidence, and I came closer to her.

"Yes, my dear, I knew your mamma when she was a little girl like you."

"Yes, it was hard for Helen, but she has great hopes of Minza," continued father.

"I dare say."

"Now I must be going. Minza, be a good girl and mind Miss Paxton. Good-bye, dear."

He kissed me tenderly, and I broke out

in rebellion. "I will not stay! Mamma said I was to go with papa."

"But I shall come back, dear."

I again had a good cry; it seemed as if all the world were against me. An exile from home—alone with strangers!

A few days later, I began my lessons. The professor was a big, kind-looking man, with hazel whiskers, and I used to think what a nice place it would be for the sparrows to nest in. I soon learned to like Professor Windemere, although he never considered me a promising pupil. He was a prudent teacher, and conducted my vocal exercises with experienced care. How tiresome and dreary it was, going up and down those scales, breathing like a machine! How I would stop and cry, thinking of mother and the babies at home! How I envied the little girls in the streets selling papers and matches! They were free, with no scales to practice. I was not permitted to sing tunes, although my heart was hungry for melody. Miss Paxton's keen but kind eye seemed upon me night and day. As the days wore on I became more reconciled, but my thoughts were always away in that little Iowa town. We feel more at home as we become acquainted with the landscape, and when the old street-car conductor with spectacles called me by my Christian name one day, I felt that I knew nearly everyone in Boston.

One morning, about a year after, I came down to breakfast and found Miss Paxton crying. A canary in the bay window was singing gaily in the morning sunlight, as if trying to dispel her grief.

On the table was that yellow envelope which augurs ill. In it was a telegram.

"My dear, you will have to go home—today."

"What's the matter? Is mamma—"

"No, no, my child, but your mother wants you at home."

"My papa—"

"He has gone home, and is much better."

This did not dispel my forebodings. At noon Fred Burroughes arrived, and I returned with him. My mind was so absorbed with fears of something wrong that I quite forgot my companion; indeed, I remember very little of the return journey—I don't even remember bidding dear Miss Paxton good-bye. The train never seemed to go fast enough.

At length we neared Smithville. When the train whistled, how my heart leaped! The rattle across the old railway bridge brought me one bit nearer. My nose was pressed against the car window, as the lights in the village twinkled a welcome. Our home was at the end of the street, and I saw the light in the window glimmering like a lighthouse in a harbor. I imagined a death-bed scene; my eyes were filled with tears. Out of the "bus" I jumped and rushed in.

"Mother, mother!" I cried. She was not there. Could it be? My father grasped and kissed me.

"Mother, mother!" I again cried wildly.

"Here, Minza," cried a weak familiar voice in another room.

I hurried into the darkened room and smothered that pale, wan face with kisses.

"Another brother, Minza," said father, and then in the dim light I saw the little red face with eyes closed on the other side of the bed. I was angry.

"Mother, mother," I cried, "I didn't want any more brothers."

"Hush, my child," she whispered.

Father had tea ready, but I could not eat until I had awakened little Joe and Jim, who were sleeping together in a cot.

"Oo's 'ittle sisser, Meddie. Oo's nice sisser. Sisser's dot oder buzza." The little fellow's eyes sparkled, and how precious his little form seemed in that long nightdress! Baby Jim was quite a boy, and hardly knew me. There was no getting little Joe to bed for a time. "Sissie's come, sissie's come!" he cried, as he danced about the room. How happy I was! Home again.

CHAPTER VIII

The next morning I spent in going all about the dear old house to see that everything was there. Little Joe and Jim were always with me, and I was happy. Mother asked me to sing, and when I had done she called me in to kiss me.

"I am so happy, Minza, and wanted to see my little girl so badly."

"I'll never go back, mother, never!"

It seems that there had been some fears

of her dying a few days before, and they had telegraphed to me; but that morning good, fat old Dr. Waddington came. He gave me a good hug and kiss, and his cheery voice soon assured me that all was well with mother.

"You see, I've brought you another brother, Minza, and he's a singer, too."

The next few days were full of quiet happiness. With Angela I visited the dear old limekiln, and in its shelter she tried to tell me all that had happened in Smithville in a year. How kind everyone seemed! all glad to see me, so they said. Even Squire Bumps stopped and shook hands with me.

When I returned to the house I found Mr. Burroughes. I had quite forgotten him in my happiness at arriving home.

"Now, just a song, Minza. I have been waiting and must be off by the 7.40 train."

I sang for him with all my heart. He came up and kissed me; his blue eyes seemed to look deep into my heart. It is not often that a girl of twelve falls in love with a man of twenty-nine. He was my *beau ideal*, and I did not know until years after that it was his money which had paid for my first musical instruction in Boston.

It was not long before the old cloud of care and indebtedness fell over us again.

The book and music shop had not been very profitable during our absence. Mother's illness had stopped the revenue from teaching, and yet father was cheerful and sanguine.

"We must be thankful for mother," he said, and I know he thanked God.

It was the following week that the thunder-clap fell. Father's illness had rather thrown him out of the way of doing business, and to bridge over present and pressing difficulties he had borrowed three hundred dollars and mortgaged our home, expecting that the sale of our two horses would cover it. But this morning father's uncle, William Gordan (an Englishman) arrived. He was a red-faced man with bonnet-string whiskers. His face and nose were frescoed with that purple tracery which bespeaks a liberal indulgence in beef and beer. He had thin lips, and somehow I felt that his visit foreboded no good.

"Yes, I had forgotten that hundred and fifty dollars entirely, Uncle William."

"Ah, but Hi 'adn't, me boy. So I came to see about it directly."

"But I don't know how I can pay it now."

"Ah! but ye 'avn't tried to pay it, and Hi 'old a mortgage on those horses and must 'ave 'em."

He was to take old Tom and Fan.

"But, uncle, I must pay the mortgage on my house first," continued father.

"That be blowed! Your botheration poor management will 'ave us hall in the work'ouse. I must 'ave the horses directly. You're goin' to slip 'em from me, but Hi 'old a mortgage."

This was enough to explain his visit. He wanted his last pound of horseflesh.

In the morning we saw him take old Tom and Fan out of the barn, and lead them away down the lane. We all cried and hugged the dear old horses who had been almost a part of the family.

"I'm lost, I'm lost! How can I pay the mortgage now?" moaned father.

"It will come out all right, Robert; don't worry," said mother, who was sitting up then.

But father had forgotten that the mortgage was so soon due, and that very afternoon papers were served on him, and a notice published in the village newspaper announced that our home was to be sold at a sheriff's sale in seven weeks. Oh, the disgrace of seeing that notice in the paper! Why couldn't it be done privately? Now everyone knew of it.

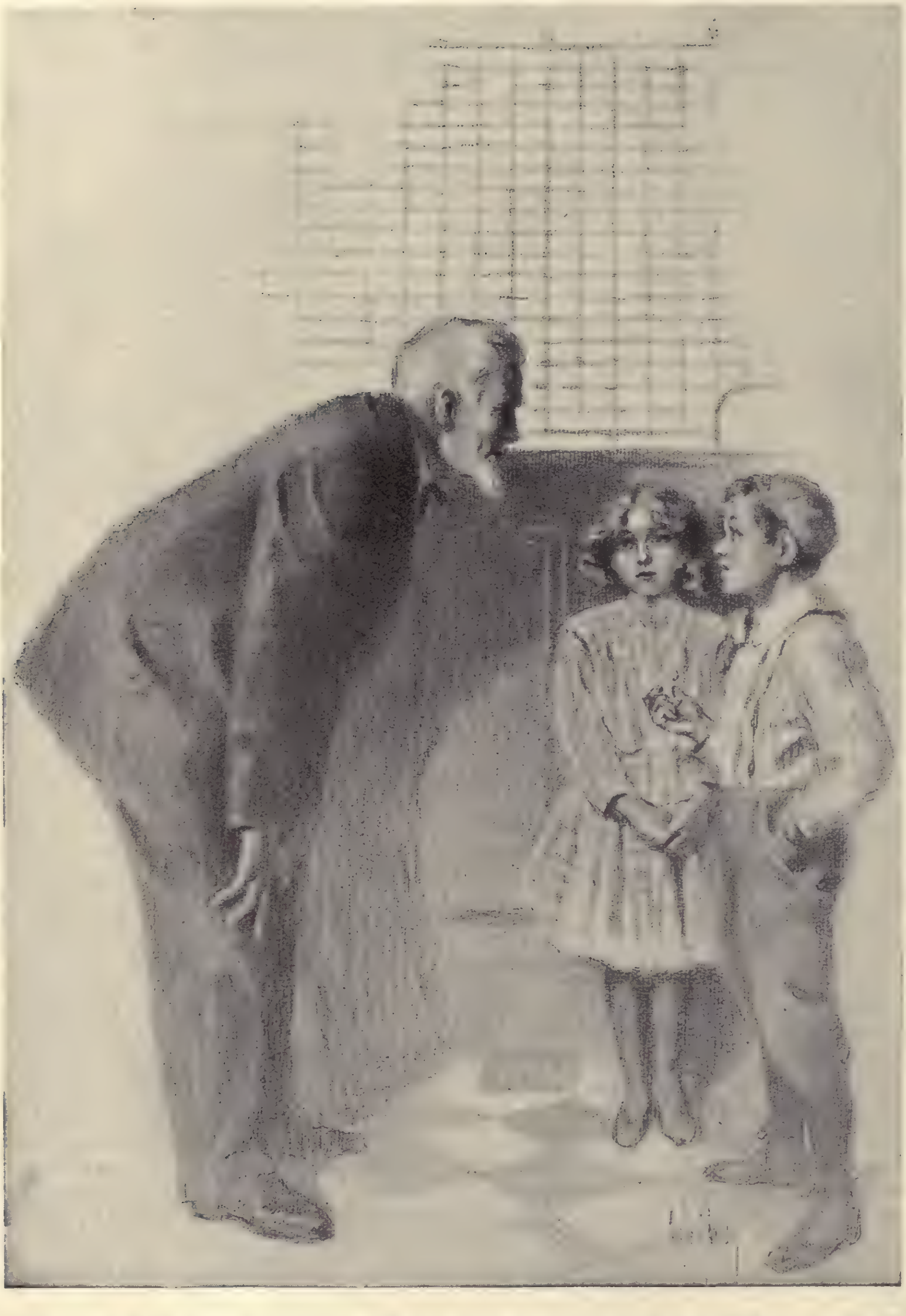
Instead of mending, matters became worse. Father tried to sell the music business, but there were no buyers; mother offered her piano, but no one had money just then; and our home was to be sacrificed under the sheriff's hammer. The sale was to be held on Monday, and I went on my way to church on Sunday, as the first bell was ringing, with gloomy feelings. Just as I was entering I met Tim Rathbone. He walked along with me. Tim had no sisters and he always called me his sister.

"You're not stuck-up ef ye *have* been to Boston, are you, Minza?"

"No, Tim," said I, "I'm so miserable."

"What's up?"

"Our home is to be sold tomorrow, and



"She wants three hundred dollars to pay that mortgage what's being sold today at her home"

I — don't —" And I burst out crying.

"Go to the bank and borrow money like my dad," said Tim defiantly, with his hands in his pockets.

"Yes, but they won't give it to me."

"I'll go with you," he asserted.

Tim's words comforted, although they did not assure me. The sermon that day was on the text "Take no thought for the morrow." The anthem followed, and its reiterated words, "Without money—without—without—with—out mon—ey and without—without—price," rolled over and over on the singers' tongues.

What a mockery! Father was unmanned, mother was still feeble and ill.

The next morning Tim and I stood at the bank door at nine o'clock just as it opened. Mr. Laneson, the cashier, came up just then and asked kindly:

"Well, what's wanted, my little ones?"

"She wants three hundred dollars to pay that mortgage what's being sold today at her house," spoke up Tim, with a businesslike air.

"What security have you?"

"Myself," I spoke up. "Anything—my right arm, my life, anything," I continued passionately.

"Yes, but that's not collateral and won't pay interest. You do not understand these things, my little girl."

"But I must have the money, sir! If you want to save life—if you have a soul —I will sell anything—my life—my voice —only—"

"Well now, let's see about this," said Mr. Laneson, turning to one of the pimply-faced clerks who had a kind face, and seemed to know all the circumstances. Mr. Laneson took two bunches of bank notes from the counter, put a slip on the big hook and followed me.

The sale was at ten o'clock that morning. The sheriff was there with a motley crowd of villagers, few of whom were bidders—they came like chronic mourners at a funeral. The sheriff was about to raise his hammer and begin the sale when Mr. Laneson whispered in his ear.

The sale stopped. The big, kind-looking sheriff replied, "Cut off my fees, too. She's a plucky gal, she is."

The home was saved, but I had sold my voice.

CHAPTER IX

The old home was saved; there is always a critical point in times of misfortune which if once passed, brings plenty of help.

However, we were still one thousand dollars in debt, and now I had sold my voice for three hundred dollars to the kind-hearted banker.

"This money must be paid back at once to Mr. Laneson," said mother, caressing the little brother, who was not yet dignified with a name.

"We will sell the business," said father from the back room, wiping the dishes.

"No, we must not part with our source of income," replied our little commander, mother. "Minza, you must give concerts," she continued quickly.

"How can I, mother?" I asked.

"You must; I will help you. One at La Ford, at Washville, at Smithville, at Brownstown, and other places if necessary."

In a few days mother began her preparations in earnest. My violin six hours a day; piano two and voice one. A few days after, dear Fred Burroughes arrived and said that he had secured a holiday vacation to help us.

"I will be your business manager, Minza."

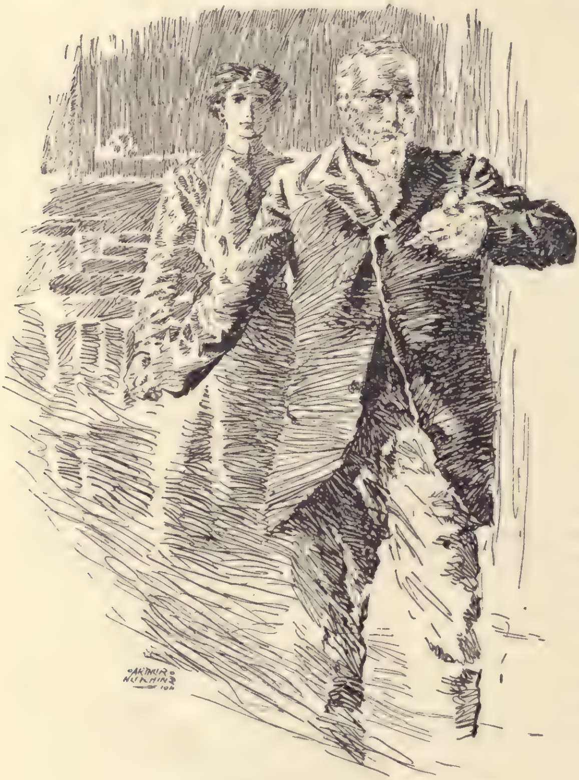
And poor Fred was my first manager.

Old Dr. Waddington owned the village paper, and the concert was advertised weeks beforehand in large, portentous black letters. The story of my saving the home from the sheriff's sale was judiciously gossiped about, and, although I did not realize what was going on, the concert was looked forward to with universal interest, and my musical studies at Boston promised unusual attractions in the minds of the country people, but still its success looked dubious. It was found that the Town Hall could not be secured for that evening, and the church trustees, at the request of dear old Rev. Mr. Frazer, decided to allow the use of the church on condition that "there shall be no loud or sacrilegious applause."

So my first starring tour began in a church. Is it any wonder that I love its simple faith?

At the last dress rehearsal I was in a

fever of excitement. Mother had planned the program so as to bring all my musical powers into play. The church was lighted for the evening. Angela and the other girls had been busy with the interior decorations all the afternoon. The chandeliers and side lamps were festooned with evergreens as at Christmas time. The people began to come in early. There was the usual flutter among the children in the front seats, trying to catch a glimpse of what was going on behind the curtain.


"*He was gone and had left a crisp bank note in mother's hand.*"

The first number was "Pull for the Shore" from Gospel Hymns. I sang the verses and the chorus joined, and when the curtains were pulled aside a real boat was wheeled across the stage on bedstead castors, with ropes. This was a simple realism that pleased. It was dramatic and a surprise.

I cannot give the program completely, but I remember reciting Jean Ingelow's "Polish Boy" with all the shrieking fervor of the brand-new elocution student, and playing as solos two operatic numbers from "Mignon" and "Maritana." How dear the old violin seemed as I caressed it! I felt my soul thrill as my fingers touched the strings and wandered through the perilous ascents of the higher bars and descended into the dreamy cadenza amid the almost breathless silence of my friendly audience.

They could not contain their appreciation and it was encore after encore for every violin selection, in spite of the church trustees' warning. If I remember rightly, my singing was not so well applauded, but the "Moon Dance" from "Dinorah" seemed to please. It was a success, and mother's dear face shone with pride and hope as she kissed me "good-night."

We drove about to the succeeding concerts in lumber wagons. Our company, including mothers and aunts who went with us to look after the children, numbered thirty-two. The last concert was given at Mount Orling. Fred told me there were fifty-two of the three hundred dollars yet to raise, and he hoped this last night would do it. Shortly before eight o'clock that evening it began to rain in perfect torrents; the outlook was very blue. There were only sixteen people in the house at the time for beginning the concert.

"Will you go on with the program, Mrs. Maxwell?" anxiously whispered Fred.

"Certainly," she replied.

Of course the singers were careless and many mistakes occurred. It nearly unnerved mother; it seemed such an inglorious end for so auspicious a beginning. For the last number I sang a solo and the chorus joined. Some of the singers forgot the retard, and the piece ended pell-mell —a breakdown! The girls and boys in the chorus sniggered, the solitary sixteen in the great room of empty chairs tittered.

Quick as a flash mother struck the chords for "Home, Sweet Home," and nodded to me. Visions of the sheriff's sale came before me, and I sang. Tears were in my eyes—mother's were moist.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

is the passage of the song that thrills.

The curtain was drawn.

Just then Fred came forward rather dejectedly. Old Farmer Goulden, who owned a large number of farms in the neighborhood, followed him.

"That gal ought to be a big singer, mum," he said to mother.

"Yes, sir," she replied softly.

"Durn' poor house tonight. Say, little un, sing that air song ag'in."

It was sung to please him. Tears stood in his eyes.

"May I kiss the gal, mum? I just lost my little gal Aggie—she sleeps in the cimetary out there, mum—she's in that home over there, the Lord be praised, mum. Say, that little gal can sing, and that's the song my Aggie used to sing. Say, mum, that was worth fifty dollars to me; by gosh it was; and ye've had tuff luck tonight. Buy that gal suthin' with this. Good even'."

He was gone, and had left a crisp banknote in mother's hands.

There was a consultation as to whether it should be kept. I said "yes" and Fred obeyed me, although mother protested.

It was a dreary ride home, six miles through muddy roads after the rain; but the battle was won, and tomorrow the debt to Mr. Laneson should be nearly all paid from the concert funds, and my voice was my own again.

This was my first concert tour. Time always softens the rough edges of hard experiences, and now I look back on those days as among the happiest of my life—I had detected no minor chord in them.

CHAPTER X

After the concert experience, father surprised us by solemnly announcing that he was going into politics.

"Mother, they want me to run for town recorder. All the business men and leading ratepayers of the village have promised to support me, and—"

"Robert, you know I hate politics, and I am afraid that you're too trusting."

"Oh no, Helen; they would not be so anxious if that were true, and besides, the salary is two hundred dollars a year, and that would help feed these little mouths."

"Well, I don't think much of it; they're a deceiving lot—these politicians."

"Well, nothing risk, nothing gain, mother. Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Father had a few standard quotations that he could always offer on any occasion.

Never can I forget that election day a week later. The young rowdies of the town were led by a young attorney who had just returned from college. He was one of those who had induced father to become a candidate; but everything is fair in politics, and he sought the office himself. There was not much of a contest on the balance of father's ticket, which was printed as follows—I still have it:

FOR MAYOR
WILLIAM BOWDISH

FOR ASSESSOR
JAMES GALLAXY

FOR TRUSTEE
WILLIAM HOOKING

FOR RECORDER
ROBERT MAXWELL

Father was on the popular and winning ticket. I went with him to the election quarters in the afternoon. The room was blue with smoke from the cigars of a host of idlers. The ballot box was presided over by two old citizens, and clerks wrote down the names of the voters, as the tickets were folded and handed to the inspectors and put through the small hole in the ballot-box with solemn ceremony.

"Well, Robert, you'll have a walkaway," joked old Squire Bumps. Something told me that he was lying; but guileless, trusting father thought it was so.

A moment later father's opponent, the young attorney, Cicero Corbutt, entered the room, followed by his disorderly supporters. On their coat lapels they wore printed labels, "Sooner men."

"Rah for Cicero! We're 'Sooners,' we are, and we'll knock out the durned ole mossbacks."

They filed in and voted. Many of them were men temporarily employed in building a railroad some distance from the village. Cicero glared at us through his spectacles as if to say, "I am a politician."

"We'll fix 'em, boys—we must hustle some more votes," he cried.

"Rah for the 'Sooners!'" was the echoing response.

"Come an' have something, boys," declaimed the oratorical Cicero, and he led his Coxey army out of the door.

How breathlessly we waited the result of the count that night! I had my fears, but hoped and hoped somehow that father had a majority of the votes. He laughed at my fears.

"Why, do you suppose that Smithville, the respectable ratepayers of Smithville, will allow those rowdies to rule us? I must go down and be ready for congratulations."

Not long after he had gone we heard the wild yells from the Town Hall, "Rah for Sooners—Sooners gits there—whoop-la-tiger-ree!"

Father's ticket had won the day, but Cicero had printed split tickets with all the names of the opposition ticket on them except father's, and his own name inserted instead. Many of the tickets had undoubtedly been put in by voters under the impression that they were voting the straight ticket with father's name upon it, but they had voted the fatal "split." But this was American politics; it was called shrewd and sharp tactics.

"Three cheers for Cicero!" rang out on the night air.

The day was lost—poor father! He soon came back; his face told us the result. "Beaten by two votes," was all he said.

"Enough of politics, Robert," said mother softly.

I felt very bitter toward Cicero Corbutt, but our ways soon drifted apart, and I never had an opportunity for my well-planned revenge. Every politician has his day, and the leader of the "Sooners" was shelved, like a falling meteor, in the prime of life; they say he is now a Populist, struggling to rise again.

Poor father! He retired from the dazzling arena of American politics, and never forgot the lesson.

CHAPTER XI

In spite of the political defeat, we managed to live. We can always bear reversals better when realized than when anticipated. I continued going to school and assisting father at the music store, and mother was able to resume her teaching.

The last days at the old brick schoolhouse, with its cracked bell, were, I think, the happiest of my life. I had then my first real boy lover.

Our teacher was Ellen Riser, one full of inspiration; she was a typical strong-minded, self-reliant American woman. What a strife there was among the girls to stay with her at night! She never seemed above us, out of our reach, but always one of us. Her methods of teaching were rather unconventional. We were taught to probe for reason and logic rather than to memorize rules, and her clear methods of reasoning always illuminated our childish comprehension. She interested us and inspired us with a generous rivalry that stimulated effort and ambition for the future.

We boys and girls would all talk together during recess and after school. The boys would manage to sit beside us at classes, and an occasional sly note during school hours would arrange "company home" after the Lyceum, held every Friday night in the high school room from which entertainments the boys were allowed to see the girls home. Never can I forget the time when I received my first note, which read: "May I see you safely home from Lyceum Friday night?—Timothy Rathbone."

I had always been styled "red-headed" and felt keenly the imputation of being "homely," and even now I laugh and blush to think how that simple tribute thrilled me. I had always been a sister to the boys before, helping on the other couples; but now I had a lover of my own. I replied, in a tiny little note: "Your company is accepted.—Minza."

"It was on a gentle night in June"

Next morning, as was customary when a boy and girl began to talk interestingly alone together, there appeared on the blackboard, in great flaming letters, these words:

$$\left\{\begin{array}{l}\quad\text{TIM}\\ \text{and}\\ \quad\text{MINZA}\end{array}\right\}$$

We are all perhaps silly, as boys and girls, but we at least experience the purest affection and most innocent pleasure.

It was quite the rage to give "surprise parties," when we would gather at a friend's house, taking along refreshments, and surprise someone. The games were not precisely intellectual; they included "post-office," "spat 'em out," "hissing and clapping," with forfeits and fines, and the merriment incident to paying the penalties.

The first night Tim took me home he barely touched my arm, and we almost ran, rather than walked along the road.

Tim was a good boy. They called him "Wildy," an abbreviation for Wild Irishman, but his heart was good; he loved his mother, and that won my sympathy and respect.

One night we passed the old limekiln on our way home from the Lyceum. It was a gentle night in June. The air was heavy with the subtly-odorous aroma of new-turned ground and the smoldering of burning rubbish in the gardens. The summer moon and twinkling stars made the night glorious.

"Minza, we graduate in June, and I'm goin' away," said Tim at last.

"Is that so?" said I innocently, although I knew it well.

"Yes, and we're goin' to part, and I—"

"Oh, isn't that a pretty star, Tim?"

"Now, Minza, don't be foolish; we're going to be married some day."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and you know it; and I'm going to be a lawyer, and I want you to—"

"Look out for that cow, Tim!"

"Now, Minza, you must not flirt and go with the other fellows when I am gone, will you?"

"Why, Tim, we can't be married right away, and—" but he would not be denied.

"Minza, you're the best girl on earth, next to mother!"

I loved him for that exception—but I was only a girl then, and had had no experience of a mother-in-law.

"I am going to kiss you," he continued, and he suited the action to the word.

"When I'm a lawyer, we will travel over Europe, like Mrs. Buggins."

"Don't you think these are the same stars that are over in Europe now?"

"Minza's my star always," he said, as passionately as a boy can.

And he kissed me again and held me in his arms, as he had seen lovers on the stage pictured so often. We were betrothed.

I think pictures and stage scenes educate young lovers. Tim's dark earnest eyes were very sincere, and his silky curls falling just below the little cap made him a charmingly pretty fellow.

Graduation Day arrived. Tim was making his last speech, and his voice, just changing, gave a variation from squeaking falsetto to heavy bass; but he was so earnest! The exercises were held in the Town Hall, which was decorated with the roses and flowers of June.

Over the stage was a motto worked in evergreens:

"No Steps Backward"

All was excitement over our dresses. Here was where my first wrestle with stage dresses began. There were sixteen in the class and we had our pictures taken the afternoon before Graduation Day. Where are those sixteen now?

But what ambitious hopes throbbed that night. We felt as if we were quite ready for real life. Miss Riser heard us rehearse our essays and orations. My theme was "The Tale of an Old Shoe"; the others fluently discussed "Success," "Happiness," "Wisdom," and other great problems.

The evening arrived. Mother was there to look after the music, and even little Joe and the babies were brought to see "Sissy graduate." All the parents beamed upon the graduates fondly. Old Beemer, the deaf blacksmith, was in the front seat, and his eyes never left sweet, blushing little Dora, his only daughter. We sat in a semicircle; all the girls were clad in white and wore white slippers. Tim looked very important in his first white vest. Miss Riser sat at one side, attired in neat black, with white ruching and laces about her neck.

Some of the boys forgot their orations, and the same breathless thrill held me that I still feel just before appearing on the stage. The smaller girls brought the floral trophies and laid them at our feet. Sitting there in the cool glare of the audience, I caught a glimpse of father and the babies.

" 'Tale of an Old Shoe,' Miss Maxwell!" I arose and bowed to Miss Riser.

"Dat's my sissy! dat's my sissy!" broke out little Jimmy.

The audience tittered. Father and mother were crestfallen. I started to read. The first pages were missing! I looked and felt blank. Miss Riser glanced over and blushed. An awkward pause. I looked straight ahead despairingly, and from memory repeated, as best I could, the missing pages. As soon as I could depend upon my manuscript again the terrible lump in my throat left me, but it did not save the family another disgraceful blunder. After applause a little voice again piped out—

"Dat's my sissy! dat's my sissy!" and father had to walk out with the babies in the ripple of laughter that followed.

After the exercises the audience surged forward to congratulate the young intellectual gladiators. I felt the sting of disgrace until Miss Riser, who had parted with the others, took me aside and gave me a warm kiss.

"Dear Minza, you are going to be famous some day. I am proud of you. In the years to come, do not forget how your homely school teacher loved you."

We had a quiet cry together. That is the way a woman can best ease her mind.

During August, father sold the music and book business. The money was to be used to send me to college.

Tim had gone away soon after graduation, and I received my first love letters from him—not entirely eloquent and poetical, but treasured for the happy memories they bring back.

Off to college! What girl does not remember that epoch of her life? As the train bore me away, my mind wandered back to those sleeping baby faces, and mother holding the lamp and shading her eyes for a last look at me through the darkness.

Well, life is made up of greetings and partings.

CHAPTER XII

Iowa has many good colleges, but of course I think old Cornwell is the best of all, in spite of the sad memories connected with my own brief collegiate career. How lonesome and strange it seemed on my first arrival! I recognized the buildings on the hills from the pictures I had seen, and the foliage was radiant with the brightest hues of autumn. The old chapel tower and the chimes of the clock still mingle with my first recollections.

We drove along the shaded road up the long hill to the "Sem." or "Nunnery," as it was called, where the girls boarded. I did not know a single person in the village; and there is always a first shrinking from strangers, even on a tram or in railway cars, that is decidedly uncomfortable.

As we passed by the long row of pleasant cottages I fancied each occupant of the village was necessarily a student with scarcely a thought of worldly things.

Who knew but in one of these homes there dwelt the typical young student with a long mustache that had taken up my youthful fancies?—and then I thought of Tim! Here, I thought, a professor must dwell, for there was a hammock in the porch, and no student would have time to swing in a hammock.

I found out my mistake afterwards.

Miss Cooker, the preceptress, met me on the broad steps that led up to the study rooms over the dining-room below. The girls peeped from behind the doors of the rooms, giving shy glances at me as I passed through the hall with my homely green bag. How I longed for Angela or someone that I knew!

Miss Cooker was a severely intellectual woman, whose heart seemed withered. Her face was wrinkled with study, and her false teeth made her mouth look full, firm, and decided, but she was a woman of high ideals and tried to be kind.

After Professor Garlem, the president, had classified me on my examination marks from the High School, I began to feel more at home. As I was the last pupil to arrive, I was given a little room on the third floor by myself. The furniture was simple—a study table, washstand, small mirror, a little iron bedstead and rug. Yet it was seclusion—a retreat, and I soon learned to love it as home. At seven o'clock in the morning we were to be ready for breakfast in the basement. Our oatmeal was always steaming hot. At 7.45 came our horrid Latin lesson—"*amo, amas, amat.*" The conjugations were a nightmare. At 8.30 the dear old chapel bell rang out the summons for the day. We each had our particular seat at the tables and in the chapel.

The devotional exercises were conducted in turn by different members of the faculty. Professor Boysen's long prayers were supposed to match his long patriarchal whiskers. He reminded me of the pictures of Moses. Little Professor Goblin's study of Greek gave him choice language, but his Boston pronunciation made it just as difficult to understand as the Greek itself. Miss Cooker's appeals were cold and classic, like her teeth. Professor Collinsgate's prayer was a meek and timid supplication from a meek and timid little man. Professor Brighton was always short, sharp, and crusty, and his low shoes often revealed the different colors of poorly matched hosiery. Professor Wilhelm looked upward with much the same civil-engineering squint as when he looked through a theodolite in teaching practical mensuration to his class.

These impromptu prayers were so often repeated that each one seemed to have committed his pet phrases to memory, and the same words rolled out time after time. Lieutenant Jenkins from West Point, who had charge of the college battalions, did not lead in religious services. He simply bowed his bald head very reverently and looked good. Miss Bernard, one of the teachers in the Musical Conservatory, presided at the grand piano and gave her pretty head a nod to begin the singing. Those songs were the inspiring portion of the service. How those five hundred voices used to ring out the old "Portuguese Hymn":

"How firm a foundation,
Ye saints of the Lord!"

Strangers to Alma Mater and distinguished visitors were allowed a few minutes to talk after prayers, and how wickedly we used to pray that they would break into the next class hour, which was usually a course of mathematics.

Under Miss Bernard I continued my vocal studies and gradually became acquainted with the other students. I thought it a crowning honor when the Philomathean Society invited me to join their circle. A few days later the Galateans, the rival society, also invited me; but I chose the first. Programs of a literary and musical character were given every Friday evening. I was often asked to give vocal selections. After the exercises a social session was held, and "Rule No. 12" was suspended for the occasion, and the boys allowed to see the girls home. The first few times I walked across the campus alone to the "Sem." with the other homely girls. But all homely girls have some feature which attracts admiration more than mere beauty itself. A well-formed and delicate hand, a dimpled cheery face, shining teeth, pretty hair, laughing eyes, or a clever tongue—every girl is blessed with some attraction, and womankind spends a large fraction of her waking hours in appearing beautiful.

I envied the more attractive girls with lovers, and one night Bob Burnette, the janitor of the "Sem.," asked to "see me home." He was a bright fellow, and always left me a generous amount of wood with which to build my fires. He had worn his coat through by carrying the firewood on his shoulders, and I mended it for him. We became good friends and he called me his sister.

"Yes, surely Tim will not care," thought I, as I looked into the boyish face of the photograph on my table.

Robert was my father's name, and I was rather pleased to have his namesake's company. He pressed my arm tightly as we walked down the lane shaded with trees on either side, and lit by the moonbeams shining through the lattice-work of branches. Such scenes are love's favorite shrines, for a few half-whispered words and glances in such soft silent shadows speak subtly to the heart of love's closest sympathy.

Robert was a self-reliant fellow, making his way through college and studying for the ministry. While he was not exactly ostracized by the "Sem." girls, they seemed to think very little of going with "our janitor." The rich men's sons were in better demand.

Now I had no idea of falling in love with Bob. In fact, I don't think I knew what love was, but I must confess I liked him, and in the opinion of "the girls" he was my "solid fellow."

One Saturday, after a lonely walk, I found a note under my door, with a liberal allowance of firewood outside:

"Minza, I must see you tonight—Bob."

I could not imagine what it meant, as we always met each other several times a day.

It had been raining, and was a cold, damp night. I wanted to post a letter home. Bob was passing with an umbrella.

"Bob, may I borrow your umbrella?"

"You may, if you borrow me."

"All right," I said, and off we went in the rain. The umbrella was small and we were rather close together. Bob was evidently nervous about something and talked but little. Just as we were about to turn into the campus, under the light of a street lamp, Bob turned to me and said:

"Minza, I love you, and—" That was as far as he got. I did not expect it and turned pale.

"Minza, will you love me?" he continued, slipping his arm about my waist.

I pushed it away and turned paler. Had I been a flirt? Poor Tim's face was before me as Duty. Bob's dark eyes flashed Love. I gave no answer. He pressed my hand.

"My life is yours, Minza."

We went to the society rooms, where I was to sing. It was not a love song, or one fitted to express sentiment, but Bob followed me closely with his eyes, and my voice quivered.

"She must be ill tonight," I heard them say as I passed out.

"Take me home, Bob," I pleaded. His eyes seemed to pierce me deeper than ever. I gave him no answer, but he kissed me.

Was I a coquette?

"Minza, don't trifle. Marry for love—don't flirt—and remember how Bob loves you," and he gave me that self-reliant and defiant look which I so much admired. Schoolgirls sometimes take these matters very seriously. Here was I with two lovers, and not yet sixteen!

On the college bulletin boards in a glass case, near the main entrance, was the program of the "Joint Public" to be given by the Philomathean and Delphi Societies. My name was there; I liked to see it there. These Publics were the great events of the term.

A religious revival was in progress, and many students were "converted" or born again. The singing is always very effective, and the influence of the young ladies undoubtedly caused many of the young men to declare their acceptance of the better way, and it was a noble and earnest revival of religious feeling.

I did not believe in a public profession of faith and was looked upon as a very wicked girl. Bob was a leader at prayer-meetings, and his voice was so eloquent in his pleadings and exhortations! I did my praying in such meetings alone with my God, and when those were asked to stand who, 'fetl a new and sanctified heart," I sat still. They prayed for me as a sinner.

This worried Bob, and he asked me for an explanation. I gave him my religious views in detail.

At the coming Public I was to sing, and Bob was to deliver an oration as the representative of the Delphi Society. The large auditorium was thronged. My song was a beautiful piece of plaintive music filled with minor chords—"There is no hope beyond." I did not think especially of the sentiment conveyed by the words, as the music itself was really beautiful. My solo preceded Bob's oration. When I had finished I saw that it had brought a frown to the faces of the professors in the front seats, "but Bob's pure high-minded religious ideas will please them," thought I. His clear voice rang out:

"I am not a believer in lip-service religion and in emotional revivals, and will not serve as a minister to God until I have felt a special call to his service. I believe in my God and Saviour, but a too common profession of religion—putting it on and off like a cloak—destroys its sacredness."

Horrors! His words fell like a bombshell. They were my sentiments expressed, and how I wished I had never uttered them to Bob!

The cloud darkened, for his oration, with its innocent title, "Hell and Hypocrisy," which was supposed to be a learned theological argument, had passed through the professors' hands without reading. He was just at that age when a college student will approach any subject for his oration and swing the world about his head.

His oration and my song were the talk and scandal of the week. We expected to be tried and convicted by the faculty and reprimanded in chapel. Linked together in the disgrace, we naturally drifted together in sympathy with each other.

The next week Professor Garlem called us into his room, No. 14.

"Miss Maxwell, for the safety of the young minds in our care, and the religious institutions this college represents, it has been decided that you and Mr. Burnette are to retire for one term at least. There are only two weeks more of the present term, and it need not be known—"

"It will be known!" flashed out Bob. "Your bigotry in trying to contract and narrow our minds to a single religious belief is a disgrace. Freedom of thought —"

"Never mind, now this has been decided upon," said Professor Garlem firmly.

"Thank you, sir," I responded sarcastically.

"This girl is innocent, sir; I am the culprit, and you are cowards to visit upon her my disgrace," said Bob warmly.

"Be cool, Mr. Burnette," replied the Professor, "it's all for the best. We bear no malice."

"No, nor sincere love of humanity either," retorted Bob.

Well, of course I cried that night. Bob tried to comfort me as he carried up his wood, and I stood on the stairs talking to him until Miss Cooker ordered me to my room.

One term at college, and expelled! It stung my pride! How could I tell my mother? Bob now seemed to have claims on me, and I could not help admiring his pluck.

"Minza, I am going to be a newspaper man—going to Dakota—it's booming; when I am settled we'll be married."

"I am only sixteen; besides, my mother —"

"Well, we'll see," he replied confidently.

An effort was made to keep the expulsion quiet, but, like all State secrets, it oozed through the keyholes or somewhere, and all the students knew of it.

As Bob and I stood on the rear platform of the train when we left Cornwell and watched the old chapel, the "Sem." and Nunnery fade from view, we were sad; for, although we felt glad to leave in one way, there was a feeling of banishment about it.

I reached home with a heavy heart and told mother everything. She, of course, called them "stupids," and said I was right; but she did not like the idea of this Bob being mixed up with the matter.

"Where does he live?" asked mother.

"At Shelbyville," I replied absently.

"That is where Tim has gone," continued mother.

Here my love troubles began in earnest.

(*To be continued*)

A BABY smiled in its mother's face;
The mother caught it, and gave it then
To the baby's father—serious case—
Who carried it out to the other men;
And every one of them went straight away
Scattering sunshine thro' the day.

—Louis de Louk, in Heart Throbs, II.

Doctor MacCloodicus A Romance of Revenge

by

Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," etc.

CHAPTER I

"CURSES!"

Uttered in a hoarse tone, this awful oath issued from the mouth of Dr. Gildad MacCloodicus as he mounted the steps of his superb brownstone mansion opposite the Multimillionaires' Club and gazed upon the brilliant polished brass sign that graced his doorway. Underneath the words "Dr. Gildad MacCloodicus, M. D., Physician and Surgeon," some vandal hand had scrawled the words, "Undertaker at next corner; special rates to my patients." Whirling quickly on his heel, Dr. MacCloodicus cast a quick glance at the window of the Multimillionaires' Club. There, as he had foreseen, he saw the mocking face of the president of the club, his deadly rival, Dr. Asaph Glupp. Grouped around him were the first, second and third vice-presidents, the secretary, treasurer, and the entire Board of Governors of this most fashionable and wealthy club. Sneers and grins of derision decked their faces. With but one word Dr. MacCloodicus entered his door. That one word was this:

"Hah! I will be revenged! Think not ye can tread on the tail of a MacCloodicus with impunity, ye stall-fed plutocrats! My origin may have been humble, but my spirit is haughty. Beware, ye churls!"

CHAPTER II

For years Dr. Gildad MacCloodicus had struggled upward in his chosen profession, but at each step his progress had been fought by his deadly rival, Dr. Asaph Glupp. For this there was a reason. You are right: she was a woman, the beautiful widow Guggensteiner, for whose love both sighed.

Not wisely, but truthfully, did Dr. MacCloodicus circulate the tale that Dr. Glupp, to be rid of the late Mr. Guggensteiner, had been guilty of malpractice, for the villain Glupp had, indeed, taken advantage of a stiff neck that the wealthy Guggensteiner had caught while sitting on the top row of seats of the Yankees' grandstand, and on the plea that it was necessary to oil his roller bearings, had severed his head from his body, replacing it wrongside in front, so that when the innocent patient tried to look at his own vest buttons, he wrung his own neck.

"Suicide," said Dr. Glupp.

"Villainy," said Dr. MacCloodicus.

CHAPTER III

Well did Dr. MacCloodicus know that to retain a place in the estimation of the dashing widow he must keep up appearances. To the world he seemed a prosperous man, but Dr. Asaph Glupp knew the truth. He knew that Gildad MacCloodicus was on the verge of ruin, and had been for many years. He knew his superb house was a bluff. In truth, Dr. MacCloodicus was mortgaged up to the chin, and the slightest push would sink him beneath the financial wave forever. It was to give him the final push that the black-hearted Glupp had inscribed the hateful words on Dr. MacCloodicus' sign.

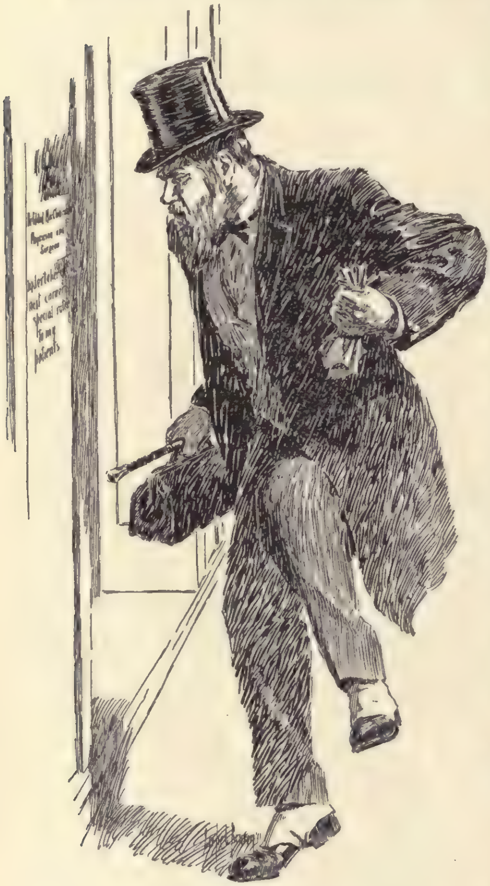
"That will settle his hash," said Dr.

Glupp, with a scornful laugh as he turned away from the window. "What'll you have, fellows, Scotch or rye?"

"Scotch," said the first vice-president waggishly, and all laughed at this sally, for Dr. MacCloodicus was a Scot.

Chapter IV

In less than an hour and a quarter the glasses of liquor were on the table before the conspirators, and Dr. Glupp had just raised his glass, with the toast, "May Dr. MacCloodicus go to the demnition bow-wows!" when one of the gaily-dressed pages appeared, bearing a letter, which he laid before Dr. Glupp.



"Curses!" Uttered in a hoarse tone

"A letter for you, sir," he said.

Dr. Glupp took up the letter.

"Probably a check from one of my wealthy patients," he said lightly, but when he had opened the envelope and had glanced at the letter, his face turned chalky white, and his hand trembled. The secretary of the club took the letter from his hand and read it.

" 'Dr. Asaph Glupp, M. D.,' " he read aloud. " 'Dear sir:—You are a lobster. In my opinion you are also a diplocated ornithorinchus.' "

"Hah!" cried the treasurer of the club, "methinks that is an insult!"

"Read on," commanded the first vice-president, seeing that Glupp was unfit to put the motion.

" 'Therefore,' " continued the secretary, " 'I challenge you to mortal combat. My honor must be revenged for the nasty slam you gave me on my sign. And as I noted that you were aided and abetted by the executive officers and Board of Governors of your club, in meeting assembled according to the by-laws made and provided, I consider myself equally insulted by the entire club of which you are a member. I therefore challenge the first, second and third vice-presidents, the secretary and treasurer, the Board of Governors, the House Committee, the resident and non-resident members, the honorary members and the life members and the waiting list. Weapons, swords. Yours very truly, Gildad MacCloodicus, M. D.' "

For a full minute there was silence. Every face blanched.

"We must fight," said the treasurer finally. "Do any of you fellows know how to use a sword?"

"No," came the chorus.

"Gentlemen," said Glupp firmly, "we must learn to use swords. What'll you have?"

Without hesitation came the unanimous response:

"Rye!"

Chapter V

It was dawn. Dr. MacCloodicus was already on the duelling ground. The seconds had chosen City Hall Park, which at dawn is deserted except for a few hundred persons. On the buildings around the Park hung great banners bearing the words:

"Don't Miss It! Greatest Scrap of the

Age! Dr. MacCloodicus, the world-renowned surgeon, versus the entire membership of the Multimillionaires' Club. City Hall Park, at Dawn, A. M. Admission ten cents."

As the multitudes began to assemble, Dr. MacCloodicus and his seconds were arranging the fifty swords he expected to use in the mortal combat with the four hundred and twenty-five millionaires. All night they had been busy grinding the sword points and edges to razor sharpness, and they now carefully dipped them in antiseptic liquid, and arranged them in rows on the City Hall steps. A hundred assistant surgeons in white aprons stood by with lint and bandages. But Dr. MacCloodicus was calm.

Just as the sun arose above the post-office the entire membership and waiting list of the Multimillionaires Club arrived in Fifth Avenue stages, which had been hired for the occasion. As they disembarked they formed in line and marched onto the field of honor singing, as in one voice, the club rallying cry:

"There was an old man named Bill;
He lived at the top of a hill;
He——————————e
  Got drunk in October
  And he never got sober,
And I don't think he ever will!"

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked Dr. MacCloodicus' second.

"We are," shouted the opponents of Dr. MacCloodicus.

"Then," said Dr. MacCloodicus, "let the first victim take his place."

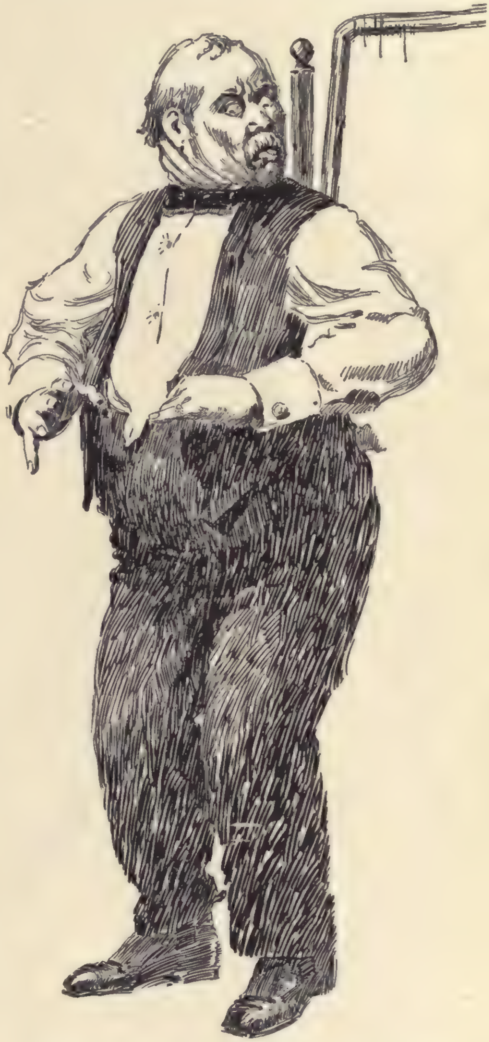
Without a word Dr. Glupp stepped forward and saluted. In a moment the two rivals were face to face, stripped to their underwear, swords in hands.

"Play ball!" cried the umpire.

Instantly there was a flash of swords, a cry, and Dr. Glupp lay bleeding on the sod. The surgeons rushed forward and carried him to one side, but before they had deposited him, the first vice-president lay wounded where Dr. Glupp had fallen.

"Give me another sword," said Dr. MacCloodicus.

It is useless to harrow the feelings of the reader with more details of the awful fight. One by one the executive officers, the Board of Governors, the House Committee, the resident and non-resident members, the honorary and life members and the waiting list of the Multimillionaires' Club fell before the deft sword of Dr. Gildad MacCloodicus. Four hundred and twenty-five in all fell before him that day at dawn, before he put on his garments.



"That will settle his hash," said Dr. Glupp, with a scornful laugh

"You have the list of names?" he said to his secretary.

"I have," said the secretary.

It was noticed by the reporters who observed the combat from safe coigns of vantage on the roof of the City Hall that each and every opponent of Dr. MacCloodicus was wounded in the same spot. In technical terms, each had received a short abdominal incision. So true was the hand of Dr. MacCloodicus that there was not the variation of an eighth of an inch between the location of one man's wound and that of another.

"My honor is vindicated," said the doctor, and prepared to leave the field, but before he could do so the Board of Aldermen arrived in a body and presented him with the freedom of the city. Some considered this a token of respect, but others thought it a playful joke.

Chapter VI

Six hours later Dr. MacCloodicus sat in his office, and before him lay a pile of white papers, each eight inches long and five inches wide. At the top of each was printed this:

New York..........19...
....
Dr. to Gildad MacCloodicus, M. D.
090 Fifth Avenue, New York.

On each slip was written the date and the name of some member of the Multimillionaires' Club, and beneath the name of Dr. MacCloodicus was written this:

"June 18—To removing one vermiform appendix, $500.00

"Please remit."

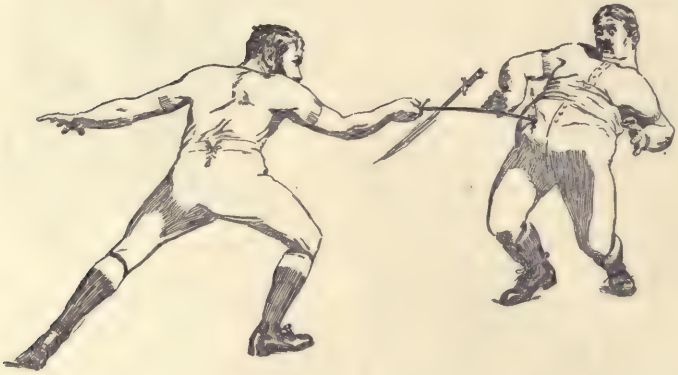
"Four hundred and twenty-five times five hundred dollars is how much?" Dr. MacCloodicus asked his secretary.

"Two hundred and twelve thousand, five hundred dollars," said the secretary.

It will have been surmised by the intelligent reader that Dr. MacCloodicus had, with his razor-sharp sword, performed an appendicitis operation on each of the officers and members of the Multimillionaires' Club. This was the truth. With a slight twist of his wrist he had removed each appendix as neatly as could be desired, securing thus both revenge and a competency.

Chapter VII

"Two hundred and twelve thousand, five hundred dollars?" said Mrs. Guggensteiner, and throwing her arms around the neck of Dr. MacCloodicus, she kissed him fondly. "Darling!" she exclaimed.



A Modern DELILAH

by Fannie C. Griffing

WHEN Major Worth, the owner of the Brentwood Plantation, descended the gangway of the little steamer "Belle of the Bends," on a bright spring morning, he was followed by a slender, almond-eyed, young Chinaman, clad, apparently, in a suit of exquisitely clean blue linen pajamas. From beneath a tiny skull cap a long and glossy queue fell almost to his heels.

"It seems almost too good to be true. Where'd you find him?" Mrs. Worth asked.

"Working in a laundry in the city. He was willing enough to come, and let me name his wages. Seems a real good fellow. This lady is Mrs. Worth, your mistress, Hop Sing," he added, turning to his protege.

The young Chinaman grinned, and his slanting black eyes twinkled. Instead of the mask-like stolidity of most of his race his yellow face fairly beamed with intelligence and good humor.

"I'm sure I shall like him, he looks so neat and pleasant," was the lady's verdict.

Delighted with his employers, and his brightening prospects, Hop Sing arrived happily at the big plantation house, little dreaming that there was to be enacted the tragedy of his hitherto uneventful life. His box deposited in a tiny attic room, he at once put the sadly neglected kitchen and pantry into a state of immaculate cleanness and order that it had never known under African rule. When, in the evening, neat and smiling, he appeared before his mistress and inquired, "What wantee cook?" that nervous lady awaited results with fear and trembling. She dared not hope for too much. But an exquisitely cooked meal was served by the deft and soft-footed Chinaman. What a relief from the sullen and lumbering mountain of darkness who left the premises at night without "cleaning up."

Mrs. Worth and Pauline, the daughter, exchanged a joyful glance, and laid their heads upon their pillows that night with thankful hearts, in the blessed assurance that they could rest in peace until it was time to rise.

In the days that followed, Hop Sing proved himself to be indeed a domestic treasure. Cheerful, active, willing, regular as clock work, and seemingly as tireless, he was astir early and late. Mrs. Worth found occasion each day to rejoice at her freedom from insolent and ungrateful negro servants. "It's too good to last, I'm afraid," she often sighed. "I'm afraid something will happen!" And something did.

It was on the Saturday following his arrival at Brentwood, that Hop Sing first beheld Lallah, the pretty quadroon daughter of "Aunt Ellen," the stout, old, colored laundress. Lallah was pretty, but the cross of her existence was her hair; although glossy and curling, it was, unfortunately, rather thin, and try as she would, it was impossible to achieve a correct "French twist," "Psyche knot," or "Grecian braid" such as Miss Pauline wore, and Lallah was disconsolate. "Fawlse ha'r cos' money," her mother informed her, when she expressed her desire for more hair, "And gals as won't wuk mus' do without sich truck."

Curiosity concerning the "yaller chiney

man" that "Miss Maddie had cookin' for her," caused both Aunt Ellen and her daughter to appear at the house earlier than usual on this fatal Saturday morning. While her mother delivered the freshly ironed clothes, with the usual excuses for the missing articles, Lallah, with the freedom of her race, tripped into the kitchen to gratify her curiosity concerning Hop Sing. Seating herself upon the edge of the spotless kitchen table, balancing upon the toe of one high-heeled slipper, she began a voluble and giggling conversation, asking innumerable questions, to which the young Chinaman returned shy and timid answers, his slanting eyes stealing glances of wonder and admiration at her trim figure, pretty face, and lustrous eyes. He had seen few women, even of his own race, and the pretty and vivacious quadroon was a revelation to him. As he moved about his work, her glance espied the long and glossy queue he possessed, and wonder, admiration and envy in turn consumed her.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, with the utmost freedom, "you has sure got long hair for a man."

"No velly long," Hop Sing replied modestly.

"Seems like it would be a bother when you cook," was Lallah's next remark.

"No hurt, tie him up," Hop Sing told her as he pattered about.

"It looks like a snake," Lallah giggled. "An' seems a yard an' a ha'f long. Shore is funny for a man."

"No funny. All Chinamans samee," was Hop Sing's reply.

With true African disregard of time, Lallah continued idly chatting, unable to take her covetous eyes from the fascinating braid, and not until Aunt Ellen, herself, appeared in the doorway with the command, "Git offen dat table an' hep me wid dese baskits," could she tear herself away.

Absorbed in his duties, and always busy, Hop Sing would probably have never dreamed of progressing beyond the most respectful admiration, in regard to Lallah, had she so willed it. But it was soon apparent to all observers that she seemed desirous of adding the young Celestial to her long list of admirers. Her first move was the request for the position of housemaid, which she had hitherto refused to consider. With some misgivings, Mrs. Worth finally agreed, reassuring herself with the thought that no harm would come of a silly flirtation, after all, if Lallah encouraged Hop Sing. That she did was only too evident, for every moment she could filch from her duties, she spent in lively conversation and gay badinage with her fellow-servant. Like all colored girls, Lallah insisted upon going home each night, and upon Hop Sing devolved the duty and pleasure of seeing her safely to her door. His susceptible heart, already filled with admiring interest, was soon aflame, and his undisguised devotion to the pretty quadroon soon became a source of amusement to all who witnessed it, both black and white, and all, apparently, regarded it as a joke.

One morning Lallah failed to appear at the "Big House" at the usual hour, and Hop Sing cast many anxious glances from door and window as he pattered about his duties, but the morning passed, and still the girl did not come, or send any explanation of her absence. "Mebbee sick," Hop Sing was heard to mutter, as he assisted Pauline to put the house in order. "Me go see, velly soon." But in the early afternoon, while he was still busy, Aunt Ellen puffed into the yard and house, literally swelling with indignation.

"I 'clare to gracious, Miss Maddie," she gasped as she fell into a chair on the veranda, where the two ladies were seated. "Dat gal am 'bout ter run me plum crazy wid her doin's."

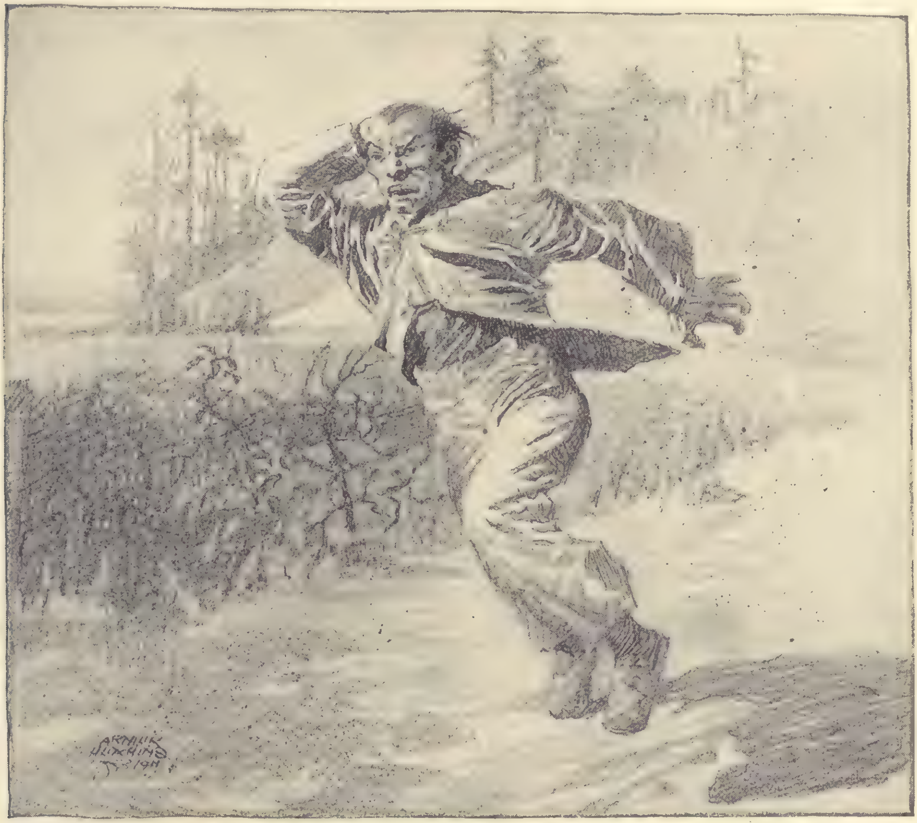
"What's the matter, Aunt Ellen? What's happened to Lallah?" mother and daughter asked with one voice.

"Ter think a gal ov mine ud do datter way! Hit am plum disgraceful!" wailed Aunt Ellen, fanning herself with her blue checked apron. "I'd wear 'er out ef I cud, but I can't *now*."

"Well, what is it, Aunt Ellen? What about Lallah?" Pauline questioned anxiously.

"I never knowed no more about it dan you, Miss Maddie," declared the old woman. "She ain't tole me a thing. Las' night, when she cum home, she tell dat Chinyman 'goodnight' at de do', an' skips into her own room, and goes ter dressin' up. D'reckly she calls dat lil' Nancy, the gal I'se tuck ter raise, ter cum an' he'p her. I yere 'em a gigglin' an' a laffin', but I ain't payin' no 'tention. Jes' den the preacher, he draps in, an' befo' long dat yaller Alf Snowden follers, but I think he's jest a callin' on Lallah, and never s'picion nothin'. But Miss Maddie, lemme tell yer, what dat gal had done," and Aunt Ellen's eyes, already red as a terrapin's from suppressed indignation, fairly bulged from her head, as she leaned forward and announced: "De night befor' Lallah, she starts ter meetin' wid her ha'r in a ball bigger'n yourn, Miss Pauline, and yer all knows she ain't got no ha'r, hardly. 'What dat?' I say. 'Whar 'd yer git dat ha'r? Fawlse ha'r cos' money!' I sez. 'Dis didn't,' she sez, "didn't cos' me none! Got it frum Hop Sing; he gimme his pigtail!' "

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Worth, while Pauline exclaimed, "That was what she was after all the time! Poor Hop Sing, she fooled him into giving her his beloved queue. But go on, and finish your story, Aunt Ellen! What happened last night?"



"Cuttee hair—cuttee off—no go China—no wantee live, me wantee die!"

"I wus dat mad, I cud ov wore 'er out, ef I cud got 'er, but befo' I cud git up outen my cheer, she skips out de do'. Well, as I wus a sayin', de preacher an' Alf, dey bofe draps in las' night, an' I don't s'pect nothin' tall. I bresh up de flo' an puts on a clean apron, an' sets down ter talk. The fust thing I knows, Lallah walks in all drest up in dat white dress of yourn, Miss Pauline, wid white shoes and gloves on, an' she has her ha'r in a big ball wid dat poor Chineyman's plait, an' a long white veil and flowers all a stickin' in hit. She jes' smiles and fans hersef, an' Alf gits up grinning, an' stan's by 'er, an' den de preacher, he gits up an sez ter 'em, 'Air yo' all ready?' dey bofe say, 'Yas, sir, we's ready.' 'Yere's de licenses,' Alf sez. I wuz dat s'prised, I jes' sot dar, wid my mouf open, and my eyes nigh a poppin' outen my head, and befo' I knowed what dey wus a doin', dey wus married, Miss Maddie!" She paused to regain her breath, and wipe the perspiration from her streaming face.

The next moment, she would have leaped from her seat had it been possible with her two hundred pounds of flesh. A shrill, blood-curdling shriek rent the air, just behind her, frightening the excited old woman almost out of her senses.

Anxious to learn the cause of Lallah's absence, Hop Sing had noiselessly followed Aunt Ellen through the house, and just behind her, hidden by the door, he had eagerly listened, as she told her story. Frantic with anger and grief, he sprang forward, dashed his large white cap to the floor, and clutched wildly at the remains of the queue he had sacrificed upon the altar of love. "She say she mally me, makee me cuttee off," he wailed. "She foolee me—mally nigger!"

"Never mind, Hop Sing, I wouldn't care," soothed Pauline, struggling between laughter and indignation at Lallah's heartless treachery.

"She orter be kilt fer doin' him dat away," snorted Aunt Ellen. "Dat barber man's shore got his hands full, I knows he's gwine ter beat her!"

With hands still clutching his cherished "pigtail" Hop Sing sprang down the steps, raced to the gate, and to the consternation of the three startled women, his blue garments disappeared down the river road, his voice wailing, "Cuttee hair—cuttee off—no go China—no wantee live, me wantee die!"

"He's going to kill himself! Stop him somebody, for mercy's sake! Oh, *where* is the Major?" shrieked Mrs. Worth, on the verge of hysterics.

Fortunately at that moment the Major, himself, appeared at the gate, returning from a ride over the plantation. Pauline sped down the walk, and quickly explained the situation, and Hop Sing's suicidal intentions. Waving his hand to his wife, the Major shouted reassuringly: Don't worry, Maddie, it will be all right, I'll bring him back with me!" Wheeling quickly about he settled himself in the saddle, and gave "Black Bob" the reins.

"A Chinaman's queue is a sacred thing to him," remarked Pauline as she rejoined her mother. "To be without one is considered a mark of disgrace in China."

In less than five minutes Major Worth had reached the river and anxiously scanned the banks up and down, in search of Hop Sing; near the landing, where the bank was high and shelving, from a recent cavein, lay the trunk of an immense tree left there by the receding waters. Upon it, the picture of despair, sat the basely deceived and unhappy Chinaman.

"Why, hello, Hop!" shouted the Major, "what are you doing down here?" he asked with affected surprise. "Anything wrong?" "Lallah mally nigger!" wailed Hop Sing, "Say she mally me, me cuttee hair, mally nigger, me no tailee, no can go backee China!"

"Well, I wouldn't take on so, Hop," his master advised him kindly.

"No wantee live, no tailee, no go China—mally nigger!" Hop repeated with anguished accents, and suspecting the Major's purpose, he sprang up, and rushed to the top of the shelving bank, uttering a shrill cry, he leaped high in the air, and with a loud splash, struck the placid waters of the Mississippi.

"Stop that, you infernal idiot!" yelled the Major, "What ails you?" Flinging himself from the saddle he rushed to the bank and peered anxiously over. After staring a few moments at the struggling figure below he staggered backward, and burst into a roar of laughter. Hop Sing had narrowly escaped impaling himself upon a sharp snag that projected from the water. His loose jacket had caught upon it and the stout linen holding him fast, he was unable to extricate himself.

"Just keep still, you idiot, I'll have you out in a jiffy," the Major called, when he regained his voice. A small canoe was tied up near the landing, and jumping into it the master paddled around to where the luckless Chinaman was helplessly suspended. Having released and landed the would-be suicide once more on terra firma, the Major ordered him to mount behind him. Hop Sing meekly obeyed, and the journey home was made in silence. Entering by the rear, the Major conducted Hop to his room under the eaves, and helped him into dry garments. "We'll excuse you tonight, Hop, and I'll buy you another pigtail, if that will help any. Lie down and rest and you'll be all right in the morning," his master said kindly. Closing the door, Major Worth quietly turned the key and descended the stairs, at the foot of which Mrs. Worth and Pauline waited anxiously. "He's all right now, I guess," he said in answer to their eager questions, and told them of what had happened at the river. "But I think he'll get over it all right now," he concluded.

But the Major was mistaken. Hop Sing had been too deeply wounded, and in spite of his master's precautions his room was empty next morning. With the instinct of a wounded animal to hide from the human eye, he made his way to a deserted cabin, far down the river, where he remained alone for several days. But when the Major, learning of his whereabouts, visited the cabin, he found it deserted. Long afterwards he learned that the Chinaman had slipped on board the "Belle of the Bends" one night when the little steamer touched at the plantation landing. When or where he left the boat no one knew, and all trace of him was lost. But the Major is still searching for him, and has offered many rewards for news of Hop Sing, while Mrs. Worth, again obliged to rely on the services of a "colored lady," lives in the oft-expressed hope that she will some day behold the cheerful countenance of her treasured Chinese cook.

SEND IT IN

A "Suggestion" to the Country Editor by the Old-Time Missouri Rhymer

CHARLES COLLINS BOLAND

IF you have a bit of news, send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse, send it in.
A story that is true
An incident that's new
We want to hear from you! Send it in.

Never mind about your style. Send it in!
If it's only worth the while, send it in.
Of those crops that all amaze—
Of the berries "neighbors" raise
Of a section you would praise—send it in.

Of some patient labor done—send it in;
Of a fallen brother won, send it in.
Of a master who can teach
Truth beyond the average reach
Of a noble, glowing speech, send it in.

Will your story make us laugh? Send it in.
Send along a photograph. Send it in.
When out fishing, send a note
Of the things you catch afloat
Or the good times on the boat. Send it in.

In the Desert

By B. M. CONNOR

THE heat waves dance upon the dunes—
The rigid dunes of smoking sand.
The hot wind whistles little tunes;
The dust whirls in a saraband.

And not a tree from sky to sky—
No, not one cloud goes drifting by!

There is but one hand's breadth of shade
Beneath the spiny cactus leaf,
But there in cunning ambuscade
The steel-eyed rattler holds him chief.

I see a lake flanked round with trees
That bend their branches in the breeze.

I follow phantoms till I fall
Beneath the never-ceasing sun,
Upon the waste a heap a-sprawl.
Ah God, will day be never done?

Above my head, a ghastly crew,
The buzzards circle in the blue.

They patient float around, around,
Nor ever leave me night nor noon.
Their wings make a soft and silken sound;
Above them floats a pallid moon.

Why do they watch so eagerly?
Good God, the fiends wait here for me!

The sky burns like a flame blood-red.
The sun strikes like a dripping blade;
The buzzards circle o'er my head—
An honest man would be afraid.

Yet one shade e'er hangs over me—
The shadow of the gallows-tree!

SEAWORTHY

By

FLORENCE M. CHAPIN

THE doctor shook his head. "You mustn't expect any such radical change. The fever must run its course—and he hasn't a very rugged constitution."

"You will let him stay here?"

"It would hardly be safe to move him now."

A look of relief came into her face. "Oh! I am so glad—I was afraid—"

"It would have been easier, perhaps better, to send him away—if we had known in time," the doctor reminded her. "Now go slowly—he doesn't need you yet—leave him to the nurse, and save yourself for the long convalescence."

She smiled faintly. "I want to do it all."

"I know. Your enthusiasm is attractive—and foolish. You can use your head now, there'll be work enough for your hands later."

The physician knew well what problems this illness left her to solve, and tried to point the easiest way. It was just an ordinary case, the like of which he was always meeting, but the human side never failed to appeal to him along with the scientific.

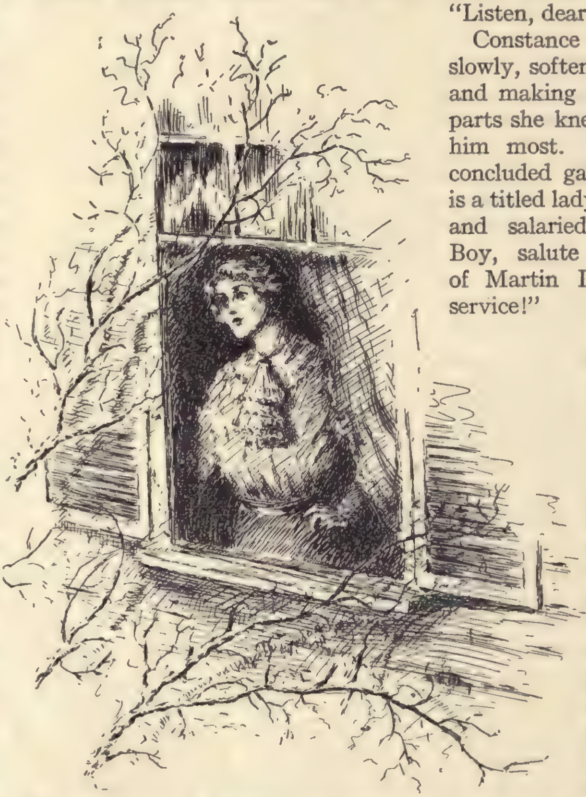
His good-bye held hope and encouragement, and the girl—she was little more—closed the door and turned back into the room. Somewhat mechanically she watched the departure of the physician, then she stepped softly to the door of the sick room. But the patient had fallen asleep, and his nurse held up a warning finger. Constance nodded and turned away silently, though in her heart she rebelled at this ruling power whose skill she envied. It hurt her that others could do more easily and deftly what she longed to do.

Half-heartedly she took up her sewing, but the fresh young face drooped as she worked. All her thought was concentrated on that still, fever-plagued form in the room beyond. It was the one place where she longed to be—quick to anticipate, eager to serve—but there better judgment, and destiny in the shape of a quiet, capable nurse, told her she must not be. She was maddened by her uselessness until Dr. North's words recurred to her. Ah, yes! the physician was right—there was plenty to occupy her, after all—the problem of ways and means could not be denied.

"A long convalescence," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud. "That will mean the loss of David's position, no income, and a cancelled bank-book. "I must see—" Her work slipped idly into her lap, and she gave herself up to the perplexing question. Her forces were marshalled slowly and with care. She weighed and appraised without reverence or discrimination—even frowning at a set of Ruskin in full Morocco bindings. It represented his last gift to her and had been treasured as a household god, but it suddenly assumed the role of a wild extravagance as she mentally figured what its value could have brought in comfort to him.

"Well, I'll manage somehow," she concluded. "You'll have to let me be the wage-earner for a time, David."

There was a touch of old New England determination in her face as she rose and put away her work. It was quite dark now, and the soft brown tones of the pretty room had faded to an even grayness. She lighted the lamp and turned to draw the shades but paused, arrested by the sunset flame that still burned dimly in the western sky. While she watched, the color faded and the arc lights of the city sprang forth one by one and then in sudden brilliant flares. The girl raised the window and drew a deep breath of the clear February air. She was caught by the witchery of the hour and it was not until a sound from the sick room roused her that she turned back again to the lamp-lit table.



"The girl raised the window and drew a deep breath of the clear February air"

During the weeks that followed Constance realized more and more fully what a long siege theirs was to be and, after the suspense of the crisis was over, made plans and arrangements with an energy that surprised her. At first, as the slow recovery began, in the joy of being together again with their home to themselves, she successfully hid from him the rueful facts of their depleted stores and skillfully led him away whenever he neared the truth. Then came the day when he would be put off no longer, and she had to show him the debit side of their accounts. She had a bad half hour with him when he learned the loss of his position, but she met his discouragement bravely.

"No, no—my hand is on the tiller now," she protested stoutly, "and I promise to make port. Your work at present is getting well, and you'll not have time for anything else."

She would not tell him what course she had presumed, and he had not the strength to question much, but she came in one afternoon glowing with eagerness.

"The day is saved, David!" Laughing she threw herself down by his couch. "Listen, dear."

Constance told her story slowly, softening the details, and making merry over the parts she knew would grieve him most. "And so," she concluded gaily; "your wife is a titled lady, commissioned and salaried—how's that? Boy, salute the secretary of Martin Lariat, at your service!"

The man's thin face grew grave. "Ah, no, Constance—not that!"

"Objections all over-ruled, Mi'lord—I'll listen to none."

David Lloyd shook his head. "Something will come up. I can't have you doing that."

"It won't be hard. And he was so nice about taking me back—I'm an old married woman now, you know," she coaxed, "but he didn't seem to mind in the least. Luckily for me, my successors haven't been very satisfactory."

"Martin Lariat's—only seven months since you left there!—I had thought to care for you a little longer than that, Constance."

She was all tenderness then. "Don't, dear! It is only for a little while—and—we must live somehow."

That was his first conscious grasp of

the imperativeness of their circumstances, and he turned his face to the wall to hide the bitterness of the wormwood.

She waited in silence, all the bright enthusiasm gone now that his eyes were no longer upon her. Though she knew it not, her pain was greater than his, for it was in her nature to bear uncomplainingly what she shrank from tendering others.

Lloyd covered his deeper emotion under a weak pride. "Think what will be said!"

It was an axiom hateful to her, but she turned it to a sick man's fancy and answered quietly: "That doesn't matter, David—people will say—anything."

"And your family, too, Constance!"

A perplexed frown drew her brows together, and she gave a little amused laugh. "Mother, I suppose, will be a little unmanageable at first, but I'm not worrying about that." Then she slipped her arms about him and made him look at her. "You mustn't feel that way about it, dear. I'm not going away forever, you know. Every evening—and late afternoons sometimes—we can be together. And when you are a little stronger you can work at your plans all the time I am gone—why, David, perhaps this will prove a blessing in disguise and bring you forth the greatest architect of them all!"

Her voice and touch were almost maternal as she coaxed and pleaded with him. She seemed unconscious that he failed to respond and gave her no help. In their changed positions she had entirely lost sight of the personal, nor was she worn enough to heed the call of the physical. Indeed there seemed nothing too great for her to do in service of him. Her devotion was touching—almost pathetic—it was so childlike, yet withal, so womanly.

It was quite dark before she rose from her knees beside him, having at last won her way. Her husband, tired by his long argument, fell asleep while she busied herself with the tea things. She was conscious of an amused sense of having gained indulgence for a petty caprice, but a quick perception of humor was always her saving grace, and she smiled fondly down at Lloyd as she passed him with a tray of dishes.

In a short time Constance grew so accustomed to the familiar routine of her office work and fell so easily into forgotten habits that the brief period of her marriage seemed more like a dream than a reality. But when, on coming home at night, she suited herself to the dual role of housekeeper and nurse the dream became a very actual reality. Lloyd, as he grew stronger, tried to help her in little ways, but he seemed to have small knack at such things and they had many a laugh together over his blunders.

By spring Dr. North gave his patient permission to return to work. Lloyd received this news with enthusiasm, but two weeks of futile searching after a position told on him so heavily that Constance was alarmed and insisted that he wait a while longer. But it was the same story when he went again; he seemed to have no reserve with which to meet discouragement, and the rebuffs that would have been a challenge to a stronger man broke his spirit.

"It's no use, Girl—I'm too plainly a typhoid. Nobody wants half a man."

Constance was in despair as she saw him sink deeper and deeper into despondency, but she bent all the strength of her young womanhood to rally his flagging courage.

"I believe it is this enervating weather, David," she told him one night when she was trying to cheer him. "Don't go any more just now—work on your plans here at home, and something will come. I'll keep my place through the summer, and we'll get along, somehow. Don't be so indigo, dear."

Constance was a loving woman, not a student of human nature, else she would have seen her error. Her loyal heart had no knowledge of the narcotic she was offering him.

The heat of mid-summer found the wife drooping, and brought a sharp protest from her mother.

"You'll be a wreck, Constance. There is no sense in your working so—he is twice as strong as you are."

"Mother!"

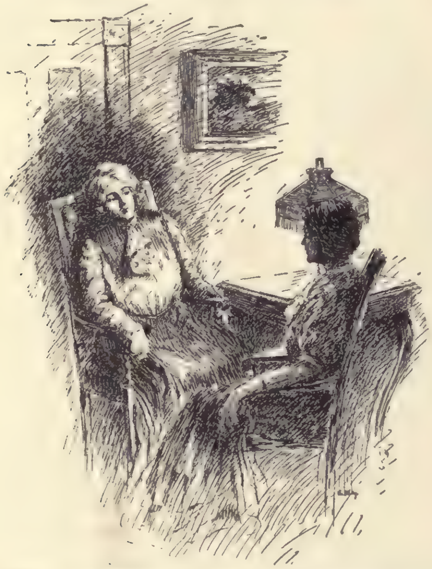
"I can't help it, child—it just breaks my heart to see things as they are."

"Things will be better some day. Just now they can't be helped," she protested.

"It's lucky you have no children, Constance."

She colored quickly. She was tired of making excuses for Lloyd—why couldn't they take her loyalty for granted and not weary her so? "Oh! I don't know—we'd manage somehow."

"We!" Maternal indignation grew. "You would, you mean, Constance."



*"There is no sense in your working so—**he is** twice as strong as you are"*

"Well!" Her tired eyes held gentle reproach. "I'd not be the first woman to do that, mother," she answered softly.

Alone, she faced the truth. Ill health and continued disappointment had worked like a blight through her husband's character, deadening his sensibilities and poisoning their life. What had seemed such a sacrifice from her and won love's protest but a short time before was now accepted without comment. He had grown accustomed to this daily giving of herself in the necessary struggle for their existence and he ceased to resent or deplore it. They came to her gradually, these perceptions that hurt her so, and she let the torrid heat play havoc with her vitality while she sought the touchstone.

She surrendered her illusions grudgingly. "Life cannot be so cruel," she insisted; "there would be no justice in such heavy payment, even for a flower as sweet." Was happiness only a decoy to bring one into thraldom, must every dancer pay the fiddler an hundredfold regardless of broken strings? "No, no!" Her resentment was eager, passionate. It was not so much for her own case she sought as for belief in the sweetness of life. She took new interest in her fellow-workers, even searched the faces of passers-by for some record of their history—could they all be paying for flowers that had died in the budding?

"You get so tired, perhaps we had better break up here," Lloyd said to her once.

Surprised by his thought of her, so rarely present now, she looked up quickly. "Why—what other way is there than this, David?" she asked uncertainly. "I thought you hated boarding!"

"I do, of course—and we're much more comfortable here—but I thought it might be best for a while. It's for you to decide."

The indifference of his last words left a sting. The girl's eyes fell, and for an instant their sight was blinded by quick, bitter tears. "Then we won't make any change now," was her low answer.

Constance came home one night unusually fagged. It had been a frightful day, suffocating and oppressive under a leaden sky heavy with gathering thunder clouds. Life and heart seemed burned out of everything—people drooped like poppies in a noon-day sun—even inanimate objects looked wilted and dejected.

The two flights of stairs seemed interminable to Constance as she toiled wearily up to their apartment, and she gave a sigh of complete exhaustion when she found that the stuffy air of the little rooms afforded her no relief.

"Heavens, what a day!" Lloyd called out to her as he heard the door open.

But she was tired of talking of the weather. Her whole day had seemed to pass in intermittent exchange of comment on the terrible heat, and the cool negligee of Lloyd's appearance irritated her frayed nerves, so she sought escape in her own room.

There, to her startled fancy, the walls seemed to press about her, stifling her. She slipped off her limp gown that had been so fresh and tailored that morning and chose a flimsy silk kimona. There was a noticeable lack of personal interest in her movements; once, even on such a night, she would have deferred to Lloyd's preference in the color and choice of her gown. A simple desire for comfort and freedom marked her now; even her pretty auburn hair showed the change, for it was done higher and more severely as being cooler and more dignified—while the girlish knot of ribbon had long ago disappeared.

Lloyd spread a light lunch in the dining room and then walked restlessly up and down the hall, waiting for her.

"I'm not coming, David—I couldn't eat anything—don't wait," she called out as he passed her door.

He stepped back. "What's the matter?"

"Oh! nothing—just fagged."

"You didn't use to feel it so," he reminded her, seeing the listlessness of her drooping figure as she sat on a shirtwaist box by the window, her head against the sill. "But you were with your mother then," he added, feeling her incompleteness.

"And had something to look forward to," she might have said.

She sat motionless for a long time after he went away, in a lethargy of mind and body. Now and then she raised her eyes to the sultry sky as though beseeching the deliberate rain.

"I wonder why I didn't go," she mused, thinking of an evening invitation. Martin Lariat's son was an old friend, true and above reproach.

After all, why had she not gone? Anything would have been a relief to such dull unending sameness, such dual tolerance and indifference. At first the idea had been repellent to her sensitive nature—yet at what had she rebelled—where was the actual wrong-doing either in the offer itself or the simple recreation that it promised? To what was she clinging—why not accept of the wayside sweetness? Other women—

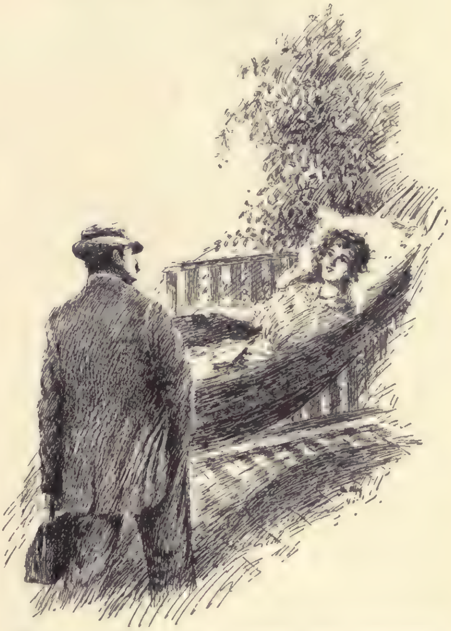
The storm broke at last and Constance let the refreshing rain fall on her white, uplifted face, feeling a tingling relief in the coolness of the drops. She felt neither terror nor wonder at the intensity of the storm; if she had not been burned into submission by the intolerable heat of the day she could have answered the elements with like passion. It was not resignation but utter weariness that silenced her in her hour of rebellion.

The following Sunday afternoon Dr. North found Constance alone on their diminutive veranda, swinging idly in the hammock—an unopened book in her lap.

"Where's Lloyd?" asked the doctor.

"Gone for a walk."

"Why didn't you go, too?"



"*Swinging idly in the hammock—an unopened book in her lap*"

"I!—I've nothing left to walk on—I don't believe I could cross the street."

He frowned with disapproval at her tailored linen dress. "Where are all those witching things you used to wear, Constance?"

"Those are for quiet little stay-at-homes. I'm a working girl, sir."

"You are not working today."

"Oh, yes, I am—the hardest work of all—I'm gathering my forces." She smiled at the phrase, mocking his professional manner. "What an old inquisitive you are!"

"You must stop this work of yours, Constance—it's killing you."

She made a wry face. "Mother has been talking to you."

But the physician told no tales. "I mean it, child—you must give it up."

"How are we to live?" she asked simply.

"On what Lloyd earns—he is strong enough now."

Her face paled a little, but she was too worn to struggle much. "The fever has left him spiritless," she defended gently: "life is too hard for him."

"So it is for you—this sort of life."

"No, no!" she protested slightly impatient. "And I'll not be arraigned before the court on Sunday." Leaning against the balustrade she looked down at the passers-by, keeping her face turned from him.

But he caught the quaver in her voice and saw that she controlled herself with difficulty. "Oh! I wish you were more like some women I know—and that they were more like you!" he burst forth at length.

His air of exasperation brought a responsive smile. "Can't you find a more interesting topic of conversation?"

North's kindly, deep-set eyes were on her quizzically now. "No, child—I'm not half through with you yet. Are you going to do as I want you to?"

The sudden appearance of Lloyd spared her an answer, and the physician covered her embarrassment with his hearty greeting.

"Just in time, man—we have been talking of you."

"Yes?" Lloyd's tone was somewhat indifferent.

"And I've been prescribing for Constance," North went on slowly.

"For Constance!"

"Yes—I am afraid she is pretty well used up."

David Lloyd turned wonderingly to his wife. She was still leaning against the balustrade, her face pale but quiet. Her deep gray eyes watched the two men curiously. A strange lethargy was upon her; she no longer desired to pity or to save, and she watched the little drama before her as one who had no part in it, a listener by the merest chance.

"I did not know—why has she not told me?" stammered Lloyd uncertainly: "I thought it was this terrible heat."

"Perhaps it is—in part," agreed the doctor; "but isn't it about time you kept her at home?"

David's eyes were still on his wife. "How can she when—there is no one to care for her?"

"No one?" repeated the physician slowly.

"No one but a failure," came the dull response.

"There are good failures, Lloyd."

"But I am not one of them. In the last analysis, I think you will find that 'coward' suits me best."

Constance moistened her lips—she seemed about to cry out, but no sound came.

"Well! not a very healthy minded sort of person to have around, are you? Certainly not what this poor child needs. Come! we brought you through the fever for something better than that."

Lloyd stood silent, too proud to show what was in his heart, too grieved to answer.

Dr. North watched him narrowly and, seeing how easily the latent manhood was touched, moved cautiously. "Suppose I take Constance home with me for a while?" he suggested finally.

Lloyd hesitated. "Perhaps it would be well. I—it is for her to say."

Constance smiled a little wistfully at the doctor, but her eyes said "no," so he did not press his point.

"All right, we'll think of something else. Remember though—no more work in town."

Left alone, a certain restraint seemed to fall upon them. Constance straightened out the books and papers that had gathered during the day in the living room, and Lloyd, dropping into an arm-chair, propped his chin in his palms and watched his wife narrowly.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he burst forth at length.

"I—there's nothing to tell—I am not ill. Don't be so foolish, David."

"Dr. North never juggles with facts."

"I know—but he found me tired—and drew conclusions."

"You will do as he says about giving up the work?"

There was a pause before she answered him. "No—my promise binds me through the summer."

"Whom did you promise?"

"Mr. Lariat—and you."

"Constance!"

"Well?"

Their eyes met for the first time, but neither spoke—both were startled by the unexpected challenge. Constance paled a little and drew back, as a wave of pity swept over her—had she struck unconsciously where she had sought to comfort? She was very near to him then, all the old wistfulness in her face, but in his sudden abnegation Lloyd denied himself and the moment passed.

"Never mind about me, David," she said, turning quietly away; "so long as the crew doesn't mutiny I can still pilot."

Lloyd sat for hours silent and despondent in the big chair by the window. Night came on, the passers-by went straggling homeward, and the streets grew hushed. He heard Constance moving about for a while, then she, too, sought her rest, and all was still in the little flat—only the stars kept watch with him. The beauty of the sleeping city was lost upon Lloyd. Its quiet now meant but the gathering for a fresh onslaught on the morrow. Down there beneath that stillness lay the seething vortex that had crushed his strength, and then tossed him, a bit of human flotsan, to the sport of the restless waves.

He thought bitterly of Constance, and her sacrifice and of his own inefficiency. Her pictured face gleamed palely at him from where the street light shone in upon her photograph. "Some sad fate sent you my way, child," he moaned. "Your life was happy until then."

It was sunrise before he grew exhausted, and even then the rebellious heart seemed to struggle in his sleep. He was up and away before Constance appeared. She wondered a little at his absence, but busied herself about the house and at her usual hour went off to work, rightly guessing that Lloyd was already on the march in the weary ranks of the unemployed.

Men turned that day to look a second time at the well-dressed figure of David Lloyd as he pushed steadily on in his quest for work. There was something about the carriage of his tall, thin frame and the grave determined brown eyes that compelled attention and brought a softened negative from those of whom he sought. The day was long and tedious with a reward small in proportions to its toil, but Lloyd felt exultant that something had been yielded him and, humbly grateful, carried his poor trophy home to Constance.

Then began a strange life for the two—one in which they seldom met. Lloyd's new employment was night work, and it often happened that he did not return until just as Constance was leaving for her day in town. There was scarcely time for a word then, and at night it would be the same—one task ended where the other began; thus, while continually reminded of the presence of each other, their actual lives were lived apart.

But this forced separation checked the breach that was widening between them and laid bare their love. The long evenings grew appalling to Constance, and Lloyd's quickened sensibilities felt with double keenness the loss of her companionship. His thought of her showed itself in the minute care he took about the house and in the countless trifling things done for her comfort. To the wife there was something touching in this speech of deeds, and she found herself looking forward to her chance meetings with Lloyd in the hope of gaining courage to offer the forgiveness that was his. But the task grew more and more difficult and, after a few hurried inanities, they would pass on, both knowing that the half had not been said, yet lacking the strength to break through their barriers.

Things went on in this way and summer dragged itself away. Coming in one evening more tired than usual, Constance found to her bitter disappointment that she was too late to catch a glimpse of Lloyd. She threw down her hat and went listlessly through the hall to the dining room, but paused, just beneath the lintel of the doorway, in happy surprise.

During his long apprenticeship at home Lloyd had grown deft, and the luncheon now awaiting on the table was spread as daintily as any woman's hand could have done it. In the centre, standing in a tall crystal vase, were some newly-opened Killarney roses that filled the room with the sweet incense of their fragrance. And at her plate, right where her eyes could not fail to see it, was an architect's blueprint with the magic words—"First Prize" scrawled in plain letters across the top.

Flushed with delight, she looked uncertainly about her. The unexpectedness of it all and the wild extravagance of the flowers tinged the sweet face with excitement. Lloyd came just as she called his name, and his face in its brightness rivalled hers. Wondering and silent she turned to him.

"Come down from the bridge, dear little Pilot. We are on the open seas again!"

JUST CHEER UP

By J. ANDREW BOYD

DO not go through life a-whining,
Just cheer up;
Nothing's gained by your repining,
So cheer up;
Life is largely what you make it,
There is pleasure if you take it,
As for trouble, why, just shake it,
And cheer up.

Smiles are cheaper than a frown,
So cheer up;
Don't let trouble throw you down,
Just cheer up;
The world respects a man who's brave,
But has no use for cringing knave,
A helping hand you'll find to save,
If you cheer up.

Forget your troubles for awhile
And cheer up;
Look at life with happy smile,
So cheer up;
There is brightness all around,
Happiness is easily found,
Look aloft, not on the ground,
Just cheer up.

If you want to win life's race,
Just cheer up;
Do not wear a doleful face,
But cheer up;
Press with courage to the goal,
Get some sunshine in your soul,
Troubles then from you will roll,
So cheer up.

Progressive Banking in the West

by W · C · Jenkins

EDITOR'S NOTE—The eyes of the people of the United States are upon the great and growing West. There are many signs which must inspire enthusiasm among financiers and investors who have cast their lot among the people of the Western states, and not the least among these signs is the organization of great financial institutions with facilities to meet the financial requirements that accompany developments so stupendous. In this article some interesting facts concerning Chicago banking history are presented as well as an account of some recent consolidation of big financial institutions of that city.

THE keynote of all business prosperity is good banking. No matter how industrious a people may be, their system of banking will always be of the greatest importance.

Nowhere on the civilized globe can bad banking do greater harm than in the United States, and nowhere is there greater need to watch financial developments.

When we realize the extent to which credit figures in our banking affairs we then get some idea of the necessity of careful and conservative banking methods. When all known diversities of American banking have been recapitulated, the superstructure of American credit is still large enough to completely overshadow the others. It dwarfs anything that Europe can put in competition and is, in fact, one of the most remarkable developments of American finance. Next to the physical resources of the United States, credit has been the greatest factor in the development of this country.

Bank payments are founded on credit, pure and simple. There may be a few customers of the banks who trade exclusively on their own money, but at least ninety-five per cent trade on credit. They are borrowers as well as depositors. The deposits and the loans are largely the same money on different sides of the account.

The banks, the depositors and the borrowers have entered into a compact to trust each other. A certain amount of legal money must be put up as a guarantee fund, but the basis of the structure of our banking system is credit alone.

The questions of finance and good banking have always been vital issues in the United States. The founders of the republic could not agree upon these questions and they differed not only radically, but vehemently, strenuously and uncompromisingly. The early records of Congress bristle with currency controversies. In the first eighty years of the Union there were more monetary experiments than any people had undergone in all history. There were more currency and banking theories propounded, more constitutional questions raised, more hairsplitting indulged in than any other country could have survived.

When the pioneers by thousands were marching to that great country which is now known as the Middle West, money had to be forthcoming for the urgent needs of those who became settlers in the territory which is now Illinois, Ohio and Indiana, and loans were made in the East and in Europe. Banks were finally established, but the people seldom gave them a hearty welcome. Their unfavorable history in this country caused feelings of distrust, and when they obtained charters many prohibitions and conditions were imposed. So great was the feeling of distrust against the banks that the state of Illinois sought to solve the problem by going into the banking business. The experiment, however, was a lamentable failure.

Illinois banking history began in 1816 when the territorial legislature passed an act incorporating the "President, Directors and Company of the Bank of Illinois." This was Illinois' first legalized "Wild Cat."

When the state's constitution was adopted August 26, 1818, Illinois had two banks in operation, both carrying the public moneys received from the sale of Illinois lands.

In 1819 the state started in the banking business. In that year it incorporated its first bank with a capital limited to $500,000, all of which was owned by the state. The legislature was invested with its entire management and control, the president and directors being elected by the senate and House of Representatives on joint ballot. The property, lands and faith of the state were pledged without any restriction for the redemption of the bills issued.

Three hundred thousand dollars were to be put into circulation. The bills were to be loaned on notes secured by mortgage at the rate of six per cent per annum; but as the bills themselves bore an interest of two per cent the borrower virtually paid but four per cent.

This currency soon flooded the state, and all gold and silver disappeared as circulating mediums. It was scarcely in circulation, however, before it began to depreciate in value. First it went to seventy cents on the dollar, then to fifty and eventually down to twenty-five cents when it disappeared from circulation, having found its way into the hands of speculators who looked to the state for its ultimate redemption. As under the terms of its charter all taxes and revenues were payable in these bills at par the state became hopelessly entangled in its financial system and was forced to withdraw the circulation. This was begun in 1824 and continued to 1831 when Illinois ended its banking business after having suffered a loss of nearly the value of its original issue of bills.

There were many banking experiments in Illinois, and particularly in Chicago during the first fifty years of statehood, but the most important departure was made in 1865 when the Chicago Clearing House Association was organized. This institution started out with twenty bank members whose capital stock amounted to $7,364,100 and deposits of $17,330,715.

The total Clearing House exchanges from the date of organization of the Chicago Clearing House Association in 1865 to December 31, 1911, reached the enormous total of $214,693,109,760.

The increase in bank clearings from 1880 to 1911 in the four principal cities of the United States shows Chicago far in the lead in percentage of gains. Chicago's bank clearings increased during that period 800 per cent; New York 250 per cent; Boston 250 per cent and Philadelphia 300 per cent.

The total exchanges which passed through the Chicago Clearing House in 1911 were $13,925,709,802.

In order to be a member of the Chicago Clearing House Association a bank must have at least $500,000 paid up capital. At the present time there are twenty banks in the association. In addition, there are thirty-seven non-member banks affiliated with the association which are subject to the same rules and regulations as are the members, except that they are not compelled to pay an entrance fee and have no voice in the association affairs. They have many advantages, however, and are regularly examined by the association's special examiner.

There are nearly eighty banks in Chicago that are not in any way affiliated with the Clearing House. These are mostly small institutions run by private individuals. Unfortunately there is no law in Illinois that prevents any individual, no matter how incompetent, from opening a banking institution and styling himself a banker. There have been several failures during recent years among this class of banks, and people are beginning to realize the superior advantages of institutions which are members of, or affiliated with the Clearing House Association.

GEORGE M. REYNOLDS
PRESIDENT, CONTINENTAL AND COMMERCIAL BANK, CHICAGO

The panic of 1907 severely tested the strength of the banking institutions of the country. Chicago banks passed through the financial storm without harm, not a single bank suspension being recorded.

During the period of the 1907 money stringency, the Chicago Clearing House Association printed clearing house checks in denominations of $1.00, $2.00, $5.00 and $10.00, to the amount of $13,873,000. Of this amount $7,600,000 went into temporary circulation. About $7,000 is still unredeemed; the checks are either lost or held as souvenirs.

The bank clearings of New York are about seven times larger than those of Chicago, but it must be remembered that New York is a Clearing House city for the whole country. The figures are increased very largely because of the fact that nearly every bank in the country keeps an account with one or more New York banks, and, hence, a great many accounts are liquidated in New York exchange. Buying and selling New York exchange in Chicago helps materially to swell the Clearing House figures of the Eastern city.

Then again, the character of the business in the two cities is different in important respects. Chicago has practically no call loan market—nearly all are time loans. New York's stock exchange and call loan transactions constitute a considerable part of that city's banking business.

It is apparent that the present banking laws have concentrated, to a considerable extent, the financial power in Wall Street—which, in the eyes of many financiers, appears to be a dangerous form of centralization of credit. It was not brought about by design, but by a natural evolution of financial affairs.

It is well known in financial circles that many banks throughout the country send much of their surplus cash to New York in flush times to get demand interest of two per cent. Many banks also keep a large part of their legal reserve balances there. Thus New York is the largest and most important final reserve center of bank balances. The New York banks are likely to be drawn upon at any time from all over the country for part of the regular legal reserve and for all the surplus reserve on deposit with them.

In order for these New York banks to recover the two per cent interest which they pay and to earn a profit they must in turn loan this money. Some is loaned on commercial paper, but much is loaned to stock exchange houses in the form of call loans with stocks and bonds as collateral. These call loans originate largely through speculation, and the presence of the vast amount of money in New York constitutes a direct incentive to speculative transactions.

The New York banks cannot be blamed, however, for putting a large part of their money in such loans because no other quick collateral is furnished them by the present banking system. They have such uses for large amounts of capital, and money can no more be prevented from flowing to the places where it is in demand, than water can be prevented from seeking its level.

Chicago's position in the financial affairs of this country is becoming stronger and more important each year. A few years ago no one thought of seeking large amounts of capital for Western and Southern enterprises in Chicago; every important project was financed in the East. Today practically the entire West looks to Chicago for financial aid in important commercial undertakings.

After the Chicago fire Boston capitalists practically covered Chicago with mortgages; today Chicago financiers are loaning considerable money on real estate in Boston and New York.

Of the Chicago National Banks which joined the Clearing House Association in 1865 all but the First National either discontinued or merged with other banks. The Commercial National Bank was a charter member and retained its identity with the association until it merged with the Continental National Bank on August 1, 1910.

The Continental was a member of the Clearing House Association from its organization in March, 1883, until consolidation with the Commercial.

On September 1, 1909, the Bankers National Bank merged into the Commercial National Bank. This was the only merger, or consolidation agreement which the Commercial entered into during its existence until it merged into the Continental.

The Continental National Bank purchased the Globe National Bank on November 7, 1898. The Globe was organized January 22, 1891, and when acquired by the Continental its deposits amounted to $2,500,000.

On October 27, 1904, the Continental National Bank purchased the National Bank of North America, which had been doing business a little more than a year and whose deposits amounted to $14,000,000.

The American Trust and Savings Bank, which had been affiliated with the Continental National Bank, was changed at the time of the Continental and Commercial merger to the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, the same stockholders owning both institutions.

On August 11, 1911, the Continental and Commercial National Bank purchased the Hibernian Banking Association of Chicago.

The Commercial National Bank was for many years a tower of financial strength in the Middle West and was one of the best managed banking institutions in the country. It was organized late in 1864 and was authorized by Hon. Hugh McCullough, then Comptroller of the Currency, to begin business January 13, 1865. Among those who were interested in starting the Commercial National Bank in its career of financial success were P. R. Westfall, who was the first president of the bank, R. B. Ennis, Moses S. Bacon, Charles Ennis, W. H. Ennis and Nicholas O. Williams. These gentlemen composed its first board of directors. On May 16, 1866, the following additional directors were elected: Henry F. Eames, William H. Ferry, H. Z. Culver, Henry H. Taylor, Henry W. King, Alonzo Campbell, William H. Kretzinger, Bacon Wheeler, R. B. Mason and Alfred Cowles, all of whom were representative business men of Chicago at that time, and their acknowledged probity won for the bank the utmost confidence.

The capital stock paid in was $200,000, and in a little more than a year the deposit exceeded half a million dollars.

In the beginning of 1867 Albert Keep and E. F. Pulcifer were added to the board of directors, and the capital stock was increased to $500,000. The capital stock was increased at various times as follows: In 1886 to $1,000,000; in 1899 to $2,000,000; in 1907 to $3,000,000; in 1909 to $7,000,000 and in 1910 to $8,000,000.

From time to time important additions were made to the directory of the bank. S. W. Rawson became a director in 1868; D. K. Pearsons in 1873; N. K. Fairbanks in 1876; Franklin MacVeagh and George L. Otis in 1880; Henry Field, O. W. Potter and Jesse Spaulding in 1885; Norman Williams in 1888; William J. Chalmers in 1891, and James H. Eckels, John C. McKeon and Robert T. Lincoln in 1898.

The office of president was filled continuously by Mr. Henry F. Eames from 1867 to 1897. Under his guidance the bank became one of the most prosperous financial institutions in the country. Deposits increased during his term as president from $506,300 to more than $9,000,000, which at that time was considered almost phenomenal.

On January 1, 1898, Mr. James H. Eckels, former Comptroller of the Currency, was elected president. The reputation as a financier which he brought to the bank caused a marked increase in its business. In two years the deposits had grown to $19,000,000, while the surplus fund at the beginning of 1900 was $1,000,000 and the undivided profits $800,000.

Every year showed a satisfactory increase in business and a continued acquisition of public confidence. At the annual meeting in 1907 Alexander F. Banks, Edward P. Russell, Robert H. McElwee and Alfred Cowles, whose father had been a director in 1866, were added to the directorate. In the same year the office of chairman of the Board of Directors was created and Mr. Franklin MacVeagh elected.

On July 2, 1907, Mr. Ralph Van Vechten was elected to the directorate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of James H. Eckels, and on July 5, 1907, Mr. George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, was elected president of the bank.

Robert T. Lincoln was elected chairman of the Board of Directors on April 16, 1907, Mr. Franklin MacVeagh having resigned to become Secretary of the Treasury. His son, Mr. James MacVeagh, was elected a director to fill the vacancy in the board.

On August 20, 1909, the Bankers National Bank was purchased and the capital stock of the Commercial National Bank was increased from $3,000,000 to $7,000,000. On March 1, 1910, it was increased to $8,000,000.

The following gentlemen were added to the directorate on August 31, 1909: Milton H. Wilson, Michael Cudahy, Daniel H. Burnham, Richard C. Lake, Charles H. Weaver, Charles T. Boynton, Francis A. Hardy, James W. Stevens, Herbert F. Perkins, Edward S. Lacey and John C. Craft.

On October 15, 1909, William T. Bruckner was elected vice-president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Joseph T. Talbert, who had been elected vice-president of the National City Bank of New York.

The Continental National Bank was organized on March 5, 1883, with a capital stock of $2,000,000. Among the organizers of the bank were: P. D. Armour, John C. Black, Henry Botsford, A. G. Van Schaick, Richard P. Crane, James H. Dole, William G. Hibbard, Marcus C. Stearns and Calvin F. Wheeler.

The Continental National Bank increased its capital stock from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 on April 1, 1901; on April 6, 1906, to $4,000,000; on September 7, 1909, to $9,000,000.

There are few such banking achievements recorded as that made by the Continental during its quarter of a century of separate existence. When it consolidated with the Commercial its deposits were approximately $90,000,000.

Much of the remarkable financial history of the Continental National Bank crystallizes around George M. Reynolds who became identified with the bank as cashier on December 1, 1897; he was promoted to the vice-presidency May 1, 1902, and was elected president on January, 1906. Mr. Reynolds was invited to attend the Conference of the National Monetary Commission held in London in 1908, was president of the American Bankers Association and was prominently mentioned in connection with the portfolio of Secretary of the Treasury in President Taft's cabinet. He is credited with knowing personally more men prominently connected with financial affairs than any other banker in the country.

When the Continental and Commercial National banks were consolidated on August 1, 1910, Mr. Reynolds was chosen president of the new institution. He is also president of the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank; Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Northwestern Trust and Savings Bank; President of the Hibernian Banking Association, which institution was purchased by the Continental and Commercial National Bank August 11, 1911, and President of the Northwestern Safe and Trust Company of Chicago.

Mr. Reynolds was born January 15, 1865, at Panora, Iowa, where his parents had settled in 1850. After leaving school he served a few months as clerk in a general store when he accepted a clerical position in the Guthrie County National Bank of Panora. In 1886 Mr. Reynolds moved to Hastings, Nebraska, where for two years he engaged in the farm loan business. In 1888 he returned to Panora to become the cashier and manager of the Guthrie County Bank. On April 1, 1893, he went to Des Moines, Iowa, to accept the position of cashier of the Des Moines National Bank. On January 1, 1895, he was elected president of the bank and on December 1, 1897, he moved to Chicago to become cashier of the Continental National Bank.

At the time Mr. Reynolds was elected cashier of the Continental National Bank its deposits were $12,000,000. When it consolidated with the Commercial its deposits were $90,000,000—a gain of approximately $5,500,000 per year.

At the present time the deposits of the Continental and Commercial National Bank and the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank and the Hibernian Banking Association aggregate $223,270,000, with total assets exceeding $265,000,000.

The large acquaintance which Mr. Reynolds possesses is of great value to his banking institutions; it is an asset which he has methodically built up ever since he began business in the little Iowa city. As an attendant at every financial conference of importance in the country for a quarter of a century he has acquired a store of information regarding successful banking that enables him to guide the affairs of the Continental and Commercial National Bank so that every dangerous rock may be seen far ahead and avoided. A life-time's experience in a bank, however, has not converted him into a machine, nor made him unmindful of everything but finance—when out of the bank he reads many books and studies carefully their contents.

Mr. Reynolds recognizes the fact that successful bankers must have at least some of the cardinal virtues, that they must be courteous, honorable, prudent and industrious. Early in his banking experience he discovered that when the public became convinced that the banker possesses these qualifications, he is accorded that mysterious confidence called credit, the acquisition of which is absolutely essential in every walk of life. Credit is mysterious because it seems to follow no rules. Some men can never gain it and yet no one can point to a dishonorable act in their lives. Others, again, win it easily and often seem to trifle with it; but the degree of confidence or credit which Mr. Reynolds enjoys implies that he has been absolutely faithful to every trust reposed in him.

Those who have come in contact with Mr. Reynolds—and it might be truly said that there is no president of any financial institution of importance in the country more easily accessible than he—have often observed that in his dealings with men there is a total absence of bias, either religious, political or social. The thousand dollars to the credit of a foreigner who cannot write his own name are of the same use in banking as if the money stood to the credit of the president of a theological college. Mr. Reynolds shows no distinction of persons in his banking matters. The doors of his financial institutions are open to all sorts and conditions of men, except that the line is drawn at dishonesty. No stranger can open a checking account with the Continental and Commercial National Bank unless he is satisfactorily introduced, because it is not consistent with good banking to provide rascals with check books, whereby scores of innocent people may be victimized.

There are men who have thought that Mr. Reynolds' banking institutions were over-cautious, but they have never accused them of being over-credulous. On every occasion when the shadow of a fear regarding the safety of any given transaction arises the bank is given the benefit of the doubt.

There is one thing that attracts the attention of every business man when he enters the Continental and Commercial National Bank and that is the uniform courtesy on the part of every official and employe of the bank. Mr. Reynolds has so imbued this spirit of courtesy into the conduct of every officer and employe that the moment a customer enters the bank he seems to be in an atmosphere of congeniality and where he is welcome. Early in his banking career Mr. Reynolds learned that no amount of affability on his part would reconcile a customer to its absence among the employes.

It has been said that the banker who believes in the perpetual sanity of the community in respect to monetary affairs is apt to encounter unpleasant disappointments. There are likely to be casual aberrations in the future as there have been in the past; and recognizing this Mr. Reynolds has so framed his policy that no institution in the country is better prepared to take care of its customers should any senseless rush of unreason and alarm occur.

The good-fellowship spirit of the smaller cities was a part of Mr. Reynolds' assets when he entered the Continental National Bank. In the smaller communities the banker is concerned in a kindly way with the prosperity of his customers, and this spirit of interest was not relaxed for a moment when Mr. Reynolds entered the financial atmosphere of Chicago. He is gifted with an extraordinary insight into human nature and his faculty for remembering names and faces is almost phenomenal while his hearty handshake and frank open countenance betokens hospitality and good wishes in their highest conception.

Mr. Reynolds takes a deep interest in deserving young men, and there are hundreds of successful manufacturers and merchants who owe their present prosperity to the aid he gave them when they struggled among the financial rocks in the early stages of their career.

Mr. Reynolds holds no official identity with any industry or financial institution except the Continental and Commercial National Bank and its affiliated institutions, except a directorship in the Guthrie County National Bank and Des Moines National Bank—institutions with which he was connected in the early days of his banking career. Furthermore, he separates the Continental and Commercial from every enterprise except the banking business in which it is engaged. A financial institution which elects to mine or manufacture on its own account converts everyone in the community who is following a similar vocation into an active and an outspoken enemy. Its management is derided, its losses exaggerated and its intrusion into a field of enterprise not its own is resented as unfair and denounced as leading to destruction. In other words, it burns its candle at both ends—at one end, a loss of valuable accounts, and at the other end, an absorption of profits in a business alien to its functions.

Mr. Reynolds is a student of finance. He has publicly exposed the weakness of our present monetary system, disregarding the views of political theories and setting the example of appealing freely to the mind's natural and independent dictates. During the past year Mr. Reynolds has taken an active interest in the proposed plan of creating a National Reserve Association. His several addresses before bankers' associations, and his articles in financial and other publications have created a favorable sentiment in favor of the proposed system. Among his associates he is equally revered as a leader and loved as a companion. He possesses, in a high degree, the faculty of accessibility which inspires confidence, whilst it does not diminish respect. His desire, in the main, is to elevate and improve the banking and financial condition of the United States and if he mingles with it secret hopes of making Chicago the greatest financial center of the country every resident of the West will be in hearty sympathy with his ambitions.

As head of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, Mr. Reynolds has no code of instruction to guide him; on the contrary, he has to edit that compilation himself and enrich it with fresh matter as experience suggests and necessity requires. It is his part now to instruct, not to receive instruction; to foresee and devise, and not to look to others for foresight or resource.

When a man needs active banking facilities, foresight and prudence suggest that he give the preference to the larger banks, because if he is a borrower, it is of importance to him to know that his banker will be able, panic or no panic, to afford him his usual monetary facilities. On the other hand, if he is a lender the bank with the strongest balance sheet will be the most likely to meet its obligations.

The capital represented in the banking institutions controlled by the stockholders of the Continental and Commercial National Bank is distinctly Western money. There are no Eastern stockholders of importance in these organizations, nor does any Eastern money power exert the slightest influence in their policy or government. They are not only Western in ownership, but Western in methods—a policy being in force that meets the needs of that progressive spirit which has characterized the people who settled beyond the Alleghanies.

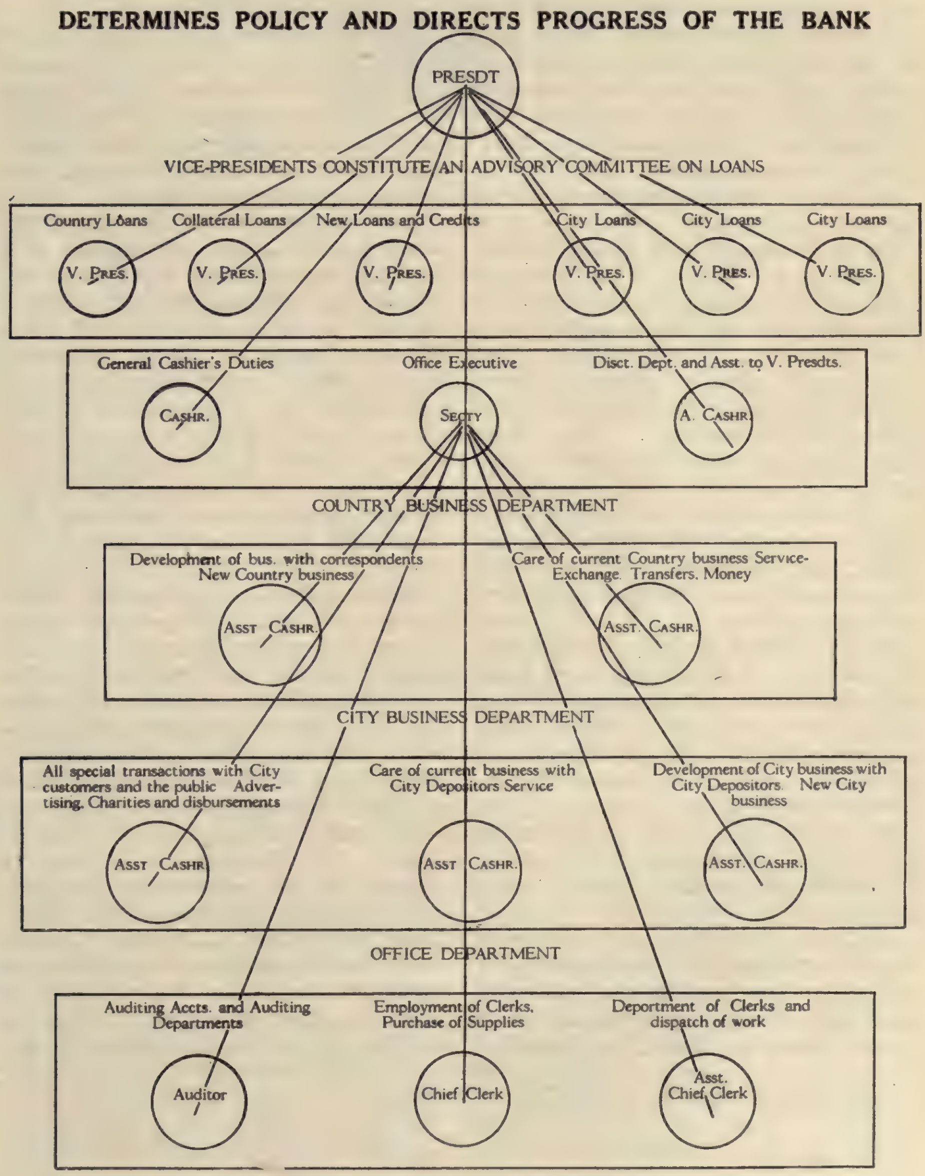
If we could have in a number of our inland cities banks of the scope of the Continental and Commercial they would exert a marked beneficial influence in the financial affairs of this country as they would tend to balance the monetary situation.

When the consolidation of the Continental and Commercial took place on August 1, 1910, the new bank opened for business with deposits aggregating $160,000,000. When Mr. Reynolds first associated himself with the Continental twelve years previous, the total deposits of all the National Banks of Chicago were but $146,000,000; or $14,000,000 less than those of the Continental and Commercial National Bank when consolidation took place.

It was the belief of the officials of the Continental and Commercial bank that Chicago needed and would appreciate an institution of this character. The development of the territory tributary to Chicago has been faster and more stupendous than was realized by the keenest observer. The figures are astonishing and are almost unbelievable.

The enormous influence wielded by the Continental and Commercial National Bank is indicated by the fact that it acts as a reserve agent for approximately 5,000 banks, or twenty per cent of the entire number in this country. These banks represent practically every important community throughout the West and South as well as many in the East.

The whole spirit of the big concern is one of enthusiasm. Life and energy mark every department and are infectious.


DETERMINES POLICY AND DIRECTS PROGRESS OF THE BANK
PRESDT
VICE-PRESIDENTS CONSTITUTE AN ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON LOANS
Country Loans
Collateral Loans
New Loans and Credits
City Loans
City Loans
City Loans
V. PRES.
V. PRES.
V. PRES.
V. PRES.
V. PRES.
V. PRES.
General Cashier's Duties
Office Executive
Disct. Dept. and Asst. to V. Presdts.
CASHR.
SECTY
A. CASHR.
COUNTRY BUSINESS DEPARTMENT
Development of bus. with correspondents New Country business
Care of current Country business Service-Exchange. Transfers. Money
ASST CASHR.
ASST. CASHR.
CITY BUSINESS DEPARTMENT
All special transactions with City customers and the public Advertising. Charities and disbursements
Care of current business with City Depositors Service
Development of City business with City Depositors. New City business
ASST CASHR.
ASST CASHR.
ASST. CASHR.
OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Auditing Accts. and Auditing Departments
Employment of Clerks. Purchase of Supplies
Deportment of Clerks and dispatch of work
Auditor
Chief Clerk
Asst. Chief Clerk

The Continental and Commercial is, in some respects, the largest bank in this country, actually having a greater number of depositors and employes than any other financial institution.

The main factors that have contributed so largely to the growth of the Continental and Commercial National Bank were good organization and a progressive policy. The main features of the organization are concentration of authority directing the policy and progress of the bank and the co-operation of the officers supervising the various departments to secure the best facilities and service for its customers, which policy has resulted in the harmonious development of the business of the bank and has assured its success.

The accompanying chart may be briefly explained as follows:

The president, directing the policy and progress of the bank under its plan of organization, is kept in touch with all the affairs and important details of the bank's daily business. The vice-presidents meet every day in executive session and consider all the loans and confer with the president on all important matters. The organization of the work, the current and new business of the bank is in charge of one executive officer who confers daily with the president and keeps him informed on all important details. The current business of the bank is departmentized as follows:

No. 1 Assistant Cashier is responsible for the development of the out of town and new business, and all correspondence relating to the facilities extended to correspondents is referred to this department; in other words, anything affecting the development of business.

No. 2 Assistant Cashier is responsible for the service to country correspondents, the transfer of balances, exchanges and money.

No. 3 Assistant Cashier is in charge of special transactions with city customers, as well as the city people not customers, advertising, charities and disbursements.

No. 4 Assistant Cashier is responsible for the service to and the handling of current business with city depositors.

No. 5 Assistant Cashier is in charge of the development of the business with city depositors and the new city business.

The Auditor audits the accounts of correspondents, city depositors and audits all the departments.

The Chief Clerk purchases all the supplies and has charge of the employment of the clerks.

The Assistant Chief Clerk is responsible for the deportment and efficiency of clerks and despatch of the work.

All these officers have competent assistants; the officer in charge of a general division of the business of the bank meets daily, at stated times, with the office executive who, in turn, reports and confers daily with the president of the bank, thus keeping him informed at all times.

The Continental and Commercial National Bank has begun the erection of a new bank building which, when completed, will represent an investment of over $10,000,000. It will occupy an entire block and will be located on La Salle, Adams and Quincy streets and Fifth Avenue. It will be ready for occupancy late in 1913 and will be the largest bank building in the world.

The value of such financial institutions as the Continental and Commercial National Bank to Chicago and the West cannot be fully appreciated except by close observers of Western development. Those who are gifted with a glimpse at the future are predicting marvelous business and financial achievements when the Panama Canal is opened and the Deep Waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf becomes a reality. Through these agencies the products of the farms and manufactories of the great Mississippi Valley region will find a ready and profitable market in the Orient. The steel industry, tributary to Chicago, has just begun an era of important activity, and crowning all these great factors in Western industry, are financial institutions big and broad enough to meet monetary exigencies. At the head of these institutions stands the Continental and Commercial National Bank of Chicago —a splendid example of Western enterprise.

MUSICAL RECORDS FOR THE MONTH

By— Frederick Hulzmann

AN "Educational Series" issued with the January Victor list will be gratefully received in all homes where there are children. Schools that are equipped with phonographs will also find the list invaluable. The numbers include those suited for general school use—for kindergarten, primary, intermediate and grammar grades, for high school and for college. Several short songs are given on the same record with short "intermissions" between.

For the primary grades are offered the delightful songs of Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor. They have been recorded under the personal direction of Mrs. Gaynor by her little daughters and are sung in sweet childlike voices. The records include such songs as "The Jap Doll," "The Gingerbread Man" and "The Woodpecker."

Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler renders on No. 17004 the selection "A Dew Drop" and "Rain Song," and the Mother Goose jingles "Hey Diddle, Diddle," "Little Bo Peep," "Twinkle, Twinkle," "Little Jack Horner," and "Ride a Cock Horse." Then there are records 64216, with Schubert's "Hedge Roses," No. 64220, "The Sandman," and No. 64221, "Hearing," sung by Mr. Evan Williams.

For the intermediate grades an admirable half dozen records are offered. No. 16988 has "Child and Mother" and "My Shadow"; No. 17005 lullaby "Hush, My Dear" and Taubert's "Winter Lullaby"; No. 64217, "Return of Spring"; No. 64219, "Wynken, Blynken and Nod"; No. 64209, "Song of the Shepherd Lehl"; No. 64213, "Bohemian Cradle Song."

Burns' favorite "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" appears among the records for the grammar grades, also "Abou Ben Adhem," "Annabel Lee," "The Last Leaf" and "L'Envoi," these four grouped on No. 16989. The list suggested for high school use shows admirable taste in selection.

Besides these there are interesting groups for general school use and for marching, and the first of a series of records for folk games and dances. In all, the "Educational Series" represents a masterly compilation.

The regular January list of Victor records contains three very interesting numbers from "The Spring Maid," in which Miss Christie MacDonald herself sings "Two Little Love Bees" and "Day Dreams, Visions of Bliss," while Mr. Tom McNaughton tells his rabbit story, "The Three Trees," accompanied by the orchestra.

Mr. Robert Hilliard recites "The Littlest Girl." Mr. Harry Lauder contributes four new records, and there are many other excellent offerings.

* * *

A number of selections from the musical comedies now being played appear on the Edison list for February. "The Little Millionaire," "The Siren," "The Kiss Waltz" and "The Fascinating Widow" are drawn from, besides "Around the World," now being presented at the New York Hippodrome. From "The Little Millionaire" are taken "Come with Me to the Bungalow" and "Any Old Place the Flag Flies," two lively songs by Mr. George Cohan.

"Music Caressing of Violins," the dainty waltz caprice in "The Siren," is sung as a duet by Elizabeth Spencer and Harry

Anthony on No. 876. The principal waltz melodies from "The Kiss Waltz" are included in No. 877, rendered by the American Standard Orchestra. The delightful barcarolle "O'er the Blue Waters," from the same operetta, is sung by Mr. Charles R. Hargreaves, a new Edison tenor. Miss Elizabeth Spencer sings "Love is the Theme of My Dreams," from "The Fascinating Widow." The two records from selections in "Around the World" are "It's a Long Lane that Has No Turning," rendered by Henry Santrey and chorus, and "My Old Town," James F. Harrison and mixed chorus.

Among the Amberol records are two excellent operatic records: No. 865, with the overture of "Masaniello," and No. 867, "Praise Ye" from "Attila." There are two well-recorded sentimental ballads: No. 866, "The Hour that Gave Me You," and No. 891, "If All My Dreams Were Made of Gold," sung by Mr. Irving Gillette. Mme. Mary Hissem de Moss, the soprano soloist, sings "Ecstasy" on No. 883 as the first of a series of records for the Edison company. A novelty record is No. 884, "Flora's Holiday," a cycle of songs arranged by H. Lane Wilson, and rendered by the Frank Croxton Quartette. No. 888, the fourth of the "Pinafore" series, introduces "He is an Englishman" (solo, duet and chorus) and "Farewell, My Own," a concerted number which begins with a tenor solo and ends with chorus. There are other lively songs, and the last of the Sousa instrumental suites, No. 889, with "Nigger in the Woodpile."

* * *

An especially tempting array of operatic numbers appears on the Columbia list for January. Announcement is made of Mme. Rose Olitzka's introductory records: No. A5340, "Ah, Mon Fils" from "Le Prophete" and the Shepherd's Song from "Tannhauser"; No. A 5341, selections from "Xerxes" and from "La Giaconda."

A popular-priced record of the "Aida" finale will appeal to the many lovers of this opera. The number is rendered in Italian by Mme. Luisa Villani and Mr. Carlo Cartica. Some of the strongest passages from "Aida" are introduced in the number on the opposite face. Prince's orchestra records the "Tannhauser" overture, Parts I and II, on double-disc No. A5337. The technical work on this number is especially commendable.

Two oratorio arias are contributed by Mr. David Bispham: "Why Do the Nations" from "The Messiah" and "Honor and Arms" from "Samson."

One of the most striking numbers on the list is No. A5338, with Gounod's "Sanctus" rendered in Latin by Mr. Charles W. Harrison. This majestic composition has long been a standard number for mixed quartette of choral rendition, and is without doubt one of the finest sacred selections in the world. Mr. Harrison has sung the number admirably with effective assistance from the Columbia mixed quartette and the orchestra.

Gems from "Chimes of Normandy" forms a delightful record. In the middle of the past century this opera was one of the favorites, and even today holds its own in light opera repertory.

There are late popular numbers sung by Dolly Connolly, two whistling solos by Guido Gialdini, comic sketches by Fred Duprez and by Golden and Hughes, waltzes from "The Siren" and "The Kiss Waltz" and several sacred numbers of unusual beauty and excellence.

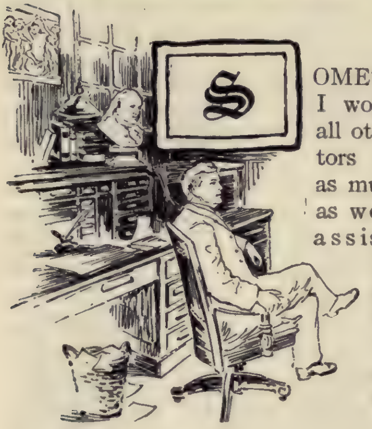
THE JEWELED TREES

By CHARLES COLLINS BOLAND

BLACK is the sky, yet all the ground is light
Afar and near, around lies feathery white.
It swells in billowy drifts below
The earth a cushioned couch of downy snow,
While overhead, bright glistening in the breeze,
The frost hangs silver jewels on the trees.

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER



SOMETIMES I wonder if all other editors receive as much and as welcome assistance from good friends who send in clippings and little hints with characteristic comment. There are many NATIONAL readers to whom the Editor owes much for their kindly suggestions. It may be only a newspaper clipping with a few words scribbled thereon, but how inspiring it is to know that one's pair of hands and eyes are assisted by readers, who keep the editorial office well supplied with friendly comment and kindly suggestion. This is the most gratifying compensation of unceasing editorial work. Nothing on the balance sheet or in the pay envelope can rival the satisfaction of having friends all over the great country who understand and sympathize, and to whom no explanations are necessary.

* * *

NEWS comes from a Guatemala paper that an English engineer, employing a large number of Indian laborers, has succeeded in draining the sacred lake of Guatavita, a deep basin surrounded by hills, ten thousand feet above sea level and near Bogotà in the republic of Colombia.

Here in ages past, say the Spanish chroniclers, the Chibeha Indians were accustomed to worship annually, led by their chief, whose naked body was covered with honey or some other adhesive substance, and then showered with gold dust until he was a veritable golden chief. Taking charge of a raft covered with golden articles and other precious offerings, he propelled the raft to the deepest part of the lake, where, having washed off his golden coating in the sacred waters, he consigned his precious cargo to the guardianship of the lake.

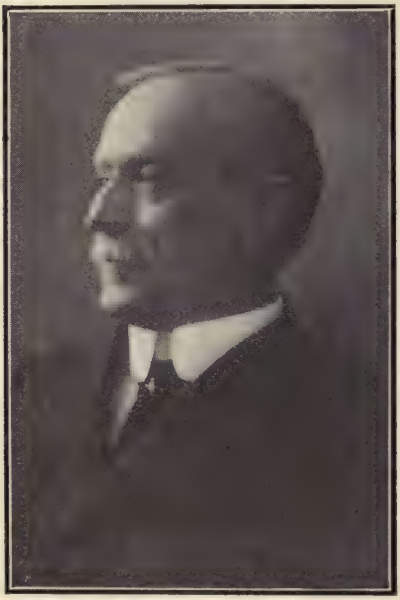
It is declared that the lake has been thoroughly drained, disclosing a thirty foot deposit of mud, which is now being systematically trenched and excavated. Up to the date of this disclosure, there had been discovered a golden bowl, a number of emeralds, two golden serpents, a gold band, and golden images, with curiously carved stones and native pottery.

If the old historians told the truth, this lake had received such offerings for many centuries, and was, of course, believed to be the impenetrable treasure house of their gods, which neither human power nor cunning could rob of their most precious sacrifices. The Conquistadores, or their descendants, attempted to secure a part of these treasures, which it is declared were very greatly augmented by the wholesale sacrifice of sacred and princely hoards, when the Spanish men-at-arms had conquered and were despoiling the country.

There are other treasure lakes in South America, some of which have been partially drained and imperfectly explored. In all such enough has been found to corroborate the ancient traditions, but the lack of adequate machinery and engineering skill has always prevented anything like a satisfactory exploration. If the sacred lake of Guatavita is really laid bare and thoroughly explored, the world is likely to have a new sensation in more ways than one.

* * *

IT was an eloquent tribute that Mr. F. W. Woolworth, owner of the famous five and ten-cent stores system, paid to Mr. W. H. Moore of Watertown, New York, at the opening of the new Woolworth store in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, commemorating the founding of the business. Mr. Woolworth was in days gone by a clerk in Mr. Moore's Watertown store, and Mr. Moore declares that he was a good clerk and seemed to love keeping his stock in order and was always planning to sell more goods. Here he saw the wonderful success of a five-cent department and conceived the idea of opening a store with nothing for sale at more than five cents. Today Mr. Woolworth laughingly insists that Mr. Moore was the real father of the five and ten cent business. Mr. Moore furnished him with his first stock of goods, with which he made his opening sale at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In this hour of triumph he felt that his belief and confidence in F. W. Woolworth were confirmed, and that a constructive genius in modern mercantile trade had solved the problem that long had baffled older merchants.



MR. W. H. MOORE OF WATERTOWN, NEW YORK

Who presented his city with a free dental dispensary. Mr. Moore is called by Mr. F. W. Woolworth the "real father of the five and ten cent business," for it was in the store of Moore & Smith that Mr. Woolworth conceived the idea which has revolutionized modern retail trade

Mr. Moore lives at Watertown, New York, and recently presented the city with a free dental dispensary. The poor children of Watertown can now have their teeth examined and treated without charge. Dentists and attendants have given their services to the cause, so that the poorest children have the same dental service as their more fortunate comrades.

Mr. Moore equipped and furnished the dispensary with the best possible material, and future generations will have occasion to thank him for his foresight, in his philanthropic provision for preserving healthy mouths and teeth for the poor. Mr. Moore believes that the basic law in municipal development is caring for the health and welfare of the children, and his beneficence has taken a new form in practical philanthropy.

* * *

AMONG the great manufacturing plants that cluster about the famous city of Frankfort, the Hoechst Chemical Plant, making serums and other specialties, employs nearly two hundred chemists, besides the office force and workmen. It not only gives skilled workmen steady employment, but supplies suites and dwellings at rentals ranging from $4.76 to $7.14 per month. Its restaurants furnish substantial luncheons at five cents, and a casino, three hundred shower baths, with free soap and clean towel, a co-operative store selling over $200,000 yearly, and a library of over nine thousand volumes, add immensely to the health, happiness and contentment of the men and their families.

Wages vary greatly according to skill, training, etc., but average clear through about four marks ($1.07) per day. A village of forty houses receives, rent free, all retired workmen who have served twenty years, and there is an asylum and hospital service for invalids, widows, orphans, etc. This great chemical works has a capital stock of 36,000,000 marks ($8,568,000), and pays out in dividends from ten to twelve per cent.

From a photograph taken in front of the Watertown Dental Dispensary, where the poor of the city are given dental treatment without charge

* * *

INTERNATIONAL publicity is not neglected by Argentina, the most energetic of South American republics, which was effectively advertised a short time ago by M. Carlos F. Saguier, her consul-general at Amsterdam, Holland, who delivered a lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, to a large but selected audience. Among the semi-official statements there made, we learn that Argentina has about seven millions of people, 2,220,000 of whom are foreigners, in a country with an area of 8,832,273 square miles, about seven times as large as Texas.

Beginning railroad development in 1876 with only six miles of trackage, over 18,000 miles of railway, capitalized at $947,001,745 were reported in 1910. Sugar plantations producing over 145,000 tons of sugar and 25,000,000 gallons of alcohol; farms aggregating 198,000,000 of acres of cereals and pasturage lands supporting nearly 110,000,000 head of cattle, sheep and horses in 1910 were cited as epitomizing the chief features of the immense progress and resources of the republic.

* * *

The American here will be apt to exclaim with Bret Harte's "Bill Nye":

"We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor" if Shanghai begins to ship eggs to the United States. Eggs retail there at six and two-thirds cents, American currency, for "hennery eggs," and as an astonished grocer here exclaimed, "heaven knows what they cost at wholesale."

ANN RANDOLPH is at our women readers' service on any subject that may come within the offices of the NATIONAL'S *Home Department. Replies to general questions will be printed unless otherwise requested; particular inquiries will be personally answered.*

CHEERFUL women are, after all, a tremendous asset to the rest of us. The other night as that embodiment of good cheer, Miss May Irwin, came on the stage of the new Plymouth Theater, the fact must have come home to every woman in the audience. There was deafening applause as she reached the center of the footlights and bowed. She smiled, and from orchestra to gallery the house broke into laughter. Many of them knew May Irwin of old; to these her appearance brought forth memories of rollicking songs and vaudeville stunts. The young people, too, were hilarious with good cheer. Yet she had only smiled

"Jolly May Irwin," they call her, and jolly she is. She seems so wholesome, so genial, so great-hearted even in character parts, that one must have an inkling of her manner of living off-stage. One of our prominent young actors recently said in an article for the NATIONAL that the real actor must sink his own personality in the part laid out for him. For Miss Irwin, however, matters are arranged vice-versa. To sink her identity would be fatal.

A remarkable woman, truly—a woman who in any calling would radiate optimism and good cheer; and as she talked and sang in Miss Crimmins' pleasing little farce, the audience continued to laugh and applaud, and carried the cheer out into the streets and on the cars, home, until it became as infectious as in that pretty little "Heart Throb":

A baby smiled in its mother's face;
The mother caught it, and gave it then
To the baby's father—serious case—
Who carried it out to the other men;
And every one of them went straight away
Scattering sunshine thro' the day.

* * *

AN amusing note from Dorothy B. makes me think that a certain little plan may interest others of our readers. Dorothy and I had some correspondence before the holidays with regard to the question of a suitable gift for a man friend of her brother's. I had just seen a delightful assortment of framed mottoes, scriptural quotations and verse in some of the stores, and suggested something of the sort to Dorothy. She writes me: "Acting on your suggestion, I secured a motto for

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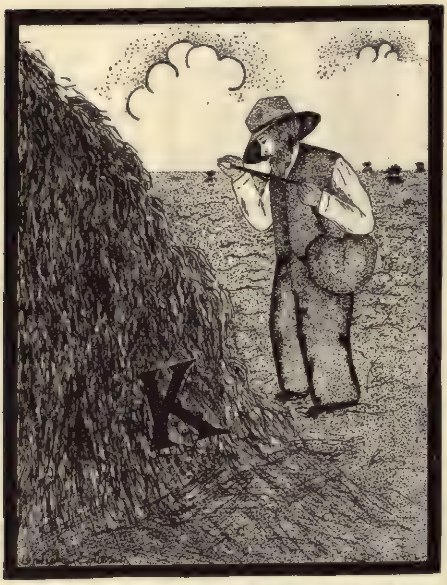
Mr. R——. I picked out the one that runs:

And these words were carved over his mantel: "I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened."
When the world seems dark and you seem to see trouble ahead—read the above.

"My brother has just told me that Mr. R. has taken down the motto that formerly hung over his desk, 'Life is one damn thing after another,' and put mine in its place. I am so glad."

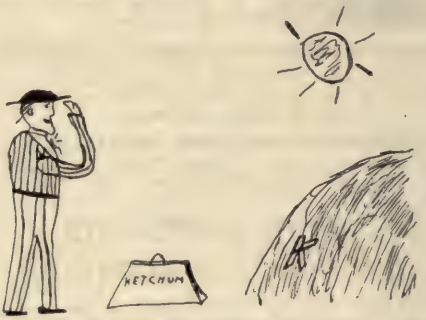


DRAWN BY MISS OPHELIA COLLINS, AGE 17

Mr. R. is the buyer of a large manufacturing house and in his office men are continually coming and going. How much more inspiring it must be to the waiting salesmen to be greeted with this sentiment of Dorothy's gift rather than that clever but fallacious play upon words which unfortunately caught the public fancy and has since found its way, in different forms, into many homes.

* * *

DURING the holiday season our young people, as anticipated, were so busy with Christmas matters that one could hardly expect their attention to such work as Alphabet drawings. Some of them, however, have not forgotten, and we are reproducing the "K" drawings of Miss Ophelia Collins and Master Joseph Prentiss, which have been awarded the prizes for this month.



DRAWN BY MASTER JOSEPH PRENTISS, AGE 8

Ann Randolph

* * * * *

LITTLE HELPS

WINTER CARROTS

By Mrs. C.

We are very fond of carrots in soup, but not being able to keep them through the winter, I tried scraping and drying them, which proved most satisfactory, tasting just like fresh.

Add a teaspoonful about fifteen minutes before dishing the soup.

TO KEEP EYE-GLASSES FROM STEAMING

By James Young

To keep eye-glasses from steaming, rub them with carbolic soap, then wipe clean with a cloth; do this every morning. It makes them clear and they will not steam with the change in temperature.

Cotton Field, Tutwiler, Miss. Profitable crops growing on reclaimed swamp land.

Changing Swamps to Farms Makes

Bigger Crops and Richer Farmers

Thousands of acres of swamp land rich in fertilizer and plant foods are being drained without employing expensive machinery and costly methods. There's a newer, cheaper, better way to ditch and drain swamps. Progressive farmers everywhere now use

Du Pont Red Cross Low Freezing Dynamite

It opens a ditch quickly where frequently conditions allow no other way. Du Pont Dynamite is able to open ditches or shatter impervious subsoil in swamps and insure perfect drainage at lowest cost. Here are some facts to prove our claims:

In Minnesota

Hogan Bros., Kerrick, Minn.: "Dynamited a ditch 128 feet long, 3 feet deep, 5 feet at top and 2 1-2 feet at bottom. Cost of labor and material, 35 cents per rod. Hand digging would have cost 85 cents per rod."

In Mississippi

L. S. Rogers, West, Miss.: "By cutting dynamite cartridges, was able to regulate excavating in ditch and exact depth and width maintained."

In Virginia

At Ivor, Va.: A ditch 85 feet long, 3 feet deep, 4 1-2 feet wide at the top, through moist clay cost $2.75 for dynamite, supplies and labor.

In Illinois

Main Bros., Karnak, Ill.: "Have used 250 pounds dynamite for swamp drainage. Have extended ditch a quarter of a mile into pond. Conditions prevented use of teams."

In Missouri

Max Ostner, Diehlstadt, Mo.: "Dynamited a ditch 1,720 feet long, 4 feet deep, 16 feet wide at top and 8 feet wide at bottom. Total cost $329—less than 11 cents a cubic yard. Hand labor would cost 25 cents per cubic yard."

In Kansas

Near Hutchison: Forty acre swamp reclaimed by dynamiting its hard pan subsoil. Following year, 1,600 bushels of oats were harvested and thereafter four crops of alfalfa.

Drain your swamps and its fertile acres will raise paying crops. Send for "Farming with Dynamite" Booklet No. 18, telling how Du Pont Dynamite is making better farmers and richer farmers.

E.I.duPont deNemoursPowderCo., Wilmington, Del.

Established 1802 **"Pioneer Powder Makers of America"**

THE USEFUL SCISSORS

By Mrs. Thomas O. Troth

A pair of scissors for kitchen use only will be found very convenient for many things. I always use them in trimming fins from fresh fish, for trimming the rind from bacon, but the finest use I have found is in preparing pineapple for sugaring or preserving. I first slice the pineapple in slices. Then with the scissors I can quickly run around the edge of the slice, removing the rind, then it is an easy matter to snip out the eyes with one or two snips of the scissors. I prefer this method to any of the patent articles for removing the eyes.

How to Seed Cherries

When seeding cherries, place them in a pan and cover with water. Keeping the hand under water, take the cherry between the thumb and first finger and squeeze slightly, and the seeds will pop out like magic, leaving the cherry whole.

Dustless Dust Cloth

Place a few drops of any furniture polish on different places on your dust cloth, then squeeze tightly in your hand to allow the polish to penetrate the entire cloth, and you will have a fine dustless dust cloth.

A NON-POISONOUS FLY KILLER

By J. F. Whitford

Agencies to kill the "typhoid fly" used in the home should be non-poisonous, or not dangerous to children or adults. The following are non-poisonous (*a*) being the cheaper and easier to make:

(*a*) A seven per cent solution of bichromate of potassium made up with water and sweetened with sugar. Place in shallow dishes where needed.

(*b*) A two per cent solution of cobalt chloride made up as in (*a*).

Spray ponds and standing water with kerosene to destroy larvae of mosquitoes. Spray garbage boxes, manure piles, etc. with kerosene to destroy larvae of flies.

Rub vaseline on glasses and then polish; this will keep them from "steaming" when you come indoors on a cold day.

TO DECREASE WATER BILLS

By J. R. Winchester

Many faucets and hydrants are constantly dripping, caused by particles of grit or metal being clogged under the washer; these substances interfere with the work of the washer and allow the water to slip through, no matter how tight the faucet is shut off.

In order to prevent this dribbling, turn on the water in full force and let the pipe flush for about ten seconds; the particles are washed away, allowing the washer to rest firmly in its place.

DELICIOUS BROWN COOKIES

Mary C. Harmon

Two cups granulated sugar, two cups New Orleans molasses, one cup shortening—either butter or lard, or half of each may be used if preferred. One half teaspoonful allspice, one teaspoonful of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg, or mace may be used, if desired, instead of nutmeg; two eggs and a pinch of salt, if lard is used instead of butter. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, then to a large cupful of hot water add two tablespoonfuls of good cider vinegar and into this mix one heaping teaspoonful soda. Add this to the other ingredients and mix well. Use enough flour to make an ordinary cookie dough that can be rolled out on the board easily. Use a small cookie cutter and bake in a quick oven. These cookies are equal to and taste better than the "boughten" ones which the children are so fond of. They will keep a long time and improve with age if placed in an air-tight can or jar where they cannot lose their flavor.

Making Old Furniture Look Like New

The ordinary furniture polish, very useful when the furniture is comparatively new or well-preserved, will not always fill the bill. When furniture is old and badly scratched, any desired shade of wood stain mixed with equal proportions of spirits of turpentine will bring back the original shade and newness. I tried this method with a set of elm dining chairs, using a walnut stain well thinned out with spirits of turpentine, and these looked like new when done. I was careful to apply the mixture very evenly, using a flat bristle brush of rather small dimension.

Spirits of Turpentine as a Grease Remover

When removing our Christmas tree from the parlor last Christmas I discovered that the tallow from the candles had dripped on the carpet on several places where I had neglected to cover it with paper, leaving unsightly spots which seemed difficult to remove. I applied spirits of turpentine, using a rough woolen rag and rubbing it well in until every trace of the tallow disappeared, leaving the carpet as bright and clean as ever. In removing paint from clothing there is nothing better than spirits of turpentine. It will not injure even a delicate fabric if due care is used in its application and the dissolved paint is washed off with soap and water and rinsed thoroughly.

CHILBLAIN CURE

By G. E. M.

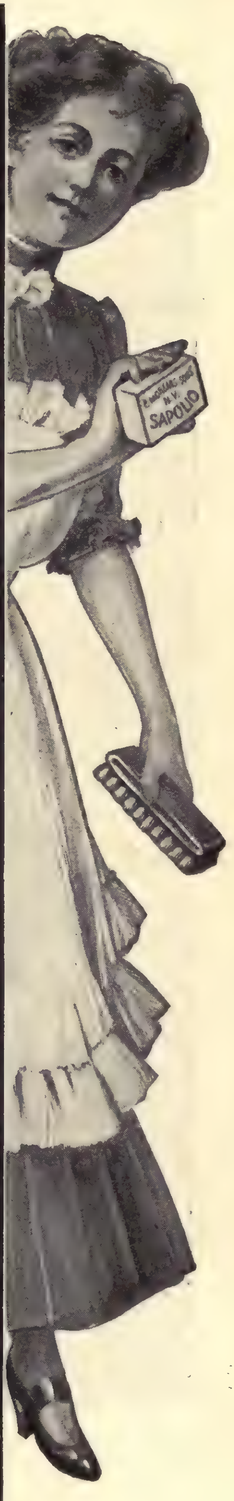
Take any amount of vaseline and add enough of pure carbolic acid to make it very strong, but not strong enough to blister when applied to the frozen parts. Rub it well in. Several applications will kill the worst case of chilblains.

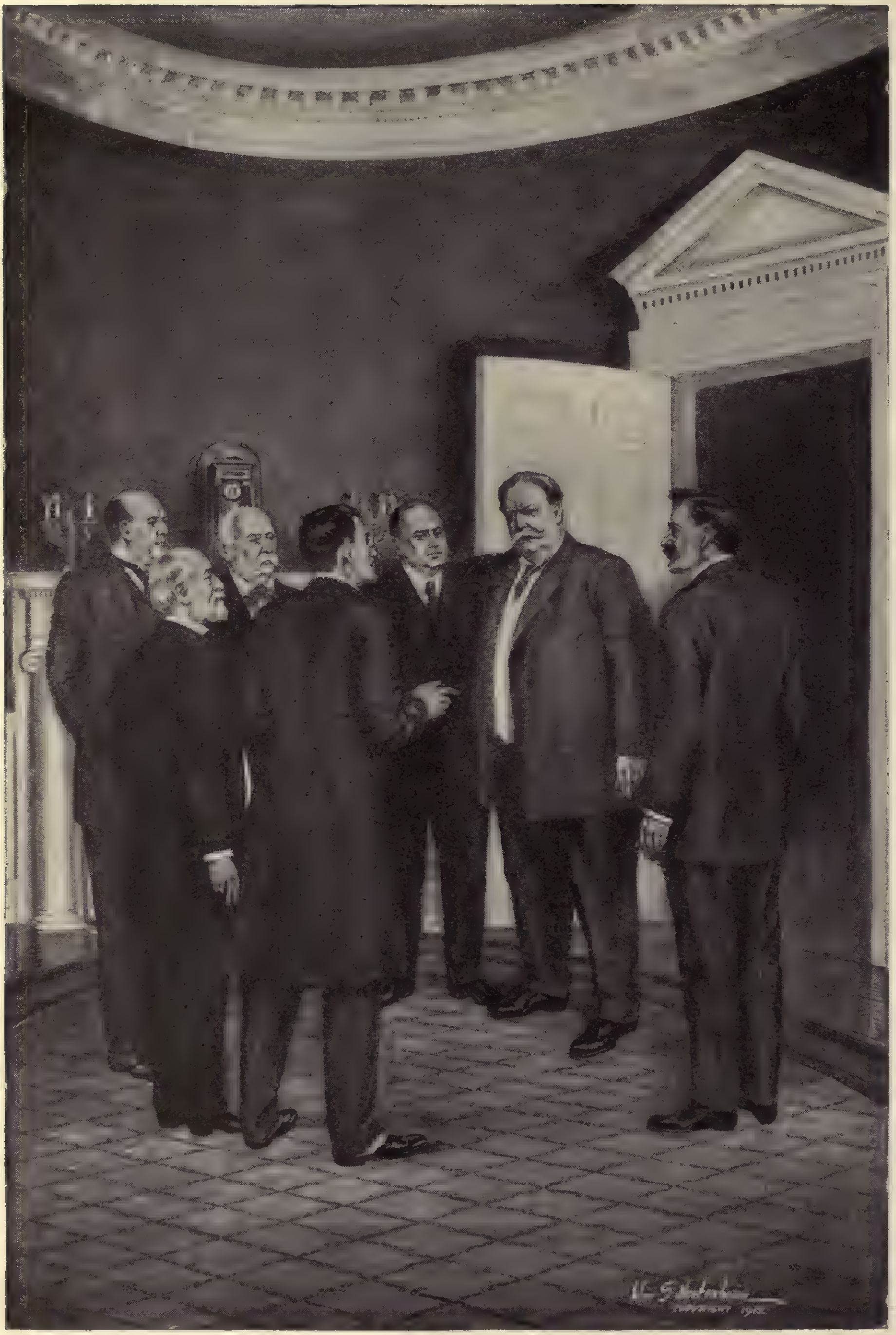
What should we do without

SAPOLIO

?

Good housekeepers have come to depend upon Sapolio. Nothing else starts the dirt on paint, floors or pans so quickly. When you wish to be sure—use Sapolio. It Cleans, Scours, Polishes, and Works Without Waste.

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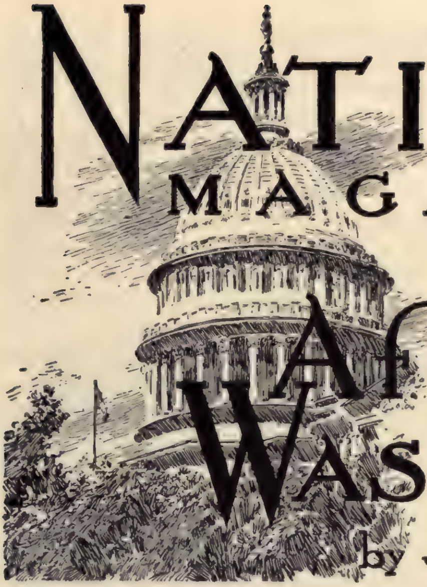
THE DELEGATION

NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1912



Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

MARCH winds at Washington suggest the oft-recurring memories of inauguration ceremonies, and the capital is all agog over the presidential line-up. Headquarters of presidential proportions have already been opened, glowing statements have been sent forth, and the song of the political prophet bursts forth triumphant with the first hyacinths of spring. Brushing elbows and suavely courteous, a score of wary leaders are furtively watching one another, for, as Senator Root has aptly stated, Washington is the most unsatisfactory place in which to gauge public opinion.

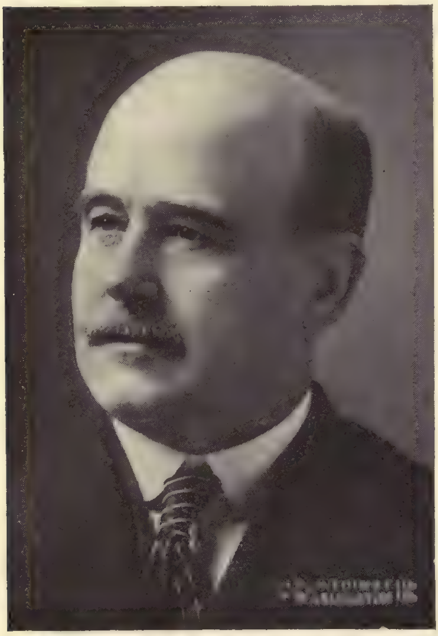
The tide of visitors ebbs and flows, eddying with contending opinions pro and con. One visitor gives it out conclusively that his state is solid for Taft; another disagrees, and still another comes along with an enthusiastic prediction that the shadow of Champ Clark is surely and steadily obscuring all other presidential paths to the White House. Another mentions Dr. Wilson as the only logical possibility of Democratic hope, and there is no presidential aspirant but has his friends at court in Washington. Some wiseacres boldly declare that in the coming campaign new alignments of party and leadership must be forthcoming. The panorama of active public men sweeps on, and while some linger as mere memories of the past, there are others for whom the limelight of November may illumine a great triumph —or utter defeat.

* * *

ACTIVE forces have been recruited, and the "busy day" card hangs over the desk of the campaign manager. Representative William B. McKinley of Illinois has formally taken command of the Taft campaign craft. Benign, kindly, good-natured and popular in Congress, it is felt that his influence will somewhat neutralize the vitriolic spirit of former political campaigns. He is a man who can engineer big things, and who knows how to hold his temper.

The active friends of Speaker Clark believe that the best way to secure his nomination at Baltimore is to have the votes—and his congressional friends are banking upon men who already represent the Democratic majority. The Speaker continues to eat his piece of "brindle" pumpkin pie at lunch-time with the same equanimity as in the days when he was the humble leader of the minority.

No one can tell just where the spotlight will focus or what issue will be uppermost in the coming November elections. And none can say who the presidential leaders will be. As the old-time political sage quoted, "the soughing March winds are sighing, and we little know who will stand on the Capitol steps the fourth of next March and take the oath of office," facing the usual frost or rain despite the Weather Bureau's prophecy of "fair and bright." For although following each inauguration a movement is made to have the ceremony later, March 4 remains the official date.



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM B. McKINLEY
Of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Congressional committee

IF the prosperity of the country is to be gauged by the number of banquets held in every city, town, village and hamlet during the season, a German observer has concluded that "the American people are generally a little better off than they sometimes think they are already."

Banquets are the vogue today, and there is scarcely an evening that in some dining hall the toastmaster does not gravely arise, fumble his napkin, push the water glass aside, clear his throat and say: "We have with us tonight—"

After the demi-tasse comes the speech-making, and the cheering begins. Addresses are made that touch subjects as widely divergent as the launching of a presidential candidate and the appointment of a town sheriff.

One of the opening guns of the campaign of 1912 was fired at the annual banquet of the League of State Republican Clubs, held at the New Willard in Washington. There were songs as well as speeches. Capt. John G. Capers of South Carolina presided in gracious manner, accentuated by his soft Southern voice.

Congressman Carmen from Maryland, with a rollicking campaign voice and a stock of old-fashioned campaign stories, soon had his hearers convulsed with laughter.

But the speech of the evening was a masterly address by Senator Elihu Root, who with his hands outstretched and a few well-chosen gestures, and in a voice ringing with old-time fervor, cleared the decks for action. During Senator Root's address the President marched in, the guests arising to their feet as he entered.

Senator Root is a deliberate speaker. He seems to have every word carefully weighed before it is uttered, and he is not encumbered with the "hem and haw" or the repetitions of the average extemporaneous speaker.

Many of his statements struck a new note. His high-pitched voice carried over the hall with a resonant ring, and to the gathering it seemed to have the full inspiration of a keynote campaign address. He referred to Washington as an uncertain place to gauge the sentiment of the country, for the reason that it is like a boiler shop, with so much hammering, confusion and noise of this, that and the other issue.

Congressman Nicholas Longworth was at his best, and talked right out in meeting concerning his tariff views. Judge D. D. Woodmansee of Ohio, a neighbor of President Taft, delivered a stirring memorial eulogy on Abraham Lincoln. Ex-Senator W. A. Scott called to mind the days of the "Old Guard" who fought through the McKinley campaign.

The President was the last speaker, and evinced that increasing warmth and fervor which has been growing in his speeches as campaign days approach. With his expansive white vest and genial smile, few gentlemen become the central figure of a notable banquet with greater dignity than William Howard Taft.

* * *

SPEAKING of up-to-date procedure—there was a moving picture film made when President Taft grasped the pen and in his characteristic way signed the statehood bill for Arizona, making it a valentine of national significance. Arizona will be known as the Valentine State, for it was on the fourteenth of February that the documents were executed. The last of all our territories in contiguous land from coast to coast is now joined to the Union, and Arizona will remain the youngest of the sisterhood of states, lusty and vigorous in her hopes and ambitions.

PRESIDENT TAFT SIGNING THE PROCLAMATION MAKING ARIZONA THE FORTY-EIGHTH STATE OF THE UNION

The new state was given a hearty welcome in the congratulatory telegrams. No matter what provision may later be made in the recall of judges or on other matters pertaining to the state, the administration feels that it has at least started Arizona on the right pathway, and that she has complied with all the requirements of a state, to the dotting of an "i" and the crossing of a "t."

The gold pen which President Taft used was presented to Postmaster-General Hitchcock, who has an affectionate interest in Arizona. At one time it was thought that he would take up his residence in that state and aspire for senatorial honors.

The chief executive of the new state, Governor Hunt, is an interesting personality. Twenty-five years ago he was employed as a waiter in an Arizona restaurant. And at that time Arizona restaurants were not conducive to the making of fortunes. Mrs. Hunt, the first lady of the new state, is native born. She loves the ranch and the mountains and fields of Arizona and is an expert horsewoman and a crack shot with a rifle.

With simple ceremonies and the characteristic business-like methods of the times, the forty-eighth star of the Union was added to the great field of blue.

THE sensation connected with Thomas P. Gore's election to the United States Senate has worn away, but even time cannot detract from the intense interest felt in the history of a man who, handicapped by total blindness in early youth, yet persevered in obtaining an education such as qualified him to hold one of the highest positions in our country. The people assembled in the gallery of the Senate to witness that unique scene were astonished by the bearing of Hon. Thomas P. Gore as he took the oath of office. It seemed impossible that he was actually stone blind, for Senator Gore has none of the appearance of a person deprived of sight. He carries himself erect, his eyes are open and his countenance full of intelligence. He can move about with ease in familiar places and often travels alone when his brother cannot accompany him. When it comes to stump speaking he is indefatigable. If there is no train available and he cannot find a conveyance (a wagon if need be) that he can hire, he has been known to walk to keep an appointment.

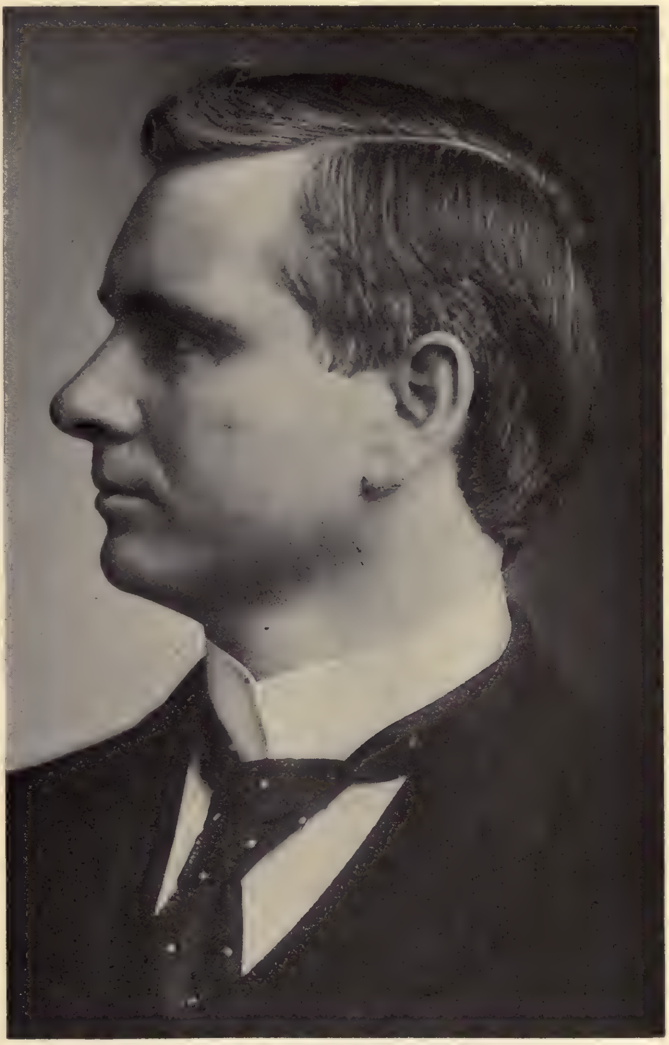
Two successive accidents deprived Senator Gore of eyesight. A blow from the stick of a playmate put out one eye when he was eight years old. Three years later he destroyed the other eye himself with the arrow from a cross bow. He was at this time serving as a page in the senate of Mississippi, his native state. The boy had already become imbued with parliamentary eloquence, and the loss of his position was a grievous trial. His father wished to place him in an asylum for the blind, but against this the boy pleaded and begged to be allowed to study at home. His mother and sister read to him constantly, and it was then that his wonderful memory was first cultivated. In the fall of 1887 a normal school was opened at Walthall, and Gore, being about sixteen years old, attended in company with a playmate. The lads were constant companions for the period of three years. They shared the same room, they were in the same grades, and Charles read the lessons aloud to Tom every night. With this assistance the blind youth was enabled

MRS. THOMAS P. GORE
Wife of Senator Gore of Oklahoma, and their two children

to recite next day, and he always stood at the head of his class. Another friend accompanied him to Cumberland University and acted as reader, thereby assisting him to graduate from that seminary and commence the practice of law. Strange as it may seem, Senator Gore has attained extraordinary eminence in his profession. He has tried a number of important cases, acting as the leading counsel, preparing the briefs and examining the witnesses, his persuasive eloquence going far to convince a jury.

Senator Gore has never been a wealthy man. While in the Legislature of Oklahoma he devoted himself to ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes. When he entered the contest for the senatorship, he had an appropriation of six hundred and sixty-five dollars to conduct his campaign. In the face of ridicule he drew up his platform of principles, then recast and shortened it, because the printer's bill was more than he could afford to pay. This document he left, with other campaign literature, at the little mortgaged house, in the hands of his wife and brother, who sent it far and wide throughout the state while he was traveling back and forth making speeches, two and three a day. His utterance was fearless and convincing and his enthusiasm contagious. Oftentimes his audience was composed of farmers who had come fifty miles to hear him speak. They were thrilled as they listened to his words and went away resolved to cast their vote for the "blind youngster."

The Senator insists that all the credit is due to the sterling little woman at his side, who believed in him when everyone else lost hope. The first returns from the election reported Gore three thousand votes behind. His brother, who is some ten years younger than the Senator and his most devoted admirer, was at the point


SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE
Whose unique campaign for the senatorship is recalled in these days of heavy campaign bills; a thousand dollars covered his expenses

of despair and ready to swear off from politics forever. But Mrs. Gore was convinced that "Tom" would win, and win he did.

Although Mrs. Gore supplies the place of eyes to the Senator, reading to him at all hours of the day, she laughingly disclaims all merit. "Why," she says naively, "he waits on me and does innumerable little things which many men neglect. People asked me when we were married if I was not very sorry for him. Such a thing as pity never entered my thoughts. We met first at a picnic, which was partly political. I heard him speak and he fairly wiped up the earth with his opponent. I was a girl of eighteen and was just carried away with admiration for his splendid intellect, but I never dreamed of his being my future husband."

MISS ELIZABETH HILLES

Daughter of Charles D. Hilles, secretary to the President. She christened the revenue cutter "Unalga," which is fitted for police duty in the Alaska fisheries

On the evening of that eventful day, Mr. Gore wrote to his mother, "I have met the girl that is going to be my future wife if I can win her." And his mother never doubted that he would do so. Four years later the wedding took place; and it has often been remarked that no happier family exists than that of the "Blind Orator of Oklahoma."

* * *

IN the depths of the sea are to be found the American potash supply of the near future. The giant kelps of the Pacific Ocean along our northwestern coastline have long been the wonder of scientists, and have even played some part in the economies of aboriginal life, as some of the smaller lianas of these submarine groves were long and strong enough when dried to furnish the coast tribes with fishing lines. There are two species of especial size and density of growth, averaging one hundred feet in length, and found in great groves, some of them five miles long and at least two miles wide, extending along the coast from Point Sur on the south, to north of Seattle, for the most part growing in swift tideways, and where they get the full sweep of the Pacific seas. The principal species have engaged the special attention of the Department of Agriculture and the Geological Survey, both of which have been encouraged to search for a native source of supply of those salts of potash, which Germany just now exports to this country to the value of $15,000,000 per annum.

Without these salts of potash, our enormous deposits of phosphatic rock are insufficient to supply the ever-increasing demand for artificial fertilizers, and the Geological Survey have tested numerous deposits of silicous and alum-bearing rocks, brines and mother-liquors which to a limited extent promise sources of potash supply. Tests of the giant fuci of the Pacific coast demonstrate that these submarine growths absorb from the sea-water such enormous quantities of potash that when dried they contain from five hundred to six hundred pounds of chloride of potash to every two thousand pounds, besides furnishing iodine, gelatine, paper fibre and other by-products.

The construction of great submarine mowers to cut this harvest of the sea, and of craft to convey it to the shore where it may be dried and burned for lixiviation and reduction, are matters of detail which are being arranged, and not likely to be long neglected, when it is realized that over a million tons of potassium chloride, valued at forty millions of dollars per year, can be extracted from the great ocean groves already located within the three miles of ocean shore which lies under the jurisdiction of the Republic.

* * *

POPULAR conception of the old-time sleuth like Allan Pinkerton or Sherlock Holmes is somewhat upset by William J. Burns, the most prominent detective of the present day. To view him at work in his early days, quietly putting his facts together and studying the acts of individuals, or following up with unerring persistence the "yellow streak" in a criminal, was quite a contrast to meeting him at the recent banquet of the Periodical Publishers' Association in Philadelphia. I see him again in my mind's eye as he stood there, clad in evening clothes, his curly hair waving as he spoke in his positive way, hurling out his words with all the force within him.

WILLIAM J. BURNS
America's foremost detective

To look at him that evening among the banqueters, one found it hard to realize how many hazardous positions he had passed through while on his relentless chase of criminals. His main strength, after all, seems to be in his direct and lucid conclusions from simple and patent facts. He insists that he has no mysterious or peculiar genius, but that he tracks a criminal as a bookkeeper seeks an error in his books—by studying every particular. And the detective can depend also, he says, upon Daniel Webster's old theory that "murder will out."

Mr. Burns thinks clearly and quickly along direct lines. He has a grasp of psychology and a knowledge of human nature; he seems to know just what an individual might do under given circumstances, and he puts himself in that man's place and follows his own trail, so to speak. He seeks the unimportant details which other people might be likely to overlook, and has studied the habits of people as students of ornithology have made a study of birds. He realizes most of all that a criminal still remains a human being.

Detective Burns inclines to the belief that the detection of a crime is more possible when one centers his mind upon a chain of natural incidents rather than a startling clue. The clues picked up in casual remarks on the train, among travelers and strangers, have led to important disclosures. Keeping both eyes and ears open at the same time and all the time counts—and the way Burns flies over the country at times would suggest the use of aerial transportation.

There may be something of Buddhism in such detective work, where a man by concentrating his mind on the belief that certain things are to occur brings about the desired results, and they do occur; but the basis of Detective Burns' best work is first an analysis and estimate of what a human being might do under certain circumstances and a given environment. The curious and mysterious always seems to appeal to the public mind as reflected in the old-time detective stories.

* * *

ONE of the delightful things about American political reform today is that no feuds seem to reach a stage of bitterness that altogether obliterates the social conventionalities. On his Western tour, President Taft mingled with rabid progressives and all sorts of factions; and all united, irrespective of any personal or political feeling, to honor the President of the United States.

At a recent banquet there were present two men who are political enemies, and many noted the attention with which one listened while the other delivered his address. None were heartier than he in their applause, and a bystander could not resist the impulse to comment upon it. "Doesn't it seem," he said, "just as though modern politics had entirely obliterated all the old-fashioned rancor and personal feeling?"

MISS RUTH HITCHCOCK
The daughter of Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska. Miss Hitchcock made her bow to Washington society with a most elaborate reception

And as men of decided political differences greeted one another at the banquet board, it reminded one of the days of courtly chivalry when martial foes complimented each other on their appearance and recent triumphs, although the next day might see them fighting with sharpened lances or trenchant battle-axes.

For however pleasant and courteous the leaders of today's political contests may be, there can be no doubt that this year's presidential campaign is to be a tournament *a l'outrance*, no matter what party name or blazon they may choose to fight under, and the old rule of *noblesse oblige* will not lessen the strenuous and persistent nature of the struggle.

* * *

HIS pose, as he stood on the terrace before the Agricultural Department, was that of the poet, and I wondered what had brought him hither. He asked for a match, and the German accent was distinct. We fell into a leisurely comment upon the operations of the United States Department of Agriculture and talked of its expert investigation and practical recommendations. He did not talk like a poet, so I ventured to ask concerning his work, greatly elated at the tributes paid our country.

"Dear sir," he replied modestly, "I am a potato expert."

"From Aroostook County," I asked, "or Ireland?"

"No," he said with a smile, "from Germany, which raises one third of all the potatoes grown in the world; where the potato is also used in the production of spirits and yeast, and as a food for livestock, while you people use it only for the table and for starch."

Then he went on describing how the potato is utilized in Germany for the different purposes. To avert decay, lessen bulk and cost of transportation, and to furnish an improved food for man and beast, some twenty-five million bushels are annually dessicated by the drum process. The potatoes are cleaned, steamed and pared, and passed between great hollow rolls heated by steam, on which the mashed potato forms in a dry flake, which is automatically scraped off, and looks very much like our "corn flakes." It is a substitute for the raw vegetable, is ground into flour and used in breadmaking and as a cereal food.

In Germany it costs about one dollar and thirty cents per ton to reduce potatoes to one-fourth their original weight. Most of the product is stored as winter feed for all kinds of live stock, having about the same feeding value as corn. In many localities distant from favorable markets the potato grower is now able to save his more profitable cereals for family use and for the market, and to store dried potatoes for his stock.

My poetic looking acquaintance was certainly an expert on potatoes, and his comment suggested that not all the "million dollar a day" American waste occurs on the railroads or in the wanton destruction of national resources. Much of it would seem to be right on the farms, where, he declared, "enough is lost to support the average European farmer."

* * *

A CONGRESSMAN who had spent the holiday recess near Cape Cod was asked by one of his young Western colleagues for a real "fish story." "Well," he replied seriously, "I'll tell you a story about the fishing question." He went on to say emphatically that it seemed hardly creditable to the United States that no special commission or department had done any practical work for the benefit of the United States fisheries, or the improvement of deep sea fishing along the coasts. Of scientific and statistical information much has been acquired and disseminated since the enthusiastic Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonián Institute, with his associates, Verrill and Goode, began their work in the seventies, and inaugurated the fish-culture which has done much to replenish the supply of river, lake and sea fish.

Good fish are becoming a luxury beyond the means of the masses of the people, and the conservation of the fishing industry should claim the same attention as is given to other national resources of no greater if equal profits. The promotion of shore and sea fisheries where none are carried on, the improvement of fishing craft and fishing outfits, the dissemination of information about preserving fresh fish and improved methods of curing and packing, and the consultation of the needs of the industry in legislation and diplomacy afford a wide field for beneficial effort.

A recent order or amendatory regulation by Secretary MacVeagh renews an ancient ruling which allows fish taken by or under the supervision of an American fishing vessel in foreign waters to be transshipped by rail or water or brought in by the vessel herself free of duty. This legalizes the purchase of fresh herring in Newfoundland fishing ports, by Gloucester vessels, which could not themselves actually take the fish, and is a move in the right direction. "This," said the Congressman in conclusion, "is my fish story for the day." And he left for the Capitol restaurant to tackle terrapin.

MRS. L. PHILIP SMITH

Formerly Miss Eloise Hughes, daughter of Congressman Hughes of West Virginia. The Hughes-Smith wedding, solemnized February 8, at Morgantown, West Virginia, was of great interest in Congressional circles

IN the corridors of the Navy Department the visitors group about the model of the battleship "Maine," showing the vessel as raised from the murky waters of Havana Harbor. There is something about that tangled mass of iron and armor plate and the great hull which was the grave of so many brave sailors that will always remain a matter of tragic interest to three countries: the United States, Spain and Cuba. The bottom of the hull shows the dent on which the conclusion is based that the explosion came from the outside.

Ghastly scenes were revealed as the waters were pumped from within and around the wreck, and the bones of the American sailors were gathered together to be brought home for burial. Only a few out of the three hundred were identified. One of these was a man imprisoned at the time of the explosion, another the cook in the galley; there were also six officers on duty, whose remains were found at their stations, where they evidently stood to their quarters, looking death in the face when the catastrophe occurred.

SCENE FROM THE WRECK OF THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE"

It is expected that the wreck will be towed out to sea and off soundings, where the crystal waters of the Gulf of Mexico can be let into her empty and cavernous accesses, letting the rusted and mangled hulk of the once gallant "Maine" sink into the vast deep, to lie covered with coral and sea flowers in the waters of the tropic ocean, and obliterate the harsh and bitter memories of the event which hastened, if it did not cause, the Spanish-American war. This impressive ceremony, it is thought, will take place during the naval maneuvers at Guantanamo.

* * *

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, all the great governmental projects for the pursuit of peace and commerce are under the direction of the Secretary of War. The report of the Board of Army Engineers contains little of war-time comment, but is devoted largely to the building of the projected inland water route between Boston and the Gulf of Mexico. A waterway from Beaufort, North Carolina, to Chesapeake Bay, averaging twelve feet in depth, to cost $5,400,000, is advocated, and the purchase and improvement of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, connecting with the Delaware River, at an estimated cost of $12,400,000 more. Between the Delaware River and New York Bay a ship canal twenty-five feet deep is proposed, which would cost $45,000,000. General Bixby proposes a uniform depth of twelve feet. This makes the dream of Congressman J. Hampton Moore begin to look like a reality.

It is not necessary in the opinion of the engineers to construct the proposed canal between Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay. The Cape Cod Canal between Buzzard's Bay and Massachusetts Bay completes a chain which leaves only sixty miles of ocean navigation between Sandwich Harbor and Boston.

This report is most gratifying to the Atlantic Deep Waterways Association, which, since 1907, under the leadership of Congressmen Small of North Carolina and Moore of Philadelphia, has labored tirelessly to promote the great enterprise.

The whole project, if carried out, will connect Boston and Jacksonville, Florida, with a steamer and towage route, which, avoiding the extra dangerous points of Cape Cod, Hatteras and Carnaveral, and a long line of often wreck-strewn coast, will shorten the distance, save life and property, reduce the cost of transportation, develop new resources and give to hundreds of obscure locations a new and long-delayed prosperity.

* * *

IT was a charming Sunday afternoon gathering at the home of Dr. Ledo Antonio Martin-Rivero, the Cuban Minister in Washington. Young people of the diplomatic circles had gathered to pay their respects to the consul and his good wife and family. In the party were also many young Cubans who have found a real home welcome at the Rivero residence on Vermont Avenue. The seven Rivero children and their bright young friends helped fill the large parlor and other rooms with the merry laughter and chatter of the vivacious young people of the Latin-American republics.

MISS FANNIE VIRGINIA BURKE
Great-great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and one of the season's debutantes

Dr. Rivero is counted one of the ablest men in the diplomatic corps. He speaks English fluently, and understands all the subtleties of the language, which are not always apparent to educated gentlemen of foreign birth. Local Americanisms or slang phrases and new words which come into general use are often so misinterpreted as to change the entire meaning of the expression.

MISS MARTA CALVO
The talented daughter of the Minister from Costa Rica: she is a leader in the younger set of the foreign diplomatic corps

Dr. Rivero was about to be appointed to the Supreme Court of Cuba at the time of his selection as Minister to the United States. He is a lawyer of distinction, and served in his student days with the legation in Washington, afterwards representing his country in Mexico during troublesome times. In his office have been settled many important questions which have to do with the closer commercial relations between this country and Cuba. Few men in the diplomatic service are more influential and welcome at the State Department than the representative of the young sister republic. He is quiet and unostentatious, talks very precisely and has a keen appreciation of American humor.

A thrill of patriotic pride lit up his face when the Major-querro entered, resplendent in his white uniform with green trimmings—the uniform of the young republic of the Antilles. The major was certainly a gallant and romantic figure. Once wounded and left for dead on the battlefield, he recovered and fought through the war, and today he bears an honorable scar as a decoration for bravery in Cuba's war for independence. Among the many foreigners in Washington none are more popular than the gallant and courtly representatives of the "Pearl of the Antilles."

HON. OLLIE JAMES
Representative from the First Congressional district of Kentucky, elevated to the United States Senate, succeeding Senator Paynter

* * *

WITH but little evidence of suppressed emotion, the upper house of Congress voted in the usual way on the bill for the direct election of Senators. There was no suggestion of a veto bill defiance, such as occurred in Parliament. The passing of this bill, which provides that Senators shall be elected by the direct vote of the people, effectively settles, as far as the Senate itself is concerned, the manner and method of its future creation. It will at least eliminate much of the suspicion, real and unfounded, that is abroad today, and will tend to lessen the stories of picturesque bribery and political plunder which have been given credence when a Senator is selected under the election law provided by the Constitution. One thing is certain: the direct election of Senators by the people will encourage thrifty young men to save their money, for political campaigning and senatorships are becoming more and more a direct drain on financial resources. It costs money, and if not paid to persons, the money for literature, postage and speaking must be "found" somewhere before a candidate can hope to make "his calling and election sure."

* * *

THE principal crops of the United States at the prices paid to farmers December 1, 1911, amounted to $3,769,562,000 against $3,581,884,000 in 1910, and $3,736,780,000 in 1909. The average total production of all these crops fell 13.6 per cent or about one-seventh off from 1910, and 10.4 per cent from 1909, and the price averaged 21.8 per cent higher than 1909.

The report of the International Institute at Rome, Italy, estimates the shortages for the world as follows: wheat, 98.6; barley, 99.9; rye, 94.8; oats, 90.9; Indian corn, 89.9 compared with the crops of 1910.

Rice shows a gain of 108 per cent, and the crops nearly ready to harvest in Augustine, New Zealand and Chile will show largely increased yields. Australia's wheat has suffered, and is estimated at 79.2, nearly 20 per cent less than last year. United States cotton shows a gain to 130.3, nearly one-third more than in 1910, but India falls to 81 per cent, and Egypt has also lost ground. Beet sugar production fell off nearly one-fourth to 75.7; wine gains over one-third or 136.4 per cent.

These figures argue a continuation or advance of existing prices, which average one-fifth over those of last year.

* * *

AN increased postal rate is strongly urged by James J. Britt, third assistant postmaster general in his annual report. While his recommendation is not as drastic as that of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, yet it is sufficient to make the publishers "sit up and take notice." Mr. Britt suggests an increase of one cent per pound on all newspapers and periodicals. Should the recommendation be acted upon favorably it is almost certain that a plan for retrenchment among the large publishing houses will follow.

Mr. Britt recommends a radical change in the ranking system now enjoyed by government officials. It is his belief that the issuance of special government stamps is a much saner method of handling free mail than by the present system. Whether Mr. Britt believes in limiting an official to a certain number of stamps for a certain period is a matter for conjecture.

Another recommendation urged by the energetic third assistant postmaster general is the fixing of the minimum post office money order fee at five cents. This it is believed would have no small part in placing the post office department on a paying basis.

* * *

WHAT is more restful than to wander about the corridors of the Capitol and to look upon the paintings, decorations and memorials that tell in a mute but eloquent way the past history of the nation? The scenes of American history depicted on the walls never grow tiresome. There is always a new light struggling down through the dome that seems to give the pictures a verisimilitude of the past life and activities of the nation.

In one corner of the corridor near the Senate Chamber is a portrait of Henry Clay which I have stopped to admire again and again. There is something magnetic in the gleam of the eyes and the pallor of the face; and the sweetness of the great Kentuckian's character is reflected in the canvas. It was painted during the closing years of his life, and as I stood gazing at it the other day I was overtaken by an elderly man who hailed from the Blue Grass State, and who had known Henry Clay, in the days when this picture was painted. When I passed that way again a half hour later, the old gentleman was still looking at the canvas. Finally a messenger brought him a chair so that he could continue to gaze in comfort upon the features of the great statesman whom he had loved in early life.

"Oh, you don't know what political leaders are in these days," he exclaimed. "Those of us who followed *him*," indicating the picture of Clay, "felt that in him was expressed the highest type of statesmanship and manhood that ever breathed."

MISS HELEN HARDY
The debutante daughter of Representative and Mrs. Rufus Hardy of Texas

Nearby hangs the portrait of Daniel Webster, and just back of this in the corridor stands the old clock ticking away the hours. On this clock is engraved a shield with seventeen stars—the only one of its kind that has been preserved.

It was made when there were seventeen states, but at the time of the Louisiana purchase it was decided that a small shield could never properly hold the constellation of states. Therefore the national

CHARLES A. CAIRNS
PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL TRAFFIC MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION AND THE GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD

shield was made to show only the thirteen original states, and today this remains as the only federal shield extant bearing the seventeen stars.

* * *

THE visit to America of General Baden-Powell was made the occasion for public rallies and reviews of the order of Boy Scouts, which astonished those who have not followed the movement. Major General R. S. S. Baden-Powell founded the Boy Scout movement in England after the pattern of Ernest Thompson Seton's "Woodcraft Indians," and has been largely responsible for its already phenomenal success. The American branch of the Boy Scouts alone numbers more than 300,000 and is organized as efficiently as an army—an army for peace rather than of war. The Boy Scouts take one important pledge—each morning a knot is tied in either handkerchief or necktie, and this must remain until some generous or thoughtful deed has been done that day. It seems like "tying a string around your finger so you won't forget it," but the plan has been of no small influence in promoting manly courage and unselfishness among the boys.

On the day following the elaborate banquet which was tendered General Baden-Powell by Ernest Thompson Seton and others interested in the movement, the Boy Scout councils of New York and Brooklyn joined forces in presenting a grand rally and review to the British leader. It was held in the 71st Armory, one of the best drill floors in greater New York, and nearly twenty-five hundred boys, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years, participated. In full scout uniform, with their wide-brimmed peaked hats and "hiking" sticks, they marched through the streets of New York, a Lilliputian army whose cheery faces seemed in strange contrast to their solemn, measured tread. On every side, as they marched along, business gave way to the parading Scouts.

THE WORK OF THE BOY SCOUTS BEING REVIEWED BY GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, PRESIDENT TAFT AND AMBASSADOR BRYCE

Upon entering the vast floor of the Armory, the boys formed in a great spiral, marching two by two. At a given signal all turned back to back, and through this winding rank Baden-Powell made his tour of inspection. Reaching the center of the vast circle, at the bugle's sound, all the Scouts "squatted" cross-legged upon the floor, leaving their honored guest standing in the center as the hub of a great wheel of boy life. "I came to this rally an Englishman," said General Baden-Powell, "now I feel like an American."

This remark was instantly greeted with a loud cheer and twenty-five hundred hats went up toward the rafters. Following a short address, the spiral was unwound and the program of exhibition drills by the different troops began. These drills were exceedingly well executed and included the following: setting up drill, signalling, relay messages, staff drill, bridge building, fire drill, tower building and signalling, lashing staffs together to form tens, ambulance corps, fire fighting, camp fire, throwing life-line, knot-tying contest, making litter with boys' coats, distance judging, tug-of-war, wall scaling, scouts at play, methods of resuscitation, first aid, locating point of compass on floor, sham battle, tent-raising contest and administration of Scout laws.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL SHOWING AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS HOW TO LIGHT FIRES WITHOUT MATCHES

Among the troops that took part was one of blind boys, one of Japanese boys, one of Italian boys and two of colored boys, each vying with the other for honors. To the spectators of this most interesting scene, there could be no further doubt but that the Boy Scout movement is doing great work in the broad development of our future citizens. It is a great illuminated sign that the world is growing better.

* * *

AMONG the Lenten society events announced in Washington is the production of Mrs. Larz Anderson's fairy play for the children entitled "The Little Madcap." The play is characteristic of Mrs. Anderson's interest and study in child lore, there being a number of rare juvenile books which she has written along this line. The production of the play will be notable, because the cast includes Miss Helen Taft, the daughter of the President, and it will be a leading feature in the amateur theatricals, so popular at Washington.

The studious habits and manner of Miss Taft make the announcement of her appearance in this play a pleasant surprise to her friends. Miss Taft has won many friends by her quiet charm. She follows with deep interest all public matters and has won distinction as a student. Of slight build and rather quietly garbed, with blonde hair and clear blue eyes, her manner is somewhat suggestive of her father, to whom she is very devoted in his work. Sincerity has no small part in the charm of Miss Taft.

She goes into everything with an earnest enthusiasm that has won for her much admiration. It is said that she has not missed a single rehearsal of "The Little Madcap." Washington society is well represented in the cast, which includes Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, and her daughter Alice, Mrs. Preston Gibson and Miss Elsie Aldrich.

There was plenty of old-fashioned fun at the rehearsals, just the same as in the old days when the "Little Brown Jug," "Lost in London" and other pretentious plays were attempted by amateurs in quiet towns and amid less pretentious surroundings.

MRS. C. BASCOM SLEMP
Wife of Congressman Slemp of Virginia. She is a new bride in Congressional circles, where her husband is a favorite

* * *

ON Lincoln's birthday I stood in the rotunda of the Capitol before the great bust of Lincoln, a masterpiece of sculpture by Borglum, presented to the government by Mr. Ernest Meyer some time ago. To me it was most impressive to study that strong face carved out of rock, which seemed somehow to reflect the weight of the burden, the cares and the sorrows of those trying days at the White House.

MISS ETHEL LLOYD
The popular young daughter of Congressman and Mrs. James T. Lloyd of Missouri. Miss Lloyd has not yet been formally presented to Washington society but is receiving with her mother

There was in the graven eyes a look of that pathetic melancholy which will always be associated with the memory of Lincoln. The statue seemed to suggest Rodin's masterpieces at Luxemburg. In the features and under the eyes were those lines drawn by care and sorrow, reflecting the great, sympathetic heart of the first martyred President; even the poise of the head seemed to suggest a human soul bending under its burdens, and I thought to myself what more loving and more richly deserved tribute was ever given a public man than that bestowed upon Abraham Lincoln.

Everywhere in the country his birthday was observed with speeches and with exercises in the schools, while every word that he wrote or uttered during that brief span of years when he was in the White House seems to glow with prophetic and mature wisdom as the years pass.

MRS. RALPH CAMERON
The charming wife of Delegate Cameron of Arizona

At the foot of the pedestal was a simple wreath, just as Lincoln would have wished it. But about this statue were boys and girls, men and women from various states, with bowed heads and whispering voices, who were paying their silent but tender tribute to the great Lincoln, whose life will ever remain an inspiration to future generations.

* * *

STREET-CAR steps are the latest object of attack for the ladies of Washington. With an auspicious beginning they have launched into a crusade against the offensive car steps or rather step, which they claim is placed so far above the street level that it is inconvenient for young ladies, and often dangerous for the old and infirm to climb.

A mammoth petition is planned, and an appeal to the railroad officials will be first tried, after which "if insensible to kindness," legal investigation and action will be invoked. Many prominent gentlemen will aid the ladies, and a pretty contest is looked for if the street railway magnates are "balky." A congressman who attempted to convince a fair constituent that the present style of costume was responsible for the difficulty connected with the car-step found himself involved in a serious entanglement. "Sir," said his visitor decisively, "our skirts have absolutely nothing to do with this matter. You say the women of other days were satisfied with this outrageous car-step. Sir, I admit that the women of other days were satisfied to be *slaves*. They were satisfied without their rights and without the ballot. But, sir, other days have passed."

MRS. R. D. WHITE
Wife of Lieutenant-commander Richard Drace White of the United States Navy. Mrs. White is prominent in naval social circles

When the congressman recovered his

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE BELOVED HOOSIER POET, NOW CONVALESCENT FROM A SHOCK
WHICH GRAVELY THREATENED HIS LIFE

breath he found himself meekly affirming his signature to the formidable list prepared for the railroad officials by the ladies.

* * *

FIFTY years before Chicago was founded the town of Beaver, Pennsylvania, was laid out, with streets one hundred feet wide, intervening alleys, and public parks on the four corners of the site which occupied the bluffs overlooking the junction of the Ohio and Beaver rivers. There the pioneers of early days dreamed of establishing a great city.

MISS BARNES RICHARDSON
Daughter of Congressman Richardson of Alabama: she recently christened the revenue cutter "Miami" at Newport News, Virginia

Beaver has been the home of a number of prominent men. Here lived Chief Justice Agnew of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, whose opinions are still frequently quoted.

Here a son of the Presbyterian minister was elected as clerk of the court, and although he had been admitted to the bar he practiced but little, making a study of politics. He served in the Civil War, and when he returned he again took up his study of politics. This was Matthew Stanley Quay, and to the last of his days he lived in the little red house on the corner of the broad street, not far from the river cliff. In this home he had assembled one of the greatest private libraries in the world.

Many public men have been said to have dual natures. For years while in Washington, Quay was the astute, resourceful, masterful politician, but at home in Beaver, Pennsylvania, he was a student, litterateur and critic. It was Rudyard Kipling who first discovered and made known to the world the literary life of Senator Quay, busy in his great library at home in Beaver. The *London Times* had wired him to interview "America's most distinguished politician at his home." He wrote back that he had not found the most distinguished politician in America, but he had found the best private library and one of the most fertile literary minds in the country in Matthew Stanley Quay.

The house where he lived is now vacant, but the library is just as it was during his life. There are the curious chandeliers, made of deer's antlers, and thousands and thousands of books stowed away—books on every subject that can aid and fascinate the student. There was an especially alluring group of books on history and philosophy, and in these rooms, for there are several, he built addition on addition as his books accumulated. It is said that Senator Quay enjoyed the happiest days of his life in this little red house. In visiting his library one would instantly agree that here must have lived a master mind, and few men in public life understood human subtleties and weaknesses better than the Senator from Pennsylvania, who for many years held firm and undisputed control of his great commonwealth.

In the same town of Beaver is located Fort McIntosh, an historic spot from which a flag proudly floats, located right in the center of the manufacturing district. The splendid new home of the Beaver Trust Company and many splendid mansions along the river bank, and throughout the residential districts, make Beaver a solid, substantial residential town of present wealth and ancient historical associations among the hills of Pennsylvania.

* * *

AND now the indomitable Colonel has declared in favor of a referendum to the popular vote of judicial decisions.

Prefacing his article with strong expressions of his regard, admiration and respect for the judiciary, he refers to instances in which the power to deny to the legislatures the power to make needed reforms has resulted in decisions that were "a blow to decent citizenship; a blow to the effort to achieve genuine reform, genuine betterment of social conditions of so severe a nature that its mischievous effects can hardly be overestimated."

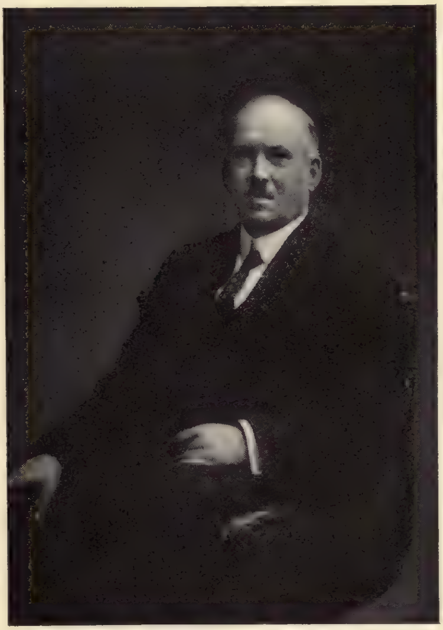
He declares that "These good judges, these upright and well-meaning men who champion an outworn philosophy, do not realize that the changed conditions mean changed needs, and that the tremendous social problem of today cannot be solved by methods adequate to meet the infinitely simple problems offered by industrial and social life a century ago,"

He believes that the next New York constitutional convention will propose amendments to enable the people to decide finally for themselves what decisions shall be allowed to stand in contravention of the state laws and the popular sense of justice and equity.

* * *

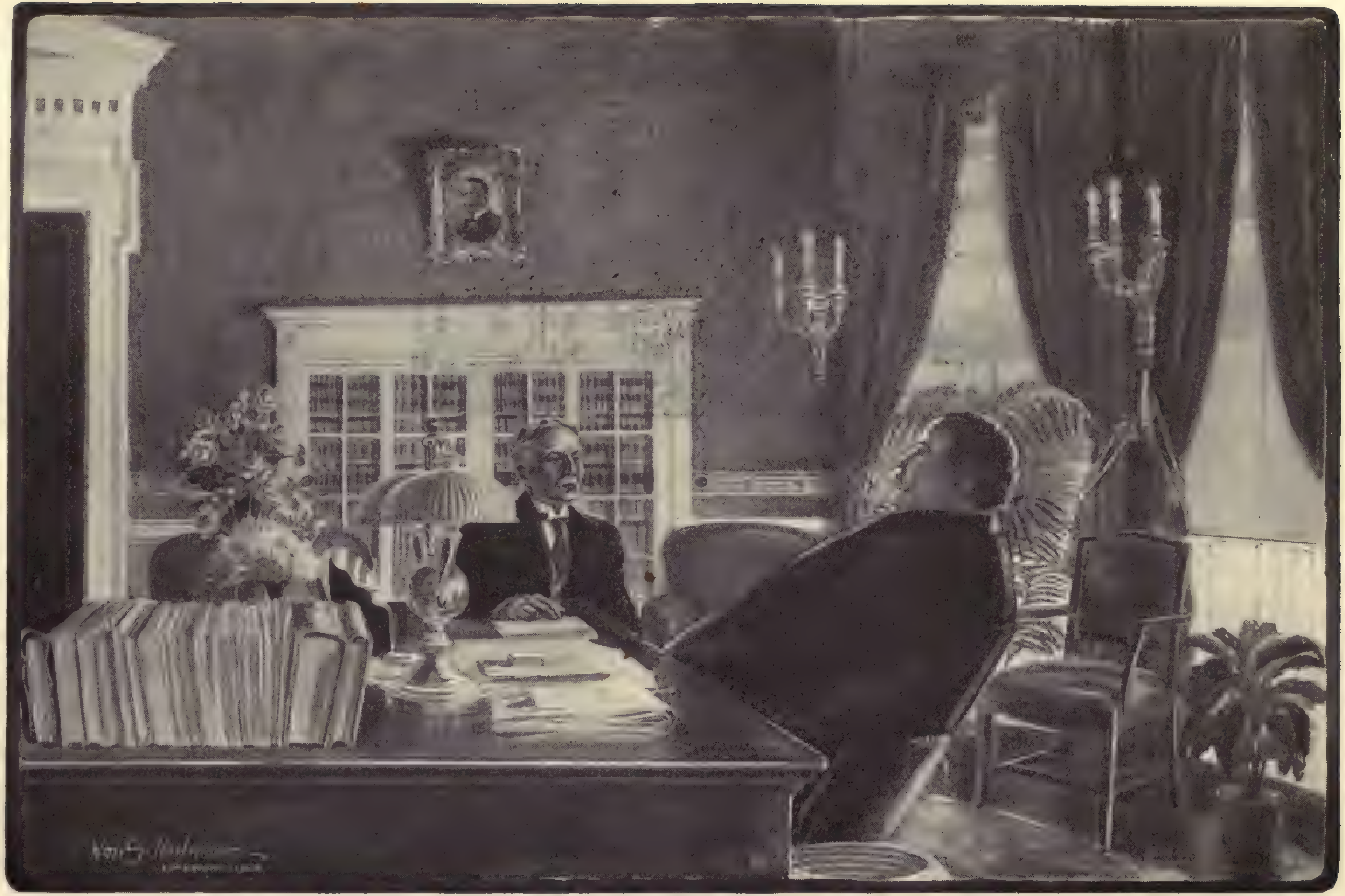
IN the large committee room of the House building the steel investigation is still in session. The wrinkles have not yet been smoothed out of the large carpet; and, although there are celebrities on the witness stand nearly every day, there is but a small attendance, and most of those present are personally interested in the proceedings.

The witness sits before a table below the raised platform where the committee has sat for many weary months, hearing testimony that will represent a veritable tonnage of printed reports. The lack of chairs may account for the sparse audience, for the group of chairs around the reporters' table are always occupied and those provided for spectators are few in number. When I quietly slipped in the other morning, Mr. James J. Hill, chairman of the Great Northern Railway, was on the stand. Chairman Stanley of the Investigating Committee, sharply looking over his spectacles and puffing at his cigar betimes, was driving the interrogations home. Mr. Hill would cock his ear to catch the question, and it was a royal match of wits. One could have heard a pin drop as the railroad magnate told the committee the story of the fabulous ore finds of the Mesabi Range, and how the great profits of his investment were distributed among stockholders and railroads.



HON. ROBERT J. THOMPSON
The American Consul at Hanover and the originator of the World's Trade Directory

The committee about the table were immersed in the report of Herbert Knox Smith of the Bureau of Corporations, which covered in detail the development of the great iron range. But the chief interest centered about the vigorous witness. For although James J. Hill is past threescore and ten, he seemed to pound the table with the same force as in the days when he dreamed of the transcontinental railroad which was to be built without a land agent.



THE PLEA

Some Hours with President Taft

by William S. Nortenheim

Illustrations by the Author

WE had advanced through successive rooms and were now in the office of the Secretary to the President, Mr. Charles Dewey Hilles, who, after introductions, led us into the office of the Chief Executive. "The President will see you in a few minutes," said Mr. Hilles as he left us, and we took seats.

The few minutes passed and a cathedral chime intoned eleven o'clock. "I wish he would come in," chafed my friend, the press correspondent. He had often interviewed Presidents, and now wanted to get over to the Capitol to cover a great controversy that was imminent in the House of Representatives.

We remained seated, however. It was a place in which an artist's mind eagerly observed, and caught impressions. Glancing through a door that led to the President's cabinet room, I noted a man sitting bolt-upright in one of the large, leather-cushioned chairs. My eyes swept back to his clean-shaven face, a most remarkable one, full, puffed and florid. The head was thick and round and rested stiffly on a thicker, bull neck. The hair was red, the eyebrows pale, and the eyes, blue and small. He had a most powerful physique, which together with his heavy chin, suggested the fighter. He gazed stolidly at me, while he was hearing the President's conversation, and I surmised that he must be one of those presidential bodyguards that one hears about. In a few minutes he rose and came through the office, following a Senator, and my friend mentioned that he probably was some local politician who had come to Washington seeking privileges or favors.

Suddenly, from the same room, we heard a peal of pleasant laughter, followed in a few moments by another. It was a mellow laugh, in a high tenor pitch. "That," said my companion, "is the famous Taft laugh." The laughing continued in short intervals.

* * *

The President's office is an ellipse in plan. A triple bay window forms one end, and at the other end is an open fireplace. Four doors, opening inward, are equally disposed, two on each side, and are curved to conform with the curve of the wall. The tall windows are hung with stately, heavy curtains, and are flanked by book-cases set into the wall. The fireplace is encased in fine marble, and fluted Ionic columns support the mantel on which stands a bellglass covered clock, flanked by candelabra. In the fireplace are complete preparations for a wood fire. Even the paper is placed under the logs, ready to ignite. The style of the room is classic colonial, and the woodwork is painted a creamy white with blue-white embellishment. Each of the four large, ornate door-frames is surmounted by a rich pediment. The wall is covered by a warm olive green burlap, which extends up from a panelled wainscot to a wide, elaborate molding or entablature of plain plaster. A flat dome of this virgin plaster surmounts the room and gathers in its shallow, inverted basin the light from the bay window, and gives play to every tint and shade of gray. Pendant from the middle is a chandelier of electric candles, and triple groups of the same adorn the wall between the doors and windows. The only picture on the wall is a bust photograph of Theodore Roosevelt, framed in gold rococo. The furniture is of mahogany, cushioned with green leather. Capacious settees and armchairs line the wall, and several chairs are disposed about the room at random. The floor is of polished hardwood. A large, soft, gray rug, in form also an ellipse, flows up to the feet of the chairs. Resting on its broad surface, over near the window, is the feature of the room—the President's desk, also his massive revolving chair, made to replace one that was broken down by the executive weight when Mr. Taft first entered office. The desk is very simple in its appointments; desk lamp, desk pad, ink, pens, stationery rack, a row of books, including the Bible, a small framed portrait, and several vases of cut flowers. Official documents are usually disposed upon it. The President sits at his desk with his back to the window. The pale ochre shades are drawn partly down on sunny days and diffuse a golden atmosphere over the room. A few palms and broad-leaved plants near the low window sills are bathed by the unshaded, bright sunshine.

* * *

Secretaries were coming and going with letters and papers. A group, consisting of a lady and some gentlemen, was ushered in and they took seats near the fireplace.

The President's voice was now heard again, conversing in a pleasant mood. It was a high-pitched voice, sibilant, and at the same time mellow.

Smiling, he now entered with two Senators. They were enjoying some joke, the older Senator was laughing with a certain restrained dignity, the younger, a tall, thin man with apathetic features, though laughing, seemed overconscious of the other persons in the room. The President, however, was hearty in his humor. He quietly placed his arms about the waist of his elder companion and lifted him from the floor, laughing, over his shoulder.

When Mr. Taft, still smiling, came over to us, he greeted me very cordially, and warmly holding my hand, told me to make myself at home and comfortable. Unlike meetings with other notables, this one was intimate and friendly. For the while, we seemed to be alone together, with no thought of ending the pleasant relations. After a time, in which Mr. Taft was told of my work, the meeting was at an end. My companion took his leave, and I forthwith prepared to sketch.

Mr. Taft now walked over to the people near the door, and they immediately rose to be presented. They seemed very careful to infer their prominence and distinction, as their names were given and as each greeted the President with a handclasp. They soon came to the business of their call. The cornerstone of a college was to be laid and they were a committee to extend to the President a most cordial invitation to be present. Mr. Taft, in kindly mood, replied by what seemed to be a refusal. The countenance and hope of the delegation seemed to fall on hearing his reply, but seeing the President's smiling face, the humor of his remarks burst upon them and they joined in a hearty laugh. They became perfectly at ease, and the President went into the matter of their call. They spoke of their great desire for his acceptance and, finally, Mr. Taft made answer. He was receiving invitations from all over the country to attend just such ceremonies. It was impossible for him to attend them all. He would consult his calendar, and if he possibly could accept, he would. They would hear from him that very afternoon. After expressing their thanks and hopes, they took leave.

* * *

Arrangements were now made for a hearing. The room having been cleared, the doors were closed and Mr. Taft seated himself in his chair. The pleader took a small chair and sat at the right side of the desk, and after a hasty introduction of his line of argument, plunged at once into his discourse.

The scene will never be forgotten—the pleader, a man about fifty-three years of age, in the full maturity of applied experience and intellect. His individual, definite face was of strong and decisive mold. The clearcut features, suffused by a nervous dominance, were at present restrained and suppliant. His gray hair, showing traces of brown, was crisp and close cropped. His modulated voice was that of the New Yorker and at times there seemed to be an impediment in his enunciation.

The listener, on the other hand, leaned back in his swivel chair, with the balance nicely adjusted. His clothes were made with the freedom and looseness that a large, heavy man should assume. He loomed up before the artist, in partial silhouette against the window light, a big man in every proportion. His arm lay along the slant arm of the chair, his hand disposed at pocket. His eyes, not open wide, were speculative and extremely attentive to the speaker. His complexion was clear and healthy and his hair was long and tinted with gray. His large, flowing moustache did not quite conceal his mouth.

In the Supreme Court, the judges assume various attitudes while hearing. Some lean forward, some, with heads thrown back on soft chairs, appear asleep, though at times they quickly become active with a pointed question to counsel. With all this, however, one feels that there is a gamut of legal judgment, an impersonal system of precedent and application.

The impression one receives at the White House is entirely different. There is an extremely personal quality, it seems, ever present. Rather than being calmly judicial, a decision is merciful or broadly humanitarian.

Now came the answer. The President had gone over the case very thoroughly before. He was conversant with and remembered the details. He would go over it again and let them hear from him. Then followed a friendly parting, and the doors were again opened.

The President now retired for a few moments, and when he entered again, a number of callers were there. A tall and very heavy-framed man, a governor of one of the Western States, was standing at my elbow, looking at my work. I called his attention to the empty chair which I was drawing, the one lately occupied by the pleader, and I told him that I would draw the man on it later. The Governor began to comment on the beauty of the room and its details, the perfect accord and harmony of everything. Then his eye rested on the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt. "Such a horrible frame!" he declared; "it jumps out from the wall and hits one. They ought to take it down." He then strode over to meet the President.

There was next ushered in a delegation of men who lined themselves up in front of the fireplace, and the President went over to meet them. They were presented with care as to their prominence: One was president of a law school, one a state attorney, one was a mayor, several were editors of newspapers—all were prominent men. They had come from a Southern state to recommend an appointment to a judgeship. Mr. Taft was told by one that his father was a judge who once had considerable correspondence with him. Yes, Mr. Taft remembered this well. Influenced by the President's rare tact, they were soon in a mood of general comradeship. Mr. Taft placed his arm over the shoulder of one who was a personal acquaintance. The whole discourse that followed had evidently been rehearsed, for after a few general remarks, one started out on a general eulogy of their candidate. Then followed another interlude, after which the second delegate seemingly took his cue and said his little speech. So it progressed, this one, and that one, until they all had spoken. One man was so nervous that his talk was like a forced and jerky talking-machine record.

They told how the appointment would affect the state; how the politicians would regard it; the attitude of the press; how it would create respect for the court, and how it stood among citizens. All threw on light from every favorable angle.

Mr. Taft told a short anecdote at which they all laughed. Then straightening up to his full height, and with definite, nicely chosen words, the President gave his answer. Judiciary appointments, he found, were the most difficult to make. He wanted a judiciary that not only had the confidence of the people, but also created great respect for the court. His appointments were made without regard to party inclination or belief. He would remember what they said, when the time for appointment arrived. Then with the usual cordial handclasps the interview ended.

* * *

It is a signal honor to be chosen as a Delegate to the White House. The opportunity comes but once in a lifetime and to but few people. They come from various parts of the United States and its possessions, and the observer is impressed with the instant, sympathetic adaptation of Mr. Taft, and the delicate precision and nicety of his conversation. At times he repeats a statement with a new shade that designates his meaning and makes it concise. Also, one feels Mr. Taft's friendliness.

Mr. Taft went to his desk and nodded pleasantly to a caller who had, for some time, waited on a settee where he had been looking over some official papers. As he rose, Mr. Taft asked him, "Well, what are they doing over at the House?" The caller sat down and after a few words, unfolded his errand. It concerned a self-appointed missionary, untrammelled by denomination, a former football player, a big, aggressive personality full of red blood. Several instances were here told to show how highly he was regarded by prominent men. This man was now interested in the lepers of India. The dread disease was described, its pain and its incurability. Mr. Taft here said that he too had seen its ravages. This man was endeavoring to provide for the segregation of the disease and prevent its spread. He was going to make an address in Washington, and many big men would be there. The rich people were to be interested in the support of the great work. Would the President attend and give it his sanction, thus assuring success?

"But," suggested Mr. Taft, half smiling, yet with a wearisome intake of breath, "just see how the work is piled up on me!" The Congressman then appealed for a letter to be read to the audience, and after arrangements were made, he departed.

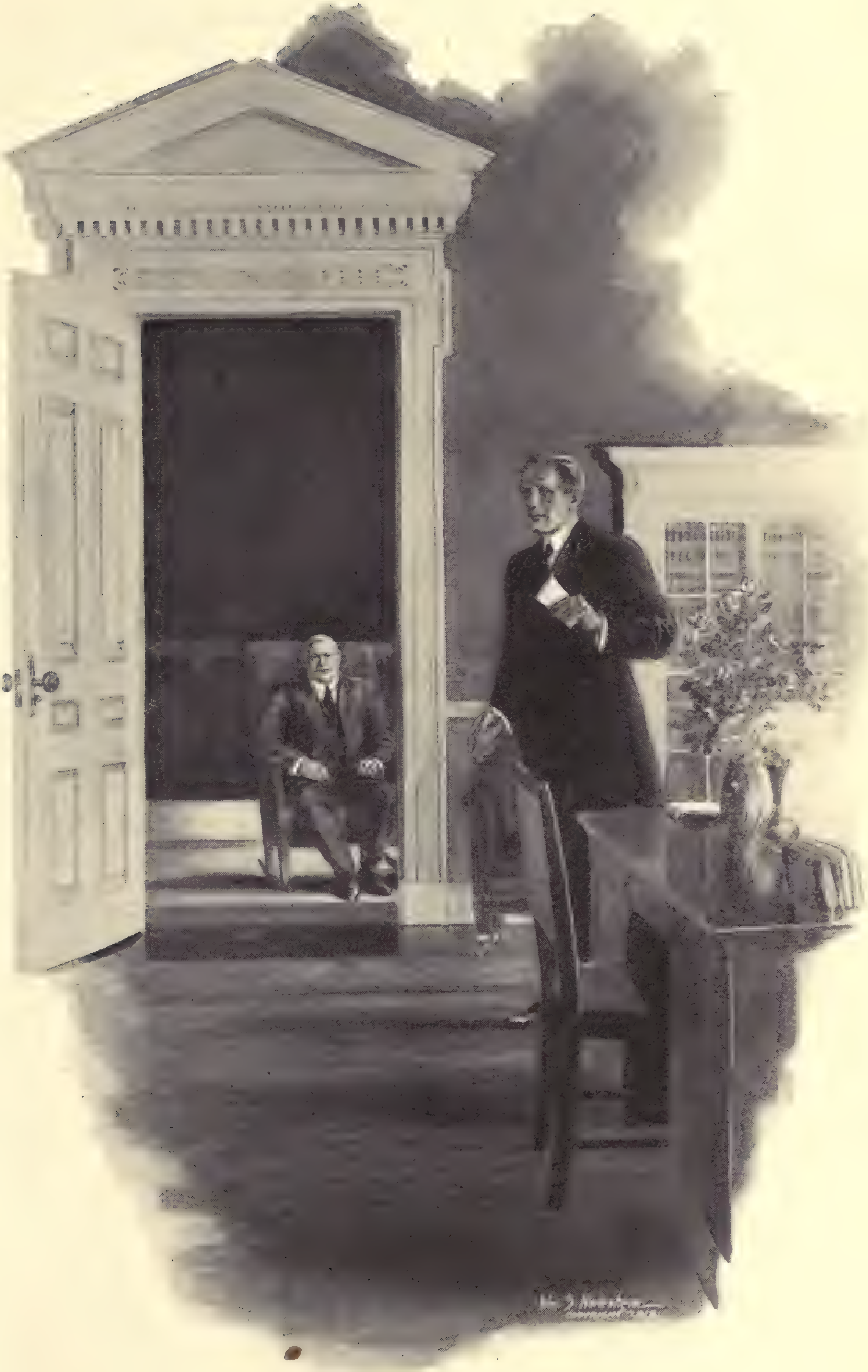
Another delegation was now waiting, and Mr. Taft went over to greet them. They too were descriptive in their presentations. They were New York politicians, and one gave a glowing eulogy concerning another of the party, whom they wished Mr. Taft to appoint to a judgeship. After a thoughtful pause the President replied that the position in question was most difficult to fill. Great discretionary powers were vested in it. Decisions were made, more according to the spirit, than the letter of the law. The present judge, he felt, was capable and had been there for a number of years; he would see no reason why any change should be made, but he would keep the matter in mind. Then followed a rather elaborate leave-taking, and with some pleasantries this interview ended.

Here again one was made to notice the great tact and kindliness of Mr. Taft's answers. Even a refusal lost its abruptness.

* * *

A caller had been waiting for some time, one who was entirely different from all the others. Instead of the common business suit, he wore fastidiously conventional afternoon clothes, spruce in every detail. He was Japanese and sat in a small chair, almost in the middle of the room, facing the President's desk, stiff and erect, awaiting his audience. When the President was seated after the greeting his visitor proceeded in an eager, impetuous, solicitous manner. In broken but definite English, he voiced his concern at the publication of a statement attributed to a Congressman that there was bound to be trouble between the two countries. The Japanese people had great respect and love for the United States, and he was sorry that such things were printed and read.

The contrast between the two men was striking. The President, in quiet, almost languid tones, assured him in a most definite way that a class of men, who, for personal gain, wished to bring on hostilities between two nations were to



THE POLITICIAN

be despised. He knew the Emperor of Japan; had been his guest; they had held conferences, and no suggestion of possible unfriendly relations was ever made or thought of. It was unfortunate that such things were printed, but they had no official source whatsoever. The Japanese had come for a letter from the President to the San Francisco Exposition and a secretary now came in and it was dictated. In definite, brief terms, he stated that Mr. William Jennings Bryan had been to see him and had warmly commended Mr.—— who would present this letter. The little foreigner was profuse in expressing his thanks and later I saw him stoically sitting upright in a room opening into the corridor awaiting the signed letter.

A secretary now entered and asked me to retire from the room for a few minutes. After a short wait in the corridor where I saw the military aide who is constantly near the President, the secretary returned and took me again into the President's office.

A lady was there, sitting at the desk and looking over some papers. She was conversing with Mr. Hilles. Later, when she and the President departed, it being far past one o'clock, the morning's business was ended.

THE BUSY MAN

IF you want to get a favor done
  By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
  On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
  Much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done,
  Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
  A moment he can spare;
He's busy "putting off" until
  His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour
  Is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—
  He cannot stop to shirk.

So, when you want a favor done,
  And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
  Works sixteen hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
  That has no other use.
And fix you while the idle man
  Is framing an excuse.

—*Heart Throbs, Vol. II.*

The Romantic History of a Remarkable Woman—Josephine C. McCrackin

by George Wharton James

I DOUBT whether any other woman in the United States today, save Josephine Clifford McCrackin, can write in the first person of her actual experiences of army life on the western frontier immediately after the close of the Civil War. A few days ago I visited Mrs. McCrackin at her home. A short time before she had celebrated her seventy-third birthday, and yet today she is as active and doing as much arduous work on a seaside town newspaper as the busiest sub-reporter on a metropolitan daily.

MRS. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN

Her history in some phases is far more romantic and incredible than the wildest fiction. Indeed some of it was published by her some years ago as fiction, and though it did not deviate in the slightest from the rigid truth, it was regarded as too improbable to be called good fiction. Then she had a very fascinating and interesting life of intimate association with Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina D. Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Noah Brooks, Mark Twain and the other intellectual giants of the days of the old Overland, when Harte sat in the editorial chair and had these others as his contributors. Then for a while she lived a happy pastoral life with her second husband on the glorious heights of the Santa Cruz mountains, to be suddenly rendered homeless by a forest fire that swept the whole mountain side and caused great devastation, loss and distress.

As a child she was a happy, prattling, high-spirited youngster, the petted child of a German of noble estate, Ernst Wompner, younger son of an old patrician family of Hanover. She came into this world November 25, 1838, and her birthplace was in the ancient castle, herewith reproduced, at Petershagen on the Weser River, in Prussia. Her father fought at the battle of Waterloo, not under Blucher, who commanded the German troops of the allied forces, but directly under Wellington. This fact shows us what pawns we are on life's chessboard. In those days the king of England was also the king of Hanover, and therefore Hanoverian soldiers were English soldiers at the mere word of their king. Though but eighteen years of age, he was created a lieutenant on the field of Waterloo for conspicuous bravery, and when later he married Josephine's mother, he wore the scarlet uniform of the English army. The child was born, therefore, in an army atmosphere, and as a little one was often regaled with stories of army life, of thrilling conflicts, of personal adventures on the field of battle, and used to thrill with delight when a grizzled old warrior would come to the castle to visit her father, take her on his knee and tell her a story of some gallant charge, some forlorn hope, some brave and heroic deed which turned defeat into victory.

Josephine's mother was a daughter of the younger branch of the Hessian family of Von Ende (Ende von Wolfsprung). More correctly speaking, the title was Freiherr Von Wolfsprung, Count von Ende, for one of her far-off ancestors had been created baron by Emperor Karl the Fourth.

Her mother was educated with the view of becoming maid of honor to Princess Maria of Hesse-Kassel, and her grandfather died while he was commandant of the old fortress of Ziegenhain, after having been, during King Jerome's reign, while Napoleon occupied Germany, commandant at Brunswick. It was during this time that the rightful prince—the Duke of Brunswick and Ols—endeavored to regain possession of the city, and the Count Von Ende, therefore, by the fortunes of war, was compelled to defend his charge against the prince to whom in his inner heart he rendered allegiance. Hence he was glad to re-enter the Hessian service when the French conqueror was overthrown.

Her nearest blood-relation—her cousin Reinier—was a cadet at the military school of Hesse-Kassel at the same time that the present Emperor of Germany, William II, was there, and he was as recently as the early 90's the commandant of the capital city of Berlin, his father having been the minister of war of Hesse.

I have been thus somewhat explicit in detail about Mrs. McCrackin's European relationship and ancestry, for they reveal the heredity that belongs to her and the influences that environed and controlled her younger days. She was of noble family and lived with nobles, was taught to look at everything from their aristocratic standpoint, and whatever culture comes with high birth and haughty breeding belongs naturally to her. All this is clearly revealed in her life today. She has no ignoble views of things, of people, of life. Her survey is from an elevated mental and spiritual plane, and though pressed upon by the weight of an arduous life, many cares, and her seventy-three years, she yet bears herself with the noble dignity of her ancestors, and *unconsciously* demands by that natural pride of bearing, the respect and deference of all with whom she comes in contact. Such is the nobility of her soul that it is stamped upon her face and exhibited in her every movement, so that were she a charwoman or a washerwoman every gentleman would instinctively raise his hat to her in real honor and veneration.

Yet there is a strong strain of sterling democracy in her blood. At the close of the Napoleonic wars her father tired of the demoralizing life of the army and entered the Prussian civil service. He was made chief of the district surveying corps, and the castle of Petershagen, then in partial ruins, as the result of the constant battlings for its possession, was assigned to him as his residence and office. Here with his large staff of assistants he retransferred the whole country from the French system of measurement back to the German, and here in due time, Josephine, the subject of my sketch, was born.

But the spirit of discontent was rife among the upper classes of people, and it culminated in the year gold was discovered in California (1848) in the revolution. Josephine's father felt this unrest keenly, so much so, that two years before the open revolt he decided to remove to a new land with more democratic tendencies, greater opportunities and possibilities. Accordingly he came to the United States, settled in St. Louis, became a fully naturalized citizen, and thus Josephine came under the broadening influences of this democratic land when she was a child of eight years.

Here educated privately and then in a convent school, she received that groundwork of knowledge upon which she has so faithfully built in her later years. In 1854 her father died; an older brother, George, had left for California in the days of the gold excitement, and she, her mother and sister, were alone. In due time Lieutenant James A. Clifford, of the Third Cavalry, United States Army, wooed and won her, and at the close of the Civil War, which found them at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, they were ordered to Fort Union, New Mexico, there to meet General Carleton, who was to meet the different troops sent there and assign them to the different forts, camps, and stations in his department.

From her own vivid writings one can gain a most interesting series of pictures of her journeyings over the wild and desolate portions of New Mexico and Arizona to the appointed rendezvous. Reaching Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the Third Cavalry joined General Sykes' command, and then started across the plains. She says in "Marching with a Command": "Besides the twelve hundred mules in the wagons, there were some two hundred head extra, and a number of horses for the officers. All of these animals had been drawn from the government corrals at Fort Leavenworth. . . . It was not till the second day, when we made camp, that I saw how large the command was; and I remember thinking that it had taken since yesterday for the 'tail end' of the train of wagons, mules, and horses to leave the corrals and get into camp. . . . Fancy the tramp of eight hundred men, the keen, light-turning wheels of a dozen or two of carriages, and the heavy, crunching weight of two hundred army-wagons, drawn each by six stout mules! No wonder the grass never grew again where General Sykes' command had passed!"

Before they went away from Fort Leavenworth, however, Lieutenant Clifford had purchased from the government stables a beautiful white horse, which he gave to his wife, intending it to be for her own personal use when she reached her new desert home. As this horse figures largely in one of the most thrilling episodes ever a woman passed through, I shall quote Mrs. Clifford's description of how it came to her. "The door of our quarters stood open; the captain had gone out, and I was startled by a knock on the door-post. Looking up, I saw the head of an orderly appearing at the door; but, poking over his head, I saw that of a horse evidently taking a strict inventory of everything in the room. Of course, I was at the door, and on the horse's neck, in a very few seconds, for, from the orderly I soon understood that the captain had sent the horse for me to look at. Colonel L——, with his two little girls, came up just then, and, as we were all going in the same command, the acquisition of a horse for

THE OLD CASTLE AT PETERSHAGEN ON THE WESER, BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. McCRACKIN the march had an interest for all parties. Together, we surrounded and admired the beautiful white animal; and the two little girls and myself were soon braiding clover blossoms into Toby's tail, and trimming his head and neck with garlands of buttercups—operations which did not in the least interfere with his good humor, or his appetite for the juicy grass he was cropping. The captain, it seems, had already tried his speed and mettle; he was not appraised at any unreasonable figure, and so Toby was mine before we took up the line of march for the plains.

"From the wagon-master I heard later that Toby had been captured in Texas during the war. He had been raised and trained by a woman who had followed him around the country for some time, trying to get her pet back again; but Uncle Sam, for reasons of his own, had placed him in the stables of the Fitting-Out Depot. One thing certainly spoke for the truth of the story: whenever Toby had been let loose and refused to be tied up again, he would always allow me to come up to him, when he would turn and throw up his heels at the approach of a man."

Captain Clifford rode him daily as the march progressed, turning him loose at halting times, for they soon discovered that he would not stray away. He was a cunning thief, however, was Toby, and Mrs. McCrackin tells several amusing stories of his thefts, as, for instance, on one occasion when he stole a lunch-basket deliberately from the lap of the Colonel's wife while she was pre-occupied, deposited it on the grass, opened the lid and began to help himself to the contents. "Unfortunately for Toby, Mrs. L—— had spread mustard on her ham-sandwiches, and the sneezing and coughing of the erring horse first called her attention to her loss."

Another time after the major and his family had visited the Cliffords and enjoyed a tea-drinking, the latter were invited to repay the visit. The major's cook prepared a fairly elaborate spread and had just stepped out of the tent to call the family and guests to the meal, when Toby, who was loose as usual, "gravely walked up, swallowed the butter with one gulp, upset the sugar bowl, gobbled up the contents, and proceeded leisurely to investigate the inside of a tin jelly-can. The soldiers, who had watched his maneuvers from a distance, had been too much charmed with the performance to give warning to the cook; but when he made his appearance, meat-dish and teapot in hand, they gave such a shout as set the whole camp in an uproar, and Toby was fairly worshipped by the soldiers from that day out."

On one occasion he led the whole of the mules out of the corral, one of the herders having left the entrance unguarded, and they having been accustomed to follow the lead of a white bell mare—Toby himself being white. His destination that time was his mistress' tent, but the way there was through the camp. The rumpus can well be imagined when the soldiers awakened to find an overflow of mules floundering among their tent ropes and upsetting their outfits. They belabored them with clubs, ropes, and picket pins, and this made the mules squeal and bellow to such an extent that the whole camp was soon in an uproar, and the wagon-master in a towering rage threatened to shoot him if he ever caused such trouble again.

But it was only a few days later when his mistress found a grinning orderly at her tent, who held the mules of her ambulance and Toby on a chain and said: "The general sent his compliments, and said he'd shoot the mules and the white horse, too, the next time they pulled the tent-fly down over him."

The story was too good to be kept and the general himself afterwards told how, "lying asleep on his cot, under the tent-fly, where it was cool, he had been waked up by Toby's nose brushing his face. Raising himself, and hurling one boot and an invective at the horse, he was surprised at seeing the two mules trying to stare him out of countenance at the open end of the fly. The other boot was shied at them, but there was no time to send anything else. The chain fastening the mules together had become twisted around the pole holding up the fly, and the precipitate retreat of the long-eared pair brought down the heavy canvas upon the general's face."

Another time Toby came to the tent-door with a strangely bright polish on his fore-hoofs and a suspicious greasiness about his nose and face. During the night he had got to the baggage wagon belonging to the officer in the next tent—the habit being to put the wagons to the rear of each tent of the officer to whom it belonged—and had got at two jars of butter and pulled out six or eight sacks of grain with his teeth.

But, as Mrs. Clifford afterwards wrote: "The faithfulness and patience of the horse in time of need made me forgive him all these tricks. Months later—when still on the march, in the most desolate wilderness, in the midst of the pathless mountains, when other horses 'gave up the ghost,' and were shot at the rate of a dozen a day—Toby held out, carrying me on his back, day after day, night after night, till his knees trembled with fatigue and faintness, and he turned his head and took my foot between his teeth at last, to tell me he could carry me no farther! Not once, but a dozen times he repeated this maneuver; once, too, when we were coming down a very steep hill, he planted his forefeet down firmly, turned his head, and softly bit the foot I held in the stirrup, to tell me I must dismount."

Is there any wonder that Mrs. McCrackin loved Toby with an affection not often given to horses?

Photo by A. P. Hill

MONTE PARAISO COTTAGE BEFORE THE FIRE

But there are many other fascinating passages in her books, descriptive of events on this memorable trip across the plains.

Here is a pathetic and eloquent picture drawn as only a sympathetic woman of fine perception and feeling could draw it, of the death and burial of one of the soldiers on the march: "We lost but one man out of the eight hundred, and he died the day we struck the Arkansas River again—died in the road about—and we carried him with us to camp; and at night, when the stars had come out and tear-drops hung in the eyes of the flowers by the riverbank, they carried him to his lonely grave. I went to the tent door when I heard the muffled drums and stood outside, in the dark, where I could see the short procession passing. Lanterns were carried in the train that moved ghostly away from the camp-fires and the white looming tents. The grave was not far, and when they had lowered the coffin I saw the form of a man bowing over it, as though in prayer, and then the earth was shovelled back. The soldiers returned with measured tread, and left their comrade on the wide, lone prairie, with only the Arkansas to sing his dirge."

Equally beautiful and eloquent is her description of Nature at sunrise: "Sunrise on the plains! Is there anything in music, in painting, in poetry, that can bring before eyes that have never beheld it, the passing beauty of such a scene? There are strains in music which bring a faint shadow of the picture back to me; but no art can ever reproduce it. How balmy the faint breath of wind that seems to lift upward the light, gray clouds, to make way for the rosy tints creeping athwart the horizon! Watch the clouds as they rise higher in the heavens; see how the sun-god has kissed them into blushes as bright as the damask rose, sending a flood of yellow light to cover them with greater confusion. Now they float gently upward till they reach the clear, blue sky, from where the yellow light has faded; and, watching bevies of other clouds, still dancing in the light above the first rays of the rising sun, the color fades from them, and they waft hither and thither—white clouds on deep blue ground—till the morning breeze bears them away from our sight. But words are weak and tame; and the yellow-breasted prairie lark alone, rising high in the sea-bright air as the day begins, gives fit expression to her thanks for the glories of creation in the wordless song she sings forever."

On this trip she met, a few miles above the present thriving and bustling city of Trinidad, Colorado, and near the Raton Tunnel on the Sante Fe transcontinental line, the old pioneer Dick Wooten, and at Albuquerque, now the commercial metropolis of New Mexico, she shook hands and conversed with the renowned and famous scout of Fremont, Kit Carson, and the less renowned but equally brave Colonel Pfeiffer.

After her arrival at Fort Union the "Mounted Rifles" came marching into camp. Here is her vivid picture of the scene: "Nearer rolled the dust—slowly, slowly, a snail might have moved faster, I thought, than this regiment, famed once as the Rifles, and blessed with the reputation of being very unlike a snail in general character. . . . The slow, heavy tramp of the approaching troops shook the earth like far-off thunder; but the dust was so thick that it was hard to tell where the soldiers left off and the wagons commenced, while the train moved. At last there came the sudden clanging of trumpets, so shrill and discordant that I put my hands up to my ears, and then the command halted near our camp.

"Let no one dream of a band of gay cavaliers riding grandly into the garrison on prancing steeds, and with flying banners! Alas, for romance and poetry! Gaunt, ragged-looking men, on bony, rough-coated horses, sun-burned, dust-covered, travel-worn, man and beast. Was there nothing left of the old material of the dashing, death-dealing Rifles? Ah, well! These men had seen nothing for long weeks but the red, sun-heated soil of the Red River country; had drank nothing but the thick, blood-red water of the river; had eaten nothing but the one hard, dry cracker dealt out to them each day, for they had been led wrong by their guide, had been lost, so that they reached Fort Union long after, instead of long before, the Fifth Infantry."

Several times on this trip they came upon mutilated corpses of civilians and soldiers who had been caught unawares by the vindictive and merciless Apaches. She tells of one pathetic incident as follows: "Just at the foot of the rough, endless mountain, the men who had come under the protection of our train from Fort Cummings pointed out where the two mail-riders coming from Camp Bayard—our destination—had been ambushed and killed by the Apaches only the week before. I had heard of these two men while at the Fort, one of whom, a young man hardly twenty, seemed to have an unusually large number of friends among men of all classes and grades. When smoking his farewell pipe before mounting his mule for the trip to Camp Bayard, he said: 'Boys, this is my last trip. Mother writes that she is getting old and feeble; she wants me to come home; so I've thrown up my contract with Uncle Sam, and I'm going back to Booneville just as straight as God will let me, when I get back from Bayard. It's hard work and small pay, anyhow—sixty dollars a month, and your scalp at the mercy of the red devils every time you come out.' His mother's letter was found in the boy's pocket when the mutilated body was brought in.

"It was no idle fancy when I thought I could see the ground torn up in one place as from the sudden striking out of horses' hoofs. One of the men confirmed the idea that it was not far from the place where the body had been found. The mule had probably taken the first fright just there, where the rider had evidently received the first arrow, aimed with such deadly skill that he fell in less than two minutes after it struck him."

On an earlier occasion, after they had left Fort Craig behind them, she saw ahead what proved to be a party of soldiers. "They drew up in line as they saw the captain approaching; perhaps they had not discovered my presence in time, for before the sergeant could throw a blanket over the cold, stark form lying on a pile of rocks by the roadside, I had already seen the ghastly face and mutilated limbs of the wretched man who had found a cruel death here only the day before. It was the usual story of two men (civilians), mounted, were crossing the desert together, when, driven almost crazy with thirst, they had attempted to turn down to the river to fill their canteens, but were attacked and chased for miles by the Indians; one man escaped to Fort Selden, but the other fell into the red devils' hands, to be tortured to death. The soldiers dug his grave, wrapped him in a gray blanket, and laid him to rest on the silent and lonely desert. Many such scenes as this I have witnessed since; but there, by the stranger's grave, I knelt to say a short prayer, while the soldiers, with uncovered heads, threw the last earth on the low mound."

JACKSON McCRACKIN, AMBROSE BIERCE, MRS. McCRACKIN AT MONTE PARAISO RANCH

Constantly hampered by the Indians; sweltering on the *Jornada del Muerto*—journey of death across the waterless desert; floundering in the slush and mud of the *acequias*, or irrigating ditches of the Mexicans and Indians; once nearly swallowed up, Toby and rider, in a New Mexico morass; several times threatened with horrible death as they slid on dangerous shelves of roads hewn out of the face of frightful precipices; once swept away, bag, baggage, mules and ambulance, by the fierce flood of the Rio Grande; several times nearly swallowed up in treacherous quicksands; once left alone on the desert owing to the escape of their mules; reduced to living upon the scantiest of canned rations, the portion of the command sent on to Camp Bayard gladly hailed their arrival at the destined spot, solitary and lonely though it was, in the heart of the wild Apache country, and far, far away from the nearest city of safe civilization. Here is how she describes it: "The second day after leaving Fort Cummings we came in sight of a lovely valley, enclosed on all sides by low, wooded hills, with bold, picturesque mountains rising to the sky beyond. A clear brook—so clear that it was rightly baptized Minne-ha-ha—gambolled and leaped and flashed among the green trees and the white tents they overhung; and in their midst a flagstaff, at whose head the stars and stripes were flying, told me that we had reached our journey's end." Elsewhere she says: "Fort Bayard had been garrisoned by a company of colored troops, who were now under marching orders, and our soldiers were to build the fort, which, as yet, existed only in the general's active brain. The Pinos Altos gold mines were only twelve miles distant from here, and all the other mines—copper and gold—lying within a range of fifteen miles, had been prosperously and profitably worked by Mexicans and Americans; but after the breaking out of the War, when the troops had been withdrawn from the territory, bands of roving, hostile Indians had visited one mine after another, leaving in their wake mutilated corpses and blackened ruins. The news of the soldiery coming to this rich mining country was drawing miners and adventurers from far and near, and Pinos Altos promised to become a mining district once more."

Let us see what kind of a home this cultured and refined descendant of a noble German family found in the wilds of Arizona: "Our tent looked cozy enough, when finished and furnished. A piece of brilliant red carpeting was spread on the ground; the bedding was laid on planks, resting on trestles; the coverlet was a red blanket; the camp-chairs were covered with bright cloth, and the supper, served on the lid of the mess-chest, looked clean and inviting. The kitchen, just back of the tent, was rather a primitive institution: a hole dug into the ground, two feet long, a foot wide, with two flat, iron bars laid over it, was all there was to be seen. Two or three mess-pans, a spider, and a Dutch oven constituted our kitchen furniture; and with these limited means an old soldier will accomplish wonders in the way of cooking. Before enlisting, one of our servants had been a baker; the other, a waiter at a hotel; and, between them, they managed the task of waiting on us very creditably. To be sure, my husband's rank entitled him to but one servant from the company; but then I was the only lady with the command, and our company commander was considerate of my comfort."

And now began that phase of Mrs. Clifford's life that seems more incredible than the wildest romance. Lieutenant Clifford had killed a man—in self-defense, he claimed—but the civil officers of the state where the tragedy had occurred had vowed to follow him to the ends of the earth and capture him, bring him back, try him and finally hang him. In some way, either by changing his name or his personality, he had thrown them completely off his track, was now an officer of the United States army, and one might have thought perfectly safe from pursuit and danger. But in a sudden mood of confidence he had told his young wife of the fate that was pursuing him and of what would surely happen should he be discovered. Then, either his brain became disordered by the pressure of his unseen terror, or he became possessed of a devil, for he suddenly developed a belief, a dread, a fear that his wife was determined and anxious to betray him and hand him over to the officers of the law that he might be hanged, and he began a series of midnight terrorizings that would have driven any weak-minded or less courageous woman insane in a week. Is there any wonder that she became nervous—not nervous in that she would scold, or fret, or worry and lay it to the state of her nerves; not that she was fidgety, or cross, or irritable. But she would grow pale at an unexpected knock at the door, or flush painfully red if she heard a quick footstep behind her for years after. Friends have told me that they have seen her grasp the banister for support, if, looking down the stairs into the hallway, she discovered a form not familiar to her eye; and at night she has begged earnestly of her women friends that they would let her sleep in a room directly and openly adjoining theirs, so that they could rouse her quickly when her cries for help told she was living her awful experiences over again in her dreams.

Later, in one of her stories that was regarded as *romance*, she told the strictest truth as follows: "They tell me that Silver City has been established within ten miles of the very spot that once looked so hopelessly deathlike and so deserted to me in my despair. For I *was* in despair. Beautiful as was the country, pleasant as seemed my surroundings, in spite of the devotion shown me by the soldiers who composed the garrison, the respect and attention of the officers, and last, but not least, the undivided affection of my white horse, Toby, I was not only in despair—that is too mild a term—I was living, day and night, in sunlight or darkness, in a state of terror, fear, and suspense, such as cannot be described. In the midst of apparent safety and protection, death stared me constantly in the face—not the swift, sudden death that the Indian's arrow or the ball of an assassin grants, but the slow tortures with which the cunning of the maniac puts its victim to the rack; for my husband was a madman and a murderer, and I was given, helpless and without defense, into his hands. I think the discovery must have paralyzed me, for I cannot now explain to myself the dazed, unresisting state in which I remained for months after I knew the whole truth. Partly, perhaps, the consciousness that I was thousands of miles away from where help could reach me from my own people, the natural reluctance of a wife to disclose her misery and wretchedness to strangers, and the knowledge of the power which to a certain degree my husband possessed, at least, over his immediate subordinates—all these considerations, a mixture of fear and pride, held me in thrall for long, long days.

"I would tie a strip of flannel around my throat and complain of a bad cold, in order to hide the marks that his fingers had left, where he had strangled me just one degree short of suffocation. With what feeling of gratitude I used to step to the tent door in the morning—when my liege lord gave permission—to take one more look at the sky above me, after a night passed waking, in momentary expectation of a blow from a hatchet he had concealed about the tent during the day, or with the silent horror of the situation growing on me till I was ready to shriek out, 'Be merciful! Kill me at one blow, or pull the trigger the next time you hold the death-cold muzzle of your pistol to my head'—for you must know it was a favorite way he had of amusing himself. He would hold the revolver pressed close against my temple and let that horrid "click, click" sound in my ears till I was fairly numb with terror. Then he would explain to me in a low voice how utterly impossible it would be for any help to reach me in time if I screamed for help; would dilate upon the numerous strings and loops he himself had added to the fastenings of the tent, and would describe how he could cut me into small bits and roast the bits in the fire, before being discovered, if I ever so much as dared to breathe what passed in those quiet, peaceful-looking quarters of ours. For our tent had really a cheerful home-look about it. Strictly speaking, there were two tents set up close together in one, and the soldiers, in their solicitude for my comfort, had built a wall some four feet high about it, and the canvas had been partly removed at either end to make room for a fireplace they had built of mud and stones, the chimney reaching high above the tent. So that in reality we had two rooms, a fireplace in each; and altogether our quarters were looked upon as exceedingly fine and comfortable, exciting surprise and envy in the minds of the few stray visitors that passed through the camp. That these visitors were few and far between was a great blessing, as I soon found, for after my husband had once admitted to me that he was a murderer and had fled from justice, he was seized with an insane idea, whenever an arrival was announced in camp, that the officers of the law had tracked him here from Texas, where the crime had been committed years ago, and that *I* had communicated to them where he could be found. He had cut a round opening in the top of the tent and through the fly—as if the space had been intended for the passage of a stovepipe—and from this point of observation he could see the dust flying up in the road when anyone approached the camp. Then he would make a spring at me—as a tiger springs upon his prey—grasp my throat with both his murderous hands, and urge me to confess for whom I had sent, and by whom I had sent the message, swearing direst vengeance on all concerned did he but discover them. If, however, the orderly came to the door the next moment to announce that Mr. So-and-so, or Such-a-one had arrived and desired to see the lieutenant, this gentleman was all good nature and condescension, sending an immediate invitation to the visitor to come to our tent, or going in person to meet him. I had to smooth my ruffled feathers as best I could, for I knew that the least failure to appear happy and cheerful in the presence of the guest would be rigorously punished as soon as the stranger's back was turned."

"You must remember there was nothing in the country then save military posts at long intervals and a very few poverty-stricken Mexican towns and settlements, separated by hundreds of miles of waterless sand deserts and barren rocks, with Indians of different tribes, but all alike hostile, sprinkled over the whole *ad libitum*. And yet I was often on the point of braving all those horrors to escape the terrors of my captivity and torture. Often when Toby came whinnying around our quarters, I was sorely tempted to cut the fastenings of the tent and make a bold dash for liberty or death; for you must understand that during the lieutenant's absence from the tent I was never permitted to go to the entrance under any excuse. I might have taken an opportunity of that kind to appeal for help, or send word of my wretched condition to the commanding officer by a passing soldier—don't you see? And this he was determined to prevent. Poor Toby, never corraled or hobbled as other horses were, would clatter around the tent for hours, pawing the ground, tugging at the ropes, and scratching at the entrance; but never till the lieutenant made his appearance was I permitted to give him the lump of sugar or other tidbit I had ready for him. Day by day my life grew more intolerable, and I don't know how soon it might have been ended, either by that man's hand or my own, had he not finally bethought him of a way in which I could perhaps benefit him. He had been placed under arrest for some trifling neglect of duty soon after we reached camp, and though this might have been all the more pleasant under ordinary circumstances as giving him more time to pursue his own pleasure, he began to chafe under this inactivity, and at last concluded that it was a deep, underhanded plot of his superior officers to injure and annoy him. If the conception of this idea strongly suggested one of the common fancies of the insane, the remedy he concluded to adopt certainly afforded proof conclusive that his brain was turned. As, however, I saw in it a possible means of escape, I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw. His plan was this: I was to apply to the commanding officer for an ambulance and escort as far as Santa Fe, and there I was to lay his grievances personally before General Carleton, and ask at his hand redress and protection for my husband. Redress and protection for *him!* The bitter irony and humor of the thing was not lost upon me even in the abject state of mind I was then in; but I took good care to allow no trace of my real feelings to appear upon my face. The purpose was quickly carried out. Next day the orderly bore a note from me to the captain, written, I need hardly say, under the eyes of my tormentor; and in a little while after, a polite note from him assured me that my train would be ready at the hour mentioned the following morning. Very gladly had this kind-hearted man consented to my request, for, as I learned later, something of the true condition of affairs at our quarters had become known to him through our orderly and the cook, and the captain felt but too happy to grant me safe escort on my way back to my friends, which he thought I was now taking. Women, however, are the most foolish, unaccountable, soft-hearted idiots in creation. The night preceding my departure was spent in great part by the lieutenant on his knees, imploring my forgiveness, vowing reform, and explaining how it was only his great love for me that had made him at times a little tyrannical."

Yet when she begged her husband to allow her to take her horse Toby, he positively refused, and the captain confirmed his refusal, stating that the danger from Indians would be enhanced if she attempted to ride horseback through so dangerous a country.

"Toby, poor fellow, had been confined in the corral, and his whinnies grew first rebellious and then heart-breaking, as dragging at his chain and wildly pawing the ground, he saw the train moving out and leaving him behind. My heart smote me at the horse's cries, if it was only a horse; but the lieutenant had got into the ambulance with me, to go as far as the limits of the post, and was giving me his parting instructions and making his parting promises of repentance and reform, and I did not even dare to express my grief at leaving my dear, devoted friend. Pinkow, the orderly, for whom the lieutenant had obtained the captain's permission to accompany me all the way to Santa Fe and back, sat beside the driver of the ambulance, as I said, while the lieutenant and I sat in the seat behind.

"Hardly had the lieutenant left the ambulance and vanished from sight when Pinkow turned in his seat and faced me with an eager, questioning look in his eyes. I was startled by the man's sudden movement and asked in some alarm, 'What is it, Pinkow?'

RUINS OF MONTE PARAISO COTTAGE
Photograph taken by Herman Scheffauer for Ambrose Bierce; military cape Mrs. McCrackin wears belonged to Mr. Bierce

" 'Thank God!' he cried, with a great sigh of relief, 'You are free, madam. I have counted the moments since the lieutenant came into the ambulance with you, dreading that he would change his mind at the last minute and drag you back to that horrid tent to murder you at his leisure.'

" 'Why—Pinkow,' I protested, 'the lieutenant—'

" '—is my commanding officer and has detailed me to wait on you, with secret instructions to bring you back from Santa Fe, dead or alive. Alive if possible; dead, should you refuse of your own free will to the prison he has prepared for you. Do you think, madam, that because your silent, uncomplaining endurance of the lieutenant's tyranny was honored by the captain and the other officers, it is not known at headquarters? And in the company there is not a man who has forgotten your courage and kindness on the long march out here. All these men here will go into Santa Fe with you if you but say the word; and once under the general's protection, the lieutenant can never more approach or harm you. The captain, though not advised of your intention, feels convinced that you will never return to our camp or the lieutenant again. I have his orders to see that everything you may need on your journey in, whether undertaken with a military escort or on the overland stage, be furnished you, though, indeed, the general himself will see to that, and the captain also thinks that some of the other officers' wives are at Fort Marcy (Santa Fe) at present.'

" 'But, Pinkow,' I remonstrated tremblingly, 'I promised to come back; he will come after me if I break my promise; I know he will, and kill me, wherever he finds me.'

" 'Do you suppose the captain will give him permission to leave camp and follow you? Not while he thinks you will seize upon this opportunity to make your escape. He is under the firm impression that you are anxious to get out of that madman's clutches, and would be surprised if he heard that you had conscientious scruples about breaking your word with him. Do you know,' he continued in a lowered voice, 'that he is a condemned criminal, that he escaped the gallows only by flight, and lives in hourly dread of being recognized and handed over to the civil authorities by his brother officers? And to such a man's power you would return?'

" 'It will break his heart if I go and leave him in his trouble,' I cried, thinking of his parting appeals and promises. 'He is not bad, Pinkow; he was young and hotheaded when that man in Texas enraged him, and he shot him in a fit of passion. It has been kept secret so long; why raise up that dread ghost now? And think of Toby; I should never see Toby again, and you heard how he cried. I must go back, Pinkow; oh, I must go back!' And I burst into tears."

Is it possible for words to tell the horror of that drive? Not only did she have the desert to cross, but there was the constant terror that her husband would surely escape, follow, torture and ultimately murder her. "A scorching sun above, a barren waste beneath; a chain of dull brown mountains on the right, a ridge of low hills far to the left. Thus the road winds, drearily, silently, changelessly along. Hour after hour you gaze upon this blank, vast monotone, never daring to hope that one bright spot may greet the eye, but dreading ever that the brooding stillness of the heavy air be rent in sudden horror by the Indian's savage cry. Oh, the long, slow hours that dragged their leaden wings across this waste! To me, there were twin demons lurking in every isolated clump of lance-weed that we passed. Where the men looked for only one enemy, I feared two—the Indian's painted visage was not more dreaded by me than the diabolical smile I had seen on that madman's face. And I could not shake off the feeling that he was pursuing me—that he was even now on the road I had just passed over."

Day after day the dread of pursuit grew more intense and vivid. One morning when they were delayed by a broken wheel, she cried out to her orderly: "Pinkow, we *must* go on. All last night I dreamed of the lieutenant; he had overtaken us, and everywhere around me was blood—blood. I am going on; if there is no ambulance to be had, they can give me a horse, or I will ride one of the ambulance mules. Somehow, I feel that the lieutenant knows by this time that I mean to escape, and if he catches up with us now he will kill me sure."

On, on, the frantic woman urged her escort. Her nerves racked with the torture to which she had been so long subjected, she was now under the fearful pressure of appalling dread, of intolerable terror. She *felt* the unspeakable horror of pursuit. She *knew* her husband was following her, and just the very day after she had crossed the Rio Grande, as the ambulance was about to start, her direst fears were justified by an exclamation which came from Pinkow. Turning her eyes in the direction they all pointed, she saw a horseman, the sight of whom seemed to turn her heart to stone.

" 'The lieutenant!' said Pinkow faintly, and involuntarily Sergeant McBeth urged his horse closer up to my ambulance.

"I did not faint, but there was a blank of several minutes in my memory, and then I heard a hissing whisper close to my ear.

" 'So you tried to get away from me, did you? But you see I have overtaken you, and alive you will never get away from me again. Don't scream or call on those men for help—I have two revolvers with me. I would kill them all, and then tie you to Toby's tail and let him drag you to death. Do you hear me?'

"There must have been something deathlike in my wide-open eyes, for he bent over me with sudden apprehension; but I had heard him. Every word of his had burned itself into my brain as with a searing-iron. The words are there to this day—the Lord help me—and I answered, hardly above a breath:

" 'I hear you!'

"Not that I wanted to whisper or speak in a low tone. I could not have spoken a loud word if my life had depended on it, as perhaps it might.

" 'Come back into the house with me,' he said in a louder tone; 'I am hungry and tired; neither Toby nor I have had rest or food since leaving camp, except what we could get at a Mexican ranch back there. I knew that they would keep me back at the posts, in order to give you a good start.' He lowered his voice again, and his strong yellow teeth gleamed viciously behind his drawn lips. His hollow eyes were burning with the fire of madness, and strands of long, uncut hair were hanging wildly about his face. He laid his talon-like hand on my arm.

" 'Come,' he continued aloud, 'we shall not be able to go from here today; the ambulance will need an overhauling. Come into the house with me!'

" 'Never!' I said, speaking low, and trying to speak firmly. 'Kill me right here, if you want to—I shall not go into the house with you.'

" 'Then you insist upon bloodshed and open disgrace.' He spoke close to my ear again. 'Remember that I promised to reform, and that you promised to be patient with me and aid me. Is this what your promise is worth? You want to deliver me into the hands of my enemies—to see me wronged and murdered. Come with me and I will forgive you.'

"*He* to forgive *me!*

" 'But refuse and I will kill you and the rest here on this spot.'

"And he raised me from my reclining posture and lifted me from the ambulance to the ground.

"Pinkow stood by, pale and motionless with suspense, but Sergeant McBeth had dismounted and stepped up to me.

" 'Madam,' he said, touching his cap, 'the damage to the ambulance can be repaired in half an hour's time; you need not even alight, for we shall not take the mules out at all.'

" 'Have the mules taken out, Sergeant,' the lieutenant interposed sharply, 'and let your men dismount. My wife will not continue her journey today.'

"But the sergeant approached still nearer, and with an inclination of the head replied as sharply:

" 'My instructions are to obey madam's orders, and I see none of my superior officers here who could countermand the order. As soon as madam signifies her wishes, I shall hold my men in readiness to carry out her commands.'

"Every man of the escort had dismounted, and they stood clustered about me as if ready and eager to carry out any order I might give. I saw an appealing look in Pinkow's eye, and noted the gleam of hate and fury that flashed on him from the lieutenant's bloodshot orbs, while with a quick movement he threw back the old soldier overcoat he had on and displayed the shoulder-straps on the cavalry jacket he wore under it. But even now the gallant sergeant would not submit.

" 'Your orders, madam?' he asked, with eager eyes and glowing cheeks.

" 'I have none to give, sergeant,' I replied sadly, 'except that you take the best care of the outfit in your command. I thank you and your men for their attention and obedience, and I want them all to have a rest after their long journey.'

" 'Stand aside, sergeant,' the lieutenant said harshly, 'I will now take charge of the command, and herewith relieve you of all further responsibility. You will consider yourself under orders to me.'

"He gave me his arm and led me back into the courtyard, where, somehow, all the escort had collected, and again I was reminded of a military funeral as I passed through the file of sober-faced, heavily armed men.

"Entering the low door which I had left but an hour ago forever, as I thought, I turned my head wistfully back, and there, at the foot of the courtyard, near the gate, stood Sergeant McBeth, the wind blowing about the folds of his short soldier's cape, his hand resting on the hilt of his cavalry sabre, and his eyes following me with a questioning, pitying look. Sergeant Brown stood gravely holding the door open for us, offering the lieutenant a military salute; but I vainly sought Pinkow with a last, despairing look.

"Suddenly his voice came, rough and broken, from the open gate of the courtyard.

" 'Madam,' he cried in evident distress, 'Madam—oh! it is too late. Toby is here, but—'

"Toby! True, had I not seen him totter under the lieutenant's cruel spurring when he was urging him up to the ambulance a while ago? Swiftly and with sudden strength I snatched my hand out of the lieutenant's encircling fingers and was flying back across the yard and outside, where I saw Pinkow leaning, sobbing against Toby's neck. The animal was trembling in every limb, but when he spied me a low whinny struck my ear, and he moved forward a step to reach my side. I rushed toward him, but before I could reach him he had tottered and fallen at my very feet, with a deep, almost human groan.

"I cried out with grief and knelt by his side, stroking his white, silky mane and trying to bed his shapely head in my lap. But his eyes broke even while I was caressing him, and I bent over the faithful, long-suffering animal, and my tears fell hot and fast—tears as honest and sincere as any I ever shed for a human being.

". . . I cannot remember for the life of me how I got back to Sergeant Brown's adobe house. The first thing I remember was the lieutenant's haggard face bending over me, and most unexpectedly his protestations of affection, repentance and reform were as profuse as they had been on the night preceding my departure from Fort Bayard. He needed my sympathy, he said, and my aid, for we *must* now proceed to Santa Fe; it was almost a matter of life and death with him, an officer under arrest, to escape from camp and venture directly into the lion's den—the commanding general's headquarters."

On his arrival, however, at Santa Fe, the presence of his wife availed him nothing. The general ordered him under arrest at once, and commanded him to return to Fort Bayard, there to await trial. Friends sought to intervene between the crafty madman and his yielding wife, in whom a variety of conflicting and strange emotions were contending. To her dismay she found herself at last in the ambulance returning to Fort Bayard in the company of the mentally disordered wretch who still claimed her obedience and fealty as a wife. That return journey was enough to have killed her. A pet dog that had been allowed to ride in the ambulance part of the way was cruelly thrown out, and, when in a state of indecision it made as if it would return to Santa Fe, the lieutenant called a halt, whistled to the dog, and after beating its brains out with the butt of his revolver, shouted in mad fury: "I'll teach you to try and get away from me," and pointing to the quivering body of the poor brute, he called to his wife, "That's the way I serve all runaways."

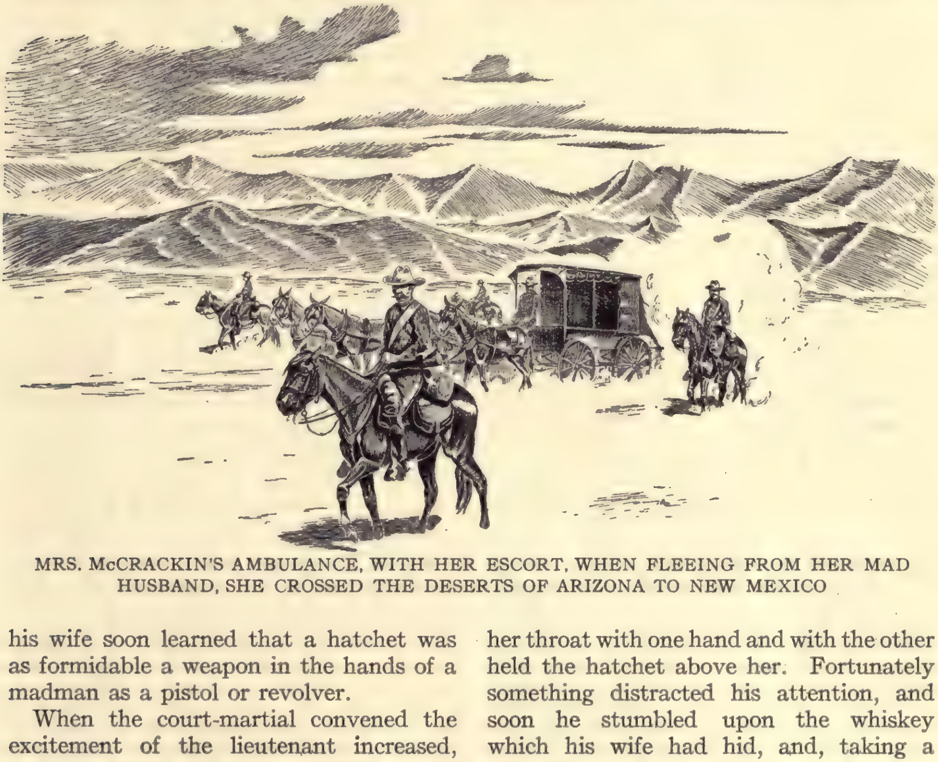
At all the posts on their return those who had hoped the wife was escaping from her husband when she went north alone, were puzzled at her apparently abject subjection to her husband, and as she says of the commander at Fort Bayard: "Perhaps he was the most puzzled of all. All circumstances considered, it was only proper that he should not call to greet me on our arrival, but he immediately sent his servant to me with supper and compliments. My husband had reported to him at once, had been ordered not to leave his quarters without special permission, and late at night the captain sent an orderly to demand his side-arms. The lieutenant was furious, but I knew what it meant, though the future proved that all the captain's efforts to ensure safety to me were futile."

For a few days he seemed cowed, then unfortunately one of his men was persuaded to obtain him a two-gallon keg of whiskey from Pinos Altos. This naturally added fuel to the fire of hate and râge that were consuming the madman's bosom, and he vented it all upon his long-suffering but proud-hearted wife. Though his sidearms had been removed, the lieutenant had no difficulty in gaining access to the tool-chest of the company-carpenter, and his wife soon learned that a hatchet was as formidable a weapon in the hands of a madman as a pistol or revolver.

When the court-martial convened the excitement of the lieutenant increased, and his threats and actual violence to his wife grew more intolerable. "I knew," said she, "that the sitting of the court-martial would be as much, and more, of a trial for me than for him, for at the very worst his judges could not and would not take his life, while the preservation of mine would be highly problematical."

One day one of the officers discovered a slight error in the proceedings, which uncorrected would have given the lieutenant a loophole of escape had the verdict gone against him. He called attention to the fact, and that night his poor wife was made to bear the burden of his anger, his spite and his bitter hatred against the man who had circumvented him.

Another day he returned home earlier than usual from the trial, closed the tent and drew a hatchet from under the mattress. He commanded his wife to kneel down and fold her hands, for he was "going to cut her head open." As she did so—for she knew it was useless to resist, and that if she cried out he would murder her before help could come—he spanned her throat with one hand and with the other held the hatchet above her. Fortunately something distracted his attention, and soon he stumbled upon the whiskey which his wife had hid, and, taking a tumbler full of it, was speedily lulled to sleep. But as he stretched himself out on his bed, he bid her lie where he could touch her with his hand, lest she should open the tent during his sleep and let the soldiers in to murder him.



MRS. McCRACKIN'S AMBULANCE, WITH HER ESCORT, WHEN FLEEING FROM HER MAD HUSBAND, SHE CROSSED THE DESERTS OF ARIZONA TO NEW MEXICO

Though anguished almost to the breaking point, merciful Nature came to the tortured woman's aid, and at length she herself fell asleep. Can anyone conceive her situation when she was awakened as follows. Here are her own words:

"What woke me up I never knew, but as I opened my eyes they fell directly on the sharp edge of the hatchet, and the maniac face of my husband grinning fiendishly behind it. In a moment it flashed on me that he was taking deliberate aim so as to kill me at the first blow, fearing, doubtless, that in my death agony I should scream for help if the blow were not planted full in my brain. Before I could move my head, his other hand was grasping my throat and pressing my head back on the pillow; but the struggle, faint as it had been, had changed the position of the weapon in his hand. Then I saw that not only was he trying to get in the most telling blow, but he was also calculating the exact position in which the shadow was thrown on the roof and the wall of the tent. He had evidently replenished the fire, as the night was cool, to convince Pinkow and the guard that serenity and harmony prevailed in our tent; and the glitter of the drunken fiend's eye was hardly less cruel than the glint of the cold steel of the hatchet. I raised my hand imploringly and tried to speak.

" 'Not a word out of you,' he hissed into my ear with an oath. 'I can cut you into little pieces before the guard can get into the tent, and I'm going to do it. So much you get for asking for a guard to protect you. Then I am going to roast you alive for telling the judge-advocate all about me.'

"And he pressed my head back, and again took aim. Presently he laughed, shifted his position and declared he didn't want my brains spattered all over his hands, like the dog's, and putting his heavy hand on my forehead, he brought the hatchet within an inch of my throat, making the motion of drawing it across and across.

" 'Steady,' I heard him mutter, 'steady.'

"Whether he meant this admonition for himself or for me, I never knew, but after a moment's balancing he rolled over, the hatchet fell from his nerveless hand on my breast, and in a moment more he slept the heavy, sottish sleep of the drunkard. Hardly daring to breathe, I lay with my eyes wide open, praying for daylight to come, and for some helpful hand to lead me from this dark, dreadful tent and out of the dreary, desolate graveyard of a country.

"At last the day dawned; Pinkow called to the lieutenant what hour it was, and when he saw from the lieutenant's looks that this gentleman had slept all night with his clothes on, he knew that the remnant of whiskey had been found. Coming in to light the fire, he started back when his eyes fell upon me, and well he might, for when I approached the little mirror over the chimney-board, I saw that there were white hairs among the brown on my head."

This damnable assault was the last straw. The obedient wife died then and the militant woman arose in her might and declared that let the hazards be what they would, she must escape from this living death. Her devoted orderly was informed; he and others plotted how it was to be done; the commandant and other officers heartily co-operated, and at length the long-suffering woman succeeded in getting away. This time it was open, avowed flight. She was sent back, with the most kindly letters to the various post commanders, over the road she had so recently traveled twice, to Santa Fe. The captain himself came and assured her that he had placed a man with a drawn revolver in the lieutenant's tent, a sentinel back and front of the tent, and a full company as a cordon around it to prevent any possibility of escape.

Could that long journey have been any other than one long, drawn-out agony? The wonder is that human beings do not utterly succumb under such frightful mental torture. But at last she reached Santa Fe. There General Carleton placed her under the kind protection of General Alexander and his wife who, under full and watchful escort, took her back to civilization.

Yet, strange to say, when they reached Fort Lyons, an express rider who had followed them brought the startling information that the lieutenant had escaped again. Fortunately he was rearrested, and subsequently, though he gained technical liberty, he was placed in such a position by the army proceedings that he made no effort to follow his wife. The last she knew of him he was dismissed from the service, but from that day to this she has never learned of his whereabouts, alive or dead.

Almost immediately after she made her escape from Fort Bayard other misfortunes befell her which compelled her, for the first time in her life, to gain her own living. Her brother, sister and mother were already in California, and it was natural that she should come there, and for a while she taught German in the South Cosmopolitan School in San Francisco. Then, while she was paying a short visit to Arizona, which always has had a great allurement for her, she heard of the founding of the new magazine of the Pacific Coast, the *Overland Monthly*, by Bret Harte, and she decided to try writing for it. Her first article was entitled "Down among the Dead Letters," and it appears in the December number, 1869. Harte liked it so well he urged her to write more, and especially some of her army experiences, and stories based upon them. She did so, and in the Volume IV four of her army and desert sketches appear, with an equally prominent scattering in later volumes. Before her first sketch appeared, however, she had been enabled by the influence of the Bancrofts to visit the Harper Brothers in New York, and they accepted one of her sketches and paid her on the spot for it—$45 in ragged greenbacks, the first money she had ever earned by writing.

Now began what may be called the literary epoch of her life. She wrote for many magazines and papers both East and West, until the name Josephine Clifford was one of the well-known names of current literature.

Then, in 1881, Arizona again attracted her. Her army friends were always begging her to come to visit them, and in spite of the horrors she had endured at Fort Bayard, the country itself never ceased to call her, so she yielded to the importunity of friends and—met her fate! For while visiting around she was introduced to many prominent people, among others Jackson McCrackin, a South Carolinian by birth, but now a thorough-going Westerner. He was the discoverer of a well-known and productive gold mine, the speaker of the first legislature ever convened in Arizona, and an attractive gentleman. He fell in love with Mrs. Clifford, wooed and won her, and in 1882 they were married.

Now began the pastoral epoch of her life as Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin. She and her husband moved to a ranch they had purchased in the Santa Cruz mountains, which she named the Monte Paraiso (Mountain Paradise), and there for seventeen happy years she lived with the man she loved, surrounded by all that sincere and devoted affection could give her. During this period she wrote much for a variety of publications, both Californian and Eastern, and many of her sketches were translated and published in German. She had already issued, in 1877, a volume of her collected stories from the *Overland*, so they were called "Overland Tales," and in 1893 a second volume, entitled "Another Juanita," was published.

In a letter written to me but a short time ago, Mrs. McCrackin thus speaks of the ranch and her life there: "So many happy years I spent on Monte Paraiso Ranch, and I had counted on spending the remaining years of my rather stormy life there; but fate had decreed otherwise, and the forest fire of October, 1899, which swept away every building on the ranch, with contents, was really the beginning of the end, though Mr. McCrackin did not die till December 14, 1904, and I soon after left the mountains and put the land up for sale.

"We had built up such a beautiful place; it was rightly named, before the fire had swept it. And always we had delightful people with us, and in the neighborhood. Old army friends looked in upon us, and Major-General Barry, with his charming wife, knew the ranch before the desolation. Mr. McCrackin had elected this distinguished officer to the Presidential chair while he was still captain in the First Infantry. A younger officer, Lieutenant W. Onry Smith of the Seventh Infantry, was also a great favorite with Mr. McCrackin, for 'Billy' Smith's grandfather, William Onry, the Arizona pioneer, had been his friend and 'pardner,' as Mr. McCrackin was the first white man to set foot on the ground where Prescott now stands.

"A very pleasant summer was that of

1899, though it went out with the pall of smoke hanging over it. Ambrose Bierce came up into the Santa Cruz Mountains early in the year, with the avowed intention of remaining through the season. Ambrose Bierce, the best-hated and the best-loved man in California, whose renown followed wherever the fear his name scattered had penetrated first. Yet he could be so good and kind and companionable. Though he could have been Mr. McCrackin's son in years, he chose to act as if they were old cronies together, greatly to Mac's delight, for Bierce, too, claimed to be country-bred, and he would turn to Mac for corroboration when he said, 'We used to do so and so on the farm, didn't we, Mac?' But he could be merciless in his sarcasm; he hated hypocrisy and was utterly without fear.

"He made his home at the Cotton's resort, though he rented a cottage farther up the hill, where he wrote his manuscripts. To my mind he never wrote more beautiful things than those he wrote here, especially a piece of retrospection, a memory, embodying his army days, the most touching, pathetic strain from the depths of a heart that so many thought calloused. For Bierce had been an army officer, and though no one was ever permitted to say 'Major Bierce,' I have always maintained that the army lost a brilliant officer where the world of letters gained a brilliant writer.

"Herman Scheffauer, the young writer, now of London, was a protege of Bierce's, was with him when the forest fire devastated our land and the surrounding country. The fire did not burn below the line of our redwood timber, so the cottages on lower Loma Prieta Avenue, where Bierce lived, were safe. As soon as they could, our friends made their way through the fire, for the destroying element raged in the mountains for nearly a week; and when we together reached the ruins of the Monte Paraiso cottage, I was utterly exhausted, and crying, too, and I leaned against the only chimney that was left standing of the whole house. Mr. Bierce, always sympathetic, had thrown his cape, a remnant of his soldier-days, around me, for my clothes were in tatters; and Scheffauer took the accompanying picture, which Bierce said reminded him of the ruined homes in the South in war time. In every way did this much-dreaded, much-maligned man show his sympathy; and of the writing material he brought to me, after the fire, I still keep envelopes and paper to remember him by."

Of the fire itself, Mrs. McCrackin has written a most graphic account, which appeared in the *Wide World Magazine* for May, 1902. Expecting to sell the ranch, she and her husband had removed to a cottage which they built, intending to spend their last years in quietude and comfort. But the sale was halted in some way, hence they had personally to see after the harvesting of the grapes, apples and other crops. Mrs. McCrackin had been to the fruit house to see how the Chinamen were getting along, and as she returned home she noticed smoke rolling and wavering in the wind on the north ridge of a nearby mountain chain, though several miles away. Her husband poo-hooed the idea of there being any danger, so she retired to rest as usual, but not to sleep. It was not until after three in the morning that she dropped into an uneasy slumber, only to be awakened before dawn to a sense of coming danger. Above the uproar of the storm she at last heard the voice of a neighbor: "For heaven's sake, wake up! You've lost everything. The whole country's on fire! Quick, for heaven's sake, or you'll burn in your beds!"

Opening the door, "Heavens! The sight! The terror of it"—she wrote—"seemed to freeze the blood in my veins; but I did not faint—I knew I must not lose my senses. The blinding, flashing, glaring flames shooting up into the sky, higher than my eyes could follow; the cloud of smoke, muddy, turbulent waves rolling above sudden leaps of fire; the hideous roar and crackle—it was all simply awful. There was nothing but fire and glare and smoke as far as my eyes could see, and I could think of nothing—my mind was a blank. . . . Monte Paraiso fire-swept—the buildings in ashes! I watched a lot of men, looking like demons in the glare of the fire—brandishing axes, swinging brush hooks, wielding long shovels, whipping the flames and beating the ground with boughs and branches in their desperate efforts to beat back and subdue the fast-encroaching enemy. But I was stunned. I felt no interest in their proceedings. I seemed perfectly indifferent.

". . . Then I saw the chain of fire-fighters slowly retreating; it was daylight now, and one after the other they came nearer to the house. It was safe, they still told me; but I must be calm. Would not some of them have a cup of coffee, I asked. But they all said, 'Not now, pretty soon.'"

The cause of their delay was soon apparent. They had assured Mrs. McCrackin too soon. The men scrambled on the roof of the porch at the back of the house. A little later she saw them jump to the ground, and at the same moment she heard a hissing sound behind her. "I turned in terror, only to see flames leaping up into the crown of the very tree against which I was standing, while at the same moment, the stable, belching flames from its interior, burst asunder with the sound and force of an explosion. . . .

"I gave up everything for lost! In a moment I had untied our horse from the tree, in the branches of which the fire-fiend was already making havoc, and rushed round to the front of the house in order to make my escape down the road. The fire, however, had reached the road before me, setting ablaze everything on either side and cutting off this natural avenue of retreat.

THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB IN THE STATE REDWOOD PARK, CALIFORNIA
The standing figure in the center, looking to the right, is the eminent Dutch botanist, Hugo de Vries, and at his feet on the right is Mrs. McCrackin

"Where should we go—which way turn? North, east and west were all barred by fire, and our only chance was to get through on the south, though the tall firs on the land of our neighbor were already on fire. Some of the men, being strangers to the locality, grew bewildered, and I could not make myself heard in the wild uproar of the destroying flames. Making a dash for some bars in the fence that could be let down, I motioned to the men which way I wanted to go. We had plunged through the vineyard only a short distance when the wind, with a sudden swirl, brought up flames and smoke from the very direction in which I was heading. A little to the west lay the only avenue now open, but this was barred by a stout line fence, on which the men at once got to work. The fire was now crackling in the trees above us, and I was half stifled with smoke and flying ashes. Huddled together here, I suddenly missed Sancho [her pet dog] from our crowd, and though I shouted myself hoarse, it was of no avail; perhaps he was already dead.

"When I saw the fence give way I put Billy's bridle into the hands of the men while I rushed through the opening first of all. My false courage had left me, and I ran screaming, but always straight on, away from the fire, through orchards and vineyards, scaling or breaking down fences as I came to them. What I saw when I turned my head only drove me on the faster—the same blinding, glaring ocean of fire, the waves of flame rolling high as the tree-tops, in which fiery serpents seemed to be hissing in rage and fury, and clouds of suffocating black smoke. Every now and then pieces of burning wood came hurtling through the air, murky with smoke, and made still hotter by the rays of the sun.

"Presently I came to a fence which I could neither climb nor break down, and I ran back to the highway, where, in the few houses that stood here, the women had all their possessions bundled up, ready to move, while the men folk were away fighting the fire. None of these women succeeded in stopping me, but when I reached the bottom of the next hill I sank exhausted on the steps of a veranda, where friendly arms were laid around me."

Soon she saw the men who had been so unselfishly working to quell the fire at her house. "We could save nothing. We tried hard to save the piano, and Mr. Burrell badly burned his hands trying to roll it out, but it burned up under the trees outside. We can do no more, and the Meyers have sent an urgent message for help, so we must go on there."

At last she was able to reach the spot on the road from which cries of admiration had always sprung from visitors and travelers as they passed by. "I gave but one look toward the scene of desolation and ruin, where only an hour before had stood our tree-sheltered, flower-decked 'Forest Nook.' Nothing was left but the pitiful stumps and blackened bodies of the great spreading madrones; the tall firs lay dead among smouldering ash heaps; the fire-crisped leaves on the charred, half-burned branches of the oaks were falling, one by one, to the heat-baked ground.

" 'All go,' the old Chinaman had sobbed a little while ago. 'All go,' I repeated after him, but I did not sob—I could not."

And when later they were able to go to the larger ranch house of Monte Paraiso, it "was not easy to find the road, for the whole stretch of country was now one blackened region, with rills of fire still running through it. We found, however, that we had only to follow the trail made by the half-burnt bodies of rabbits, foxes, skunks and wild-cats, who had evidently made for the open road when driven from their lairs by the fire. Birds, partly consumed by the flames, had dropped in their flight and lay thick strewn along the land. Every now and then I had to stoop hastily to crush out the flames that came lapping up the shreds of my skirt as I picked my way along. Sancho, poor beast, would howl dismally when his foot accidentally stirred up a bed of hot coals, and he limped worse than ever.

"Alas for Monte Paraiso and its groves and gardens! The melted glass from the tall windows lay in lumps where the frames had dropped from their settings; there were a few melted door-knobs and nails by the thousand, but no vestige of the building they had come out of. Only the one big chimney, all-sufficient for the sunny clime we lived in, marked the place where the house had stood. The ramshackle building called the fruit house, the oldest on the ranch, had been left by the fire in mocking irony. As for the rest, barn, stable, Chinaman's house, wagons, ploughs, harness, hay—'all go.' "

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and this great forest fire and the consequent destruction of scores of acres of giant redwoods called attention to the fact that these monarchs of the forest were fast disappearing. Having had her heart wrenched at seeing her own glorious trees laid low, Mrs. McCrackin wrote a rousing article in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* of March 7, 1900, calling upon the people of the state to awake and save the redwoods. Her letter was copied everywhere. It was made the text of addresses and harangues here, there, and everywhere, nearly all of which highly favored her suggestion. Andrew P. Hill, a tree enthusiast, a fine photographer and an artist in oils, had found near the coast in Santa Cruz country a "Big Basin" filled with these giant redwoods, and he and Mrs. McCrackin began to work together to see if this "basin" of majestic trees could not be saved for the people forever. Hugo de Vries, the eminent Holland scientist, in his "To California," published in 1905, in Haarlem, Holland, thus speaks of Mrs. McCrackin's endeavors and their results:

"Up to March, 1900, the world was threatened with the loss of the Sempervirens forest. It was almost too late. The Big Basin, up to that time, was the only forest which had not yet been touched by lumbermen, but the cost of lumber then was so high that lumber companies already were considering the value of these wonderful giants.

"For several years past the forest had been owned by a lumber company, and when all the surrounding country had been stripped of its growth, this company did not hesitate to move their saw mill to the oldest, the most beautiful, the richest part of this basin. All was in readiness, and the only thing they waited for was the order to commence.

"It was at that time that the danger bell began to ring. The Californians commenced to realize that they were bordering the loss of one of Nature's greatest wonders, which has become the fame of the state of California, and which has added so greatly in the state's wonderful development.

"It was Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin who called our attention to this danger mark, by writing an article in the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, pointing to that calamity. Everyone at once realized what would be the outcome unless effective steps were immediately taken. Mrs. McCrackin received assistance and cooperation from all sides, and by circulating photographs, etc., the wide-awake citizens soon had a thorough understanding of the true state of affairs, and the trees were saved."

Largely under Mrs. McCrackin's influence the Sempervirens Club was formed, Sempervirens being the specific scientific name of the giant redwood—*sequoia sempervirens*—the everlasting redwood. The object of the club was to save the redwoods of the Big Basin, containing a greater number of giant redwoods on a given space than any other spot in California or in the known world. The object of the club appealed to the local pride of every organization in the state—the Native Sons, the Native Daughters, the Pioneers, etc.,—and in due time 3,800 out of 14,000 acres were purchased by the state, named the California Redwood Park, put under the administration of a non-political commission and a warden appointed to give it adequate care, attention and protection.

Every year since its acquisition the Club has officially visited the park. On its first visit it was honored with the presence of Dr. Hugo de Vries, who in European scientific circles has long occupied the same position that Luther Burbank here holds in the estimation of the scientists and the general public.

Let me quote a little from Mrs. McCrackin's description of their trip: "In swinging trot the horses passed through miles of this picturesque country; then the ascent grew steeper, to the right a solid wall moved up, and to the left the view grew and expanded. An abyss, it seemed to me, opened up below us; but the enthusiasts said it was wonderful, grand, for the chasm was a wide broken valley bounded by a chain of mountains, bold, green-clad and topped with redwood trees, single and in masses, though some of the mountain peaks seemed high enough to be snow-covered. Where these receded and left an opening toward the sea, the sunny haze made filmy veils to wave and weave in the uncertain distance.

"Then we reached the summit; and if the dizzy heights and green depths of the past mile or two had been greeted with cheers and exclamations, the level stretch before us now was no less fervidly admired; for the outposts of the forest body stood guard on either side the road, giant sentinels, preparing the eye for the better measurements of their brethren within the lines. And these sentinels in turn were sheltered and guarded by trees of lower order, madrones, laurels, oaks of a hundred years' growth, firs and chestnut oak, and growing in among these ferns, as tall in proportion, and the wortleberry, with its stiff yet graceful foliage and its dark-blue berries.

"And now we have come to the line of the park. I recognize Camp Sempervirens of the past, and the stream named in its honor. Here, at last, I feel an impulse to cheer—three cheers for the park commissioners and the new road they have built. It is three miles long, reaching now to Governor's Camp, but ultimately to be carried on further. The redwoods stand thicker here, the lower growth and underbrush is heavier, and where the road comes nearer to the winding stream we see enormous shrubs of white-blooming azaleas, clusters of fiery tiger lilies, and still closer in the densest shade of rock and bush, great clumps of the five-finger fern.

"At last we are in the heart of the Big Basin. The horses' feet fall noiseless on the turf; the tinkle of the swift-running stream washing the white pebbles, the subdued rush of the water where it falls over rocks and ledges; the song of the breeze in the tall trees above us, cadences forever swelling and forever falling, the endless lullaby that Nature sings to weary heart and fretted spirit—how like a breath from heaven all this falls upon us, the peace-be-still that is spoken to all who come to rest beneath the canopy of these everlasting trees.

"Unlike the giant waterfall, Niagara, which, it is said, does not impress the beholder with its immensity at once, the very first sight of the giant redwoods is awe-inspiring and overwhelming. Like the merest atoms we feel and look beside them; even Professor Hugo de Vries, with all his knowledge and his great attainments, appeared a dwarf as he stood where Hill could fix him with his camera. There was a tree near this, however, which the professor still more admired; not quite so large round as the one by which he stood, but 'superbly tall,' straight as an arrow, and the embodiment of power and majesty. It proved sixty-three feet in circumference upon measurement; and how much larger around a few of the others are, I am afraid to say without a notary's seal attached to the statement. Even when fallen, with their length more than two hundred feet upon the ground, the idea of majesty is still embodied in these trees."

As one result of her work for the redwoods, Herman Scheffauer wrote the following exquisite tribute which he dedicated to her:

SAVIOR OF THE SEQUOIAS

The Titans of the forest, to the east winds
sprung forth from the sea,
Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their
thanks and their greetings for thee!
When, under their ancient, o'erarching arms,
your feet shall bestir the grass,
Bright dews from their boughs shall be shaken
on your reverent head as you pass.
From their roots, clutching deep in the earth,
to each patriarch's head in the skies,
The race of these giants had vanished, as the
race of mortals dies;
Coeval with Earth and defying Time, they
had perished by the blade,
If never your pitying heart and hand the
hand of the vandal had stayed.
Therefore, in the forest silences, in the tongue
of the noblest trees,
A name is whispered with love to the winds
in their twilight symphonies.
They that are older than Egypt or Ind and
shall outlive the Ultimate Man—
The deathless sequoias immortal shall hold
that name like the spirit of Pan.
'Tis for this that the bearded Titans to the
east wind have sprung forth from the sea,
Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their
thanks and their greetings for thee!

Nor was her work for the redwoods the limit of her beneficial endeavor. Filled with that love that only great natures feel for the smaller brothers and sisters of the forest and the air, and appalled by the reckless slaughter of songbirds on all sides, she sent forth, in 1901, a number of clarion notes of warning and then organized the first bird-protection society of California, entitled "The Ladies' Forest and Song Birds Protective Association," of which she is the honored president. With pen and voice, everywhere in the state, when the way is opened for her, this whole-souled lover of the birds is found working in their interest, and thousands of people in California owe their first introduction to humanitarian principles, as far as birds and animals are concerned, to what Mrs. McCrackin has said or written.

In 1904 Mr. McCrackin died, and this woman of noble, generous impulses, of dignified family, of varied fortunes, was suddenly thrown upon her own resources. For there was a heavy mortgage on Monte Paraiso, and she was incapable of running the ranch and making it pay. But with that unquenchable spirit of freedom and independence that had always led her to triumph over the worst of obstacles, she moved to Santa Cruz and took up the burden of gaining her own livelihood. The editor of one of the daily papers offered her work, but felt he could afford only to pay her *per month* no more than a raw stenographer gets *per week* when she first enters an office. Having nothing else in view, this brave woman, nearly seventy years of age, was compelled to accept the offer. Her work has grown until now she is called upon for one, two, or more columns almost daily. She reports concerts, shows, dances, fetes, balls and all kind of evening entertainments, which keep her out at night so late that she seldom reaches home save by the midnight car. Yet, in fair weather or foul, she is always to be relied upon, for she has that spirit that made her ancestors "faithful unto death."

Photo by R. H. Appleby

"GEDENKHEIM," MRS. McCRACKIN'S HOME IN SANTA CRUZ

But it is a great source of grief to me that this high-spirited German noblewoman, one of the advanced guard of California's higher literature, the personal friend of Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, Noah Brooks, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, W. C. Morrow, Prentice Mulford, Mark Twain, and hosts of other of the world's famous literati, a true philanthropist, a woman whose foresight saved to the United States the great redwood forest, and whose loving heart has led to the salvation of millions of song birds, a woman whose silvery hair, benign face, gentle spirit, native dignity, unchangeable loyalty to California make her the object of reverence and affection wherever she goes—I say it is a source of great grief to me that that reverence and affection do not manifest themselves in practical benevolence and place her beyond the necessity of working at labor that is far too arduous for her, for the securing of her daily bread. Hence the plan that I now desire to unfold to the generous readers of this great NATIONAL MAGAZINE in the hope that they will feel as I do, and be willing to put their sympathetic feeling into active and practical exercise. It is this:

From the brief extracts I have given from Mrs. McCrackin's writings the realistic vividness and natural eloquence of her style will be manifest. She is an excellent story-teller, both by voice and pen. Yet such is Fate that she has found it impossible to find a publisher for her last volume of stories of army life, the "Frontier and Pioneer Days in California." Hence I have decided to ask the readers of this great NATIONAL MAGAZINE family, which must reach above the million mark, whether or not they will not help me, that I may myself publish this noble and worthy woman's book. If I can receive within the next thirty days five to seven hundred letters promising to send me a post-office order of one dollar and a half on receipt of the book, I will undertake in a very short time to print and publish it, sending to each subscriber a doubly autographed copy, with both Mrs. McCrackin's and my own good wishes, the whole of the proceeds to be placed in her hands. I make this offer with the hope that it will be responded to speedily and gladly, in order that she may be able to give up her newspaper work which brings her in so paltry and inadequate a remuneration. To thousands of us a dollar and a half means little; to her, if but one thousand would respond, such an impetus would be given to the publication of the book that it would assure its success, and a greater measure of rest and comfort in her declining days to my dear and honored friend. Letters should be addressed to me, 1098 N. Raymond Avenue, Pasadena, California.

TAKE COURAGE

By J. ANDREW BOYD

THERE is gain for each loss,
And a crown for each cross,
And rest for the weary and faint;
And though heavy the load,
And rough be the road,
Travel on, and make no complaint.

With trouble you'll meet
At each turn of the street,
But ever press on to the right;
At the end of the goal
There is rest for the soul,
And worth while it is that you fight.

Do your friends turn away
In adversity's day
And withhold a word of good cheer?
It but proves them untrue,
So take courage anew,
Be brave, you will win, never fear.

Should sorrows sore press,
And the strain and the stress
Weigh heavy on heart and on mind;
Look ahead! There is light,
And though dark be the night,
On the morrow relief you will find.

Though dark be the cloud
That hangs o'er like a shroud,
Behind it the sun is still shining;
Be patient awhile,
And soon it will smile
And show its rich silvery lining.

SPANISH EYES

by

ISABEL ANDERSON

CHAPTER I

John Holmes Emerson Browning

SARAH FRANCIS was dead. The funeral, country fashion, was held at home. The small parlor was filled with women sitting in rows of camp chairs—women whose gray hair was drawn tightly back from their tired faces and twisted in close knots beneath sedate little hats. Most of them wore eye-glasses, their waists were large, and from beneath their short, ill-fitting dresses projected huge feet with heelless, square-toed shoes. A bust of Socrates stood on a pedestal by the door, an etching of Westminster Abbey on the mantelpiece, and above the coffin, more prominent than either, its glittering handle making a brave show against the dingy brown wall paper, hung that cherished relic, great-grandfather's sword.

Jack Browning, a nephew of the deceased, stood by the door. He was a tall, big-boned fellow with a fine head and a good firm face. His expression was grave as befitted the occasion, but his eyelids puckered humorously as he surveyed the gathering.

A severely majestic spinster entered. "How d'ye do?" she nodded, then paused to introduce herself: "I am your aunt's old friend—you have surely heard of me, Miss Thackeray Andrews? You may have read my last pamphlet on the Single Tax." Jack was forced to confess that he had not. The good lady's mouth became pinched and set, while the wrinkles in her forehead deepened. She sat down with a thud in the nearest chair. "You *are* Sarah's nephew, aren't you?" she demanded in a loud whisper.

"Yes, I'm Jack Browning," the young man assured her.

"I was at your baptism, boy," Miss Andrews whispered with emphasis, "and you were christened John Holmes Emerson Browning."

Jack could not deny it, and tried to place her among his aunt's friends. At last he succeeded; it was she who managed the Anne Sprague chapter of the Colonial Daughters, to which Mrs. Francis had belonged, and they had worked together, too, for equal suffrage and for village improvement. When he saw her eyes turn to gaze upon the sword poised above the coffin he knew what was coming next.

"To whom was that left, Mr. John Holmes Emerson Browning? To you—or the girls? Or did Sarah leave it to the Chapter?" she demanded.

The young man could not satisfy her curiosity on this subject, and they turned to a discussion of the career of the brave little woman who had struggled so faithfully to rear and educate her six daughters since their father's death years before.

At this point the girls themselves entered the room. Since their ideas were too modern and advanced to approve of wearing mourning, they were all dressed in colors, except Kitty, the youngest.

She wore a plain little gray frock, relieved only by a soft white collar. Kitty was less "advanced" than the others; she had stayed at home with her mother, and had always gone with her to the little Unitarian chapel on the green. Her sisters were given over to atheism, New Thought and Christian Science.

When the silence which had greeted their arrival had been broken by a flutter of whispering, Miss Thackeray Andrews continued the conversation.

"I can't help wondering what's to become of Kitty," she said under her breath; "Martha is a kindergartner; Peace is a settlement worker; Prudence is studying medicine, and the other two are wrapped up in that school for idiot black babies they've just started. But Kitty isn't like them. She's too pretty, and she doesn't know anything of the world, always keeping house for her mother the way she has. Somebody ought to look after Kitty." Miss Andrews' voice quivered ever so little, and Jack felt a sudden liking for her. He too was wondering what was to become of Kitty, but before he could reply the old white-haired Unitarian minister got up and began to read passages from the Bible. Jack did not listen to the reading. He was looking at Kitty, who had always been his chum, and following anxiously every expression of her face.

In the silence which succeeded the reading, the tick-tock of the tall clock in the hall and the moaning of the feeble-minded old grandmother upstairs could be distinctly heard. Then came a crash and a clang from the direction of the coffin, followed by screams from the women. People sprang to their feet, overturning chairs and rushing for the doors.

"Sarah's alive!" someone cried hysterically.

In an instant Jack Browning's tall figure towered above everyone in the room; he lifted his hand commanding silence, and the noise subsided. In that moment of panic the young, undeveloped boy seemed to all a man to be obeyed.

"It's all right," he said simply; "the old sword fell on the coffin, but no one is hurt. Let us go on with the service." The ceremony, so rudely interrupted, was carried to its proper conclusion by a prayer. Then Prudence, the eldest of the sisters, drew Jack aside, and they held a brief consultation. At its close Jack again rose to speak. "Friends," he said, "Mrs. Francis left no will, so all her belongings will go to her children, except the sword. We feel that the sword has chosen for itself. A brave man fought with it in time of war, and a woman no less brave has kept it by her all these years. You all know the beautiful life of heroic sacrifice which Mrs. Francis led among us. It seems most fitting that the sword should be laid away with her."

As he spoke he saw but one face, that of Kitty—his Kitty of the Spanish Eyes, as he had always called her. The eyes were full of gratitude now as they met his, and marvellously soft and beautiful. In a flash Jack knew that Kitty was the one woman in all the world for him.

Chapter II

The Black Veil

"What is to become of Kitty of the Spanish eyes?" John Holmes Emerson Browning asked himself as he sat in the museum where he was employed the day after the funeral. He was making a catalogue of the priceless illuminated missals, but he could not keep his mind upon his work. His eyes wandered idly here and there, then fixed themselves upon an icon and studied the face of the Madonna and Child surrounded by a halo of gold and studded with jewels from the Urals. The eyes of the mother were like *hers!* The delicately carved Greek crosses and old Russian enamel of many colors and fine workmanship that he had lived among day after day with such pleasure, had lost their charm for him. Presently he found himself scribbling these lines in his notebook:

"Dear Spanish Eyes: I am sitting here in the midst of many treasures, but my thoughts are of you, my own treasure, my Kitty! I am homesick for the little brown house covered with vines where you and I have spent so many happy hours! Soon I shall be leaving college, and my work in the museum will be finished. Then I shall go out into the world to make our fortune. Don't forget me. Let me come back some day, and then tell me that you love me as

I love you. The separation will be hard, for even a few days' absence, Kitty dear, makes me realize how much I miss you. I have never wanted anything in all my life as I want you. Surely I must succeed, and it won't be long before I can give you a pretty home. Only say that you will wait till I come back for you. Jack."

As he passed out of the museum the young man did not linger as usual in the room of rare porcelains. He did not stop to look at the old man of Chinese crackle ware with his real black hair, nor did he even glance at the branch of priceless red coral and the grotesque figures of jade, nor the golden tree with the crystal flowers. Jack made for the nearest pillar box and posted his letter. No sooner had he done so than he felt that he could not wait for the answer. He must see Kitty once more in the little brown house before it was sold; it might be the last time he would meet her in the old cottage which had been like home for him all through his college days. Almost before he knew it, he found himself there.

A great hubbub seemed to be going on inside. Trunks were being carried out, Martha was giving orders to everybody, all the other sisters were packing up "last things." As Jack entered, Abigail sat up rigidly in a straight-backed chair—she never sat in any other sort of chair—and brushed back a wisp of grayish hair.

"John Holmes Emerson Browning," she accosted him, "something terrible has happened."

"What on earth—" began the startled young man.

"I don't know 'what on earth' it is," replied Abigail equably, "but I feel it in my bones that something has. Maybe it has something to do with Kitty. I have just discovered that she directed the expressman to take her trunks to the station, instead of to the apartment we have hired. They went in the first load, over an hour ago."

Jack glared at her. "And do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you haven't done anything about it? Where is she? When does the next train go? Why in thunder—"

Miss Abigail wrung her hands. "Oh, do you think anything has happened?" she moaned; "Kitty's gone—I don't know where, and the train leaves at 11.05. Oh, Jack, try to find her!"

Jack did not need any urging. Like his cousin Abigail he too "felt it in his bones" that something was wrong. Without waiting to hear more he dashed down the street. The train had drawn in to the station when he arrived. On the platform stood a tall, slight woman shrouded in a black veil which almost completely covered her. It must be Kitty—she was of the same height. The veil might be a tardy sign of mourning for her mother, or a disguise. Before he could reach her the woman had stepped on to the train, which was already slowly moving out of the station. At the same time Jerry Wainwright, one of his college friends, tore across the platform and leaped onto the lower step of the same car. Jack rushed to catch the train, crying, "Kitty, you can't go away like this!" As the train moved out of reach the woman in black raised her veil, showing the sharp features of Miss Thackeray Andrews. She waved her black gloved hand to Jack and called out to him, "Jerry and I are on Kitty's trail, and we will bring her home tomorrow."

Forced to be content with this meager comfort—since this was the last train out till evening—Jack retraced his steps. What was the meaning of it all? Probably Kitty couldn't stand that household any longer—small wonder! She was so unlike her sisters he certainly couldn't blame her. They had always nagged her, and frowned upon her pranks. If he had only sent his letter before—perhaps it would have made a difference, and prevented this mad flight. If only he might at once marry his Kitty of the Spanish eyes and the scent of heliotrope!

Chapter III

An Unexpected Meeting

The morrow brought only Miss Andrews and Jerry Wainwright, baffled, distressed, and no Kitty. The afternoon mail, however, contained a momentous letter.

"Dear sisters," it began; "It was of no use. I only bother and worry you, so I think I may as well take myself out of your well-ordered lives. I could not make a suffrage speech; idiot black babies do not interest me, nor 'Mayflower' ancestors; but Joseph French does, so we have gone away together. We were married this afternoon, and now we're on the train bound for the West—eventually. We shall doubtless stop over on the way once or twice.

"Tell Jack I send him a kiss and tell him I have a warm place for him in my heart. I ought to beg him to forget me, but I can't help it—I just don't want him to!

"Try to forgive me, sisters dear, for all the trouble I've been to you, and believe me very truly and humbly grateful. Your naughty little sister, Kitty."

"Thankless, graceless girl!" Abigail cried angrily.

"It's that wild Swan blood!" exclaimed Peace; "mother spoilt her, too!" The others said nothing. They did not know whether to be angry or relieved at the behavior of their youngest sister. In the end they continued their work quite in the same lines as before, only a bit more peacefully, perhaps.

Not long after this Jack Browning finished his college course and was graduated with honors. He immediately went to New York to look for work, staying meanwhile with his friend Jerry Wainwright, also just graduated, but without honors. Jerry was the spoiled son of a rich banker who gave him everything except what he needed—a little care.

Soon after Jack's arrival the two young men went to the opera to see the first performance of "Quo Vadis." Good-natured Mrs. Wainwright lent them her box. It was a novel experience for the hard-working, serious Jack, but he felt little interest. He was all at sea. His beloved aunt had died; he could get no work; worst of all, Kitty was married. When one is young and burning to do things, what with affairs of the heart and lack of opportunity, life seems very, very hard; when one is older neither love nor life seems quite as tragic or as beautiful.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Jerry as they were driving to the opera; "you're knocked higher than a kite by Kitty's marriage. No use crying over spilt milk. When you see her with that bone head Joe French, you'll get over it! There are just as good fish in the sea—I'll show you one at the opera tonight; awfully pretty girl—Mademoiselle Orchid. I do 'admire' to hear her sing. She sure is going some when she strikes that top note of hers!" Jerry evidently believed in counter-irritants, and he had also prepared what he thought would be a salutary surprise for his friend. They had scarcely taken their seats in the red-and-gold box when the door at the back opened and the Frenches were ushered in—Kitty of the Spanish eyes, and her husband. The meeting was rather strained, but fortunately nothing could be said, for Mademoiselle Orchid was already singing one of her exquisite songs and every ear was bent to catch the faintest sound.

Jack tried not to think of the woman so near him, even though he felt himself intoxicated with the faint aroma of heliotrope that always hung about her. He examined the opera house, which he had never been in before. It reminded him of a great seven-decked steamer he had once seen, with its tiers of balconies. His indifferent glance took in the well-dressed men and stylish women with their sparkling jewels.

"Some pretty fine wine-fed cocks about here," whispered Jerry after the song had ended; "and some milk-fed chicks, too, with not a few old peacocks in distress. Corking girl, the Orchid. I'll introduce you later, if you like. She's well named, all right. Even off the stage her skin is like the soft white petals of an orchid, and her mouth crimson as its lip. Isn't she lovely in that soft veil of purple wound about her?"

"I suppose she lives on air, and clings to her family tree, like her namesake," returned Jack absently. He was wishing he had not come. It hurt to have Kitty so near, and yet to know that she never was to be his. Jerry should have told him that she was to be there. He glanced at her covertly when the lights came on to see if she looked happy. She was laughing and putting a brave face on the matter, but he couldn't be sure. He was torn between a desire to find out whether all was well with his Spanish Eyes, and an equally strong one to run away as far as ever his legs would carry him.

The opera was a succession of superb stage pictures of Roman splendor. In the first act a celebration in honor of Venus was taking place in the gardens of

Nero's palace. Eunice, the beautiful slave girl, danced and then embraced the marble statue of her master, Petrone. When the curtain was raised for the second time Rome was seen in the moonlight, Rome beside the Tiber. In the third act, when the climax was supposed to come, it came indeed, but in quite a different manner than was planned by the management.

Christian martyrs were wailing in the arena of the Colosseum, while soldiers were dragging out by their feet men who had fallen in battling with wild beasts, as the mules draw out the dead bulls in a Spanish bull fight today. In the imperial loge sat Nero and Poppea surrounded by their courtiers, while at a respectful distance sat the populace. A well-known basso took the part of Nero, and Orchid as Poppea looked imperial in her magnificent robes.

In the front seat in the pit sat Doris Morgan, a young and pretty society "bud" and a great success that season. She had set her heart on winning Jerry Wainwright, and had grown tired of watching him night after night, sitting in his red-and-gold box with his eyes fixed on Mademoiselle Orchid. So, half in fun, and half in downright earnest, at the very climax of the play, when Orchid was singing her best and the silence of the house could be felt, Doris opened a tiny jeweled case and loosed a cloud of red pepper. It scattered over the house and on to the stage. The audience began to sneeze, cough and giggle. The musicians blew their noses, the leader sneezed so hard he lost his glasses. The confused noises grew louder and louder; Orchid's notes became harsh, she choked, and finally the tones refused to come. An irate manager rang down the curtain and the opera was over.

The two young men had observed and understood the little scene, and Jack was amazed to hear his friend's chuckle of amusement. "That ends Orchid's career in New York," Jerry predicted

It hurt to have Kitty so near, and yet to know that she never was to be his cheerfully; "wasn't it clever of the little Doris girl to think of it? I'll have to hurry up and introduce you before the mademoiselle departs for other climes."

"Whither away now?" asked Jack as they rose to go.

"To supper at Sherry's," answered Jerry promptly.

"Oh, what fun!" cried Kitty, with what seemed to her cousin a forced gaiety; "I haven't been there yet, and I've heard so much about it!" She turned to Jack. "You're coming, too?" she asked appealingly. For a moment she dropped the bright mask she had worn all evening, and looking deep into her liquid Spanish eyes Jack read the answer to his silent question. Kitty was not happy. Knowing well his own helplessness to serve her, his one desire was to get away as far as ever he might.

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but I can't go. I must be off."

"Off where?" demanded Kitty. Jack tried not to see the hurt look in her eyes.

"To the land of peppers with Mademoiselle Orchid," he answered lightly; "where the double-tailed gold-fish swim over jade reefs under amber clouds, and the odor of the sandalwood floats in the air—the Far East, in other words."

Kitty held out her hand to him bravely. "I wanted you to know that I got your letter," she said, "but—"

"I know—it was too late, of course. I hope you will be very happy." The phrase was a mockery, but what else could he say?

Two days later Jack left for California, and on the same train was the exiled Mademoiselle Orchid.

CHAPTER IV

Mademoiselle Orchid's Intrigue

Jack and Mademoiselle Orchid sat at the same table in the dining car, and indeed spent most of their time together during their journey to the Pacific coast. To Jack the young opera singer was a fascinating study. He could not make her out. When they spoke of Jerry she said that now she would get no more rare orchids from him.

"He called you a grind, but said you were a good sort for all that," she laughed, privately much entertained by her new companion. To amuse herself, and perhaps to stagger Jack a bit also, Mademoiselle Orchid told him a little of her life. "My parents were farmers in New York State," she said; "when I was very young I married the village minister to better myself. He was the 'catch' of the place and although he was poor as a church mouse he was more or less educated. I had a good voice and sang in the choir, so when my husband was promoted to a larger parish I educated myself and continued to sing in the choir. One day a man in the congregation offered to send me to the city and pay all my expenses to have my voice trained by the best teachers. Against my husband's judgment and advice, I accepted, left home, and went to New York to study—deviltry as well as music, too, I suppose. Finally I went on the comic opera stage." Orchid shrugged her pretty shoulders. "A minister could not have a wife on the stage. There was a great commotion in the parish, and the congregation took sides. It almost ruined my husband's career; I was sorry for that, but I never went back. Before long I 'arrived' on the grand opera stage, by hard work and good looks. Now—I'm off to California to find a gold nugget!" she ended gaily. Jack noticed that she did not refer to the red pepper episode.

"She is still very young, and she cannot be as bad as she makes herself out to be," thought Jack. Her soft voice and charming manners reminded him a little of Kitty. He wished he could reform her.

"Gold nugget?" he repeated aloud; "I suppose that is your expression for a gold bug. I wish you could catch a gold nugget I know who lives in San Francisco. His name is Joseph French. We were at college together, though I didn't know him, and he ran away right under my very nose with the girl I—well, I cared a lot for her, you know—I do still for that matter. I am sure she isn't happy with him, I believe that she regrets her marriage already. How I long to get her out of his clutches! But of course I'm powerless to help her." He stared moodily out of the window at the flying landscape. Orchid watched him with an odd little gleam in her eyes.

"You're a queer boy," she said at last; "men don't often ask me to help them—with other women. You've never made love to me in all these days; I like you for that—in a way. I met the man you speak of, in New York. He's rich, and my bank account is getting low," she added thoughtfully. Jack did not hear her; his thoughts were far away, with Kitty of the Spanish eyes. When they reached 'Frisco and said good-bye to each other in the station Orchid's last words were, "I shall help you!" Jack wondered what she meant. He had already forgotten their conversation on the train. The world which lay before him was a man's world; he did not need a woman's help. If only he might have done something to help poor Kitty before he left!

CHAPTER V

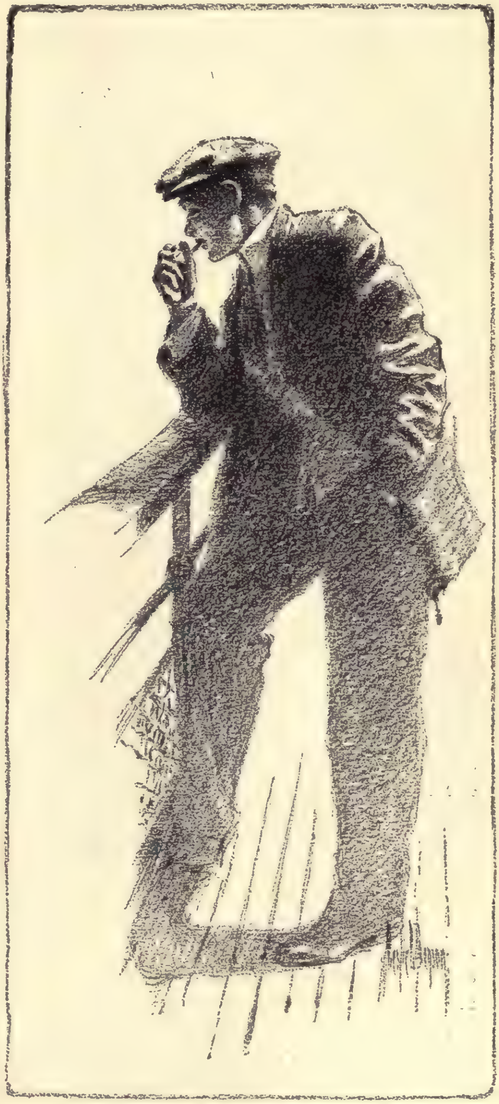
At the Poodle Dog

John Holmes Emerson Browning was off to Dai Nippon, the Great Japan. Past Hawaii with its big green slopes and ravines he sailed, past the peaks in the sunset that seemed to support a burning cloud city in the sky. Below, the ocean seethed with animal life, and rainbow-colored fish swam in a diamond sea. A verse of Wordsworth's came into his mind:

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky;
> So was it when my life began,
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old
> Or let me die!"

On and on he sailed over the calm seas until he reached the harbor of Yokohama. Here the water was alive with sampans, and over the side of the big steamer came diminutive officials in uniform, who stood in rows and bowed to the ground with their little caps in their tiny hands. After the landing Jack took a jinrikisha to the station, where, in the midst of a deafening clatter of travelers' clogs on the platform, he finally got into a tiny car. Past wet green paddy fields he traveled through a mountain-rimmed valley, above which pretty tea houses peeped from among the quaint and oddly-shaped trees that clothed the slopes.

Here in this land of enchantment Jack lived for two long years. He became very fond of the Japanese people and taught their children, learning also many things from them. Little home news reached him. A letter from Jerry Wainwright announced



*"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man"*

his engagement to Doris Morgan, whom he fondly described as "a corker." Jack remembered that he had applied the same term to Orchid that night at "Quo Vadis," and wondered if his friend had forgotten the singer. Some time later the mail brought Jack the news of the death of an uncle who had left him some money, but as he was not obliged to return home the young man decided to remain in Japan and continue his work there. He heard from Orchid only once; she wrote that she had seen Joseph French, and liked him, but that she had never met his wife. Jack winced at even this allusion to his Kitty of the Spanish eyes, and burned the letter without rereading it. He completely missed the significance of the sentence—never even asked himself why Orchid had thought it necessary to write him, or what her statement of knowing the husband and not the wife implied. Simple, straightforward soul! Life had never taught him the sinister knowledge *how to read between the lines*!

At the end of two years full of interest and of honest work Jack took his first vacation, which he had decided to spend in traveling through his adopted country. He set out by train for the so-called Sankei, the three finest views in Japan, spending the night at a hospitable inn belonging to Osame Komori near "The Brook of the Pine Needles" and not distant from a gorgeous golden temple standing proudly among the cryptomeria.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, for curio dealers arrived with quaint treasures from their godowns to sell. As the little brown men knelt upon the soft mats, unwound their silken handkerchiefs, taking out pieces of golden lacquer, or lacework ivory for his inspection, Jack was on his guard, for he was a true connoisseur and knew the difference between the cheap Muki made for the delectation of travelers and rare specimens such as he used to study in the museum at home.

After the dealers had gone the Mico and Geishas came, with their pretty little manners and whitened faces. Jack had learned to appreciate the charm, to feel the fascination of their dances, that to European eyes must always seem strange and unnatural. He watched the dainty figures as they struck the curious poses; their bodies were twisted and contorted as in a series of vivid postures they gave in pantomime the dance of the peach blossom and the spider-web.

Before going to sleep that night Jack opened a newspaper which had come that morning before he left. It was a marked copy, the following item being heavily blue-penciled:

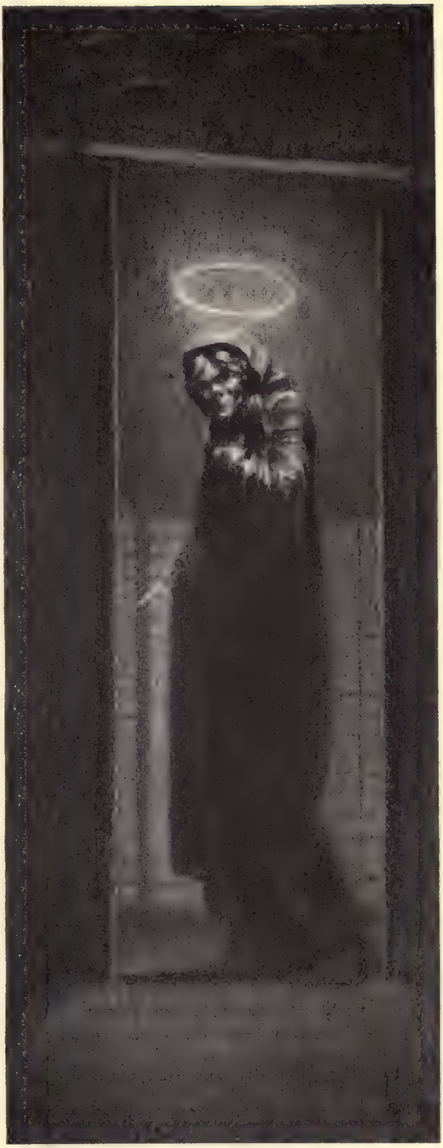
"Suicide at the Poodle Dog," so read the headline: the article which followed was dated San Francisco: "The most sensational and dramatic suicide for years occurred at the famous 'Poodle Dog' restaurant last evening. The place was thronged with the usual gay theater-supper crowd when the tragedy took place. Joseph French, a wealthy young clubman of this city, was seated at one of the tables dining with a strikingly handsome woman who carried a bunch of rare orchids. So far as could be learned afterward both seemed to be in good spirits. A young woman entered and took the next table. She would have passed unnoticed save for her large, Spanish-looking eyes, and for the fact that she had no companion or escort. When she had ordered supper she began to play a game of solitaire. A sudden laugh from French caused this woman to look up; she evidently recognized him, for she started to rise, then sank back into her chair. French, too (as a bystander noticed at the time) appeared disturbed by the encounter, for he said something in a hurried whisper to his companion, then took a long drink, holding his glass with an unsteady hand. The couple stared as though fascinated by the dark-eyed woman opposite, who was slowly shuffling her cards. By this time others sitting near had come under the spell also, and a hush fell upon that corner of the room. Then the woman with the cards spoke in an ordinary, conversational tone:

" 'A red card means yes, a black card, no,' she said evenly. Everyone sat breathless, waiting. 'Am I going to divorce you?' she asked, looking intently at French as she cut the cards for an answer. A black queen was turned. The man opposite never moved a muscle, but stared, bewitched. 'Shall I go to that table where you are sitting so quietly, and tell you what I think of you, before the whole restaurant, before the whole world?' Again the cards gave her the same answer. She turned a black ace. The man started, and took another long drink, as though to steady himself for what was coming. The young woman's eyes shone with excitement as she hissed: 'Shall I kill you?' The four of spades was turned—'The death card!' she cried, and as she said the words she fell back fainting in her chair. French started to his feet, crying: 'No, no, not by your hand!' and before anyone could prevent him he had drawn his revolver and ended his life."

There was half a column more, but Jack had read enough. He could imagine what Kitty must have suffered both before and after this dreadful tragedy, and it hurt him beyond endurance to think of it. When he finally fell asleep long after midnight it was to dream of the little brown vine-covered house; of Kitty pouring tea for him into a Japanese porcelain cup; then he seemed to be sleeping in a cup himself, instead of in his comforter spread on soft mats. He started up once, but the song of the pine-needle brook lulled him to sleep again, aided by the murmur of the sharp-pointed maple leaves as they danced like fairies in the moonlight. When he dreamed again it was a strange dream. The angel of death stood before him looking at him with the beautiful Spanish eyes he loved so well. She was dressed all in black and carried in her hand a dagger; as she pushed aside the screen and entered softly, very softly, and bent above him, she raised her dagger. There was a halo of moonlight about her head, and her long hair swept across his face. Her dagger flashed, descending, and the young man woke with a loud cry: "Kitty, come to me!"

Who wouldn't awake if a comb with a silver back had suddenly shot through the paper screen of the shoji at him, and given him a hard rap? Jack sat up and rubbed his eyes. At first he saw only the sun slowly rising through the pine trees, then he discovered the dainty little comb which had caused the mischief, and the tell-tale hole in the shoji. Was it through that hole that the sudden perfume of heliotrope came, or was it from the garden outside?

Well, at any rate, the owner of the comb, whoever she was, was *not* Japanese. That much was certain. For a joke he wrote on a scrap of paper the following words, and dropped it through the hole: "The emperor of Japan desires an interview with the owner of the honorable comb,



"She was dressed all in black, and carried in her hand a dagger"

who, he sees, has fine black hair and uses the scent of heliotrope."

Very soon a little answering note fell on his side of the screen. Jack opened it and read:

"You have made a mistake. I am not the sort of person you suppose. Please return my comb at once. I am an old maid with a black wig."

"Don't tell fibs," he retorted in pencil, "you are young and pretty, and I'll wager you have Spanish eyes. At any rate, not until I see the owner will I return the comb."

"You robber, I'll make you walk Spanish," came the threatening answer.

Jack chuckled as he replied through the shoji,

"I'll give you just five minutes to put the wig on and meet me on the balcony. If you don't I shall complain to the proprietor."

He waited double the time, pacing back and forth with beating heart and high hopes. When a slender black-robed figure appeared at the farther end of the balcony he started forward, only to find himself face to face with Miss Thackeray Andrews. After the first disappointment, it was not an unhappy meeting; sitting there in the little balcony they exchanged stories and drank green tea from small porcelain cups. Jack confided to her his love for Kitty and his desire to be of use to her now.

"I thought as much," the good spinster nodded; "and that's why I brought her out with me."

"Then she *is* here!" cried Jack, springing to his feet; "I *felt* her!" Miss Andrews laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Yes, Kitty is here, but she's still asleep," she cautioned. "I found her on the verge of collapse after the tragedy, and prevailed on her to come out here with me—to do some literary work, I told her. She needs taking care of, and I expect you're the one to do it. Sarah always wanted you two to marry."

At that moment Kitty came out from her room, her eyes filled with tears of joy at the sight of Jack.

"Kitty!" he cried in a loud voice, then opening his big arms, he commanded: "Come to me!"

Putting both her little hands on his shoulders, Kitty looked deep into his hungry eyes. "My dear far-away cousin!" she murmured, and hid her face on his shoulder.

Miss Andrews turned to leave them, but the old sprightly Kitty of the Spanish eyes called her back imperiously. "I want to know what you did with my silver comb!" she cried laughing; "I lent it to you last evening, and from the conversation this morning—"

Jack produced the comb and presented it to her with a flourish, telling her of the dream it had so rudely interrupted. "It must have been the angel of life," he decided, "for I find myself in heaven today! And we'll stay on here, till I've shown you this wonderful land of crystals and jades, and her mountains of jewels, but in the end we'll go home to the little brown house in New England. Isn't it so, Young One?"

Young One, Alias Spanish Eyes, made a very satisfactory answer, and Miss Andrews beamed a benediction upon them.

BEING CONTENT

AS God leads, I am content,
He will take care,
All things by His will are sent,
That I must bear,
To Him I take my fear,
My wishes, while I'm here,
The way will all seem clear,
When I am "There."

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

A Modern Wooing

by

Harold Strong Latham

"WHY, man, that isn't as much as my daughter spends now on candy! Marry a man with an eighteen-dollar-a-week position! I couldn't think of allowing her to do it." Mr. Steadman angrily glared at Burton Holmes.

"But consider the prospects. They really are very good. I'm in a direct line for the managership of this office, and Johnson, Johnson and Company is one of the foremost music houses in the country."

"Prospects! It's not prospects I care for, but realities." Mr. Steadman's face was livid. "Get more money and then come back and I'll talk to you."

"But that may be years, and Alice and I don't want to wait. We can live on what I earn."

"Enough said! You couldn't convince me if you talked from now until doomsday." Mr. Steadman, with a final fiery glance from his piercing eyes, dismissed the subject, picking up some papers on the desk before him with an appearance of absorption. Burton sat at his side undecided what to do, until he was told, very pointedly, that perhaps if he got back to that wonderful music company, his managership would come sooner than he had anticipated.

Mr. Steadman's attitude was none other than what Burton had expected, and Alice, too, for that matter. Both fully appreciated how dear to the heart of the elder man was the success which he had hardly won. But if Burton was not surprised at Mr. Steadman's attitude, he was nonplussed at the later developments, for when he called the next evening and asked to see Alice, it was not she who came into the library, but her father. In a few curt words Mr. Steadman made it quite clear that from then on his daughter would not be at home whenever Burton called. And more than that, he absolutely forbade any communication between the two.

"No letters," he roared, "positively none, and no flowers. Get to be manager and then—"

It was all very fine, and Burton knew it as well as Mr. Steadman, to talk of waiting until success was an assured thing, but to wait was very different.

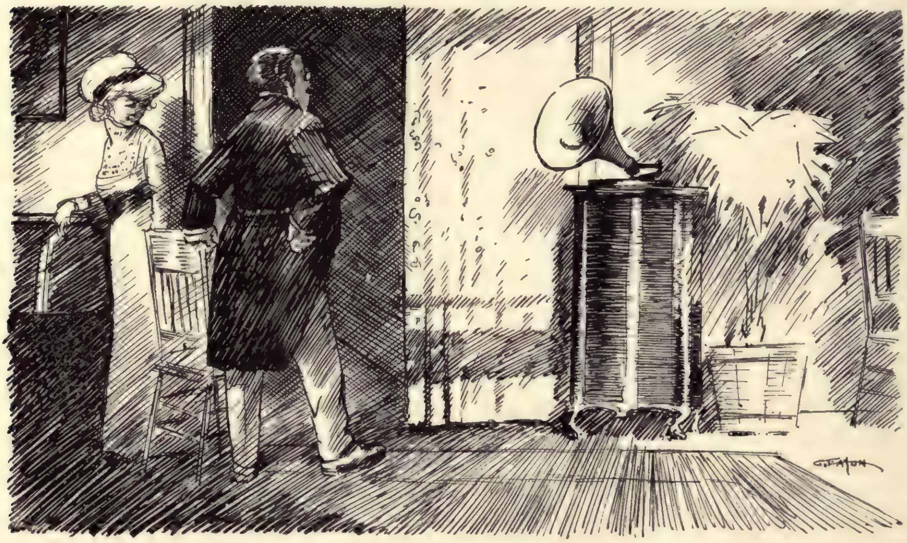
Many beautiful stories have been written of men, who, inspired by love, have wrought miracles to fulfill an over-zealous parent's conditions. Burton thought of some of the tales which he himself had read, and he understood as never before the difference between fact and fiction. It was a simple matter for an author to make his hero accomplish wonders on paper, but Burton wondered how many of the authors themselves, placed in their heroes' positions, would work everything out with such captivating ease. To him it seemed that a simpler procedure would be to win over the maker of the conditions. He never remembered having read a story like that. He wondered why.

It is to be doubted if Alice took her father's treatment of her chosen one as philosophically as the chosen one himself did. She knew that her heart was broken —but she did not look for the glue pot, or for any remedy. She just cried in secret until her eyes were sore and her face burned and her head ached. For three weeks she barely ate, and day by day she grew thinner and whiter.

Mr. Steadman withstood his daughter's very evident agony with a manner that was nothing short of stoic, until one day Alice was taken sick—so sick that she was confined to her room. Then he did show a large amount of tender concern.

"My dear child," he said to her on the day when she once again took her place in the household, "what you need is something to interest you, to brighten you up. Why not go to the matinee oftener, or better still, motor?"

"I'd rather not, thank you, papa, dear," was Alice's reply.



"An excellent machine," ejaculated Mr. Steadman

Mr. Steadman frowned. He did not like to be balked. Moreover he did not intend to be by his own daughter. The moments that he could snatch that day from his absorbing business as head of a soap manufactory he devoted to a study of the means by which Alice could be aroused from her lethargy.

It was a newspaper advertisement that ultimately gave him a clue.

"The very thing!" he ejaculated as his eyes fell upon a page setting forth the variety of entertainment to be had from a phonograph.

Without a moment's delay he hurried over to Johnson, Johnson and Company, where he purchased the very nicest and most approved style of talking machine carried by that well-equipped house.

The first thing that greeted his eyes as he came into the library on the second evening following, for Johnson and Johnson had been unable to make delivery on the day of purchase, was a shiny mahogany cabinet.

"Ah, I see it has come. Have you played it, Alice?"

"No, papa."

"Humph!" disgustedly. "After dinner we'll try it."

And so, an hour or so later, Alice meekly followed her father into the library. After a few unsuccessful attempts he finally adjusted the instrument properly, and an air from a popular comic opera sounded forth with marvelous clearness.

"An excellent machine," ejaculated Mr. Steadman.

"Yes, papa," agreed his daughter disinterestedly.

One by one the records were all tried and approved—heartily by the one and mildly by the other.

"Here's the only remaining one. 'A Plea,' it's marked. I don't remember ordering it." Mr. Steadman wound the phonograph up and released the spring.

"In days of old," the machine grated

forth, "Miles Standish sent John Alden to woo Priscilla—with disastrous results. I in this twentieth century send a phonograph record to woo my Priscilla's father, with what results we shall see."

There was a grinding sound for a second as the voice paused, and Alice gasped, "Papa, it's Burton!"

Mr. Steadman's face was a study. Several emotions were depicted there, but the most predominant one was surprise.

"Well, I never!" he ejaculated, but already the voice was continuing.

"O Mr. Steadman—are you there—are you there? If you are not, rest assured my words will sooner or later find you out. They are in storage, not cold storage either, just waiting for your summons, your hand to release them. I shall not grow tired, but I shall wait—wait—wait—and sometime you will chance to hear me."

Again the phonograph rasped and the voice stopped. Mr. Steadman looked at his daughter. She sat rigid and white, her hands clasped in her lap.

"I love her—my modern Priscilla. I love her, why must we wait—why—why—I want her now—now! Life is short at best—my Priscilla. I—" the record came to an abrupt end.

Mr. Steadman looked at his daughter cautiously, but when he found that she was looking at him, he sharply turned away.

"And to think that I was responsible for his getting that word in," he muttered to himself. He hesitated a minute and then went out into the hall and the telephone.

"Hello, Burton Holmes, please," he said when Central had given him his number. "Hello, Holmes, you young scamp—come right up here this minute. Alice doesn't know what to make of the way you've deserted her the last few weeks. Hurry up at once, I say. And by the way, when do you get time to read Longfellow, you blooming manager?" Without waiting for a reply, he banged the receiver up and turned to meet the raptured gaze of Alice.

"Well, daughter," he said somewhat gruffly, "any man with that initiative is bound to get along."

PERSIA TO EUROPE

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

YOU scorn us? You dream we are ready to yield
Our realm at the threat of your armies a-field?
You, race of wild rovers or forests your home
When *we* towered resplendent ere Athens or Rome?—
Our grandeurs of old we can never forget,
And the Mede and the Persian abide with us yet.

From the gulfs of the South to Tehran and Tabriz
We are rousing from sleep and submission and ease:
Is it just to assail us, yet hardly awake,
When we need all our valor and vigor to break
The bonds that have held us in weakness and wrong?—
Away with your dirges and cheer us with song!

For by our Avesta, that gospel of God
Leading upward the soul to His crystal abode;
By thy columns, Persepolis, crowning the plain
Where age after age saw thy glorious reign;
By the snows of Elburz; by the Sun in the sky;
By Ormuzd and Allah—our rule shall not die!

From the (*N.Y.*) *Independent*

Sam Slick's Horse Trade

By

Judge Haliburton

SAIS I, "When I had my tea store in Boston, I owned the fastest trotting horse in the United States; he was a sneezer, I tell you. I called him 'Mandarin'—a very appropriate name, you see, for my business. It was very important for me to attract attention. Indeed, you must do it, you know, in our great cities, or you are run right over, and crushed by engines of more power. Whose horse is that? Mr. Slick's, the great tea merchant. That's the great 'Mandarin,' the fastest beast in all creation—refused five thousand dollars for him, and so on. Every wrapper I had for my tea had a print of him on it. It was action and reaction, you see. Well, this horse had a very serious fault that diminished his value in my eyes down to a hundred dollars, as far as use and comfort went. Nothing in the world could ever induce him to cross a bridge. He had fallen through one when he was a colt, and got so all-fired frightened he never forgot it afterwards. He would stop, rear, run back, plunge and finally kick, if you pushed him too hard, and smash your wagon to pieces, but cross, he never would. Nobody knew this but me, and of course I warn't such a fool as to blow upon my own beast. At last I grew tired of him and determined to sell him; but as I am a man that always adheres to the truth in my horse-trades, the difficulty was, how to sell him and not lose by him. Well, I had to go to Charleston, South Carolina, on business, and I took the chance to get rid of Mr. Mandarin and advertised him for sale. I worded the notice this way:

" 'A gentleman being desirous of quitting Boston on urgent business for a time, will dispose of a first-rate horse, that he is obliged to leave behind him. None need apply but those willing to give a long price. The animal may be seen at Deacon Seth's livery stable.'

"Well, it was soon known that Mandarin was for sale, and several persons came to know the lowest figure. 'Four thousand dollars,' said I, 'and if I didn't want to leave Boston in a hurry, six would be the price.'

"At last young Mr. Parker, the banker's son from Bethany, called and said he wouldn't stand for the price, seeing that a hundred dollars was no more than a cord of wood in his pocket—(Good gracious, how the Deacon laughed at that phrase!) but would like to inquire a little about the critter, confidential like.

" 'I will answer any questions you ask,' I said candidly.

" 'Is he sound?'

" 'Sound as a new hackmetack trenail. Drive it all day and you can't broom it one mite or morsel.'

" 'Good in harness?'

" 'Excellent. Can do his mile in two fifteen. He has done it.'

" 'Now between man and man,' sais he, 'what is your reason for selling the horse, Slick? For you are not so soft as to be tempted by price out of a first chop article like that.'

" 'Well, candidly,' sais I, for I am like a cow's tail, straight up and down in my dealin's, and ambition the clean thing.

" 'Well, as I was a-sayin',' sais I to Mr. Parker, 'candidly now my only reason for partin' with that 'ere horse is that I want to go away in a hurry out of Boston, clear down to Charleston, South Carolina, and as I can't take him with me, I prefer to sell him.'

" 'Well,' sais he, 'the beast is mine, and here is your check for your money.'

" 'Well,' sais I, 'Parker, take care of him, for you have got a first-rate critter. He is all sorts of a horse, and one that is all I have told you, and more, too, and no mistake.'

"Every man that buys a new horse in a general way is in a great hurry to try him. There is sumthin' very takin' in a new thing. A new watch, a new coat; no, I reckon it's best to except a new spick and span coat (for it's too glossy and it don't set easy till it's worn awhile, and perhaps I might say a new saddle, for it looks like it as if you warn't used to ridin' except when you went to meetin' of a Sabbaday, and kept it covered all the week, as a gal does her bonnet, to save it from the flies); but a new wagon, a new sleigh, a new house, and above all, a new wife, has great attractions. Still, you get tired of them all in a short while; you soon guess the hour, instead of pullin' out the watch for everlastin'. The wagon loses its novelty and so does the sleigh, and the house is surpassed next month by a larger and finer one, and as you can't carry it about to show folks, you soon find it is too expensive to invite them to come and admire it. But the wife, Oh Lord! In a general way, there ain't more difference between a grub and a butterfly than between a sweetheart and a wife. Yet the grub and the butterfly is the same thing only differently rigged out, and so is the sweetheart and the wife. Both critters crawl about the house, and ain't very attractive to look at, and both turn out so fine and so painted when they go abroad, you don't scarcely know them ag'in. Both, too, when they get out of doors, seem to have no other airthly object but to show themselves. They don't go straight there and back ag'in, as if there was an end in view, but they first flaunt to the right and then to the left, and then everywhere in general and yet nowhere in particular. To be seen and admired is the object of both. They are all finery and that is so in their way they can neither sit, walk, nor stand conveniently in it. They are never happy but when on the wing.

"Now a horse is different; you never get tired of a good one. He don't fizzle out like the rest. You like him better and better every day. He seems a part of yourself; he is your better half, your 'halter hego,' as I heard a cockney once call his fancy gal.

"This bein' the case, as I was a sayin,' as soon as a man gits a new one, he wants to try him. So Parker puts Mandarin into harness and drives away like a wink for Salem, but when he came to the bridge, the old coon stopt, put forward his ears, snorted, champed his bit and stamped his fore feet. First Parker coaxed him, but that did no good, and then he gave him the whip and he reared straight up on end, and nearly fell over into the wagon. A man that was crossing over at the time took him by the head to lead him, when he suddenly wheeled half round, threw him in the mud and dragged him in the gutter as he backed up ag'in the sidewalk all standin'. Parker then laid on the whip, hot and heavy; he gave him a most righteous lickin'. Mandarin returned blow for blow, until he kicked the wagon all to flinders.

"Well, I must say that for his new owner, he was a plucky fellow, as well as Mandarin, and warn't a-goin' to cave in that way. So he takes him back to the livery stables, and puts him into another carriage, and off he starts ag'in, thinkin' that the horse had seen or smelt sumthin' at that bridge to scare him, he tries another, when the same scene is acted all over ag'in, only he was throwed out and had his clothes nearly all torn off. Well, that afternoon, up comes Parker to me, choking with rage.

" 'Slick,' said he, 'that is the greatest devil of a horse I ever see. He has dashed two carriages all to shivereens, and nearly tuckard the innards out of me and another man. I don't think you have acted honestly by me.'

" 'Parker,' sais I, 'don't you use words that you don't know the meanin' of, and for goodness, gracious sake don't come to me to teach you manners, I beseech you, for I am a rough schoolmaster. I tell you.

I answered every question you asked me, candidly, fair and square, and above board.'

" 'Didn't you know,' said he, 'that no livin' man could git that horse across a bridge, let him do his darndest?'

" 'I did,' said I, 'know it to my cost, for he nearly killed me in a fight we had at the Salem Pike.'

" 'How could you, then, tell me, sir, your sole reason for parting with him was that you wanted to leave Boston and go to Charleston?'

" 'Because, sir,' I replied, 'it was the literal truth. Boston, you know as well as I do, is almost an island, and go which way you will, you must cross a bridge to get out of it. I said I wanted to quit the city and was compelled to leave my horse behind me. How could I ever quit the place with that tormented beast? And warn't I compelled to leave him behind when old Scratch himself couldn't make him obey orders? If I had waited to leave town till he would cross a bridge, I should have waited till doomsday.'

"He scratched his head and looked foolish. 'What a devil of a sell,' said he. 'That will be a standing joke ag'in me as long as I live.'

" 'I don't see that,' said I; 'if you had been deceived you might have called it a sell, but you bought him with your eyes and ears open, and a full knowledge of the truth. And where will you go to better yourself? For the most that can be said is, you have got a *critter with a thousand virtues and but one vice.*'

" 'Oh, get out and let me alone.' And he walked off, and looked as sheepish as you please."

VIA CRUCIS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THERE is joy for every sorrow
On the cross.
There is bright and sure tomorrow
On the cross.
There is balm for every ill,
There is hope no frost can chill,
And a whisper: Peace, be still,
On the cross.

There is ecstasy and vision
On the cross.
There is glimpse of things elysian
On the cross.
There are wings that lift the soul,
There is healing that makes whole,
And a victory and a goal
On the cross.

There is brightness out of shadow
On the cross.
There is song from Eldorado
On the cross.
There is rapture won of pain,
There are lilies without stain,
And a life from death again
On the cross!

"GERTIE"

A Yachting Story

by

Harry A. Earnshaw

MY house on the hillside has one feature that may not be classified according to any of the known standards of architecture. It consists of a large room which I caused to be built on top of the long front porch. Entrance is had from my bedroom on the second floor. Three sides of this room are of glass. In the winter-time storm-sash is put on, and the radiators easily keep it comfortably heated. In the summer, some of the glass is removed and screens are substituted.

I do not know by what name I should call this room. It is a library, den, study, growlery and look-out box, combined; and a lot more besides. Here I keep my best-loved books, my favorite pipes, and my little buffet, from which on occasion John will serve you a good Perfecto, and, if you like, what I consider a very special brand of Scotch.

I do not say that this retreat of mine is an orderly place. Quite the contrary. Nor would I have it put in order for the world. If there are ashes upon the rugs, let them lie; if my little writing table is littered with manuscript, do not disturb it. For this is the place where I may turn vagabond, and smoke and loaf and dream and write to my heart's content.

And I know of no place where tobacco tastes so good or smells so fragrant; no place where loafing is easier; no place where sweeter day-dreams may come; nor where the tranquil thought of my better self flows so readily with the ink from my pen.

For me, the chief charm of this room is in the enchanting view that may be had. You may look out from here upon old Lake Superior, stretching away to the left as far as you can see. From a boat those rolling waters are opalescent green, but from this height they are a wondrous blue. Fifteen miles across, on the Wisconsin shore, the low hills of the South Range rise in purple haze. On the right, up to their base, curves the narrow, pine-covered, sand-beached crescent of Minnesota Point. Sometimes in the dancing morning sunlight I try to imagine that that sloping sand is coral, and those odorous pine-trees, waving palms, sighing to the kiss of a soft ocean breeze.

Sheltered by the Point, the shallower waters of the Bay curl and glisten. At the Minnesota end, just beyond the Aerial bridge, is the Yacht Club. A few rods out from the clubhouse, with its cluster of launch-houses, floats and piers, is the anchorage, where the fleet rides serenely, bobbing in platoons to the gentle swells from distant tugs and ferryboats.

Two miles further down the Point, the flags of the O-at-ka Branch of the Club flutter among the trees on the Bay shore. Between the main house and the branch is the Life-Saving Station.

You will observe that from the first my story seems to lead itself straight to the Yacht Club. Somehow or other, that is typical of everything, almost, in my life. The Club has been in my thought, waking or sleeping, for many years; and everything in my life seems to have centered more or less about that one institution.

Perhaps one reason for this fact is that for many years I was an official of the Club. I don't know why they elected me secretary. Possibly they thought I wrote a good hand. At any rate, I accepted the job, because it looked like a cinch to me. I was holding down the secretaryship for possibly half a dozen corporations up town, at the time, and this new position seemed to me like a vacation. I pictured myself wearing a beautiful yachting cap, with a quill embroidered in gold on its front, sitting around on the Club-house piazza, smoking and giving orders to the lay members of the Club. I even got one of those small ready-made clothing catalogs, and practiced a few attitudes from the pictures. My favorite one was where the tall, beefy young men, with small heads and mammoth shoulders, are sprawled about in positions of easy nonchalance, against a background of porches, houseboats, etc. I think this one was called, "Boating Scene at Henley," or something of that sort. I was sure that I could produce a very striking effect.

Vain and transitory illusion! I had to work. I found that I had to do all the work that no one else would do. To make the story short, my real, serious business in life became the Club, and my other jobs were side issues.

The reason I dwell so much upon the Club in this introductory part of my story is that it was here that I first met "Gertie." That was many years ago. All the things that happened took place so long ago that there is no harm now in telling you about them. Many changes have taken place since then. The Yacht Club has been merged into the Boat Club. "Gertie" has made good so emphatically, and is so different in many ways from what he was in the old days, that you could never possibly recognize him from this story. Furthermore, the other chap went away, quite properly, and was never heard of again.

It is difficult to describe the feeling amongst us when the aura of "Gertie" obtruded itself into the general scheme of things. I think it was chiefly one of pained incredulity. "Surely," we said, "such things cannot be; we are suffering from some horrid disorder of the visual sense." But "Gertie" refused to disappear into the thin air.

Of course you will understand that "Gertie" wasn't his real name. We just tacked that onto him as a conveniently descriptive cognomen. The name on the entrance door to his luxurious suite of law offices in the Majestic building read, "Mr. Charles Reginald de Coursey."

The business world did not seem to be greatly shaken by "Gertie's" advent, but socially he made rapid progress. His letters of introduction were unquestionable. Mrs. Porterfield Chesterton Brocklehurst took him up, and pronounced him possible. She was arbiter of our social destinies, and her word was law. Choleric old Major Spangler of the United States Army Engineers, said that the chap might be a bit foppish, but that would wear off; "and as for family, suh!—he had known the chap's father since the Hahvahd days, and—damme, suh—he has three hundred years of good breeding back of him, suh!"

But that didn't keep everyone from talking, especially when he tripped mincingly out upon the lawn one afternoon to play tennis, with a cunning little watch attached to his wrist by a gold chain. "Oh, there's Gladys!" was a favorite with many; but the majority stuck to "Gertie," and this name finally won out with the bunch.

"Gertie" did not do any sailing. In fact, so far as we could observe, he didn't know the difference between a mushroom anchor and a topping-lift. Sometimes he would paddle around near the Clubhouse in a canoe filled with cushions and a couple of girlies. But his proclivities were plainly toward the social features of our club life. He sang a good tenor, and, what handicapped him most with the men, played the piano.

He was strong on this revery stuff, and the girls would sit around in the twilight and cry while he tinkled out "Hearts and Flowers," and other sob-valve junk like that. We men oft yearned to kick him.

He gravitated to a membership on the House Committee, the second year he was with us. He drifted into that kind of work as naturally as a collar button rolls under a radiator. And he surely did make good there. It was he who suggested the charming little teas for the women, which were held on the Clubhouse verandas while the men were away sailing their races. Under his leadership, musicales, dancing parties and picnics followed each other in ceaseless variety.

The awakened interest of the women soon made the Club a chief center of social activity.

"Gertie" understood women intuitively. With none of them did his ready and easy assurance ever desert him. That is, with none except Phyllis Dale. And he was afraid of her. They were like two molecules both negatively polarized, and if they chanced to be brought together, they flew away from each other at the first opportunity.

Phyllis' beauty is not easy to describe. It astonished you—left you breathless. She was a strong, virile, pulsing creature, with a sovereign regality about her that did not appeal, but commanded. With her rich masses of jet-black hair, her large brown eyes, and her striking figure, she was a picture of youth and health and personality.

Ethel Hazleton was her closest friend. Ethel's beauty was like that of the lily in its spirituality. When you looked into Ethel's pure blue eyes, all the bad in you went out and sat on the ash-heap; while your better self remained to dream of pleasant fields with purling brooks, under soft, cloudless skies; and of peace, and hope, and of the promised better life to come.

* * * *

Two or three years went by, and "Gertie" had become pretty much of a fixture in our lives. He had early risen to the position of chairman of the House Committee, and had put new life into the work. He had charge of the redecorating of the Club House. When he had finished, we hardly recognized the place.

In every detail there was carefully-studied harmony. In the ball-room he had caused the big panels at each end, above the wainscotting, to be covered with canvas, done into appropriate marine paintings. From his plans the carpenters had made an ingenious portable stage, which could be set up in the ball-room for use in the minstrel shows and other entertainments which the House Committee frequently gave.

With all the technique of a skilled landscape gardener, "Gertie" had transformed the Club-house grounds into a place of marvelous beauty. There were meandering walks, hedged with flowers; a fountain or two; and against the closely-cut greensward of the large open plot east of the House had been laid, in white flowers, a design with the letters "D Y C" in the center.

On top of one of the launch houses he built a sort of pergola, upon which were growing vines, under whose shade were served dainty lunches in the pleasant afternoons.

One would have thought that "Gertie's" enthusiastic work in Yacht Club affairs would have been sufficient vent for his exuberant energy. But not so. His restless love of activity found outlet in other ways. Soon his name began to appear on important committees in our commercial club. As a member of the Park Board he revived our sleeping boulevard plans. The picturesque Hill-Crest drive was built at his suggestion, and it is now a delight to an increasing number of tourists who land at the Cleonesta Pier.

He grew away from many of his more conspicuous affectations, though he still retained that leaning toward the esthetic which established him firmly in the center of the small but earnest set in our town who spelt culture with a large C. We would read of his discussing Tschaikowsky with Professor Cadenza, of the high school, before the ladies' matinee musicale; and on the following Thursday the papers would refer to his having addressed the women of the First Methodist Episcopal Church on some subject as "The History of Ceramic Art in the Third and Fourth Dynasties."

"Gertie" never drank. I think one cigarette would have poisoned him. His clothes were absolutely faultless. They were also about eight years ahead of the plates that Harrington, our tailor, used.

He was coming into quite unexpected prominence in the legal profession. Those were the days of big litigation. The new discoveries on the Mesaba Range had started a craze for iron mine speculation. Some of the people interested in what seemed to be a comparatively unimportant deal had turned a law-suit over to de Coursey. Before the case was concluded the whole country had heard of the "Section 40" litigation; "Gertie" became famous, and incidentally started on the road to independent wealth.

I think by this time most of us had put a mental "O.K." upon "Gertie." We gradually forgot his mannerisms, and came to learn that underneath his slightly effeminate exterior he was strong and dependable.

But Roy Burke never softened toward him. He hated him from the first. It was Burke's delight to ape "Gertie's" harmless peculiarities. Behind his back, Burke invariably referred to "Gertie" as "that sissy." To his face, Burke's manner was subtly full of contempt.

For his part, "Gertie" never showed by so much as a hair that he realized the other man's feelings toward him.

This man Burke was popular among a certain set. He had money, and spent it lavishly. He was a big fellow, of superb physique, and everything he did was in the superlative degree. He pursued his sports with Bersek fury. He played hard, drank hard, gambled high.

Besides, he was engaged to Phyllis Dale. This was a distinction that would have made any man stand out from the crowd. I used to observe her with him, and always there arose in my mind a curious speculation as to what forces could be operating to bring them together for life. I could never feel that she loved him. She seemed to be drawn to him by some irresistible fascination, that partook more of the fatal impelling of the bird toward the snake.

You may suspect that I didn't like Burke. I admit it.

* * * *

The whimsical weather of our delayed spring had given place to Arcadian summer, with its steady breezes, clear skies and long twilights. It was hard work to analyze ore-tonnage statistics and royalty-statements, when frequent glances from office windows showed us the long reach of the Bay, glittering in the sun. How easy to fancy ourselves out there, slipping down to Allouez with the wind over the port quarter; sprawling lazily in the cockpit, steering with a light two fingers, the "stick" humming against our cheek! With the old jimmy pipe in our teeth, we might watch the foam flecks drift to leeward, and let the world go hang!

In the history of the Club we had never experienced such an active season. Quite a large number of new class B one-design boats had been added to the fleet, and the racing spirit was high. In the pennant series Doc. Warren, with the "Feather," had won out over Bruce Fairchild's "Maid Marian" in a final breathlessly exciting race. The rivalry for the gold "Commodore's Cup" was accumulating intensity as the close of that series drew near.

We had been planning for months ahead for the great Water Carnival. This event was to be the most spectacular of any we had ever attempted. For three days and nights we planned to have elaborate programs of water sports, together with social functions of various sorts.

The first day was to be "Ladies' Day." In the afternoon we were to hold a special race with the knock-abouts, making it a condition that each boat must be sailed by a representative of the fair sex. We would let *x* represent age, but there would have to be two girls in each boat.

After the race there was to be a banquet from 6 to 8 o'clock, followed by a Venetian *fete*. Then a grand ball.

"Gertie's" plans for the illuminations outsplendored anything we had ever heard of.

The yachting bug is as deadly a germ as ever entered a full-grown man, and we had all given loose rein to our enthusiasm during this season. For the two weeks preceding the opening day of the celebration I had centered all my ambitions, my hopes, my fears, upon making it the greatest water carnival the world had ever known. I wanted it to make one of Nero's exhibitions look like a five-cent moving picture show.

When Wednesday night came, and we had apparently done all that human forethought could suggest to insure success, I felt a reaction, and a strange sense of disquietude came over me.

"I guess I am tired out," I said to myself as I left the Club and stepped into my car. I nodded "home" to my boy, and he threw in the clutch cautiously and the big wheels began to throw the sand. I could not help reflecting that there was a touch of irony in "Home" for me, for it meant nothing more than my lonely bachelor apartments in the Nemadji Terrace.

To tell the truth I was fagged out, and if I had been a woman I should have beat it to my room and had a darned good cry.

I searched my mind for something substantial to explain my sudden fit of anxiousness. The only tangible thing I could find was the possibility of disagreeable weather on the morrow. Of course, one day of rain would not spoil the other days, but we wanted absolute perfection of weather throughout.

Not a drop of rain for three weeks. Too good to last! But when I called up the weather observatory on the hill-top, the man assured me of "continued fair, with moderately westerly winds" for the morrow.

* * * *

At three o'clock in the morning a cold blast of air awoke me. I jumped to the window and looked out toward the Lake. Raining in buckets, with a northeast gale! The rain beat into the room onto my bare feet. Moses, it was cold! I closed the window and stood there in my pajamas while I delivered my own funeral oration. I think I cussed every drop of water in the Great Lakes. If I left out any, it was inadvertence.

Then I cussed Duluth, and assigned it to its special griddle, with a diet of broken glass and sulphuric acid. I reached out for more territory. I vented my wrath on Lake, Cook, Carlton and Itasca counties. I did it fairly and impartially, so that no one county could come back, later on, and claim it hadn't been treated right.

Then I took a blanket cuss at the state, *as* a state. I went through to Spokane. I will admit now that this last was a little superfluous. Strictly speaking, I should not have gone past the North Dakota line. But I was mad, and didn't stop to think.

Taking it by and large and without undue egotism, I still maintain that my cussing on that occasion was a triumph of sheer artistry. Then I went back to bed and wished for death to end it all.

At eight o'clock in the morning it was still raining. Nine, raining. Ten, raining. Eleven, slacking up a bit. At noon, the rain stopped.

Outside the Point the old Lake was raging from the night's blow. The long green rollers were sweeping in through the Canal, showing their crisping white tops above the piers. Even the big passenger steamer "Cleonesta," as she came in from the Lake just at noon, was rising and falling in stately and reluctant acknowledgment of the power of the inland sea.

* * * *

When I got down to the Club-house the scene was not inspiriting. High overhead a riftless mass of sulky, leaden clouds formed a background for those lower detached and disheveled vapors that lurched hurriedly across the sky as if ashamed of their shabbiness. The wind had moderated slightly but was still brisk. The roar of the surf on the Lake shore, just across the narrow Point, rose above every other sound. The air was heavy with the damp smell of the Lake, and the flying spray, caught by the pine trees, dripped from their cones like inexhaustible tears.

We got the Sailing and House Committees together for a consultation. The majority ruled in favor of going ahead with the first day's program. We might postpone the water pageant if the evening should be rainy.

As the day advanced and the rain still held off, we began to have hopes of a fine evening, after all, though the skies showed no sign of clearing. The threatening weather, however, did not deter a large crowd from coming down to see the sport, and the balconies were soon thronged with spectators.

Phyllis Dale and Ethel Hazleton came up the staircase together, their long silk raincoats rustling as they came up to me.

"You aren't sailing this afternoon, are you?" I asked, as I greeted them.

"Why, of course we'll sail," said Phyllis. "It will be glorious fun, and I just hope it pours!"

"I hope your hopes won't be realized, then, you incorrigible little tar!" laughed Ethel. "Just look at my hair—it's a fright, already!"

I had been looking at her hair, with the mist sparkling in it like jewels, and I was thinking that it was the most beautiful hair in the world. She gave me a smile that gladdened my hungry heart, and the world looked brighter as I left them and passed out upon the float to see how everything was going.

Bobbie Simpson, the sailing captain, came hurrying up to me and said that he had just received a telegram that imperatively required his presence at his office. He asked me to look after the work of starting the boats. He would return as soon as he could. Like the willing little worker that I am, I accepted the commission, though I had hoped to be able to sail.

By this time most of the men had rowed out to their moorings and made sail. Some had already taken on their passengers, and were now making short tacks back and forth over the "line" between the float and the starting buoy.

At a quarter of three I fired the starting cannon three times, as a "preparatory signal." At this the boats that had not yet taken aboard the required complement of four persons, now came surging up to the float and embarked their crew.

Roy Burke had undertaken at the last moment to reeve a new main-sheet on the "Sausalito," and he bumped the dock after all the others had sailed away to join the fleet that was darting about near the starting line.

I fired the two five-minute "warning guns" just as Phyllis and Ethel came tripping adown the long float and stepped into the "Sausalito."

"Where's Dick Matthews?" asked Burke of the girls, as he gave a final pull at his throat halliard, and made fast to the cleat.

"We haven't seen him at all," answered Phyllis. "We thought he would be down here with you."

"Well, that's a fine note!" ejaculated Burke, in disgust. "Here I am, short of my crew at the last minute!"

"*Four Minutes!*" I bawled through the big megaphone to the cluster of yachts that were now outside the breakwater, "jockeying" for favorable positions.

"Can't you get someone else?" asked Ethel, looking up the float toward the Club-house. The crowd was up on the big front balcony, watching the maneuvers. With the lanyard of the gun in one hand, I took my eyes from my watch long enough to glance around. I saw de Coursey strolling down the float toward us. He was a perfect dream in his new yachting suit of white flannel. A gold-braided cap rested jauntily on his head. He pulled up his trousers daintily to step across a wet plank in the float.

"Oh, there's Mr. de Coursey!" exclaimed Ethel. "Ask him to come with us, Mr. Burke."

"The rules call for two girls and two *men*," said Burke, with his old-time sneer.

"*Three Minutes!*" I bawled to the boats, in each one of which I knew was a skipper who, watch in hand, was checking off the slipping seconds with me.

"Here, you de Coursey!" Burke called in desperation at the prospects of disbarment from the race. "Get in here with us, will you? We're short of our crew."

De Coursey came to the end of the float and lifted his cap courteously. "Really, you know, Mr. Burke, I'm no sailor," he said. He manifested his usual embarrassment in the presence of Phyllis.

He looked at Phyllis, and she said, "Oh, please come, Mr. de Coursey, we shan't be able to start if you don't."

That settled it. He stepped into the boat. I think he would have stood on his head if she had asked him.

"*Two Minutes!*" I megaphoned with all my lungs.

"Cast off there!" bellowed Burke to the boatman. "Shove her head out! Quick there!" Her big mainsails filled and the "Sausalito" swept away like a bird out of a cage. She made one short tack, and then tore over the line just as I fired the starting gun. Phyllis had the tiller.

The course staked out for this special race was an isosceles triangle, calling for little windward work. It comprised a mean sailing distance of about six miles. The boats were to sail twice around.

Doc. Warren's "Feather," with his young wife at the helm, went over the line alongside of the "Sausalito." The "Scud," Florence Nobles, skipper, pressed close astern of the two leading boats. The "Arneta," sailed by Adele McPherson, overlapped the "Scud" to windward as she crossed. The rest of the fleet followed closely together, like a flock of swans, excepting the "Maid Marian" and the "Eunice." Their fair skippers had made a miscalculation, and the boats had nosed across the line two or three seconds before the gun was fired. This necessitated coming about and making a fresh start.

Once over the line, the white-wings fell away and settled to their work on the first leg of the course, heading for the first buoy, off the Wisconsin shore.

* * * *

It will be understood, of course, that I was not an eye-witness of what followed after the boats swept down the Bay. My account is constructed from material furnished by those who did see it all.

On the first leg all the boats had broken out their spinnakers as balloon-jibs as soon as possible after getting over the line. Burke had made a specially neat and quick job of his work, and the "Sausalito" got the benefit of the great expanse of extra sail sooner even than Doc. Warren's "Feather." Doc. was considered the best sailor in the Club.

In the fresh nor'-easter the "Sausalito" ripped through the water, and had a long start before the "Feather" broke out her balloon-jib in a great white cloud. Phyllis was a born sailor, and had genuine ability at the tiller. She kept the "Sausalito" upon her course as steady as a clock, and there was none of the wild yawing that was observed in the sailing of some of the others.

They were making fast time, and soon the big black top of Buoy No. 1, with its whipping red flag, showed up in the waves ahead. Burke had barely time to get in the extra jib when Phyllis swung the "Sausalito" around the buoy with a *swish!* and headed for buoy No. 2, off Minnesota Point. Burke flattened in his sail, and the boat beat into the sea bravely.

They rounded the second buoy without having to make even a single tack, but not until they had trimmed away for home did they venture to look back. Then they saw that the "Feather," their nearest competitor, was fully a quarter of a mile astern, while the others were strung out behind her in a long line.

De Coursey had not spoken a word, but had kept out of the way as much as possible. Burke had given him the jib- and main-sheets to hold while he was busy with the balloon-jib. Ethel's eyes were dancing with the excitement. Phyllis attended to her work at the tiller with a business-like coolness born of perfect knowledge of what she was doing.

The "Sausalito" came crunching past the Club-house to the cheers of the big crowd on the balcony. Her crew was too busy to heed their plaudits, for they were to gybe around the buoy. In the strong wind the great mainsail flew over from port to starboard viciously, and again they headed for Buoy No. 1. Burke's fighting blood was up, and he worked savagely to get out the balloon-jib again. De Coursey got his feet tangled in the halliard, and there was a delay of a few seconds, which infuriated the hot-tempered Burke.

"Get out of the way, can't you?" he shouted. "You ought to be home painting china," he added with a cutting sneer.

De Coursey said nothing, but took the discourteous rebuke meekly.

A few minutes before, it had looked as though they had but to play the game with ordinary care and the race would be theirs. But the seconds they had lost were very precious, and the "Feather" had now materially lessened the distance between the two boats. There was no further change in their relative positions on the run to the first buoy.

It had commenced to rain again, in a heavy drizzle, and the wind was increasing, sweeping over the Bay in fierce puffs that forced the "Sausalito" along through the water at a furious rate. The water boiled away from the rudder in a seething wake, and from the bow a curling billow of foam stretched out on both sides.

Burke got out two yellow oilskin "slickers," and the girls put them on.

They were now on the lee shore, and the wind was strongest here. The sea had risen quickly under the increased wind, and now, as they hauled in close for the hard beat to windward, the craft began to pitch violently. She lay over under the pressure of the wind so that the lee combing was only a couple of inches from the water. Frequently the crest of a wave slapped over into the cockpit, and, as the "Sausalito," at her now slower speed, advanced staunchly to meet each oncoming billow, she buried her bow deep in the foam and threw aft a shower of spray which the wind dashed in their faces. Twice or thrice, in the more violent puffs, Phyllis luffed quickly to keep from capsizing.

* * * *

The "Feather" had borne down upon the buoy like an avenging angel and now, close-hauled, was eating up into the wind toward them relentlessly. She seemed this time to sail a trifle closer than the "Sausalito," and Burke was frantic as he saw the increasing possibility of losing the race. He dropped the centre-board as far as it would go, slacked the lee jib-sheet, and hauled again and again on the main-sheet in an effort to bring the big sail closer inboard.

The wind had now become almost a gale, and the "Sausalito" lay over in a smother of foam. The four were perched high on the weather side. Do what he could, Burke could not trim close enough to beat out the "Feather." He stood erect on the sloping deck, and in a last desperate heave upon the main-sheet brought the boom in. He tried to take a turn around a cleat to hold the sheet, but before he could do so the boom swung out again, and the sail fluttered wildly in the throat, close to the mast.

He gave another pull. Something gave way with a report like a gun, and Burke tumbled backward into the angry water. He still clutched the rope as he fell, and, as the boat continued to forge ahead, the line caught Phyllis across the body and she was swept into the water with him in the twinkling of an eye. Then the rope slipped through Burke's fingers.

Ethel screamed in sudden terror. De Coursey became galvanized into action as quick as thought. First he flung out a ring-buoy that lay at his feet, and after it a big life-preserver. The "Sausalito" had come into the wind as soon as the tiller was released, and the big boom was swinging violently to and fro. De Coursey sprang to the tiller, jammed it hard over to starboard, and, securing the sheet, forced the boat around upon the opposite tack, coming down the wind to aid the two in the water.

The big boat gathered way quickly, and swept by them before de Coursey could throw her into the wind.

Burke was a good swimmer, but in the sudden backward plunge he had swallowed a quantity of water and had sunk deep in that first long moment; when he rose the wild fear of death was upon him in a quick panic.

Phyllis was a strong swimmer, but she was hampered with her clothing and with the heavy oil-skin jacket. The ring-buoy which de Coursey had thrown had drifted far to leeward, but when Phyllis came to the surface she found the big life-preserver directly within her reach. She placed her hands upon it and found that if she rested perfectly quiet it would support her so that her head was out of water.

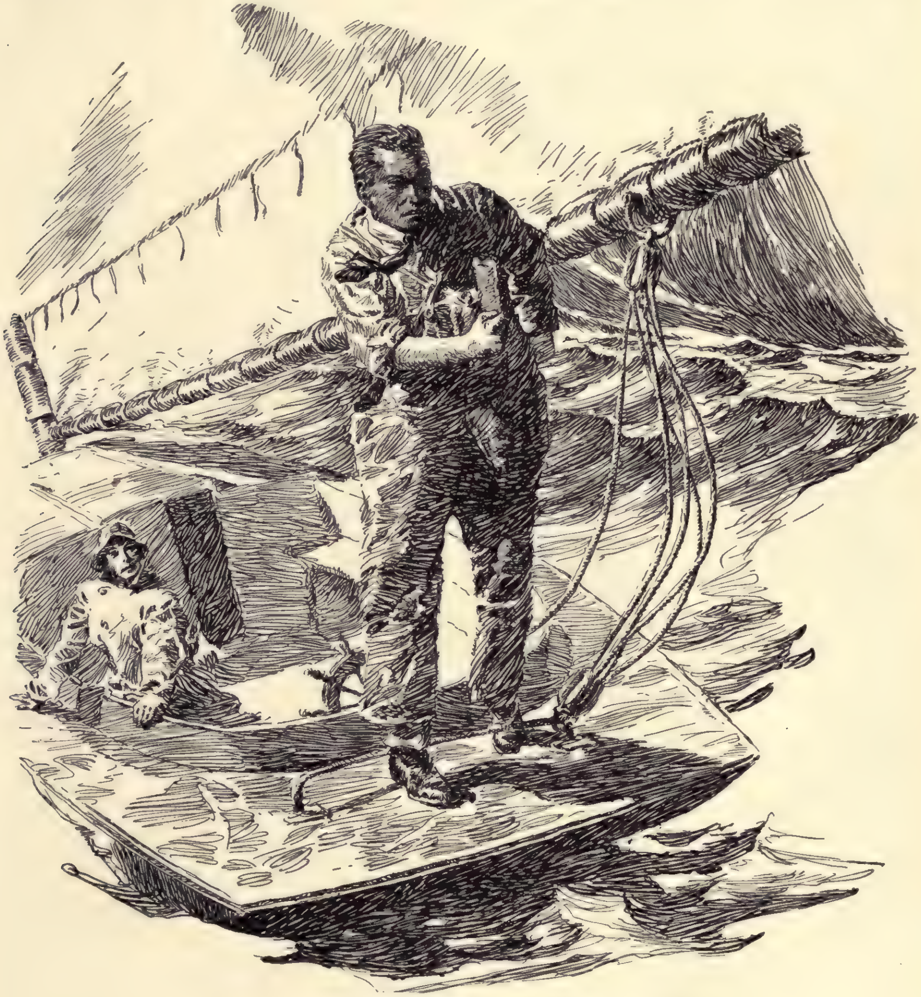
Burke was swimming a few feet from her. Strange it was, but she had not felt particularly frightened, and now the sight of Burke's big shoulders forcing through the waves gave her a sense of security. He swam to the life-preserver and eagerly seized it. The cork promptly sank, and the water came into Phyllis' nostrils.

Burke trod the water a few seconds and then reached out to the life-preserver again. They both bobbed below the surface, and Burke gasped as he came up. She looked into his eyes and felt sick as she saw deathly fear written there. His face was white. He floundered a little, and then gasped out, "It won't hold us both!" A wave struck him full in the face, and he strangled. When she saw him again there was the terror of death upon his face.

"It won't hold us both!" he cried out again. He felt himself being drawn down.

In a last frenzy of fear, with both of them trembling upon the brink of eternity, the thin veneer of civilization fell away from him like a mask, and she saw the face of a craven cur. In his unreasoning terror he struck her. Oh, angels in Heaven, weep and turn away! struck her in the face and pushed her from the support that would give him life and dishonor and infamy.

She did not struggle, but sank like a stone, the water filling her mouth as she uttered a piteous "Oh!" in her anguished surprise.



"You damnable cur!" he shouted. "Oh, you cur!"

It all happened within two or three minutes. DeCoursey had worked with the energy of despair to get the "Sausalito" up to them. He had had to make two short tacks after running by them, and in these operations he had made a great deal of leeway.

He had nearly reached them, however, when he saw Burke strike his cowardly blow. Ethel had hid her face in her hands and was sobbing hysterically.

De Coursey let go sheet and tiller and stood up. "You damnable cur!" he shouted. "Oh, you cur!" All his soul's pent-up anguish was in that epithet. The tears were running down his cheeks. He flung his coat from him, and, pausing only a brief second to carefully mark the spot where Phyllis had gone down, sprang far out from the boat and breasted the sea like some huge animal.

When he reached the place, he dove—down, down, until he snatched at the white dress that moved convulsively in the mud at the bottom. Then with great strokes that lashed the water into swirls about him, he started up to the surface with his burden. Up! Up! Up! His lungs were bursting; it seemed miles to the top! But love gave him the strength of twenty men, and when he did come to the surface it was to find the "Feather" bearing down almost upon them.

Doctor Warren's powerful arms first lifted Phyllis, then him, into the boat. The look-out in the Life-Saving Station had seen the accident through his marine glasses, sounded a quick alarm, and the Life-Savers' white cutter was racing through the waves toward the scene. But the Commodore's big launch, the "Minneopa," was already steaming alongside, and a dozen eager hands lifted the limp, dripping body into the cabin.

The launch "Undine" was darting to the rescue of Ethel in the "Sausalito," which had drifted quickly away.

De Coursey was already in the cabin working in frenzy over Phyllis' marbled body. The "Minneopa" forged ahead for the Club-house at full speed, the black smoke pouring from her funnels as the fireman frantically shoveled in the coal.

The doctor worked with all the resources that his great skill could suggest to bring life back into the still body. De Coursey, with pallid face and breaking heart, helped him.

Phyllis had been under the surface but a few minutes, and her beautiful body was strong with the strength of youth. The workers held grimly to their fight with death, and just as the "Minneopa's" engines reversed at the dock, a flutter of the eyelids and a rush of color into waxen cheeks told that the fight was won. When she opened her eyes they rested first upon the doctor and then upon de Coursey. She gazed at him in long wonder, and then his dripping clothes told her the story of the rescue. As the full significance of it came to her, she gave him such a look from those wondrous brown eyes as seemed to have been caught from the glances of the angels whose hallelujahs were even yet ringing in her ears.

And in the quick intuition of his love, he divined the birth of a responding love in that heart whose beating, but for him, had then been stilled forever.

* * * *

Phyllis married de Coursey. He had loved her from the first, with the love of a strong, great-hearted man.

And he was a man! "Gertie" had made good.

It was Ethel who told me all that happened down the Bay on that eventful afternoon, up to the time when she fainted. And now from behind my chair she bends over me, and, with her arms about my neck and her soft cheek against mine, tells me that I have written enough.

THE MULETEER

ALOFT, his vision o'er the desert runs
With love for it and hate for what it holds—
Across the sands, burnt with relentless suns,
Another caravan than his unfolds.

But yesterday his voice was on the plain;
A king of wide dominion was he then;—
Today he is usurped of his domain,
And stronger teams respond to lesser men.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

The FINISH of UTE PETE

by Will Gage Carey

NUMBER nine, the Overland Mail, stops at Seven Troughs daily, but from a selfish and self-satisfying motive entirely; it is here that the big water tanks behind her engine are replenished before beginning the scorching trip across the desert. Still, there is always a crowd of cow-punchers on hand at the depot each day when the long train comes to a reluctant and perfunctory stop at Seven Troughs; and they are as thoroughly appreciative regarding the whole proceedings as though it were planned throughout exclusively for their own entertainment and edification.

It was after one of these brief pauses in their midst of the Overland, that Sagebrush Cullen turned to his companions with the observation:

"Say, did you fellows see that pale-faced, four-eyed gink standin' there on the end of the last car, with the checked scenery on, a little dinky cap, pink chinchillas an' a red necktie? Well, I never see a necktie like that without thinkin' of an Injun named 'Ute Pete' we used to have down at the White River agency; an' the suddenness an' abruptness of the manner in which this same Injun, Pete, departed from our vicinity one sultry summer evenin', jes' as the settin' sun was sinkin' to rest in a crimson sea of radiant an' effervescent rosy posey—"

"Aw, cut the 'rosy, posey' stuff," broke in Soapy Saunders irritably, "an' tell us the yarn; yuh might as well be talkin' about that as anythin' else."

Sagebrush Cullen looked over at the speaker reproachfully.

"I *will* tell you bohunks the yarn, an' stripped of all beauteous figures of speech, too—which you bunch of low-brow microbes wouldn't understan' nohow." Seating himself comfortably on the steps of the depot platform he resumed:

"There may be dirtier, greasier, lazier Injuns in the world than Ute Pete; I never saw one. He never took but one bath in his life, an' that was the time he fell off a slippery log crossin' over Milk Creek. If you happened to be on the windward side of ol' Ute Pete, an' not lookin' who was comin', you'd never guess wrong who it was; you'd jes' *know* it was Ute Pete. An' booze, say—that Injun thought that his one whole aim an' duty in life was to drink up all the bad whiskey in the country; an' I never saw no Injun more devoted to what he considered his duty than was ol' Ute Pete.

"The soldiers from Fort Steele used to come over to the agency now an' then, an' they made a sight over ol' Ute Pete. There was some good sort of redskins aroun' there—regular 'Last of the Mohicans' kind of bucks; s'pose the soldiers would have anythin' to say to them Minnehaha lads? Not a bit of it. They'd single out ol' homely, lazy, bad-smellin', good-natured Ute Pete—sling a few drinks into him, an' say, they'd jes' naturally have a barrel of fun out of that ol' reprobate.

"Well, one day some of the soldiers got Ute Pete to take a trip up to Rawlins with them—jes' fifteen miles from Fort Steele. When they got him pretty well teed, an' feelin' like he'd reached the 'Happy Huntin' ground' at last for certain, they got him off in one corner to hold a pow-wow.

" 'Pete,' says Jim Mason, one of the soldiers, 'now that we're takin' you 'round showin' you all the sights, it's only right an' proper that you doll up a little for the occasion; ain't that reasonable?'

" 'Sure Mike,' says ol' Pete, agreeable as could be.

" 'Well,' went on Mason, 'you ain't got nothin' on but a breechcloth, an' that ol' red blanket; that's all right for White River agency, but it's horrible bad form for Rawlins, Wyoming; ain't I right, ol' war-horse?'

" 'Sure Mike!' says Pete.

"So they took him aroun' to a clothin' store on Custer Street. They bought him a white collar an' a red necktie an' fastened them aroun' his neck—without the sign of a *shirt*—jes' that breech-cloth was every stitch he had on beside the new gents' furnishings. An' say, you jes' orter seen ol' Ute Pete diked out in that white collar an' red necktie; he was the proudest redskin since the day his great-great-grandfather sold the whole of Manhattan Island for twenty dollars an' a pocket handkerchief!

They took Pete out an' paraded him up an' down all over Rawlins; it was a big day for the inhabitants, but a greater one—greater than a Roman holiday—for ol' Pete. He had invitations galore to go in an' have a drink; he accepted one an' all; he never overlooked a bet! He was presented with presents—pipes an' tobacco; he accepted all with a grave but slightly top-heavy dignity. But all things must have an end—even a gala day in Rawlins—an' along about four in the afternoon they got Ute Pete on the train again, much against his wishes, an' all started back to the agency.

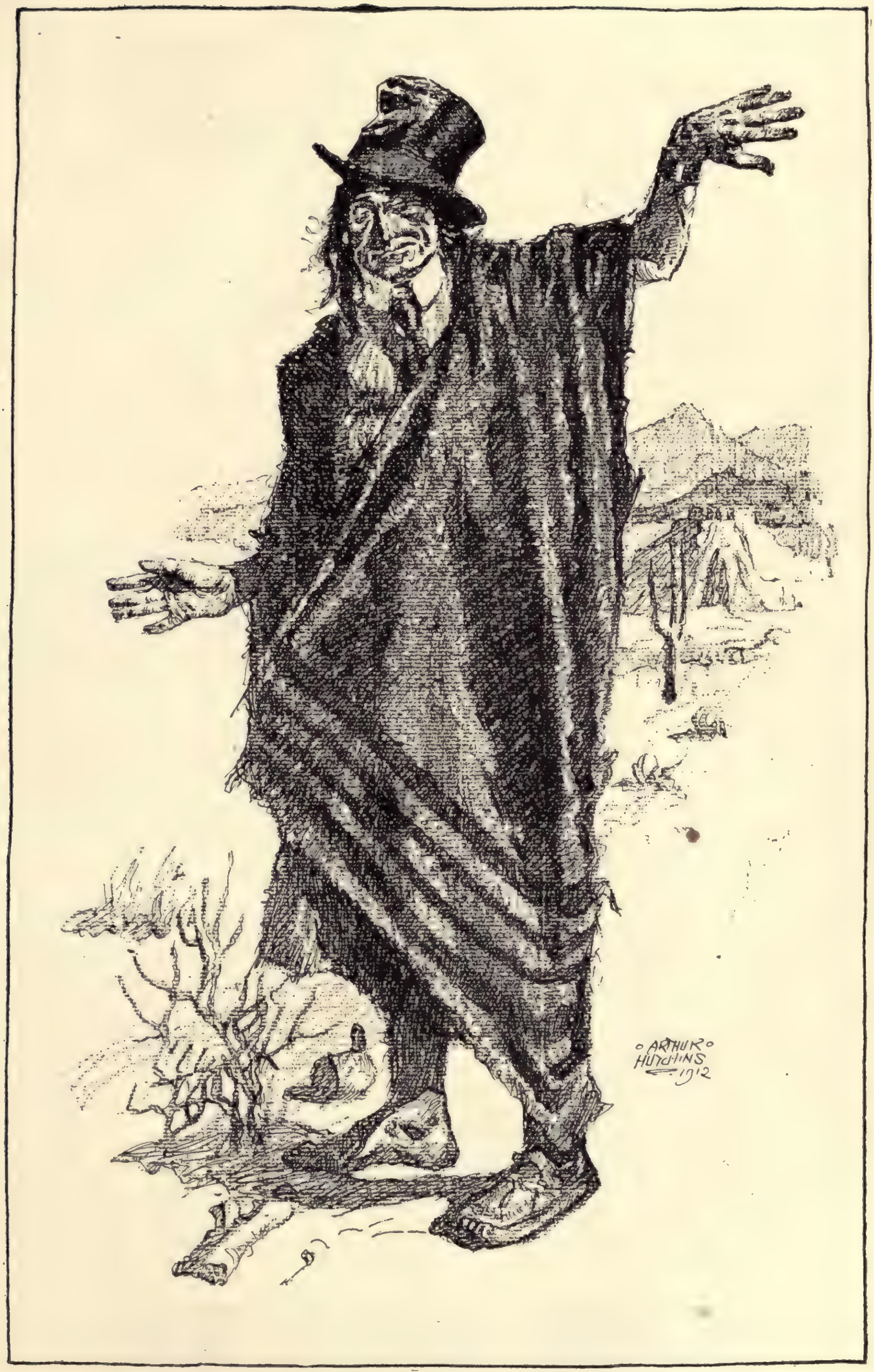
"When they reached the White River settlement, the soldiers suddenly forsook ol' Pete; but he had reached a state where any little thing like that failed to bother him. Still rigged out in his white collar an' red tie he stalked proudly down the long row of tepees, without so much as a word or glance at the other Utes, who sat gazin' at him in wonderment an' awestruck admiration. Finally he came to where ol' Chief Colorow stood like a statue before his tepee. Here Ute Pete cast aside a little of his pompous importance, an' loosened up to the extent of recitin' to the chief a few of the exploits an' adventures of the big doin's over in Rawlins. Colorow only grunted in response, but he eyed the collar an' necktie covetously, so that Pete—even in his bemuddled mental condition, realized that it was perhaps best not to linger too long flauntin' his adornin' magnificence before the wily ol' Colorow; an' he passed on down the line to his own dingy little tepee, far down below all the other tepees, an' settin' somewhat off to one side.

UTE PETE GETS IN BAD

"At the time I'm tellin' of, the agency's doctor was a little, nervous, fidgety, bald-headed person named Barry—Dr. Ferdinand Barry; an' while Doc was a fair enough ol' saw-bones, for the most part, he had a swell idea of his own importance; an' I think his bump of humor must have been a dent. He was somethin' of a dude, the Doc was, an' when he wanted to put on a special front at any of the society doin's, he wore a high silk hat that was the pride of his heart, an' the gloatin' admiration of all the Utes—an' especially of ol' Pete.

"Well, Ute Pete hadn't been down in his tepee a great while 'til he got to thinkin' about that shiny silk dicer of the Doc's, an' how it would set off the white collar an' red necktie to perfection. The more he thought it over, the more determined he became to *borrow* the glistenin' sky-piece for an hour so—jes' long enough to parade up an' down the long row of Ute tepees a time or two, to show these Injun four-flushers what the real goods looked like!

"The Doc's livin' quarters were at the end of the group of low, white Department buildin's, an' after Pete had thought the matter over 'til he jes' couldn't stand it no longer, he made his way stealthily along the back fences, got in the back door of the Doc's domicile, an' a few moments later was out before the row of tepees again, stalkin' along like a conquerin' hero, the high silk hat reposin' jauntily on one side of his head. The other Utes were surprised before—now they were simply amazed an' dumbfounded at such unheard-of splendor of adornment. He had 'em flockin' in from all sides to see him, an' fairly gaspin' at the gorgeous spectacle presented by ol' Ute Pete.


ARTHUR HUTCHINS
1912

With one last wave of his arm to the crowd of admirin' Utes, . . . he darted through the flap-openin' of the tepee

"In the same apartment in which he found the hat, Pete had come across a quart bottle of wine; this he emptied without once takin' it down from his lips; an' now his steps—unsteady before—became more 'n more zigzag, an' it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could navigate at all. At length he reached his own tepee, then with one last wave of his arm to the crowd of admirin' Utes, who had been followin' him at a respectful distance, he darted through the flap-openin' of the tepee, sprawled out upon a bearskin in one corner—an' was lost to the world.

"In the meantime, someone went to the little Doc with the astoundin' information that there was a bare possibility that Ute Pete had stolen his (the Doc's) high silk hat! He hastened home, an' found that Pete had indeed been there—an' disappeared with the cherished lid an' the bottle of wine.

"The little Doc was furious.

"At first he was for goin' at once to the Indian agent; then, on second thought, he decided to take the matter into his own hands. Someone told him that Ute Pete was in his tepee, sleepin' the sleep of the just, an' the Doc began makin' his plans accordin'ly.

"He called five or six of the Injuns aroun' him, an' after promisin' each one a new blanket to help him, he told them what to do.

"'I've got to throw a scare into this Ute Pete, he won't *ever* forget,' says the little Doc, 'an' I'll tell you how I'm goin' to do it. Now, in front of the agency are two cannon—one loaded with powder to fire salutes, an' the other with powder an' ball in case it is needed in an emergency. You fellows go up there an' bring down the cannon settin' on the right side of the gate—the one loaded with powder—an' we'll take it down to Pete's tepee an' shoot it off close by his ornery head; I guess that will teach him to leave folks' things alone.'

"The Injuns wouldn't do it at first, bein' afraid of the agent; but the Doc told 'em he'd fix it all right with the agent, so finally they went an' got the cannon, an' followed by all the rest of the tribe they went an' set it up with the muzzle close up to the flap of Ute Pete's tepee.

"'Now,' says the Doc, 'I'll jes' touch this thing off—an' we'll see if we can't scare a little sense an' good judgment into that pesky Ute Pete!'

"Well, they got it all ready, with the muzzle pointin' right down about where Pete's head would be—they could hear him snorin' away for dear life inside—then they all drew back in a long line frontin' the tepee, an' Doc touched her off!

"'*Bim-bang!!* B-O-O-M!!' went that ol' cannon; then, when the smoke had lifted a bit a wail went up from those Utes you could have heard clean to the Fort; there wasn't a sign nor trace left of Ute Pete's tepee, nor anythin' that was inside it; those fool Injuns had *brought down the wrong cannon!*"

Sagebrush Cullen paused and began complacently lighting his pipe. Soapy Saunders was the first to break the silence. "An' so,' he began, vainly striving to conceal his righteous indignation, "that barbarian doctor simply blew poor ol' Ute Pete into eternity—"

"'Eternity' nothin'!" broke in Sagebrush Cullen; "you see, Ute Pete woke up jes' in time to find that cannon pointed straight at him. He cuts a hole in the back of the tepee, slips through, an' was a hundred yards away in the woods back of a log when the cannon went off! An' I saw him not over a week ago up in Ogden. He meets the Overland every day, all diked out in war paint an' feathers; an' he gets two bits a throw from the tourists to let them take his picture. But from that day to this ol' Ute Pete never showed hide nor hair aroun' White River Agency."

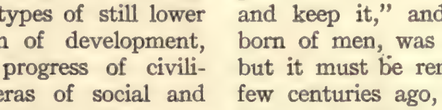
* * *

The Nobility of the Trades

THE FARMER IN ANCIENT TIMES

By Charles Winslow Hall

THE scientists who derive mankind from a lower type of man-ape, and that common ancestor from other types of still lower creatures in the chain of development, generally divide the progress of civilization into several eras of social and economical advancement, making man first a fisherman and hunter, then an agriculturalist and lastly a manufacturing and scientific being. Those who believe in the Bible as a practically accurate and popular resume of the history of man before the deluge, believe that when created "by God in His own image," and with the varied and potent powers by which the race has since been developed, the first man or men created were not only endowed with perfect bodies and minds, but were sufficiently instructed to avail themselves of the multitude of good gifts with which the Creator had surrounded them. Any other belief presents innumerable difficulties to the student of history, tradition and the remains of great kingdoms and races, whose very ruins beggar the most tremendous structures of today in grandeur of design and titanic masonry and sculpture.

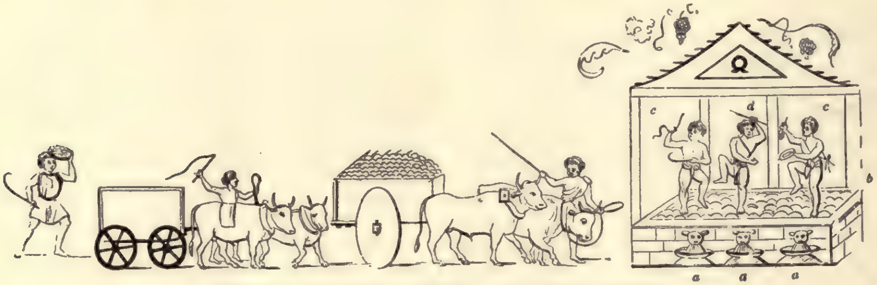


ROMAN PLOUGH

Certainly the Mosaic account states very positively that Adam, whether one man or the principal man of many, was put into the Garden of Eden, "to dress and keep it," and that Cain, the first born of men, was a "tiller of the soil"; but it must be remembered that until a few centuries ago, at most, the agriculturalist, herdsman or hunter was also a manufacturer, not only of the tools, weapons and utensils needed in his own family and livelihood, but nearly always of a certain surplus for barter or trade. Indeed, the farmer of two short generations ago in New England raised, made and manufactured the greater part of his own provisions, utensils and clothing, and in many localities, a large proportion of the shoes, stockings, woolen and linen fabrics, twine, yarn, salt, potash, epsom salts, boats, barrels, shingles, and other commodities, then collected by country merchants and sent to the cities or exported. It is hardly too much to say that the farmer has been the original source of the development of our common civilization.

Of the immense antiquity of his calling, one stupendous fact bears testimony, and that is that of all his cereal products not one can be said to have been discovered and added to the list of staple products within the limits of recorded or traditional history. Even maize or Indian corn, which has always been supposed to be a gift of the New World, is now declared to have been found in Egyptian tombs, of very remote antiquity; and it may be that Mexico and Virginia only gave back to Europe, Asia and Africa the bread that some Atlantean voyager had carried westward when the world was young and a chain of islands reached from the Hesperides to the Lost Antilles.

A curious tradition of the Talmud relates that the "apple" of which Eve ate was really a kernel of wheat, which in those days grew on a wonderful tree whose trunk glowed like gold, whose branches gleamed like silver, whose twigs, resplendent as precious coral, were covered with emerald leaves, and bore globes of ivory the size and shape of the egg of an ostrich.



ROMAN GRAPE HARVEST AND WINE PRESS

The story goes on to state that the hapless pair having gathered more than they could eat, were conducted by the angel Gabriel beyond the boundaries of Paradise, and given the remaining fruits of their trespass with instructions as to the proper methods of cultivating and using it. The paradisaical fruit has, however, never thriven since its banishment from Eden, and in the days of the later patriarchs had shrunken to the size of an egg, in Moses' time to the dimensions of a plum, and at the fall of the Jewish sovereignty to the size of a small grape, thereby practically asserting that the race has been eating the veritable fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" ever since.

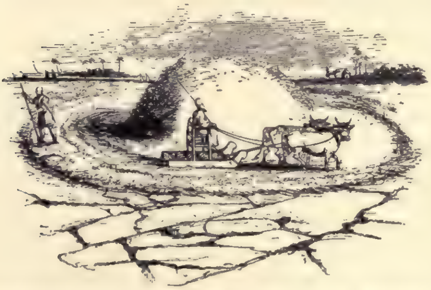
Among the Jews the private ownership of land seems to have been established from the earliest times, as we learn from the purchase of land by Abraham when he secured the Cave of Macpelah for a family tomb, and the story of Ruth and Boaz. Assyrian, or rather Babylonish cylinders of clay still preserve the transfers of land, and the names of humble grantors and grantees, whose names and petty bargains have survived for ages all record of the magnates whom they envied and obeyed.

The hoe seems to have been the first aid to the husbandman's labors after the hands and sharpened sticks became insufficient; and in Egypt was made of wood, as elsewhere shown. The plough was preceded by a larger hoe, dragged and operated by two or more men or women. The plow in many countries (a sharpened beam), was at an early date shod and strengthened by strips of iron, the share only being of steel or iron. Single and double wheels are by no means modern additions to this ancient and characteristic labor-saving implement.

The Egyptians, Hebrews and such Asiatics as were relatively a peaceful people at an early date cultivated beans, peas, lentils, leeks, onions, melons, cucumbers, and other vegetable foods in addition to the chief cereals, and in the huge valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris developed a great system of canals and ditches, which, with the astonishing fertility of the soil, made Mesopotamia, if the ancient accounts are not utterly false, the most fruitful agricultural territory that the world has ever known. Harvests of grain yielding fifty, sixty and even one hundred fold, are declared by historians to have been secured in this great granary of western Asia.

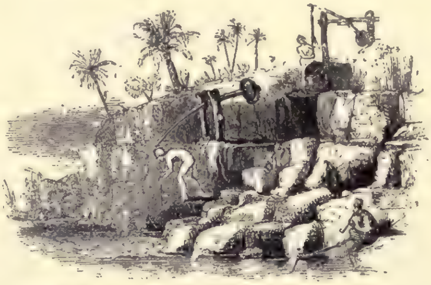
Egypt herself, notwithstanding her deep valley soil, yearly fertilized by the silt deposited by the Nile overflow, appears to have taken second place in the estimation of travelers and historians. Certain it is that Alexander in his great scheme of a world-empire located here his proposed capital, from which he and his successors were to build up in peace a greater empire in which prosperity and plenty should replace the dynasties which his Macedonian phalanxes had ground into the dust.

In ancient Egypt the land appears to have been held for the king by a kind of leasehold system, terminable only for crime against the state or a failure to pay the taxes, after due warning and official action. The larger estates of course were bestowed on the monarch and his officers, including the hierarchy as represented by temple lands, and the estates connected with their colleges and charitable institutions. The agricultural class, from which the soldiery was drawn and which comprised many special callings, were at the ancient date of this division allotted smaller areas which were handed down from father to son, like the lands held today on long leases in other countries. The houses of the common farmers were very small, generally built of clay walls with rafters of palm branches covered with a solid floor of hardened mud, and surrounded by a low parapet of the same material. In a country in which rain seldom falls, these houses with their thick walls and shuttered windows were cool in the torrid summer, and warm in the brief seasons of lower temperature.



EASTERN THRESHING FLOOR AND MODERN THRESHING SLEDGE DRAWN BY OXEN

The hoe and the rude plough drawn by man-power were adequate for the labors of the peasant who had little more to do than to sow his grain on the muddy silt left by the Nile inundation, and to plant his leeks, onions, radishes, melons and lentils in his little garden; to train a few vines or fruit trees, including perhaps some two or three date palms, each of which would furnish him with several hundred pounds of delicious and easily preserved fruit. A considerable variety of excellent roots and leaves grew wild in most sections of the Nile Valley and greatly benefited the common people.



EGYPTIAN SHADOOF AS STILL IN USE ALONG THE NILE

His grain when ripe was cut, or rather "headed" with the sickle and the ears carried in sacks to the little threshing-floor, where it was threshed, and the grain winnowed by pouring it from a sieve and letting the wind blow the chaff away, after which the grain was poured into a granary of a conical shape, and closely sealed at the top, to be drawn off when needed through a small door at the bottom.

The larger and wealthier proprietors had strong and handsome villas, some of them on the borders being veritable fortresses, but nearly always surrounded by orchards, vineyards, avenues of palms, water-tanks fed by canals, and great farmyards, presses for wine and oil, and the quarters of a host of dependents.

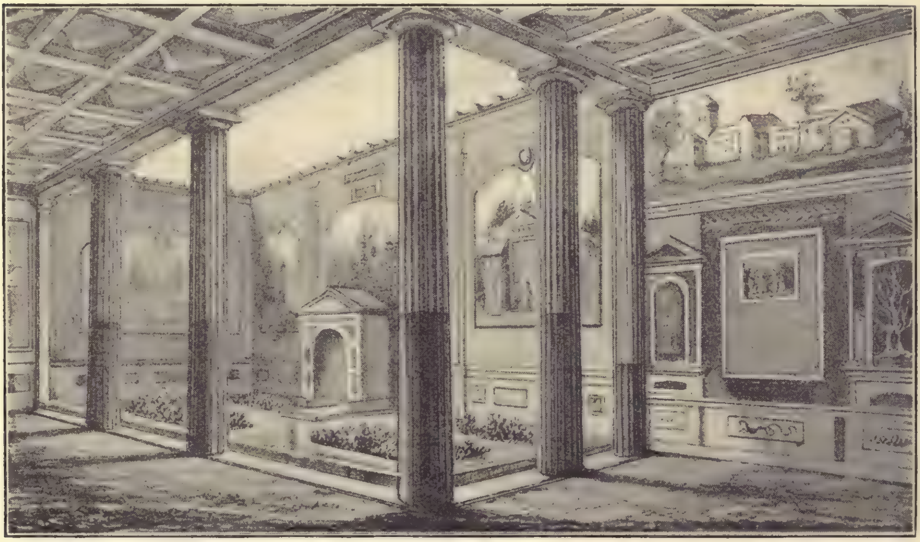
Cattle and horses, tamed antelopes and fat sheep, goats, swine, geese and fowls thronged the enclosures and pastures. Great farm wagons and ploughs drawn by oxen enabled the steward to sow and harvest the immense fields, which he traversed in his elegant chariot, or paced on foot while his charioteer followed behind him.

While a great amount of grain was exported from Egypt, the culture of flax, and its manufacture into all kinds of textile fabrics was a source of great revenue, and nearly every family could, if its members chose, take some share therein, for the distaff and spindle, the oldest and simplest of implements, appear to have furnished the multitudinous looms and dyeing vats of Egypt with all the varied and often exquisitely fine warp and woof, which made the linens of the Nile Valley famous for all time.

The wines of Egypt, although not of the first importance, had a reputation for special flavor and peculiar qualities that made their export of considerable value; and the beer made and consumed by the masses of the people is said to have been of unsurpassed quality.

Slavery existed, but the cruelty and suffering extant in Greece and Italy appear to have been far less prevalent here. The stick was used freely, as it has been in Egypt throughout the ages, but cruelty and murder were not allowed to go unpunished.

The irrigation systems, which created miles of canals and acres of tanks, seem to have evolved no more ingenious methods of distributing the water provided than the "shadoof," worked by men, and the even more primitive water-carrier with his yoke and buckets. The inventive and engineering genius of Egypt seems to have failed to carry agricultural development beyond a point reached forty centuries ago.



COLONNADE AND PORTICO WITH GARDEN OF ROMAN VILLA, FROM THE RUINS OF HERCULANEUM

The Carthagenians, like the Phoenicians from whom they were derived, and the Egyptians, their allies, gave great attention to agriculture, and when Carthage was destroyed, the Roman victors saved from the general destruction, as a prize of extraordinary value, a great work on husbandry, by Mago, the great general, of which only a few fragments have been preserved for posterity.

The Greeks seem to have drawn their agricultural knowledge from the same source, but the soil does not seem to have been favorable to the growth of grain crops, and the constant feuds and wars between the several Grecian states, and with Persia and Macedonia, often laid waste the countries and made it desirable to live in walled cities, and leave the cultivated lands without settled inhabitants. While some progress was made in the use of fertilizers, drainage, horticulture and floriculture, the growth of the vine, olive and figtree, and the improvement of cattle, and horses, bee-keeping, etc., were the distinctive characteristics of Grecian farming. The literature on this subject was sparse, and certain verses of Hesiod and chapters of Zenophon are about all that is worthy of notice in all the ocean of Grecian letters.

Zenophon in his Anabasis, among the incidents of a banquet given by the commanders of the Greek mercenaries of the army of Cyrus to Thenobles of Corylas, ruler of Paphlagonia, thus describes the Carpaean dance, as executed by certain Thessalian spearmen attired in the full armor of their phalanx: "While the pantomimic dance is being performed to the music of the flutes, one of the dancers advances to the front in the character of a husbandman, and laying aside his arms, pretends to sow his field and to drive his oxen, looking around now and then as if in fear. Another soldier, in the character of a robber, approaches him, the farmer runs for his arms and they fight until the robber overcomes and binds the farmer and drives off his cattle. Then the dance is varied, the husbandman is victorious, binds the robber's hands behind him, yokes him with the oxen and drives them homeward together." Banditti and pirates, "land rats and water rats," have been in all ages the pests of Greece, and in ancient times varied the bloodshed and desolation of war with the casual assassinations and blackmail, exacted ransoms and reiving of generations of robbers. Agriculture has never thriven where public or private war left few localities unvisited for a year at a time. Furthermore, the laborers in the more powerful states were so largely helots or slaves that comparatively few independent, intelligent landholders worked on their own farms and gave their energies to the development of agriculture.

The first and most prominent of many Romans who treated of agriculture was that Marcus Portius Cato, whose fierce eloquence in the Roman Senate thundered against many men and things, but especially against the great African rival of the Seven Hilled City, insomuch that it is recorded that for years he ended every speech in the Forum with a single, fiery, relentless sentence: "Delenda est Cartago" ("Carthage must be destroyed").

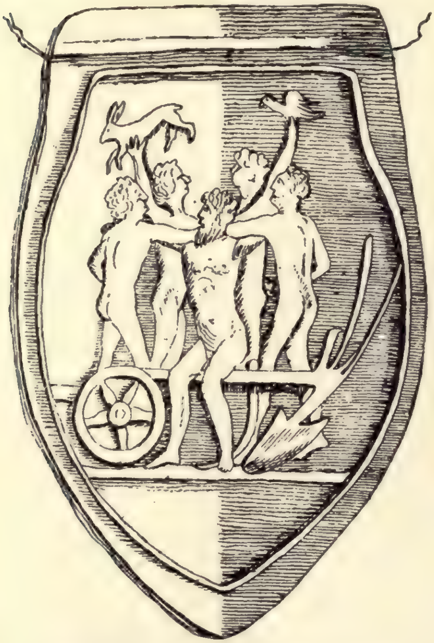
Born about the year 234 and dying in 149 B. C., at the age of eighty-three years, the general consensus of succeeding ages has given him great prominence as a patriot and exacting censor of the failings of others but have declared him avaricious, jealous of other great Romans, selfish and mean in the ordinary walks of life, and coldly inhuman in his dealings with his dependents.

In his introduction to his treatise on agriculture he remarks "that agriculture is preferable to mercantile pursuits as being less hazardous; and to letting money at usury as more honorable and less degrading." That while "our ancestors regarded a usurer as more degraded than a robber, they considered it the highest honor that could be paid to a citizen to call him a good farmer, and indeed that the best soldiers and the bravest citizens have ever been taken from the cultivators of the soil. That in no other calling were the profits attended with so little risk or so unlikely to excite jealousy; while nowhere else is there so complete an absence of evil thoughts and dispositions as among the farming population."

Undoubtedly such was the case in the youth and health of the republic when Horatius Cocles, "who held the bridge so well," was rewarded and

They gave him of the corn land,
  That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
  Could plough from morn till night.

For such was the way in which the city of Rome disposed of her lands acquired by the sword, to the stalwart farmers who felled trees and swept down the thickest ranks of yellow corn as honorably and stoutly as they slew the Sabine champions, or pierced the close-set ranks of the charging Volscians. Even their harvest-home had something of the simple military order and display of well-won trophies of their military triumphs; when the garlanded oxen drew home the groaning wains laden with the spoils of the summer's bounty; while the reapers and laughing maidens sang in grateful praises of Ceres, or broke into some fierce, triumphant ballad telling of stern debate and dearly bought victory.



ANCIENT ROMAN WHEEL PLOUGH

Beautiful is Macaulay's closing picture of a winter's night in the cot of a Roman farmer in the days of the young republic:

> When the oldest cask is opened,
> And the largest lamp is lit,
> When the chestnuts glow in the embers
> And the kid turns on the spit;
> When young and old in circle
> Around the fire-brands close,
> When the girls are weaving baskets,
> And the boys are shaping bows;
>
> When the good man mends his arrows,
> And trims his helmet's plume;
> When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
> Goes flashing through the room,
> With weeping and with laughter
> Still is the story told,
> How well Horatius kept the bridge
> In the brave days of old.

It was not until those evil days when the greed and intrigues of the "better class of citizens" had stolen the greater part of the lands of the Republic and broken the spirit and independence of the plebeian multitude, whose swords and lives had won them, and the slaves who tilled them, that men considered it a disgrace for a Roman citizen to toil as Cincinnatus had wrought, when the conscript fathers took him from the plow to lead the armies of Rome.

Cicero in his old age saw the beginning of this destructive tendency, when the wider conquest of Rome added enormous territorial acquisitions to the prizes of illegal and organized spoliation. But he was rather disposed to teach better ways of farming, and more economical and satisfactory methods of management, than to denounce and attack the beneficiaries of fraud and peculation; a policy not without successful imitators in our day and generation.

His suggestions seem to have been prudent and worthy of adoption. He advised the purchase of a farm of moderate size, about one hundred jugera, say sixty-six and two-thirds English acres, situated, if possible, in a healthy and fertile district, at the foot of a mountain facing toward the south, where there were a good water supply, well-kept roads and if possible, navigable waters. It should not lie in a country likely to change masters, or one which men emigrate from without after regrets; nor should it cost too much, either for its purchase money or the improvements and implements added to its first cost.

He advised that if the farm produce good wine, the vineyard is first in importance; second, the garden; third, the osier-bed for willow-work; fourth, the olive orchard; fifth the meadow or hay land; sixth, the arable land for grain; seventh, the timber growth; eighth, the shrubbery, and ninth the oaks, supplying acorns for the pigs.

The inferior importance of good wheat-raising lands to the vineyards, garden, olive plantation, osier bed and pastures, being placed sixth in the order of importance, is accounted for by some writers on the ground that in case of war the grain fields were first to suffer, and most easily destroyed by the enemy; while wine, oil, garden stuff and cattle are most easily conveyed to the fortified cities. A most vivid picture of the flight of the outlying families to Rome, when Lars Porsenna of Tusculum invaded Roman territory, is drawn in Macaulay's "Horatius."

> For aged folk on crutches,
> And women great with child,
> And mothers sobbing over babes
> That clung to them and smiled,
> And sick men borne on litters
> High on the necks of slaves
> And troops of sunburned husbandmen
> With reaping-hooks and staves,
>
> And droves of mules and asses
> Laden with skins of wine
> And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
> And endless herds of kine,
> And endless trains of wagons
> That creaked beneath the weight
> Of cornsacks and of household goods
> Choked every roaring gate.

Another reason assigned is that Cicero's plan supposed the employment of slave labor, and slave labor for some reason has never been profitable or easily managed in cultivating wheat and other cereals, if we except Indian corn.

Evidently the master was not supposed to reside on the farm, since he is advised at his visits to promptly make inquisition into what has been done since his previous stay; having first, of course, made due sacrifices to the household gods. Having received the report of his bailiff, or overseer, he should compare the work performed with the number of days spent upon it; if bad weather is alleged as a reason for failure, he should find out how many days were unfit for labor, and what indoor tasks have been performed; if it is claimed that the slaves were sick, if their food has been duly reduced in quantity while not at work. The sales of corn, the wine and oil laid up or sold, the purchases of food, and the cash account should be closely investigated. The cattle and live stock should be carefully examined and sales made of all excess of stock; and as the thrifty farmer should always prefer to sell rather than purchase, he should promptly get rid of all useless articles, such as decayed or broken implements, aged oxen, *diseased or superannuated slaves,* etc.

Cato gives directions for choosing land for the various kinds of culture; providing the necessary appliances for making wine and oil, and also of saving fertilizing material and spreading it over the fields in autumn; but he places the use of manures far lower in importance than ploughing.

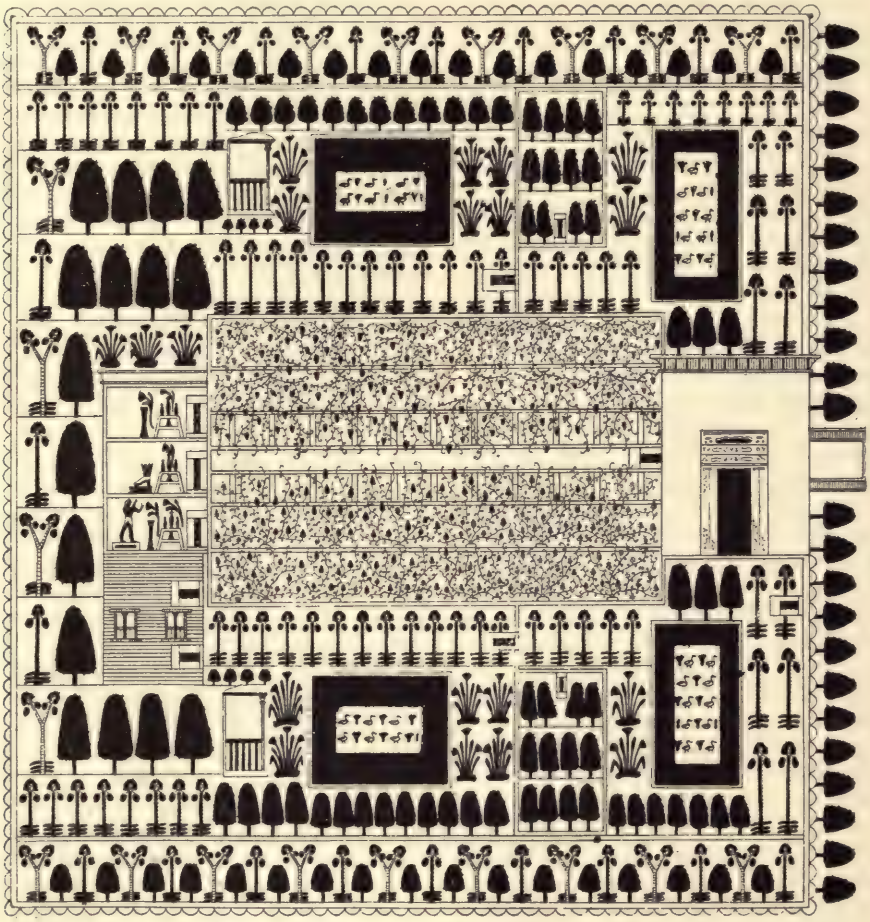
Virgil, albeit a poet, born near Mantua about seventy years before the birth of our Saviour, whose coming he is believed by some to have foretold, has left us in his Georgics the most lively and pleasing pictures of the Italian country life and labor of his day that the world has ever seen, and while preserving the force and grace of "the full tide of song," details the most approved methods of choosing and preparing fertile soil for the several crops. He inculcates frequent plowing: "that field at last answers the wishes of the farmer which twice hath felt the sun, twice the cold," in other words, which was opened with the plow three times, viz., in spring, summer and fall, after which cross-plowing and the use of heavy, iron-toothed and lighter osier harrows must have left the soil in splendid condition for seeding. Neither does he omit to advocate the liberal use of manure and wood ashes; the burning of stubble; the aid of irrigation, and even rolling down and feeding short a too-luxuriant, early growth of grain, and the drainage of too wet and sour lands.

He speaks of the steeping of seeds in nitre, black lees of oil and warm water to hasten germination, but says that with all this care "I have seen them degenerate unless human industry, with the hand, culled out the largest seeds every year." For thus all things by destiny hasten to decay, and gliding away insensibly are driven backward; a truth only of late generally appreciated by the farmers of our corn-growing states, after the Federal government has made special effort to inculcate the careful selection and use of only the largest kernels.

In stormy weather he says: "The plowman sharpens the hard edge of his blunted share; scoops light boats from the trunks of trees; marks his sheep or the numbers on his sacks. Others sharpen stakes and two-horned forks, or make up osier bands to protect the grapevines.

Now let the pliant baskets of bramble-twigs be woven, now parch your grain over the fire, now grind it with the stone."

Varro, born 118 and deceased 28 B. C., was a gallant general under Pompey, and gained a great naval victory over pirates, for which a medal was struck in his honor. His treatise on husbandry, written three years before his death, was intended to aid his wife in managing the estate which he had himself carried on for some years. Less discursive than Cato, and less elegant than Virgil, he nevertheless shows a broader comprehension of his subject of the nature and need of fertilizers, the plowing-in of lupines and other nitrogenous crops and other practical matters, still adhered to in modern farming.



EGYPTIAN VILLA WITH SHADE TREES, AVENUES, ORCHARDS, GARDENS AND TANKS, B. C. 2000

Columella, born at Gades, in Spain, died at Tarentum some hundreds of years later, about the time of Nero, and gave a very full account of the great villas and slave plantations of the empire, whose palatial buildings and splendid offices and grounds were in strong contrast to the narrow quarters and underground dungeons of the slaves that cultivated them. There were still tenants who cultivated their rented holdings on shares, and some small and independent farmer-citizens of the olden type, but Pliny, a little later, emphasizes the small number of such intelligent, self-respecting agriculturalists by his tale of a Roman who was getting rich on a small farm, while his neighbors fell behind with many more acres. He was arrested, charged with witchcraft, and in defence produced his stock of implements, his thriving, well-fed and contented servants, his vigorous oxen, etc., and said to the judges: "These, O Quirites, are my weapons of enchantment, but not all, for I cannot show you my careful watchings, my own labors, and my long nights spent in thought and planning better things." It is needless to say that he was acquitted.

He devotes a large part of his work to the management of the slaves, whom he recommends should be managed by a "Villicus," or overseer, taken from the same class. The average first cost of these slaves seems to have been about three hundred dollars. They were allowed for food four pounds of bread a day in winter and three in summer, with three half-pints of weak wine and an allowance of salt fish and oil. This, with such fruits, nuts, salads, etc., as the country affords, is about the usual aliment of the modern Italian laborer, and a large proportion of the street laborers of this nationality have little more to eat today. The yield of wheat on such plantations seldom exceeded twenty bushels to an English acre.

The Romans at this time possessed a large number of vegetables and pot-herbs, including several varieties of garlic, leeks and onions, anise, parsley, asparagus, beets, cabbages, cardoons or artichokes, capers, kidney beans, peas, lentils, endive, lettuce, sorrel, "lovage" (formerly used instead of celery), mustard, carrot sesamum, summer savory and cucumbers, possibly, but not certainly, melons. Thyme, dill, marjoram, balm, chervil, mint, mallow and spinach were also grown, the latter it is said being largely eaten by the Roman soldiers when procurable. There were other salad plants, a large variety of mushrooms, besides sweet acorns, filberts, walnuts, chestnuts, almonds and other nuts and berries.

But the Roman citizen of the time of Columella was no longer the Roman farmer of whom Virgil sang: "Winter comes; the olive berry is pounded in the oil-press; the swine come home fattened with acorns; the woods yield their nuts; and the autumn lays down its many products; while high on the sunny rocks the mild vintage has ripened. Meanwhile the sweet babes twine round their parents' necks; his chaste family maintain their purity; the cows hang low their udders full of milk, and the fat kids wrestle together with butting horns on the festal green. . . .

"This life of old the ancient Sabines led; this Remus and his brother strictly observed; thus Etruria grew in strength, and thus too did Rome become the glory and beauty of the world; and alone and unaided hath encompassed her seven hills with walls."

Alas! in the days of Nero, the Accursed, the hybrid citizens of Rome were half-paupers and half factionaries, who demanded their daily bread and public entertainments, and varied the monotony of their lives by robbery and assassination, and sporadic conspiracies and revolutions. Fed by the plunder of distant lands, the real strength of the mistress of the world lay in the discipline and valor of the legionary whose boast was that of the warrior Hybrias, preserved by Athenaeus:

My wealth is here, the sword, the spear, the breast-defending shield
With this I plow, with this I sow, with this I reap the field,
With this I tread the luscious grape and drink the blood-red wine,
And slaves around in order wait, and all are counted mine.
But he that will not rear the lance upon the battlefield,
Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind the breast-defending shield,
On lowly knee must worship me with servile head adored
And peal the cry of honor high, and hail me mighty lord.

But already, a host of mercenaries, outnumbering by far the genuine Roman contingent, were becoming a source of danger to emperor and consul, and when discharged, carried back to free peoples the skill they had acquired under their conquerors. There in the German and Gothic fastnesses, among a strong and free people, was gathering the war-storm which in due season was to overthrow the Roman Empire, falling of its own weight, and the cruel and sordid policies of an aristocracy drunken and misled with wealth, power and luxury.

Among the Gauls, too, the genius and fearlessness of the race had been preserved in myriads of homes by the simple life and healthful labors of the agriculturalist. Methods change slowly with such a people, and the traditions and history, the songs and the purposes of a nation find there a Holy of Holies in which the ark of the national covenant, with loyalty and devotion, is kept sacred and unforgotten, while the millions of the cities despise and forget everything but the pursuit of wealth, social and political prominence and pleasure; to be in turn sometimes despised, and nearly always forgotten. The agriculture and productions of southern Gaul were like those of Italy, except that the fig and olive were seldom cultivated even along the Mediterranean coast.

Britain, under the Romans, was largely latinized, except in Wales, where the Cambrian-Briton is still an aboriginal inhabitant. North of the Roman wall the Pict and Scot held the wilderness, or joined the Saxon and Norseman, when they came to harry the Roman and British settlements.

Where the remnants of the British held their villages unshared by the invader, the lands were largely held in common tenancy here an acre and there an acre, each holder having a practical and exclusive right of tenure until the fertility of the piece was exhausted, and it was abandoned for another allotment.

Grain was the chief crop, although many of the Italian vegetables had been introduced locally. Salads and pot-herbs were less generally used than on the continent, and this is still true of the English of today. But the farmers of the British Isles, then as now, furnished the warlike levies which from time to time helped the dwindling legions to keep back the Scottish mountaineers and the northern corsairs along the coast.

They too were a simple and agricultural people, so far as their northern latitude allowed it, and chieftain and kinglet wrought with sickle and wain when need pressed without any sense or thought of lost or impaired dignity.

Many curious legends and traditions show very clearly, that although slaves taken in war, and ceorls or serfs were known in both Gaul and Britain, the relation between serf and master was much more generous and humane than the cruel and utter control of the Italian slave-owner.

SILVER

IN million drops uncountable,
  Adown my nursery pane
It ran; I wept because I could
  Not wear the silver rain.

The moon and stars bedecked the skies,
  Though baby days had fled;
I wept, because I could not wear
  The silver moonbeams shed.

The hand of time caressed my head,
  As year sped after year;
I wished that I might weep because
  I must its silver wear.

—*Margaret Erskine.*

THE MINOR CHORD

CHAPTER XIII

NATURALLY there was a good deal of gossip current at Smithville concerning my return from college, but it proved fortunate in several ways. Father continued in poor health, and mother, with her teaching and three babies, left me quite enough to do.

It was in midwinter that baby Tod was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs. I was his nurse, and either mother or I was always at his bedside. With a suffering babe, you cannot locate the ailment or know always what to do. It is a pitiable sight to see a mother wearing herself out and unable to help her suffering child.

How well I remember that illness! How I made holes through the frost on the window pane and watched for the doctor through the long dismal afternoon! What a comfort it was to see his portly form coming around the corner! The crisis was not passed with Tod when Joe began to complain. His illness did not seem to be serious, and father tucked him in bed with the joking remark, "We shall have quite a hospital after all." Suddenly I noticed Joe coughing severely, and he seemed to wilt away gradually like a rose without water in a hot room.

"Send for the doctor, quick!" I cried to father.

Mother was soon there; the little heart was just beating. "He's in a fit," she cried.

The doctor arrived. "Oh, he will pull through all right," he said, as he measured out some powders in a paper and labelled them "One every hour."

How long that night seemed as mother and I watched over two baby cots! Little Joe was now the anxiety. At midnight the dear little limbs writhed in another convulsion. "Go, Minza, and sing grandma's favorite hymn. It may quiet him," mother said.

I sang old "Nettleton":

> "Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
> Tune my heart to sing Thy praise."

The singing awoke father and seemed to soothe the little sufferer, but his face suddenly became livid.

"My God! my God! his feet are cold. Quick, heat the irons!" cried father.

"Robert, Robert, he's dying—dying!" moaned mother across the cot.

The alarm was given, and kind neighbors soon came in but could do nothing to save him.

Father was kneeling at the bedside, still chafing the little one's feet; mother felt his pulse, but the tiny heart had ceased to beat, and little Joe was dead.

Have you ever felt that first stifling flow of grief for the dead? I thought God was cruel and had punished me for my wickedness at Cornwell.

Toward morning, worn out, I threw myself on my bed and cried out, "Shall I never see little Joe any more? Is he dead? No, it cannot be."

In my restless sleep I dreamed we were playing together at the old limekiln, with the waves washing upon the white stones, little Joe and I. Christ appeared clothed in long white raiment and took us both to heaven. When I awoke—how cruel it seemed!—I could not realize the truth.

"Joe, little Joe!" I cried out wildly in my grief and, in fancy of course, from heaven I seemed to hear the childish answer—

"My sissy's tummin' too."

One never likes to acknowledge family preferences, but little Joe was my favorite. Oh, I loved him so, and now he was taken from me forever. I tried to comfort mother, but her grief was too deep to reach with words. I shivered when they brought that little white coffin and placed it on two chairs in the parlor.

The funeral was held at the house. Dear old Mr. Frazer's words, grave and sympathetic, comforted and soothed; there seemed to be a hope beyond—that little Joe had merely gone out to play, and would soon return.

The day of the funeral was dark and dismal; it had been raining very hard and made the pure white snow a clinging yellow slush. The little coffin was draped with evergreen boughs from the trees in the front garden, under which little Joe used to play. Mother and I, hidden behind heavy crape veils, sat near it. The little face was just visible and seemed wrapped in peaceful slumber.

> "There beamed a smile,
> So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
> Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not steal
> The signet-ring of heaven."

The house was thronged with friends and neighbors and scores stood outside in the drizzling rain. We sat in breathless silence before the service, alone with our dead!

They sang little Joe's favorite song, "Shall We Gather at the River?" slowly, softly, sweetly, and the only accompaniment was the patter of the rain on the roof, like a fugue of falling tears. A short prayer, a Scripture lesson, and a few words spoken direct to our hearts of the hope of again meeting little Joe, made up the simple service.

Oh, that last kiss of our dead! Into what household has it not entered? It is this last parting caress that breaks the mother's heart, when she thinks of her child in the cold and lonely grave. It is when the lid is last sealed that the mother's heart-fountains burst forth.

Standing about the little grave, we heard the clods of earth fall upon the coffin. Would it awaken little Joe? How I wanted to stop the old sexton!

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise"

"Oh, I can never leave him here!" I cried, and sprang from the carriage as we were turning away.

"Come, Minza, be calm," said father. "Mother needs your comfort. Remember others, Minza," and he carried me back to the closed carriage. "Well, Robert, we have her left," said mother, pressing me tightly to her breast.

For years after I could not visit little Joe's grave. Mother and father used to go every Sunday with flowers, but I never could endure to bring back the memories of that death-scene. I could gaze on the enlarged picture in the parlor, and the sweet baby eyes that looked down upon me—mother's own eyes—but I always thought of that midnight when I could almost see his little soul floating away to heaven and joining the angel choirs.

Time may wear away the pangs, the paroxysms of grief, but today my heart is touched and purified by the tender memories of little Joe.

In later years I was able to bring myself to see that little grave, for when I die I want to lie beside the little form I loved so well.

Life's first real grief!—the Minor Chord was struck!

CHAPTER XIV

That spring the music shop was sold and the money from mother's music lessons was our entire income. Father remained poorly, and now grief and worry began to undermine mother's health. One day Dr. Waddington called and looked over his spectacles, inquiring of father:

"Robert, were you in the Army?"

"Yes, 42d Volunteers."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"Yes, several times—at Vicksburg and Shiloh."

"I thought so. Do you know I think you are suffering from those wounds today?"

"Tut, tut, man, I got over it and am as well and strong as ever."

"Yes, you are," said the Doctor sarcastically. "But you come down to the office and let me make an examination."

That afternoon father went down and the doctor evidently found traces of a rebel bullet.

Dr. Waddington waddled down to our house late in the evening, very much excited. He took off his worn silk hat and wiped his bald head reflectively.

"Mrs. Maxwell, can you put some sense into that man's head?"

"How's that, Doctor?"

"Robert deserves a pension for his army service, and not only that, but back pay as well."

"Yes, but, Doctor, you cannot get a pension without political influence, and you know Robert is not much of a politician," she replied quizzically.

"Well, that may be," continued the Doctor, "but it's worth trying for."

"All right, he'll do it." When mother said so, that settled it.

The application was made.

The formal papers were sent to the young Congressman representing our district. He replied promptly, stating that he remembered meeting father, and should "give the matter immediate and personal attention."

"That's the way he writes to all of them," said mother ironically.

We thought nothing more about it and had little hope, but one morning, when I was helping father with the housework, and mother was busy giving a lesson, a telegram was handed me.

"This must be a mistake, I don't receive telegrams," I said to the boy.

"No, it isn't; I knows my business," he answered saucily.

There it was, addressed: "MINZA MAXWELL."

I tore it open hastily. It was dated "Washington, D. C.," and marked D. H., meaning "Dead Head":

> "Your father's pension and back pay granted. Letter follows. Congratulations.
>
> "THOMAS BAYLING, M. C.,
> Per TIM, Secy."

"Tim! Could it be Tim Rathbone?" I said excitedly.

"We have a friend at court," said mother smilingly.

We could hardly wait for that letter. Father insisted that there must be an error somewhere, and even mother did not seem to have much confidence in the news.

During the week a large fat envelope

came without any stamps on. Inside were numerous blank forms to fill, and the information stated: "Robert Maxwell, Co. M., 42d Iowa Volunteers, granted a pension of six dollars per month and back pay amounting to $1,276.60."

I screamed with joy. We were no longer one thousand dollars in debt! That evening we were busy planning what to do with the money.

"It seems so heavenly," I cried and went to the piano and played the gayest waltz I knew. Then I hugged my violin and galloped off a mazurka. As the revelry of music increased, my eyes suddenly fell on that little baby face looking down from the corner.

"O little Joe! what is all this to us now that we have lost you?"

The family council lasted long into the night. Mother wanted to use the money to complete my musical studies and father agreed. At first I wanted to re-invest it in a business, but when I caught mother's poor wan face a suggestion occurred to me.

"Mother, you and father must start next week for England—visit dear old grandpa. It will do you good and break —"

"No, no, dear, we cannot think of it. You must complete your studies," insisted mother.

"Then, Maggie, we must pay our debts —one thousand dollars," interposed father.

"Now, Robert, you must keep still. This money shall not pay a penny of it," said mother firmly.

"But is it honest?—what will people say?" protested father.

"Never mind, let me manage that," and mother managed it.

It was finally settled that mother was to take little Tod with her, and Jimmy was to remain with me, and they were to start the following week to visit the scenes of father's childhood in dear old England.

Of course the village of Smithville talked and gossiped—"Maxwell ought to pay his debts."

We had become nerved to facing contrary winds of public opinion.

Here, again, was the breaking of home ties, and although I was enthusiastic about their going, it was a hard struggle.

The same old midnight train was to take them away. We tried to be cheerful that evening, but our faces reflected serious forebodings. At the last all was bustle and hurry. Again came the parting kiss. Little Tod chattered with delight and was forever in the way, and Jimmy cried, but the 'bus was waiting.

It was May, and the lilacs and snowballs were in bloom, their fragrance filling the air.

The next day the old home seemed desolate. Jimmy kept me busy and was soon off to school. It is always those left at home who most keenly feel the pangs of parting.

How anxiously I watched the newspapers for the arrival of the steamer! It was overdue, and I pictured a shipwreck in mid-ocean. Angela was staying with me, and two merry little housemaids were we until the thought of the steamer being overdue sobered us.

One day Angela came running from the village post-office. "It's there, it's there!" she cried far down the street, and a heavy load was lifted from our hearts. I kissed Jim's jam-covered face over and over again. The steamer had reached Southampton.

They were to be gone three months, and it seemed like an age. In the meantime, Bob's letters arrived frequently. He was a hard-headed, practical, business-like fellow, and always wrote sensibly. A few weeks later, a short note from Tim announced that he would call the following week.

Here was a dilemma!

I told Angela all about it and insisted that she must take one of my lovers off my hands.

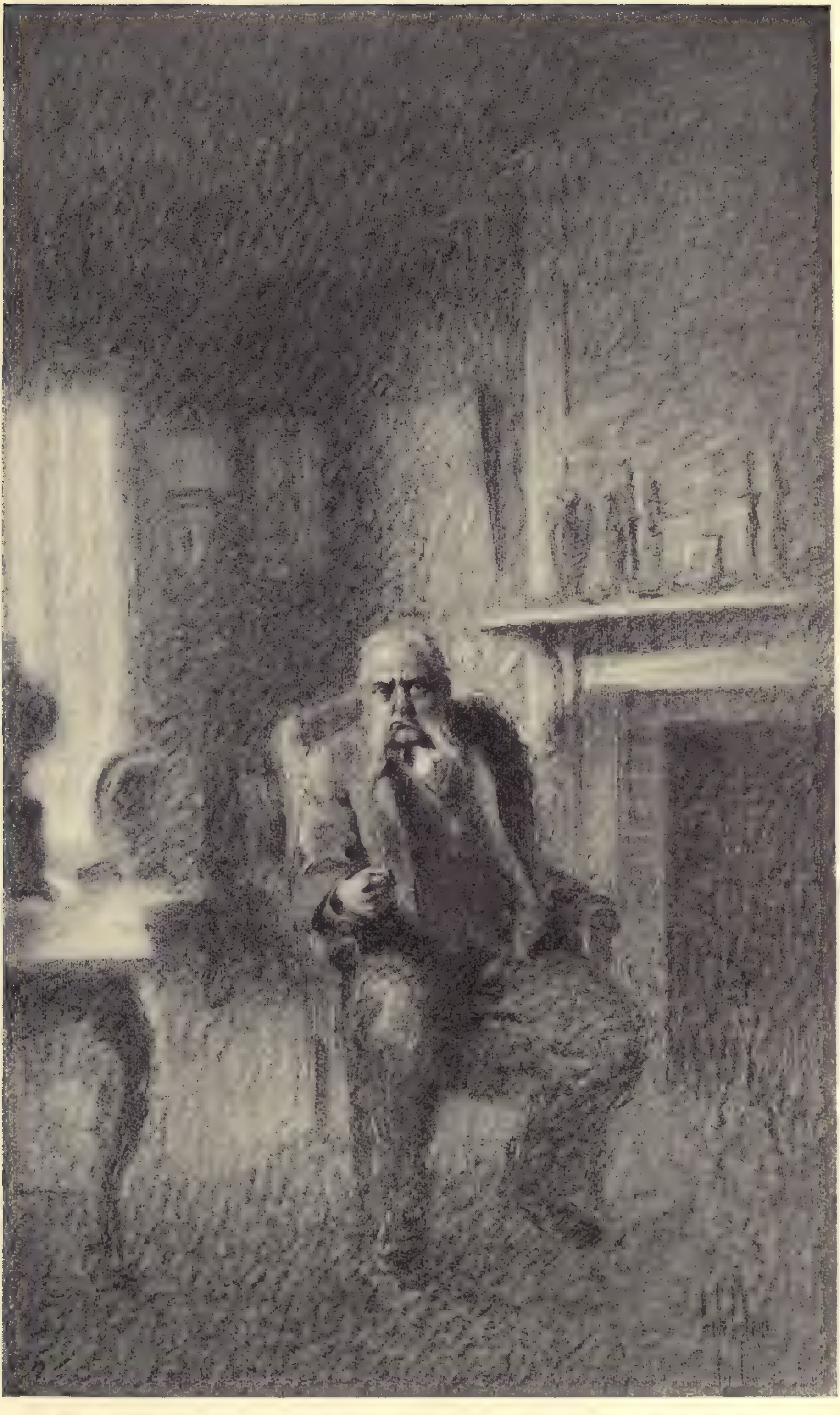
"Which one?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter," I replied desperately. Tim had fresh claims on me now, if we *did* quarrel in our letters, and had, indeed, ceased correspondence until the pension telegram was received.

Then, too, Tim was my first sweetheart, although Robert seemed to be taking matters for granted.

The next week I was reading one of Bob's long letters when there was a knock at the door.

It was Tim.



"That be blowed! Your botheration poor management will 'ave us hall in the work 'ouse"

I felt fluttered for a moment, and before I could answer he kissed me. When I found my tongue, I tried to thank him for his kindly interest on behalf of father's pension.

"Don't mention it, Meg; let's take a walk down to the old limekiln. Yes, bring Jimmy along, if—"

Every spot about the old limekiln seemed to retain its happy memories.

"Minza, you are growing beautiful. Do you still sing?" said Tim, when Jimmy was at a safe distance.

"A little. To put the babies to sleep. Don't I, Jimkins?" I said, appealing to the young rascal; but he was out of hearing.

"I'll be Jimmy, Meg—please!"

"Oh, you're too big now. Besides, Tim, you've—you've got a moustache."

"Yes, you remember, Meg, that was my greatest ambition as a boy. When I had a moustache like Judge Buggins, then—hullo—who's coming?"

Down the path from the house came Fred Burroughes.

"That's Mr. Burroughes, my friend."

"Ah, it's Mr. Burroughes, your *friend*, is it?" said Tim sourly.

I advanced to meet Fred, and when he bent to kiss me I shrank back and looked at Tim.

"Why, Minza, what's the matter, little one?" said Fred.

I could not answer. Those deep blue eyes seemed to express his pain and read my thoughts.

"Well, I'll not bother," said Fred, as he started to go.

"Tim, this is Mr. Burroughes—Mr. Burroughes, Mr. Rathbone," said I, introducing them.

They bowed stiffly, and if I had not been so sorry for Fred, I should have burst out laughing at their awkwardness.

Fred left us. I called after him, but he was out of hearing.

Tim and I were children again.

Fred came to the house later, and with the help of Angela we spent a pleasant afternoon with our music.

Like all young lovers, Tim and I indulged in an occasional quarrel. All persons do who are constantly together. It is human to wear off the rough edges of temper on one another now and then. As my housework took a great deal of my time, Angela and Tim were thrown together more than I really liked, although I had asked her, as my younger sister, to entertain him.

A few weeks more and father and mother and little Tod would return.

The day before July 4, when the village was preparing for one of the real old-fashioned celebrations of our national birthday, I wandered with Jimmy through the grove to the limekiln.

The lemonade booths covered with boughs and the different amusement tents and shooting galleries were set up and the speakers' platform looked very imposing. Tim was to read the Declaration of Independence and I was to sing "Hail Columbia!" I thought how handsome Tim with his curly hair would look, and I pictured him in the future as a great statesman. The village brass band were holding their last rehearsal in the Town Hall, and the bass solo and "after-parts" were nearly raising the roof. The sky was clear, and the setting sun behind the purple grove was sending up spears of sunshine from the foliage that lined the horizon. It was to be a typical spread-eagle American Fourth of July, and the British lion's tail was to be properly twisted.

I was happy just then and expected Tim shortly. He came, and somehow I felt like teasing—and I teased him all the evening. He tried to be serious and to talk with me alone, but I showed him Bob's photograph and talked of how good Mr. Burroughes had been. He took Angela home and left me in a very bad humor.

CHAPTER XV

The festivities of the following day began with the booming of cannon and the snapping of fire crackers. The parade was imposing, and Angela was charming as "Columbia" in the float with forty-six little girls about her representing each of the states. The exercises passed off smoothly. Tim read splendidly and was applauded to the echo, but we had scarcely spoken to each other all day.

That evening a company of young friends sat with me on the veranda watching the fireworks; I wondered why Tim did not come. At last the closing piece of the display, a "Good Night" in colored lance work, was fired. Two figures came down the path—Angela and Tim.

"Where have you naughty folks been?" I asked jokingly.

"We've been married," spoke up Tim defiantly.

It was a blow which staggered me. I thought they were joking, and kissed Angela; but another glance at Tim's face told me it was true.

I turned to go into the house. It was a "good-night" to "love's young dream."

"Good-night," I gasped.

"Why, Meg, won't you congratulate me?" pleaded Angela innocently. She had taken my lover.

Tim still looked defiant as they left in the darkness.

My heart was broken. "Alone, alone," seemed the solemn minor echo of the night breezes, as I entered the silent darkness of the home.

"Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!
I do not know thee—nor what deeds are thine:
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!"

When I awoke the next morning I again thought it surely must be a joke that they had played upon me, but it proved to be a reality.

A large number of American marriages originate from motives of spite or lonesomeness rather than from love. We seldom marry our real sweethearts. Love! What is love? Certainly it has never yet been analyzed in words. But when Tim was beyond my reach I thought I loved him, and especially when I fancied he had married Angela out of pique.

That night I was ready to offer myself as a foreign missionary to go among the heathen, or to join the Salvation Army.

A day or so before I expected father and mother to return, Bob arrived.

The same old reliant, conceited and energetic Bob.

He kissed me and said coolly that he had been arranging to start a newspaper in Dakota.

"Will you be my assistant editor?" he said calmly, puffing at his cigar.

"That's scarcely romantic," I insisted.

"No, but it's business. Minza, there's no foolishness about me. I am in dead earnest. You're my only hope in life; will you be my wife? That rhymes. It's not a great distinction, but then—" and his voice died away, as if in thought.

There was nothing impulsive about it, and the memory of Tim's defiant look flashed on me.

"Yes," I said, and he kissed me without further argument.

Of course it was not such a courtship as I had dreamed of, but I thought, as girls have to be married some time, I might as well make a beginning.

I knew Bob loved his mother, was kind, pure and noble in heart, and I gave him my hand.

"You make me so happy, Minza."

Father and mother arrived earlier than I had expected, right in the middle of my preparations to welcome them. What a happy meeting! I hugged mother and little Tod till they fairly gasped, and father looked so ruddy and strong! Mother, bless her heart! was young again. There was the old love sparkle in her eyes, the dimple had come once more into her cheek, and we were very happy that night! Little Tod had grown as tall as Jimmy and was as saucy as a parrot.

Mother sang many of her old songs.

"There, Meggie, is Helen Martin when a lonely young Englishman fell in love with her," father remarked, looking at her fondly.

"Oh, the hallowed glow of a happy heart!
Nor wealth nor fame can banish its lustre."

Such a busy time mother and I had talking! She told me of Paris, of the Crystal Palace, of Covent Garden, and inspired me still further with that great ambition which I could never resist—to be a great prima donna.

Her trunk was full of little presents for us all, and a generous supply of guidebooks, photos and souvenirs. The twelve hundred and seventy-six dollars and sixty cents was gone, and we were still one thousand dollars in debt, but let the creditors whistle now; we were happy.

"They shall be paid, but they must cultivate patience," said mother, smiling.

She was soon actively at work organizing new music classes, and having been "abroad," she enjoyed an unrivalled prestige.

"Now my Minza must study to go abroad, too," said mother enthusiastically one day.

"No, mother, I never can leave you."

"But, my child, your voice, when cultivated, will bring you fortune and fame."

"I want neither, now we are happy; besides—besides—I'm—I'm—going to be —married!"

"Minza!" gasped mother. "All our hopes are dashed. O Minza! how could you do it, and not let me know? Cannot it be—"

"Mamma, it is settled," I replied.

Father came in just then, having overheard us. He was thunderstruck.

"My little girl, only seventeen, and talking of being married!"

I was glad they knew it now.

"And to Tim?" continued mother inquiringly.

That question cut me, and I felt myself growing pale.

"No—he has married Angela."

"My dear girl, and you—"

With a mother's quick eye she read it all.

"No, mother, it's to Bob Burnette, the dearest, best fellow on earth. You'll love him, and he'll soon pay that one thousand dollars," I continued, trying to be enthusiastic.

"My daughter," continued mother sternly, "have you sold yourself again for us?"

"Oh, no, you'll like Bob, mother; in fact, you must like him."

But she never did. She looked upon him as a robber.

Bob called soon after and father tried to be cheerful and entertaining as a prospective father-in-law; mother was cold and reserved, but she never remonstrated again with me.

Poor Bob! I saw he felt it and I pitied him the more, and admired his manly ways, for Bob was a splendid type of pure manhood, and that is saying a great deal in these days, when so many young men, "after sowing their wild oats," finish by marrying innocent and ignorant girls.

We were busy with the preparations for the marriage. Bob had established his newspaper in Dakota, and we were to be married in October and go there to live.

It was a hard trial to mother, as it is to all mothers to give up their daughters just when they find so much comfort in their companionship. I could scarcely realize it to be true. A girl about to be married has the great problem of her life and destiny before her.

We were to be married in the dear old church, and the night before I wandered down to the old limekiln. The leaves were falling, the autumn foliage enveloped the old trees I loved so well. It was now a real farewell. I came to them as a girl—tomorrow I stepped into wifehood.

Bob met me at the gate when I returned.

"What, pet! so sad before your wedding day?"

"Yes, you do not know what a girl gives up when she is married, and—"

"Minza," he said, his honest eyes looking deep into mine, "I will not take a captive. I love you—my life is yours—married or not married. We were born for each other."

Oh, why didn't he rage, and fume, and fight, as they do on the stage or in storybooks, when they are in love? It was his perfect perfection that I did not admire—but his honest, warm heart was so true!

Our dear old minister, the Rev. Mr. Frazer, came from a distant charge to marry us. The ceremony was short and our clasped hands trembled as a response when the final words were pronounced.

The "Wedding March" was played as we walked out of the church, but it seemed like a funeral dirge.

Alone together, Bob grasped me.

"My own Minza. My wife now!"

The realization burst upon me—a wife!

At the wedding supper everyone seemed sad. Mother's eyes were red, and she could scarcely speak.

Mother and daughter were drifting—drifting apart!

The little old station platform was thronged with friends to see us off; the train was an hour late, which made it rather awkward for me. "Will it never come?" I thought, as a curious crowd pushed forward to "see the bride."

Neither Tim nor Angela was there, though they had stood in the back part of the church during the ceremony.

Sister of childhood and love's own sweetheart! and no farewell from either!

A shower of rice and old shoes made the occupants of the car "sit up and take notice" as we entered.

"Now, we won't act like a bridal couple, will we, Bob?" I whispered.

"No," he said heroically, trying to look as unconcerned as an old married man. But it did not last long. I soon fell asleep in his arms, dreaming of those dear ones at home.

In a short time I learned to say "My husband," but "Bob" always sounded better.

Chapter XVI

In ordinary romances the marriage of the pair is the climax, and "they lived happily ever after." In my life, marriage was where real life began.

We arrived at Fargo, Dakota, during a light snowfall, with the wind whistling dismal interludes about the car. The landscape was dreary, and made me feel homesick, but Bob's cheeriness was irresistible.

We traveled up the broad Red River Valley, dotted with shanties on each quarter section of land, and stacks of grain which looked like Esquimaux snow-houses. We stopped at many straggling and deserted little stations, with elevators and grain warehouses clustered about hungry-looking lumber and coal yards. We arrived at Boomtown at last. There were three or four handsome brick buildings and a large hotel in the village. Bob's office sign, "The Weekly Times," blazed out in bright gold letters from a neat looking little wooden shanty. We drove there first. It was not an inspiring sight. A yellow-haired Swedish boy with an ink-smeared face sat perched on a stool, "throwing in" type. The old Washington hand-press, with its ponderous lever, stood in one corner, with the gravestone ink-slab at the side. All the walls were frescoed with inky finger-daubs, and decorated with faded circus and show lithographs and "dates."

There was a frightful odor of benzine about the room, and the old job presses looked as if they were hungry for a form to squeeze.

The residents of Boomtown were an unusually intelligent and bright class of people and gave us a very cordial welcome. The burden of conversation, day and night, was "Boomtown's great future —when the new railroad arrived."

Bob showed me the flaming maps indicating Boomtown as quite the center of the universe, and we had a glorious future painted for us in our fancy.

The wild blizzards, raging that winter for days at a time, made our life rather dreary and lonesome; but I soon became quite an accomplished editor's wife, addressing the wrappers and papers on publication days, mixing the paste, and picking up the local current gossip, as follows:

"Mrs. Mayor Snoddus drove out yesterday with Mrs. Biff."

"Mrs. Jones went to Babtown in the afternoon, and was accompanied by Hon. Fillipers Jones."

"Miss Sally Snippuns has a bad whitlow on her left hand."

"Mr. Joe Waterlog has been under the weather a few days this week."

Do you laugh at this as silly? It is much the same news as London papers give concerning royalty. In America, merit is worshipped as an aristocracy; the people are the royalty, and each little country paper has its court of patrons to look after.

The best crop raised in Dakota is not wheat, but politics. The long winter evenings spent by the men hugging red-hot stoves are certain to breed mischief. The lone settler on the dreary plains!—God help his poor wife! No wonder the insane asylums are filled with "only a farmer's wife." The tedious monotony of their existence must be crazing, and this isolation accounts for much of the discontent among American farmers. In Europe they cluster in villages, and man being naturally a social being, the convivial greeting alleviates the monotony of his existence and makes him more contented than his American cousin.

In the early days of its first settlement, Boomtown had been located at the county seat of Halkins County. Since then a second large railroad corporation had extended a branch of their line into the southern part of the county, and located there a terminal town site, which was owned by officials of the railroad. These branch corporations and wrecking schemes, with their inflated water stock bubbles, account for many of the large fortunes gathered so quickly by American railroad magnates.

The new town of Courtville was named after one of the magnates, and it aspired to take the county seat away from Boomtown. A flaw was discovered in the first proceedings in establishing the county seat, and a fight was made in the legislature at Bismarck to get a special law passed to re-submit the matter to a vote of the people. The plot was that in extending its line the railroad corporation could import enough sovereign American voters—that is, ignorant Italians and others, temporary railroad laborers—to carry the election and secure the county seat.

Boomtown was aroused, and as Bob was looked upon as a leader in public matters, we were to go to Bismarck to try and check the infamous legislation. After we arrived, Bob made a careful poll of the members of the legislature, in order to learn who were for and who were against the scheme. He found the railroad represented by a powerful and wealthy lobby party, and struggled along; while I tried to assist by influencing the legislators at the Governor's receptions. But ladies are not the power in American affairs of state that they were in the days of the Bourbons in France.

Champagne suppers were given by the lobby party, and each side competed for every doubtful vote. The critical time was drawing near. Bob polled his votes every day, and at this time there were two majority on our side against the bill. On the day for the final voting, I went to the State House, through a blinding blizzard and sat in the galleries, almost the only lady present.

"If we can keep our men in line, we are all right," said Bob excitedly.

The "ayes" and "nays" were called. There was breathless silence. I was about to leave—satisfied that Boomtown was victorious—when I saw two of our men slip quietly out at a side door. I rushed down into the corridor, and in the dark corners, saw the portly lobbyist, Colonel Malsey, who represented the railroad, hand both of the men a roll suspiciously like bank-notes. They quietly slipped back to their seats, but the lobbyist never appeared in the hall. The names of these two were reached near the end of the roll-call.

"Yea," responded one.

"Yea," echoed the other.

Boomtown was defeated by its own neighbors—representatives from an adjoining county.

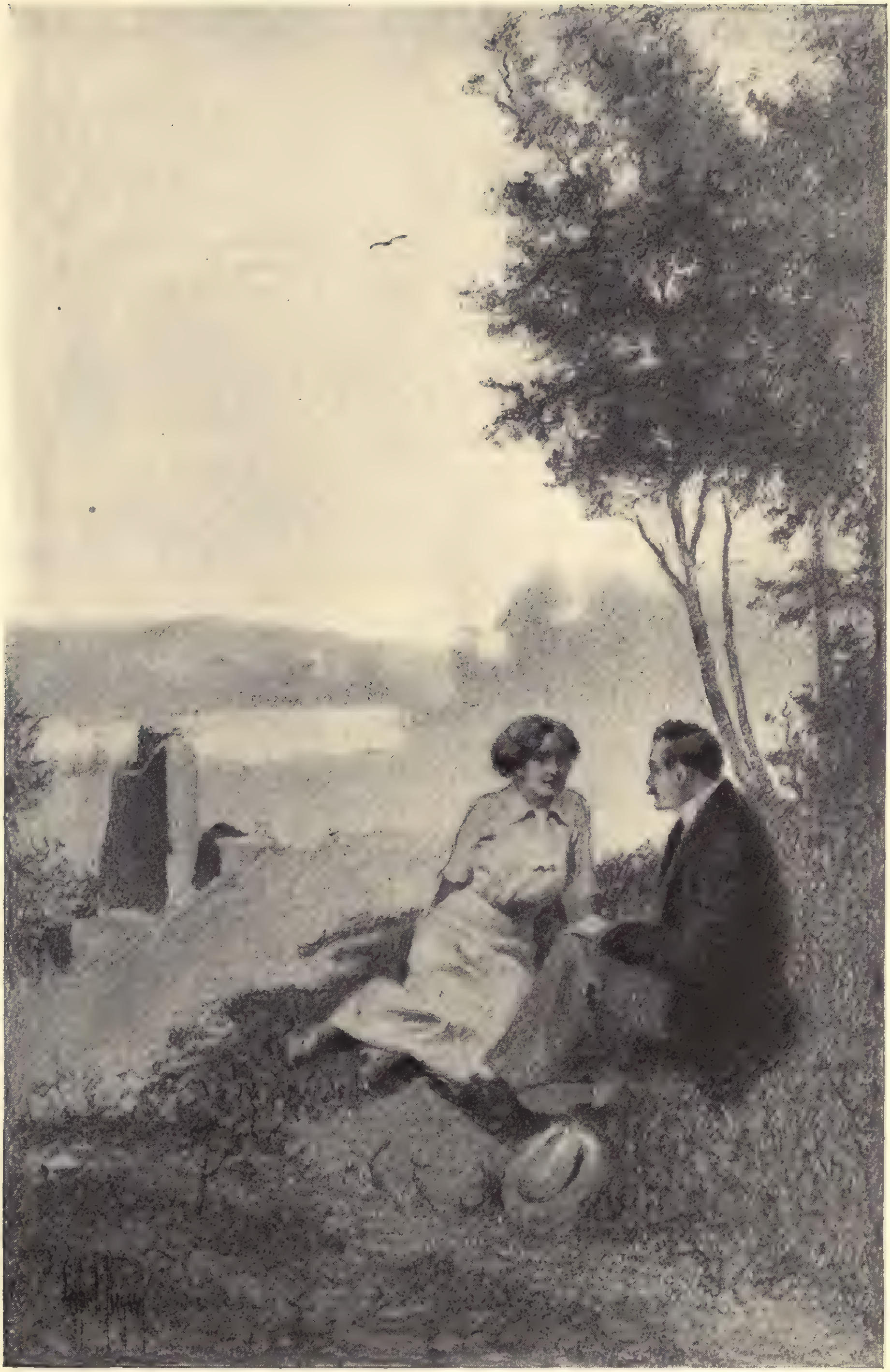
The Boomtown men cried "Bribery!" An investigation was ordered, and Colonel Malsey was implicated, but he proved an *alibi* by seven reputable witnesses that he had not been near the State House on the day the vote was taken.

I knew he lied, but what was a woman's word against seven "reputable" witnesses? I never told Bob about seeing Colonel Malsey, and was very happy when we left Bismarck that night.

The election occurred the following autumn. Bob traveled miles and miles over the prairie country behind broncho ponies, visiting each farmer and voter personally, and, sometimes, I am afraid, like the opposing side, gave them a taste from his bottle of "cold tea." I remained in the office meantime editing the paper and facing irate readers whom Bob had "blistered" in the previous issue. It was an exciting time. The outlook was bright for Boomtown winning, as it was more centrally situated in the county than Courtville.

Election day arrived, and never can I forget how pale and wan Bob looked as the fatal day approached. He owned an interest in Boomtown town site, and it was a battle for his home and all that he possessed. He mortgaged the printing office to raise money for the campaign. The organization was thought to be perfect, as Boomtown men were stationed at every polling precinct on the day of election to watch the enemy and our interests.

The returns came in slowly that night, but we felt that victory was certain to be ours. It was at Courtville itself, with its



"Oh, you're too big now. Besides, Tim, you're—you've got a mustache" alien railroad voters, that the foe was most feared; but they had been checked by the Boomtown challengers. Everyone was gleeful, and Bob was cheered as he delivered an address from the front of his office on a farmer's wagon. Bonfires were lighted in the streets, and it was altogether a night of rejoicing, as the result had been received from every precinct except the Waney district in the extreme north part of the county, which was, of course, supposed to have given an almost solid vote for Boomtown.

In the midst of the rejoicing a courier arrived from the Waney district.

"One hundred and four against us—sold by the sneaks!"

This, if true, turned the scale. The news soon flashed over the village. The alien railroad voters had been quietly sent armed in squads to that precinct—a flank movement—and the Boomtown challengers had been bribed.

"Contest it!" "Hang the traitors!" were the cries on the street.

Well, it was contested. Injunctions and mandamus were issued. There was talk of armed resistance with guns against removal, but it ended in Courtville securing the county seat; and the handsome seventeen-thousand-dollar court house remains today a rendezvous for Boomtown bats and swallows. The town is now almost deserted, with its handsome brick buildings and large hotel, a fit theme for a new Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

It was a paralyzing blow to poor Bob.

"There is one consolation, Minza."

"And what's that, dear?"

"I sent your father the one thousand dollars first. He's out of debt."

"O Bob! dear fellow, you've ruined yourself for them!"

"No, no, a young man is never ruined by reverses while he has health."

He allowed the dear old office that I had grown to love to go to sale under the hammer on a foreclosed mortgage, and we sought new fields to conquer.

The wind howled dismally the night we left. It was in December, and our friends at Boomtown—for misfortune reveals your true friends—bid us Godspeed. We started for a new "city" on Lake Superior that was booming.

Now Bob found in me a helpmate—if ever there was one; but where husband and wife mingle in the same business or trade there is bound to be a clash at times. I must confess it, I promised to "obey" him; but there were times when I thought he could obey me with better grace. After a little quiet cry the domestic sky would clear.

"It's just such snivelling as this that drives men to the bad and makes them seek other companionship and drink," said Bob.

This was his standard argument.

After all, I look back on my first year of married life in Dakota as happy, although it was fraught with rugged experience.

Chapter XVII

As we link together the memories of our life the impressive events seem to fit into connected grooves. Incident follows incident, without reference to the lapse of time.

It was with some misgiving that Robert and I took up our abode at another "growing town." The "boom era" in America is spasmodic, and travels in waves. It is a result of the speculative fever that has always been characteristic of American business methods. The evolution of a western American town is an interesting study. First, the town plot and the corner lot speculation, before the least indication of a building is visible; then some great factory, railroad shops, or industrial interests center there, about which a large city is to "grow." The building operations start on a given day, rough board shanties springing up like magic over night. Then comes the struggle to determine the "business portion" of the new town. Rival districts put up large buildings to "draw it." Next follow the churches, and even these sacred structures are placed with an idea of "selling lots" by the real estate dealer. Municipal organization, streets, sidewalks, sewers, water supply and paving are the succeeding problems in the evolution. Later the wooden shanties give way to brick "blocks," and a spirit of "bigger and bigger" rivalry begins, until the town becomes a "city," and boasts of parks and a "fine opera house," palatial schoolhouses and court houses, a Board of Trade and "boodle" aldermen.

Town politics naturally fall into the hands of the rougher element, who, through "public contracts" and winked-at privileges, strengthen themselves into a ring, and a mimic Tammany Hall is originated in every growing American town which holds the balance of power between the principal political parties.

At Dunbar, our new home, Bob secured a situation as city editor on a daily newspaper. In a sharp and bitter local political struggle politicians belonging to the same party fell out, and one faction desired to start a newspaper as their "organ," with Bob as editor. They made up a liberal subscription as a bonus, and in a short time the new paper was launched.

"Well, Minza, I have a daily newspaper now," said Bob one day.

This was the first intimation I had received of Bob's ambitions in that direction.

"Aren't you afraid it won't pay, Bob?"

"Pay! I have everything to gain, and can't lose much," he replied.

I assisted every day at the office, Bob filling the position of editor, business manager, compositor, foreman, reporter and proofreader on the struggling new paper. It was a tremendous strain on him; he was hardly civil to me, so absorbed was he in his business. I became more an *employe* than a wife. The change in him had come on gradually since our reverses in Dakota.

Dunbar, besides being a growing and prosperous manufacturing center, was also a famous resort for tourists. The trout fishing and hunting in "forests primeval" were great attractions. Among the tourists who visited the large hotel, "Minnehaha," every summer was a Henry Orglive, a prominent theatrical manager. Bob had received a large order from him for printing, and had urged him to visit our home.

"Minza, do be more sociable with my friends. It's business, you know. Brush up your music and sing him a song."

Mr. Orglive took tea with us the following week. He was a tall handsome man with a heavy moustache. After tea I played and sang. He accompanied me in my violin selections, and we were naturally drawn together by a common taste for good music. I was hungry for appreciation of the art in which I had been nursed from earliest childhood.

Bob sat in a corner and slept, because his musical taste had not improved since our marriage, although I had done my best to educate him.

We continued to play until late, and in parting Mr. Orglive gave me a look that every woman understands, and a smile that expressed more.

"I have enjoyed the evening very much, Mr. Burnette, and shall want to come again. Mrs. Burnette is a charming musician," said Mr. Orglive to Bob as he was leaving.

"Glad to hear it—glad to hear it," said Bob rather sleepily as he showed him to the door.

When Bob returned to the room he glowered upon me with the ferocity of a wild beast.

"You thought I was asleep, but I wasn't."

"What is it, Robert?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, you know; you needn't look so simple," he retorted.

This roused my temper. I slammed the piano cover down with a bang and turned out the gas.

That made him worse, and here was

The little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The incidents of this night and Bob's anger created in me an admiration for Mr. Orglive which otherwise might never have existed.

But Bob would not permit him to come to our house again and guarded me like a keeper.

A new resort hotel was opened a fortnight later with a grand ball, and Bob coolly ordered me to go.

"It's a matter of business, so be careful how you act."

Poor fellow, I thought his mind must be giving way under the strain of business anxieties. I had a good cry while dressing.

"That's right! snivel away!" he taunted.

My silence irritated him. We drove to the ball, and as I came out of the dressing-room I met Mr. Orglive.

"So charmed to see you, Mrs. Burnette. I've rather taken charge of affairs tonight, seeing that I am a stockholder in this new hotel, and you're to sing for us."

"But I've no music," I replied.

"I have," he said quickly. "I bought those pieces you sang for me the other evening. I never can forget—"

Just then Bob came up, and his face was fairly livid.

I tried to excuse myself.

"Don't you sing tonight or you will regret it," whispered Bob hoarsely.

This aroused all the tiger in me.

"I will," I replied defiantly.

I was afraid our actions had been observed and would make a scene, so I hurried away from him.

My songs were announced after the first lancers, and I did not dance, so as to save my breath. Mr. Orglive presided at the piano and his introductory chords indicated a masterly player. The whole past seemed to come back, and passionately and defiantly I sang the songs he handed me. I had not sung before a Dunbar audience previous to this, and it created something of a sensation.

"Is that Mrs. Burnette?" "Really now, what a beautiful singer!" were the whispered remarks I overheard as I took my seat.

Congratulations were pouring in when Mr. Orglive gave me his arm and escorted me from the concert hall.

In the corner of the cloak room I saw Bob, crouching like a tiger, with his face expressing the direst jealousy. Of course everyone must have noticed him, and I felt quite disgraced.

"Will you take me home?" I whispered.

"No," he hissed back.

Mr. Orglive at the door must have overheard us.

"May I have this waltz?" said Mr. Orglive, advancing as the music was resumed.

I hesitated. I had not danced since our marriage, and with a desperate shrug I answered "Yes."

That waltz I never can forget. How kind—how gentle he was to me! How his courtesy shamed my husband's rudeness, as we glided in the fascination of a dream. I went back to Bob, who still sat sulking by himself.

"Take me home, Robert, " I said.

He got up lazily, as if bored, and went to the cloakroom, and as I was in the corridor waiting for him, Mr. Orglive came out of the dancing room, wiping the perspiration from his brow, after a vigorous polka with Mrs. Goundy, who was very stout.

"I must see you again," he said in a low tone of voice.

Bob heard it as he came out of the cloak-room, and the two men glared at each other a minute and parted stiffly. How miserable I was after it all! Scarcely a word was spoken between us. I took off my ball dress and sat by the open grate praying—praying to God. A miserable, unhappy, girl wife!

Matters did not mend, and it seemed as if the rift was widening and we were drifting farther and farther apart. Bob would stay out late at night and I feared further trouble, he was so completely unlike his old self.

One evening he came home to dinner in a rather more cheerful frame of mind than usual. I was surprised. But it was a leering, sarcastic laugh he gave as he said:

"Now you'll love me again as a wife should," and he threw down a large yellow envelope. "Read it," he continued.

I did so mechanically. It was a letter from a New York firm of lawyers. One sentence was enough.

"Your claim to the two hundred thousand dollars from the Ferguson estate in Scotland is established."

I read no more.

"You're to be congratulated," I said rather languidly.

"So that's the way my years of trouble and work are received? Damn a woman, anyhow! I'll go back to balloons."

This was a straw that broke my temper again.

"Keep your money!—I don't want it; I'm going home."

This seemed to sober him.

"Minza, don't go mad," he cried, coaxingly, coming toward me.

"I have decided," I said firmly.

"But think of the scandal!" he implored.

"Better that than live in torture."

It looked for a time as if there might be a reconciliation, but the flood-tide was past.

"Well, Minza, I am now an aeronaut, and I'll soar—soar—then you'll want to see me, I guess," he growled as he left the room.

This last remark flashed the truth on me. Had Bob gone mad? It was a terrible thought, and I did not dare to breathe a word of my suspicions, as the gossips would say I wanted to deprive him of his fortune. Ordinarily he seemed rational enough; but now all this talk of balloons had an ominous significance.

It was announced in the paper the next day that I was to visit my home in Iowa. Bob sold the newspaper soon after, and was pressed on all sides with advice as to how to invest his money. How many moth-like friends the glare of wealth will bring! They found his weakness—balloons!

He did not seem to realize my determination that it should be a final separation. I had no power or influence with him. He sent money to the Smithville Bank to my credit and gave me a purse when we parted. It was like kissing a dead person when I bid him "good-bye." I tried to confide my fears as to Bob's mind to friends, but they were all suspicious, and thought I wanted Bob's money.

I felt little regret at leaving Dunbar. The beautiful bay, which was an arm of Lake Superior, was placid and serene, the large pine, spruce and hemlock trees making a rich purple horizon fringe on the opposite shore. The little group of islands glistened like emeralds from the cliff as the city faded from view. Even the scattered stumps and red mucky clay seemed to add artistic beauty to the scene. Then we passed into the burned district whose dismal landscape of burnt pine-stumps and log clearings indicated the fury of forest fires where many a poor settler had lost his life.

And then the factory whistles sounded in chorus that echoed among the hills a long, dolorous minor chord.

Of course people would talk, but let them talk! My whole life had been public talk. One restless night on the Pullman sleeping car I dreamed of Bob and his balloons, and when I awoke I was at Smithville.

Chapter XVIII

While I did not feel that our separation was permanent, I knew that all our happiness as man and wife was at an end. I felt it my duty to cling to him, and had it not been for the money that unsettled his reason it would have been an easier task.

What a return home it was! I felt something of a prodigal. The letters from home had been rather irregular and had been growing more formal; but when I saw the dear old house with green blinds nestling amid the trees and flowers, I felt that one thing had been accomplished—we were not one thousand dollars in debt—and this brought back a tender memory of Bob's generosity. Was I really an ungrateful creature?

I expected to find poverty and sadness in the old home, but there was peace, plenty and happiness. It seemed as if I was quite unnecessary.

"Minza, Minza, my child!" cried mother as she rushed out.

Father came in from the garden. Jimmy gave me a real young brother's hug and Tod waved his Fourth of July flag in exultation.

Yes, they were glad to see me, and how my hungry, love-famished heart leaped for joy! There is always a feeling of refuge in home—where the envies and jealousies of life cannot intrude.

At mother's knee I sat as I did when a child and told her all between my sobs.

"My dear, dear Minza! why didn't you write to me?"

"I couldn't, mother; my secret sorrows seemed as sacred to me as my prayers."

"Well, dear, you are home now; let's forget it. You know I trembled for my daughter even when we heard of your prosperity. You decided too hastily, and I always thought if we had not gone to Europe I should have saved you the hasty and fatal step."

"But, mother, Bob was good as long as —" I broke down again.

"Yes, perhaps the poor fellow overtaxed his brain, and it may come out all right yet. Let us have some tea and music."

Her cheerfulness was infectious, and we were soon singing the old duets.

As I received letters regularly with

money from Bob, there was little talk in the village, but when my stay lengthened out into months and months, and he never came to visit me, a ripple of curiosity ran through the neighborhood.

In the autumn I received the following note from Bob, dated at Shelbyville:

"Dear Minza,—Mother died Friday and was buried this morning; there is nothing for me to live for now. I am going to Europe next week to climb the Alps in my new balloon, which I have named after you. We have organized a scientific expedition. I may meet you in heaven. Good-bye. "Bob."

Yes, there was no doubt of it now. He was crazy. I decided to go to Shelbyville that night. I thought my duty as a wife demanded it and determined to go with him.

As I was about to step on to the train a telegram was handed me from New York:

"I sail tomorrow; you cannot go. Your heart is too heavy for the balloon.

"Bob."

With all the cunning of a madman he seemed to have divined my purpose. I tried to stop him with a telegram to the authorities in New York; but even they, after an examination, permitted him to sail, and evidently thought me a scheming wife, anxious only for his money. The letter I received later stated:

"Dear Madam,—I take pleasure in stating that Robert Burnette is of sound mind, and no more insane than any of our eminent scientists and investigators, and that the trip will not only add valuable truths to scientific lore, but improve his health as well.

"J. M. Bartlett, M.D."

I watched eagerly for the safe arrival of the steamer. Later I received long, interesting and endearing letters from Bob, but the balloon always came first. He was generous in his allowances of money, but the old jealousy peeped out at times, as when he wrote:

"But I shall not send you too much money at one time, as you might run away in another man's balloon."

Some months had elapsed when I received a letter from him announcing a great aerial voyage he was to undertake that day in his new airship. His fortune must have dwindled under the enormous expense of his aerial expeditions, but he was always hopeful.

"When I visit Mars and return, we'll go there to live, Minza. The new ship is a beauty."

He was to make his great ascent on my birthday. How eagerly I watched the cablegrams in the papers! The event attracted world-wide attention as a noble self-sacrifice for science. The balloon ascended with my husband.

"The great airship 'Minza' faded away into the merest speck and seemed to sink into the blue sea of the skies," read the graphic account. This was the last I heard of poor Bob. Whether I was now a widow or a wife, I knew not.

Of course I naturally supposed that his will was made, and that there would be no trouble about the property if there was any left, but I was mistaken. Bob had disappeared in a foreign country, and as the authorities had no positive evidence of his death, they refused to probate a wife's claim to his money. Even the life insurance companies refused to pay the indemnity. There was indeed no proof of death. If I was indeed still a wife I had in verity "a husband in the air"!

Chapter XIX

Once again the problem of earning a living confronted me. I could not allow mother or father to support me. Mother again appealed to my old ambition.

"Take your money and study for the stage, Minza. You are growing beautiful, my dear, and your early training will not come amiss," said mother. And after another of those old-time family consultations mother's advice prevailed as usual.

In another week I was to leave for Boston and resume my musical studies. My life's mission then began in earnest, although every day I expected some tidings from Bob.

The day before I was to start I felt dizzy and my system gave way. Dr. Waddington was called. Mother soon had me in bed. The old doctor felt my cheek, took my temperature and counted my pulse.

"Hum, hum—typhoid fever," he said, in as matter-of-fact a way as if it had been the mumps.

That night I was raving and delirious. Mother told me it was all about Bob and the balloons.

"Poor little Minza—a wife or widow?" was the last thing I remember mother saying. They thought I was going to die, but I didn't.

Naturally my illness interfered with my plans for the future, but as soon as I was able to sit up I began to map out my campaign. Getting well was a tedious business, but somehow time wheels around the days and months just as regularly one season as another. The fear of losing my voice proved groundless—in fact, it seemed to strengthen and improve; but my red hair all came out and left me quite bald.

It began to grow gently again, and I left for Boston with a soft amber down covering my head, over which I wore a generous and flowing blonde wig.

As I was entering the train I saw a familiar form stooping under the weight of heavy valises. It was Fred Burroughes. He did not recognize me but I spoke to him and he looked up in surprise.

"What, Minza!—and where are you going?"

We got on to the train together and I told him my story.

Of course this incident gave Smithville gossips something more to talk about, and mother was enlightened with the information that I had eloped with Fred Burroughes.

Poor fellow! He was my first benefactor. His mother had died recently, and he, too, had been ill for nearly a year past, as his pale face indicated.

We were in the middle of an interesting conversation when he arose abruptly.

"I must get off here, Minza," he said with a sad look in his eyes. "Oh, if I could only help you—"

"Hush, Fred Burroughes, it is I who should help you now. Write to me, will you?" I said cheerily.

"Minza, I'm married. This is my home, and—"

"All aboard!" shouted the burly conductor, and the rest of Fred's words were lost in the roar of the train.

Thus friends drift apart in absence, and new associations uproot old acquaintance. Poor Fred! was his married life as unhappy as mine had been?

Back in Boston again! All seemed familiar to me now, and with my old teacher, Professor Windemere, I plunged into my musical studies. He remembered every weakness and peculiarity of my early singing and gave them special attention. When I announced my determination to study opera, he shook his head dolefully.

"Your voice is too weak—not full enough for these great opera houses; and then you'll have to learn to act. No, Minza, I don't want you to chase a false hope. Study to be a teacher and rest content."

"My mother said I was to be an opera prima donna, and I am going to aim for that," I replied decidedly.

"All right, my dear, but remember the warning I gave you."

My means were limited and to secure additional instruction in stage work I accepted a position in the mantle department of a large draper's, serving as a model to try on the garments for lady customers. It brought me a steady income, and I continued there for some time; but at the end of the year I found my funds almost entirely exhausted, except for the little savings sent me by mother and the small salary from the shop.

I made application to sing the solo parts in "The Creation" at the coming May Festival. It was audacious in me, but the conductor, having had the usual row with prima donnas, accepted me as a revenge on the recalcitrant primas.

An unknown soloist! The public were on the *qui vive*. I rehearsed hours and hours with the conductor, and he finally expressed himself rather reluctantly as "pleased" with his newly discovered soprano.

The day of the festival arrived. The choruses of Haydn never seemed so heaven-inspired before. My voice acted rather poorly at first, but when I came to the cooing-dove passage, I tried to "coo" and throw my soul into that dove, which I could almost feel hovering near me.

The effect was electrical. The people broke out in one solid cheer. The simple and truthful shading of the passage had touched the responsive chord in that great audience.

The entire oratorio was given with splendid expression, and the conductor was showered with congratulations. He pushed his way through the singers to where I was surrounded by admiring acquaintances. His shining bald head seemed to reflect the beaming smile on his face.

"Your fame is made, madame. Don't hesitate to begin on your *repertoire* at once. You have my everlasting gratitude; you have saved me a humiliation."

The newspapers were very elaborate in their praise. The reporters called on me in profusion. and were quite surprised to realize that I thoroughly understood the workings of the editorial machines in grinding out "matter." They were my best friends, and I took pains to help them to "good stories." The old newspaper experience came back to me and the pleasant hours I spent in receiving those handsome, keen, bright-eyed reporters I shall never forget.

Those who succeed in a public career seldom realize how much they owe to these irrepressible newspaper men.

In a few weeks I was known far and wide throughout America and properly christened with a stage name. Even the querulous criticism of the older critics, who never liked to agree with the younger ones, had its beneficial effect in making "Madame Helvina" known to the musical world.

After this I began to develop a capacity for business. The oratorio engagement brought me numerous offers for concerts, although the income did not amount to much.

It was a newspaper man who solved the question of my future career—Mr. Howard Wittaker.

"You ought to go abroad at once, Madame Helvina."

"Yes?" I replied questioningly.

"Well, I've an idea. Old James Bluffinggame was captivated by your singing. I will negotiate a loan."

"You're very kind, but be very careful—"

"But will you tell me the real story of your life?" he entreated.

"No, that's a secret; the past is dead to me. Please don't ask me."

"Anything that you desire, madame—I am at your service," he said, as he gallantly bowed himself out at the door.

An American newspaper man has a faculty of accomplishing results. I received a note a few days later:

"Enclosed find cheque, two thousand dollars, sent by order Mr. James Bluffinggame, who desires in return your personal note and photograph. Make the note due at the time most convenient to yourself.

"J. Smith & Sons, Bankers."

This was Howard's work.

I was unable to spare the money to visit my mother and the little Iowa home before I went abroad, and besides mother wrote insisting: "Start at once. You are growing old." What! I growing old and only twenty! Yes, there were a few gray hairs. Anything but red hair! thought I.

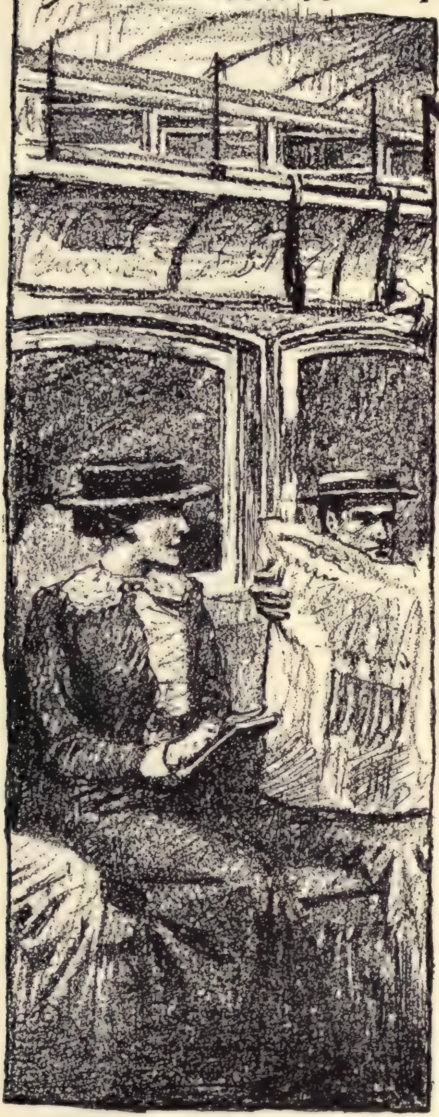
The day of sailing soon arrived. The pier was crowded with people to see off friends and relatives. Flowers and bouquets were showered upon the parting passengers in profusion. The first bell sounded and the "Good-byes" began to flow with the tears. Mothers parting from sons, sweethearts from lovers, brothers from sisters, husbands from wives! Ah, how lonely these partings made me! There were none there to bid me "good-bye." I stood alone looking over the rail as the cheers began and the hats and handkerchiefs waved from the pier. There were many red eyes among the passengers. The sobbing began with a crescendo and concluded with a staccato. The brass band struck up a lively air, as if to drown the grief as the great boat backed out from the pier and steamed majestically through the forest of masts down New York harbor.

The last sound I heard from my native shore was the dismal echo of the bell-buoy as swaying to and fro on the billows of the restless sea, its ponderous fog bell struck a Minor Chord.

(*To be continued*)

NANNIE and the HOMELESS MAN

by Katherine Kingsley Crosby



Thus scribbled Nancy Blair in her little battered notebook as the trolley car jerked its lessening load of passengers onward, presumably homeward. She hesitated over that last phrase, then set out to verify it.

NUMBER 7. Man, about thirty; smooth shaven; low forehead; thick features; clothes worn to a fit—ready-made, I guess; coat collar needs brushing, too; is writing in a notebook like mine; has a homeless look."

Thus scribbled Nancy Blair in her little battered notebook as the trolley car jerked its lessening load of passengers onward, presumably homeward. She hesitated over that last phrase, then set out to verify it. Number 6 was a prosperous young Irishman, with "happy family" writ large upon his ruddy cheek. Number 5 was laden with paper packages of a plainly domestic nature. Number 4 was a young typewriter girl flirting with Number 3, who seemed to like it. Number 2 was elderly and pious looking—a mansion in heaven at any rate. Number 1—just getting out—was middle-aged and badly henpecked around the edges. Each had the appearance of belonging somewhere —to somebody.

But Number 7 was different. He looked detached, impersonal; his glance was judicial rather than sympathetic; Nannie was sure he had never looked at life through a woman's eyes. She felt absurdly sorry for him.

Harley—alias Number 7—closed his book with a snap. Number 6 finished the opposite side of the car—the little girl with the thin throat and coarse lace collar. His usual practice was to change sides and so get a double inventory—such being the thoroughness of a man's method. But just then the car gave a lurch as though minded to hurl itself bodily from the track, after which it stopped more abruptly than trolley etiquette allows.

The carefully catalogued passengers on both sides of the car were strewed in rather a messy fashion up and down the aisle.

Their postures suggested a return to ancestral methods of locomotion—that is to say, they were on all fours. When the car was discovered to be calm and stable once more they returned to their seats and tried to look as if nothing undignified could possibly have happened to them. The car stayed where it was, as though satisfied at last. I don't know what the matter was, as my two friends did not inquire.

As several of her fellow-travelers had changed sides in the mix-up so that she had new material, Nannie opened her book to make fresh entries. What was that? Number 6 a little shop-girl with a thin throat and—why no, number 6 was an Irishman—but of course that wasn't her writing. How stupid of her! They had gotten their notebooks mixed in the melee. Then—he might read what she had written about him! Looking up in consternation she met the twinkling eyes of Harley—the Homeless Man—fixed upon her. He came over promptly and sat down beside her, lifting his hat as he did so, to excuse the liberty. Her book was in his hand.

"I want to get your point of view in this matter," he explained; "we had opposite sides of the car."

"B-but they're all shuffled now," stammered Nannie; "the p-pious man is on this side, and—"

"And the homeless one, too, eh? Never mind—several of the lucky home-seekers are left!"

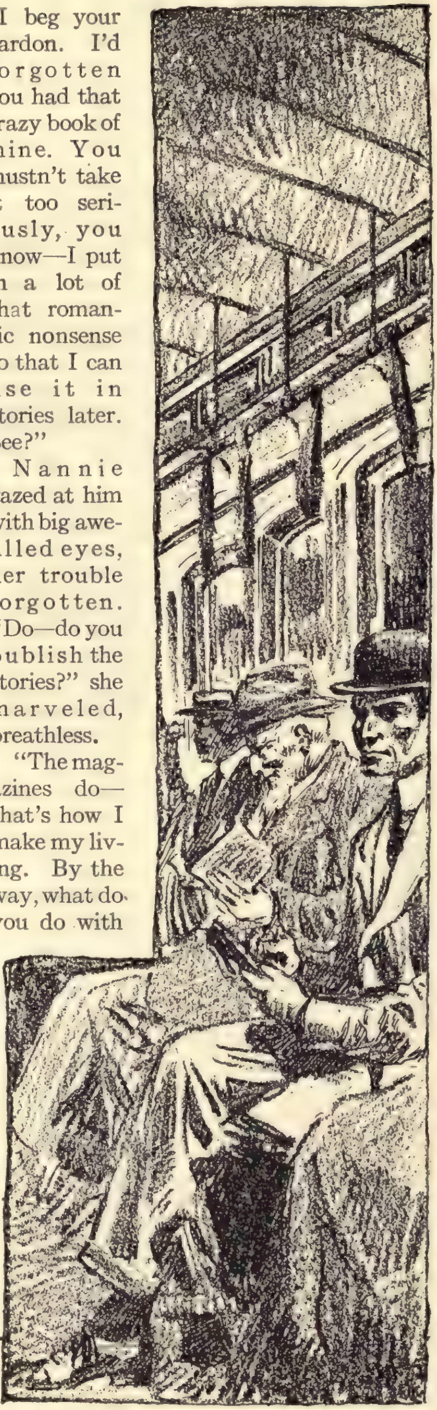
While he was checking off her entries Nannie sought to hide her embarrassment by seeing what he had written about her. A slow red crept into her face as she recognized herself in "Number 6; a little shop-girl with a thin throat and coarse lace collar; clothes shabby; eyes prominent in an underfed face; expression vivid and wistful by turns; seems to be looking for something she hasn't got and probably—poor little devil!—never will have." She turned impulsively to Harley, who was chuckling over one of her entries.

"You didn't really mean that, did you?" she begged.

"Mean what?" Then he realized what she must have read and sobered instantly. "I beg your pardon. I'd forgotten you had that crazy book of mine. You mustn't take it too seriously, you know—I put in a lot of that romantic nonsense so that I can use it in stories later. See?"

Nannie gazed at him with big awe-filled eyes, her trouble forgotten. "Do—do you publish the stories?" she marveled, breathless.

"The magazines do—that's how I make my living. By the way, what do you do with



But Number 7 was different. He looked detached, impersonal.

your notes?" he asked with sudden interest.

"Oh, I don't write stories—" Nannie disclaimed such rash ambition. "Evenings, you know, when I'm alone taking care of the baby—I live with my married brother and stay with Jackie when they go out—why, I just write down what might happen to some of the folks in the street cars when they get home. People are such fun, you know! And I give them names to fit, like that man did who wrote 'Oliver Twist.' Did you ever try it?"

Harley never had, and they made a game of it then and there—a game wherein the long-suffering passengers on the other side of the car were the unwitting ninepins. When Nannie dubbed the fat German with the bull terrier "Puffer," Harley surrendered. By that time the whimsical car was on its way again, but neither noticed it.

"What do you do day-times?" Harley asked, forgetting the vocation he had so casually assigned her a brief half hour before.

"Day-times?" Nannie seemed to come back from a great distance. "Oh, day-times—I work in the bargain basement at Steiner's, behind the lace counter. Nothing over forty-nine cents a yard," she added quaintly. "You said my collar was coarse"—Harley's face grew crimson at the reminder—"but it's the kind we sell. I'm saving all my coppers, though and some day, if I'm not sick or anything, I'll have enough to buy a bit of real lace. You don't know how often I've thought about that! There's nothing in the world so lovely as true lace, is there?"

Harley could not share her enthusiasm. "I think true stories are pretty fine, sometimes," he ventured.

"Y-yes, if they have happy endings," qualified Nannie; "the true ones don't always, you know." Harley did know, but he hated to admit it just then.

Before he could reply the conductor stuck his head in and glaring at Nannie, whom he evidently knew by sight, repeated the name of a street for the second time, then rang the bell. With a hasty "Oh, I must get off here," the girl rose quickly, and a moment later the car was jolting off into the night again, utterly indifferent to its recent achievement.

What an extraordinary child, Harley thought; give her her real lace and joy enough to set alight those big dark eyes, and you'd have a beauty of her. But she had something beyond all that—something that made you long inordinately to give her little story a happy ending in spite of all the gods and bad fairies in this imp-ridden world. Of course Harley's being a homeless person himself may have turned his thoughts especially toward this other waif of a creature, with her thin little face and her cheap lace collar. "Lord, what a cad I was to write that!" he groaned, and turned hastily to his book to erase the hateful words.

The immediate discovery that he was still holding her book, was without his own, brought mingled emotions. There was some regret for the large and varied collection of epigrams and bromides and plots yet to be worked out, but an astonishing amount of joy at the realization that he would have to look up the owner of the book which he held and restore her property. The lace counter at Steiner's, she had said. It would be easy to find her. And then—Harley lapsed into a daydream that nearly carried him by his street.

His third-floor room had never looked so bare and uninviting, in spite of the open grate with its glowing coals, as when he returned to it with the little red notebook in his hands. It wasn't so much the wall-paper, or the carpet, or any of the furnishings; they were all well enough if one was not too particular. But the door once closed, he was alone as in a desert; no one knew—or wanted to know—what he did or said or thought. The gray mother mouse who came out every evening to be fed with crumbs was purely selfish, and scuttled back to her home in the wall as soon as the feast was over.

Up to now, Harley's work had been enough to content him, bringing as it did the satisfaction of a moderate success. But what did it all amount to? Even the little girl on her five a week had more to look forward to, for was she not saving her pennies for a bit of truly lace which should glorify her soul? Ah, he must hasten and find her, that slip of a thing with her wistful eyes and her underfed face!

But the next day was Sunday and the next was a holiday, and for two or three days more he was detained up country by a sacred family reunion, where the cousins stood off and gloomed at him for being so different from themselves. So nearly a week passed before Harley found himself descending the steel-shod stairway into Steiner's justly famous bargain basement. He paused a moment on the last step to get his bearings.

He found himself looking out upon a sea of flaunting hats and shabby bonnets pushing and seething through the narrow aisles. Above them on racks hung tempting displays of under-priced dry goods, attracting custom from afar—nearsilks in the newest patterns; look-like wools in real Scottish plaids; misfit waists richly trimmed with imitation "Val" at positively half price; "sweated" lingerie festooned with cotton-backed ribbons; jewelry, Attleboro art nouveau; a special sale of willow plumes (oh, the little aching fingers of the children who had made them—Harley averted his eyes quickly), only slightly soiled; overhead, artificial poinsettias left from the Christmas decorations burdened the tired air and added a needless flare of color to the scene.

Harley understood the girl's craving for ever so small a bit of "real" lace in this underworld of makeshifts. He watched the flabby, tired faces and drooping mouths of the shoppers as they worked havoc with their pawing hands among the stacked-up garments. From his vantage-place on the lower stair he looked in vain for a single smile or light-hearted glance. The marvel was that her long days of this should have left her still interested in her fellow-kind, and watching them in the street-cars during her evening ride. "People are such fun!" she had said—poor mite.

An harassed floorwalker indicated the direction of the lace counter, and thither Harley pushed his way. The counter was presided over by two girls, who chewed gum and talked at the same time—always an amazing feat. But the owner of the little red notebook was not there. The girls agreed that it must belong to that queer little 218, but she hadn't been in to work this week. No, they didn't even know her name; the gentleman had better inquire at the office, ninth floor. "Yes, lady, seventeen cents, marked down from thirty-nine a yard!" Harley moved on with the crowd.

At the office he learned her name—Nancy Blair—and her address. This, however, proved no aid to finding the girl herself. The Blairs had just moved, "long o' Mr. B.'s having a new job over crosst the river somewheres," a neighbor vouchsafed. Further or more definite information was not to be had.

Harley was more disappointed than he cared to own. His chagrin was, indeed, out of all proportion to his actual loss, considering that most of the entries in his notebook had already been filed away in a card catalog, as the magazines for young writers advise. The fact was—and Harley faced it—that he wanted mightily to find the girl who had called him homeless. The word seemed to burn through the covers of the notebook and sear him with its truth. And to think that he had never known it till that slip of a girl came along and put it in her book! It seemed that if she could guess so much at a glance, her slower judgment might find a way out for him.

Meantime, as the days went on and he could not find her, Harley put the whole affair into a masterly little story, giving it a happy ending, which had come to him in lonely pipe-dreams. After some consideration he decided to sacrifice the tale to the Sunday paper with the largest circulation. Except for the ending it was very true to life indeed, this story. There was even a fat German in it named Puffer! Two days after it appeared in the *Universal*, Harley received through his publishers a typewritten note, asking him to call at the Convalescent Hospital. It was signed by a nurse and was perfectly non-committal.

A woman in nurse's uniform, soft-footed and chary of speech, met him in the waiting-room and led him upstairs without explanation. At a glass door on the landing she paused with her hand on the knob. "You will find Miss Blair out on the porch, to the right, sir," she said, and let him through.

Nannie was in a long chair at the farther end lying back among many cushions, with a dreamy, brooding look in her eyes as of one who has been far and does not hasten a return. In her lap lay a copy of the *Universal* opened at his story, and on that, covered with a thin little blue-veined hand, was an old dog-eared notebook.

Something sad and something happy stirred the young man's heart to sudden, uneven movement. With a lump in his throat and joy in his soul he strode to her side, and took hand, book and story into a hearty grasp.

"I thought that story 'd find you!" he triumphed. Nannie flushed.

"It was the man n-named Puffer," she explained shyly; "I thought maybe you wanted your notebook, so nurse wrote you to come."

"That explains my being here, but what about you?"

"I fell on the ice, just after I left the car that night, and they brought the book and me here together. They let me keep it under my pillow so that it—it wouldn't get lost. D-don't! You m-mustn't mind, Mr. Harley. It's not bad, truly," she assured him with the little stammer which he had not put into the story because it was so personal a thing. "Won't you bring over a chair—if you can stay?" she asked hospitably.

"Do you suppose I've spent a whole month hunting for you, not to stay when I find you?" he demanded, planting himself beside her, all foursquare.

"You must have been terribly anxious about your book," Nannie sympathized.

"I was," Harley agreed mendaciously. Then their eyes met, and a glad little foolish smile flashed from one face to the other and back, till you couldn't have told which was the reflection.

Nannie said, "I liked your story very much," just for the sake of saying something diverting.

"Yes, I did, too—especially the ending," Harley nodded.

Nannie relapsed into seriousness. "Yes, only—I don't think the man quite understood," she deprecated, "when he got over being homeless, you know. It wasn't the girl made the difference—it was the great love in his own heart."

"How do you know so much—you little woman-child?" he marveled.

"Oh, women know everything!" she exaggerated; "but truly it is so. You're never lonely if you have something to love—I know it's true; love can build a home for the forlornest soul that ever lived."

"But you've got to have someone to love," suggested the man practically.

"Yes, of course," admitted Nannie, "but a child would do."

"Pos-sibly. It seems to me to need a woman, though, to make a home what it should be—for a man."

"Yes—why yes, of course, the most wonderful kind of home. B-but—" Harley broke in impatiently.

"That's it eaxctly, and nothing short of the 'most wonderful kind of a home' is going to suit me," he declared, bringing the conversation down to close quarters; "my coat collar needs brushing, and it takes a woman to do that properly. I learned a lot from that book of yours."

Nannie averted her face. "If you only knew how ashamed I've been," she whispered.

"No wonder, miss." Harley's voice was very stern; the light was all in his eyes. "I really think you ought to make amends."

"Oh, can I? Will you let me?" In her eagerness Nannie sat up straight, forgetting her limitations. Being forcibly reminded of them, she sank back among her pillows, suddenly as white as they. Harley folded her small clenching hands in his own big gentle ones and held them till they relaxed and Nannie turned with a little grimace at the vanishing pain. "I'm strictly forbidden to sit up," she chided; "you mustn't let me again." Harley raised her fingers to his lips reverently, and for a moment both sat mute and still in the grip of a strange new mood. Nannie was the first to recover herself. "How did you mean that I c-could make amends?" she asked.

"Well, you see," Harley began with difficulty, "when a doctor's diagnosed a case, he tries to cure it! Maybe he can't—maybe it's beyond his power—but he tries. Here you come along and tell me I've got a serious malady; the least you can do—don't you think—is to try and cure me!"

"But how—"

"How was it done in the story, Nannie?"

"But we're not a s-story!"

"What difference does that make? We're something better. Nannie . . . aren't you going to look at me, dear?"

Just then the nurse came in, making an unusual rattling for such a soft-footed nurse, with a glass of something which had to be swallowed at once, and a remark about the time being up, if you please, sir. Eventually she relented to the extent of a minute more—only one, though, and retired.

Nannie held out her hand, braving his eyes at last, with a sweet light in her own. "I think true stories—with happy endings—can be nicer than truly lace!" said Nancy Blair. And perhaps you can imagine what Harley did then.

PSALM OF BUSINESS

O YE Overlords of Money,
O ye Captains of Industry,
O ye Prophets of Politics,
O ye Apostles of Labor.

Sing ye the Country,
Praise ye the Country,
Do not confound it.

O ye Custodians of Wealth,
Multiply thy investments;
O ye Corporation Magnates,
Press lightly upon Labor;
O ye Leaders of Conservation,
Turn not back Business Wheels;
O ye Men of Muscle,
Let thine acts be fair.

Sing ye the Country,
Praise ye the Country,
Do not confound it.

O ye Judges,
Be reasonable and just;
O ye Muckrakers,
Flaunt less filth;
O ye Promoters,
Tell only facts;
O ye People,
Be not led astray.

Sing ye the Country,
Praise ye the Country,
Do not confound it.

—*Darby Richardson.*

fter reading the editorial, "Give Business a Chance," which appeared in the December NATIONAL.

The Intercoastal Canal

What It Will Mean to Louisiana

by Leon Locke

Secretary of the Interstate Inland Waterway League

THE Intercoastal Canal is the popular name for the projected and partly completed waterway to connect the Mississippi River with the Rio Grande.

The project dates back to 1873, when the survey for the greater part of the route was authorized by Congress. The report of Major Howell, who conducted the survey, was so complete in detail and so accurate that later examinations have verified in almost every particular his statements and conclusions, both as to soil and waterways. As much of the survey was made through almost impassable marsh and over "trembling prairie,"—as the jellylike mud overgrown with marsh grass and cane on the Louisiana coast is called—this statement as to the report of Major Howell is worthy of respect.

Not until within the past few years, however, has any actual progress in the work been made. The project had its renaissance in 1905, when, through the efforts of Mr. C. S. E. Holland, of Victoria, Texas, a convention was called in that city, and the Interstate Inland Waterway League was organized.

The purpose of the Interstate Waterway League is to promote the canal and to urge the improvement of contiguous and tributary streams. This work is done by the collection of facts and figures for presentation to the Board of Engineers and to the Rivers and Harbors Committee of Congress, and in the co-operation with all agencies to secure consideration and favorable action by these bodies.

Annual conventions of increasing interest have exhibited the zeal of all the people of the coast of Louisiana and Texas and the earnestness of their desire to obtain relief in the way of transportation and to secure the benefits of reclamation which such canal will bring. The efforts of the organization have resulted in favorable reports by the Board of Engineers, and the passage of bills by Congress making appropriations for certain sections of the waterway. The last convention, held in Morgan City, Louisiana, early in October, demanded by resolution the recognition of the project in its entirety and the completion of the work under continuous contract.

The early survey marked the route as follows: From the Mississippi River to the Atchafalaya by way of Bayou Lafourche and minor connecting bayous—making the exit from the Mississippi River at Donaldsonville. The separation of the Lafourche from the Mississippi by the construction of an earth-made dam a few years ago, and the construction of the great Plaquemine locks further up the river, made it expedient to alter the survey so at the present time the route marks its departure from the river at that point and through the Plaquemine Bayou and connecting streams, which have all been deepened and improved. Following the Atchafalaya River to the mouth of the Teche, the route continues up that stream to a point near the town of Franklin; thence by canal to the waters of Cote Blanche and Vermilion Bays and across, connecting with White Lake and Grand Lake through the low marsh land of the coast, joining and intersecting numerous small lakes and bayous and crossing the Vermilion, Mermentau, Calcasieu and Sabine Rivers. From Sabine Lake the route is across the Texas marsh to East Galveston Bay, whence it follows the sheltered lagoons of the Texas coast, and cutting off the peninsula between the Brazos and Colorado Rivers, it takes its course entirely around the coast and connects with the Rio Grande at a point below Brownsville. The line of this survey is approximately seven hundred miles.

A passing study of the map will reveal the commercial importance of this highway. The rivers intersected by the canal are nearly all great streams, many of them of far greater importance than the tracing on the atlas would indicate. The Atchafalaya, for example, is navigable for its entire course, with a depth varying from twenty to two hundred feet, and now carries fully one-seventh of the volume of the Mississippi, and practically, for the greater part of the year, all of the waters of the Red River. The Vermilion, the Mermentau, the Calcasieu and the Sabine are all deep rivers which pass through and serve a country more fertile and productive than any other river basins of their area on earth; all these streams are, by means of the intercoastal canal, placed in communication with the sixteen thousand miles of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The Texas streams, the Trinity, the Brazos, the Colorado, the Guadelupe, the Nueces, are different in character, but are great water courses, and the development of Texas and her plans for the storing of flood waters will make the coast of Texas of greater importance in an agricultural and commercial sense than is dreamed of at the present time.

The construction of this canal is a merely mechanical problem by reason of the facility of excavation; the absence of precipitous falls and heavy currents, the freedom from rocks in stream and soil, and the remarkable manner with which the banks of marsh canals and bayous withstand erosion. Practically a tide level canal entirely around the Texas and Louisiana coast.

The completed sections of the canal are: From the Mississippi to the Mermentau River in Louisiana; Galveston to the mouth of the Brazos River, and Pass Cavallo to Corpus Christi in Texas. Work is in progress on the section between the Mermentau and the Sabine Rivers in Louisiana and between the Brazos and Colorado Rivers in Texas.

The appropriations thus far made for the work by Congress aggregate $1,021,000, based on a canal five feet in depth with one foot over depth, and a bottom width of forty feet, with appropriate side slopes. A later survey by a duly authorized engineering board recommends a canal seven feet deep and seventy-five feet in width, and favors a change in route to one further inland to avoid the dangers and excessive maintenance cost encountered in the shallow bays.

Already the canal is serving a great number of communities through its completed sections and is bringing relief to hitherto remote and almost inaccessible parts of both states; opening vast areas of fertile and productive lands along the coast. Its benefits when completed can but be conjectured—the annual freight saving will be more than the entire cost of the canal, and the value of the waterway as an agent in drainage and reclamation is beyond computation. The marsh lands, with their annual enrichment of decaying vegetation—a process that has been going on for hundreds of years—are destined, when drained, to be the most productive lands in America.

A Scene Within a Scene

By

Mitchell Mannering

THE great curtains of the Boston Opera House stage, the largest in the country, revealed recently a realistic scene. It was a scene within the scenes. Three hundred ladies and gentlemen gathered about round tables, completely covering the great stage area, for the long-looked-for Ladies' Night banquet of the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston. At the guest table down the stage center on a raised platform were seated President H. B. Humphrey, Director Henry Russell of the Boston Opera Company, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, whose public spirit and generosity made the opera house possible, Managing Editor Charles G. Welch of the *Boston Traveler*, and the opera artists, Carmen Melis, Jose Mardones, Romello and Martini, who rendered solos between speeches.

The merry chatter of a real banquet scene, enacted by people who had never been in the glow of the footlights, with no Hamlet's ghost in the shadows, made this gathering of the Pilgrim Publicity Association of New England one of historic significance. It was the first time that a banquet of this size was ever held on a grand opera stage, bringing together artists and auditors, completely hedging the footlights. As we entered the opera house that night and stood in the rear of the great auditorium looking upon the stage picture, it emphasized that the arts, and especially the classic music of the opera, are coming closer and closer to the people of Boston. Indeed one was tempted to rub his eyes to make sure that it was not a new opera, awaiting an orchestra from without to complete the illusion. Here were descendants of the old Pilgrims and Puritans, gathered behind the footlights at a banquet given in honor and appreciation of the achievements and triumphs of the American operatic stage.

Towering above the diners was the elaborate mechanism and the scenery used on one of the truly renowned operatic stages of the world. Out before them

FLASHLIGHT TAKEN OF SOME OF THE DINERS ON THE STAGE OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

HENRY B. HUMPHREY

PRESIDENT OF THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION, WHICH HELD AN UNIQUE LADIES' NIGHT BANQUET ON THE STAGE OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE spread the great empty auditorium and boxes radiating rich scarlet, recalling the scene of the La Scala at Milan, and emphasizing the work at hand—to have those seats all occupied for the coming years by opera lovers and to provide by popular favor an endowed opera on the American plan.

The songs by the various artists were applauded from the stage this time: Spanish songs, Italian songs, French songs and American songs—a potpourri of languages—a flow of soul with an inspiration of song. The Pilgrims applauded heartily with chivalrous "bravos" and gallantly arose with real stage bows as the artists passed to and from the piano.

The great auditorium rang out with the strains of music, and the diners on the stage made even a more realistic scene than the closing act of Pagliacci, without the tragic close of that opera, for the home-glow of New England permeated the scene.

Mr. Jordan's broad and splendid civic spirit in making the Boston Opera House and the Boston Opera Company second to none in the American world of music was the theme of the hour. Boston's reputation as a musical center has for many years been radiated by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New England Conservatory of Music, the Handel and Haydn Society, and many other musical organizations.

President Humphrey in his opening remarks said:

"We members of the Pilgrim Publicity Association want to do our part to make grand opera pay in Boston. We want to see the Boston Opera Company stand permanently under the patronage of Mr. Eben D. Jordan.

"Boston must maintain this attribute of metropolitan greatness. Boston should

HENRY RUSSELL, DIRECTOR OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

EBEN D. JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

maintain it, moreover, without a subsidy that will allow political influence to supersede real merit and thus break down the high standard that has been attained by this company.

"No subsidized opera holds to a standard approaching the height attained by the Boston Opera Company.

"Tributary to the Boston Opera House is the richest and best educated community on earth. All that is lacking is the inclination of the people to submit themselves to the civilizing influence of great music. For the lack of this inclination most of us native New Englanders lay the blame on heredity and environment. But it is our own fault and our own great loss if we fail to bring children here to the Boston Opera House, where the greatest singers to be obtained are rendering the most sublime musical compositions of all time in stage settings that surpass those to be seen in any other city of the world."

In addressing the gathering upon his own stage Mr. Russell offered gracious welcome and called attention to the fact that public subsidized theatres such as they have in most European cities were not altogether adapted to American ideas. He felt that the best "subsidy" for the Boston Opera House was the attendance and patronage of the people, which further emphasized the American idea of democracy—of making the opera an institution in which all the people would have a direct, personal and responsible interest.

Mr. Eben D. Jordan, the President of the Boston Opera House, who has done so much to make possible the success of opera in Boston, was called and expressed his hearty appreciation of the cordial support and co-operation given in building up Boston Grand Opera.

From its inception, the new temple of opera has been greatly appreciated by the thousands of musical students; and ever since those opening performances, the galleries have echoed with the "bravos" and discriminating applause of thousands of adopted citizens who seemed to be transported to the land of their birth, as they enjoyed grand opera at its best.

There was a practical side to this occasion, also, for every attending Pilgrim pledged himself personally to see that ten tickets of his own, multiplied into ten others, were sold for the coming season, and to keep the endless chain in motion.

Across the way from the home of the Boston Opera is the ball park in which thirty-five thousand people gathered at one time to witness a baseball game. If eighty thousand people purchased tickets, it was estimated there would be sufficient funds to provide an adequate and permanent support for the entire opera season, and make it unnecessary to impose further upon the generosity of those who made the initial investment and furnished Boston with a grand opera house second to none in the country.

The success of the Boston Opera House has given the city an art reputation in musical circles of two continents. It has been more than the transplanting of premier productions of new operas to American shores. It has meant much for the encouragement of American composers and singers. It has further revealed the universality of the art, for no matter in what words the song may be sung, there is something in music that expresses emotions and enjoyments common to all civilized peoples of the earth.

If the people of Boston and New England could only have looked upon this scene on the grand opera stage and have felt the thrill of the moment and the devotion to art here expressed, there would not be a vacant seat in the Boston Opera House for the coming season. This enthusiastic work of support has been taken up by the City Club, 1915 School Movement, Chamber of Commerce and the Local Improvement Association, and it has awakened civic interest in British opera.

Patriotic as well as artistic pride and the commercial prestige of Boston is involved in maintaining and improving the high standard already attained in Boston Opera.

MY MOTHER

IF I were asked to give a thought which in one word would speak
A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy complete,
A hundred happy cheery ways, a mind that knows its own,
Contented midst a throng of folk, yet peaceful when alone,
A heart that sheds its silent glow, to brighten many another,
Without a moment of delay I'd say, "You mean my mother."

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

America, the Laurel-Crowned

Isaac Bassett Choate

CHILD of God-fearing sires,
Born of their hearts' desires,
Of faith divine and human liberty;
Rocked in a cradle rude,
Nursed in a solitude
Wide as the continent from sea to sea,
Queen of a sisterhood
Of nations fair and good,
Our love, America, is all for thee.

Thine is the grace of youth;
To hold the torch of truth
Thou hast the steady, the untiring hand;
Thou wearest a coronet
With starry brilliants set,
As type of clustered glories of our land;
A worthy race upholds
Thy flag of starry folds,
Where Honor leads, where Duty gives command.

With love and honest pride
Served—worshipped as a bride,
Look to thy loyal sons for needed might;
Be it thy part to feed
The famished in their need,
Thine to command the peace when nations fight;
Claim life, claim all that's dear,
And thou shalt find us near,
Whenever thou dost stand for God and Right.

The Sign of the Spear

The Story of William Wrigley, Jr. Who Made Spearmint Gum Famous

by Mitchell Mannering

AFTER one has met William Wrigley, Jr., and talked ten minutes with him, he does not wonder at this man's phenomenal success in making Americans chew gum. Born in Philadelphia, of Quaker ancestry reaching back to the days of William Penn, it is not surprising that young Wrigley grew to sturdy manhood. As a boy he indulged in simple, boyish sports, and no spot was dearer to his heart than the nearby swimming hole. Surrounding this romantic place were great beds of spearmint. Now remember in the first place that spearmint, or mint as we call it in this country today, is what in England they call peppermint, but anyhow it was mint, and on the borders of the old swimming hole the lusty young Quaker lad picked the mint leaves whose flavor he loved so well and chewed them to his heart's content. No doubt he carried home great bouquets of the leaves, and it is said that the sweetheart of his childhood was decorated with laurels of the spear.

* * *

The Philadelphia boy went to Chicago some years ago, and today his little pink package of five sticks of mint-flavored chewing gum is known nation-wide. Starting in life strong and rugged in health, careful in making plans, but quick and decisive in action, no one has been more surprised at the great success that crowned his efforts than William Wrigley, Jr., himself. When he first began to mix the juice of mint leaves with his chewing gum his friends laughed at him. After a while, however, they acquired the taste. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., experimented carefully, and became convinced that no flavor would be more enduring and more popular. Dark predictions of failure were made when he started manufacturing on a large scale, but with enthusiasm and confidence in his mission, young Wrigley held to his plans, and devoted himself exclusively and entirely to the exploitation of chewing gum. Nothing daunted, he braved both opposition and sneers, until today at the very head of New York's "Great White Way," night after night the message of Wrigley's chewing gum gleams forth.

Wrigley, Jr., has spent more than a million dollars a year in advertising, and has flavored, so to speak, the taste and palate of the American people through the virile force of publicity and the incomparable quality of his goods. Omnipresent indeed is Wrigley's chewing gum—in every city, town, village and hamlet, even in the isolated farmhouse or cabin of the frontiersman "Spearmint" gum is found. The cowboy of the plains, inveterate smoker of cigarettes, will often pull out a stick of spearmint when the high winds prevent him from smoking, owing to the danger of starting prairie fires. At the restaurant, after a hearty meal, the diner finds the bottle with spearmint ready to aid his digestion. At the theater, on the trains, in the streets, everywhere are the boys with chewing gum, supplanting the match girls of Dickens. The Kentucky colonel who was wont to drink his toddy flavored with mint, suggestive of purling

WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR., THE MAN WHO MADE SPEARMINT GUM FAMOUS

streams and placid pools, finds in his stick of Spearmint a pleasing substitute. It has diminished the desire for chewing tobacco, and the smoker who "swears off" finds consolation in the mint-flavored gum.

In the sleeping car it takes the place of a drink of water, and in these days of state sanitary laws against public drinking cups, many a person is glad to have Spearmint at hand for quenching his thirst. Physicians have decided that nothing is more conducive in quieting the overwrought nerves of the American people than the occasional chewing of a piece of gum. While not strictly medicinal, it furnishes that drop of mint which has long had its place in the household as a tonic—good for the baby with the colic, for the boys and girls, for father and mother, and on through the days of silver and sunset, covering the seven ages of man.

Mr. Wrigley insists that it is now proper to pass a friend a stick of chewing gum as well as a cigar or some confectionery. On his desk were letters from all parts of the world, interesting human documents. One sedate Boston lady told how much she enjoyed the gum, but was compelled because of "traditional opinion" to retire to her room to enjoy it. "For," she wrote, "what would my friends think to see me chewing gum after each meal?" "Wrigley's" has become a habit.

To see Mr. Wrigley at his busy-looking desk, arranging his letters and papers, reminds one of a musician sitting at the piano strumming over the keys. He seems to caress his papers, putting one in this pigeon hole, another in that, until eventually he has grasped the details of the day's business. Then he puts the hard pedal down, so to speak, like the musician who has found the truant chord or the hidden melody. He has mastered the problems of the day, and he continues to "play the game."

And now that he has caught the fancy of the American millions with his "Spearmint," William Wrigley continues his work with the same zest in extending his field to foreign countries. He had just returned from a forty-six day European trip, and after having traveled twenty-one hundred miles in a motor car, he declared that his mind was made up to teach the English how to chew gum, and derive from it the benefits accorded to Americans.

Mr. William Wrigley's philosophy of life is inspiring. He believes first in health and in taking care of himself; he has always studied how to keep well. Even today he has eleven saddle horses, many of them bucking bronchos, and sometimes before daylight, or very early in the morning, Mr. Wrigley mounts a favorite broncho and sets forth, out among the hills. He believes in the open air, and in homely sports and exercises, and also in the oil of spearmint as one of the good old-fashioned remedies that keeps nature in tune. Over in Michigan are the great mint fields, the largest in the world, which furnish the oil for Wrigley's gum, and it is little wonder that Wrigley, Jr., loves to go among the acres of the spear-pointed leaves that flavor his popular chewing gum. More spearmint oil is used to make Wrigley's than for any other purpose in the United States.

A comparatively young man, with blue eyes hidden behind pince-nez, William Wrigley, Jr., has a hearty, vigorous and magnetic personality, and in some way he seems to have transmitted these characteristics to his sales department. He has made a scientific study of the proposition before him, which is chewing gum in all its possible relations to the life of the people. It all harks back to the school days when the child longs for the then forbidden gum. The boys of Maine, when they first introduced the hard, jaw-breaking spruce gum from the old Pine Tree state, put in motion the habit that has become as pronounced as any characteristic of the American people.

The old Yankee, who ejaculated "By gum" when something happened unexpectedly, little realized that some time people would say in all seriousness, when asked if they would have a cigar, a drink or some candy, "Buy gum."

THE MART

ITS gilded hands allurements hold,
But none may tempt me long,
Lest I might take its gifts of gold
And lose the gift of song.

—*Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."*

The Lure of Sap-time

by Floy Shoomaker Armstrong

I JOIN the throng in the crowded street;
We are slaves in search of pelf;
I am sorry for the fettered gang,
I am sorrier for myself,
Just
Because
I know a place up-country,
In God's great out-of-doors,
A quiet, sheltered corner
On which the spring-time pours
The wine of warmth and magic,
And well I know the sun
Has kissed the grove of maples,
And sap begins to run.

There are sounds and sights that money brings,
They are good to hear and to see,
But they're city sights and city sounds,
And right now they've no charm for me—
Just
Because
I want to see the bluebirds
And watch a sap-snow fall,
To see the pussy willows,
And hear the robin's call;
To see the frisky chipmunks,
As oft before I've done,
I want to be up-country
When the sap begins to run.

I sit in the seats of the mighty,
And gather my share of the best,
Nor weary of toil that brings treasure,
Still, now I am filled with unrest,
Just
Because
I want to see the sap-bush,
And smell the wood-fire smoke,
To watch the boiling kettles,
And see the old home folk;
I'm hungry for hot sugar
And the simple, homely fun
That's sure to be up-country
When the sap begins to run.

Books o' the Month

PROFESSOR NEILSON'S "The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists"* is a comprehensive compilation of the principal plays of the Elizabethan era, excluding the works of Shakespeare. It furnishes the cream of the dramatizations of Beaumont and Fletcher, "rare Ben Jonson," George Chapman, Philip Massinger, James Shirley, and Thomas Middleton, with others of the brilliant galaxy of theatrical litterati who, between 1584 and 1649, added to Shakespeare's splendid constellation a very firmament of scarcely less brilliant stars.

They were children of a heroic and critical period in the drama of the world's progress, and upon the whole, they inculcated the virtues and denounced the vices of their time in honest, plainly spoken English, interspersed with many terms and quotations in alien tongues which would be above the comprehension of the average theatergoers.

Plays by Lyly, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Haywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford and Shirley, with brief biographies, make up a volume of rare interest and great value to the occasional reader and student of early English literature.

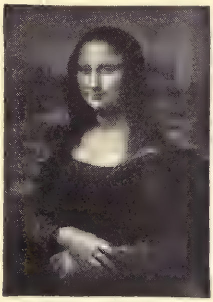


ILLUSTRATION FROM "MARY STUART"

INTERNATIONAL marriage furnishes the theme for the author of "Dividing Waters."* An English girl, whose family suffers financial reverses, refuses the love of a neighbor, and becomes a companion to an invalid daughter in a wealthy German family. After a thrilling courtship she marries a noble but poor young German captain.

A disregard of that excellent precept "When in Rome," etc., leads to trouble for the intensely English bride, and on the verge of war between the two nations she abandons her husband. The story has strength and interest; the plot is skilfully handled, and the author possesses a direct and forceful style. The effect of the book is a powerful argument against international marital ties, yet it seems to us that the contracting parties are somewhat too individual to force a general conclusion. The young German husband strikes us as being too nearly perfect, while the English wife, though pretty, is indisputably narrow and obstinate. The novel itself has the merit of the author's former work, "The Native Born."

* * *

AS a compact history of Mary, Queen of Scots, carefully composed and written by an author determined to "extenuate or set down naught in malice," Una Birch's "Mary Stuart"** will appeal to many who appreciate the convenience of "pocket editions."

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*"The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists." Edited by William Allan Neilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price $2.75.

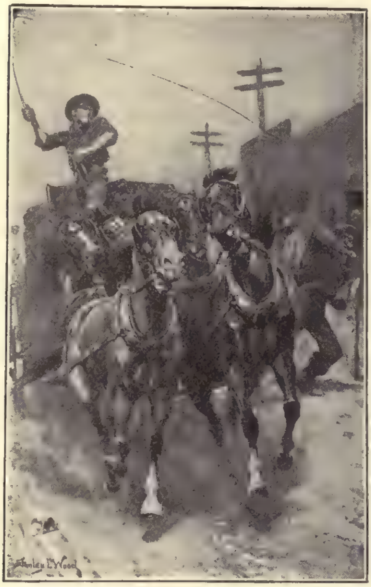
* "Dividing Waters." By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

**"Mary Stuart." By Una Birch. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price 40 cents net.

This little book is the fourteenth addition to a library of novelettes and essays, well printed, illustrated and bound, and full of interest and information.

* * *

MISTAKEN identity forms the basis of "The Incorrigible Dukane,"* and causes the impressment of a rich contractor's son into the hard work incidental to the building of his father's great dam at Silver Peak, resulting in the exposure of the dishonesty of the chief engineer. There is also interwoven in the story the hero's romantic love affair with a rancher's daughter.



THE HERO OF
"THE INCORRIGIBLE DUKANE"

* * *

THE title "Joey, the Dreamer"** might seem to be chosen with some little disregard of the real features of this book; yet little Joey Bruggers, his drunken, sordid parents; Perkins, the American workman, beaten down by pauper labor and corporate greed; the Rev. David Arthur, forgetful of the admonition "Feed my sheep," except such sheep as wore "the Golden Fleece"; Ruth, his lovely, conscientious daughter; Rinehart, the anarchist and agitator; Dicky Clews, the good-hearted, blase inheritor of millions; Della, the light-hearted, pleasure-loving, dress-idolizing girl, are but a part of many characters that in this little drama of the "business" of our times, sets the stage with the sordid counterparts of the slums of every American city, and holds the mirror up to the terrible struggles for existence.

* * *

ALTHOUGH by no means liberally praised for her beauty of soul and body, the heroine of "The Heart of a Woman"* is true and unselfish in her love, and resourceful and decided at the crisis of the tragedy. She is engaged to the nephew and presumptive heir of an earl, who suggests King Richard III in his effective methods of preventing vexatious litigation, especially in disputes affecting the succession to the family estates and titles. He promptly disposes of the claims of his deceased brother's Creole son by meeting him at Brussels and assassinating him in a taxi-cab.

A room-mate of the unfortunate Creole secures the papers and baggage of the deceased claimant, and conveniently escaping the usual attentions of the Belgian police, comes to England and fastens himself upon the helpless nobleman. Strong in his knowledge of the crime, the impostor becomes master of the situation, but the earl repeats his effective stiletto stab, thus relieving matters. Unfortunately, the weapon drawn from a cane loaned to the Earl by the nephew is found and leads to the latter's arrest. The young man takes upon himself his uncle's crime, and refuses to clear himself or to hold his affianced to her troth. The Earl, on hearing of his nephew's arrest, is stricken with apoplexy, but after all others have failed, the heroine rouses him from his lethargy and secures his death-bed confession; and in due season a happy marriage and unquestioned succession to the earldom blesses the happy pair.

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*"The Incorrigible Dukane." By George C. Shedd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price $1.25 net.

**"Joey, the Dreamer." By Henry Oyen. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price $1.00.

*"The Heart of a Woman." By Baroness Orczy. New York: Hodder & Stoughton (Geo. H. Doran Company). Price $1.20.

* * *

WITH "The Young Timber Cruisers"* Mr. Pendexter has given the American boy a book bubbling over with excitement and thrilling adventure. A city lad decides to seek his fortune in the world, and travels to northern New Hampshire where he is employed by a lumber company. How he and his friend Bub, together with a famous timber cruiser and an Indian guide, defeated the efforts of a gang of spruce pirates to rob the company of timber, is told in a very interesting manner.

* * *

AS a story, "The Life Everlasting"** partakes of that weird and mystical charm which in all ages has captivated the imaginations of mankind.

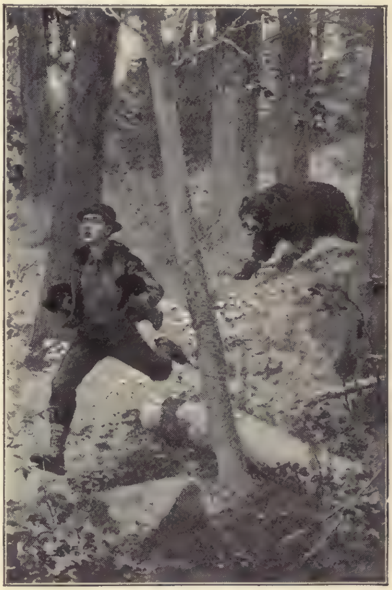
The experiences and the love-life of Rafel Santoris and the heroine of this latest book of Miss Corelli's are exciting enough to ensure the entertainment of the reader, however much he may disagree with the philosophy so insistently and eloquently inculcated. This philosophy, for one can scarcely term it a religion, seems to be compounded of something very like the ancient pantheism. The transmigration of souls is strongly insisted upon and traced in the life history of the hero and heroine.

Exemption from disease, and even from natural death (except by violence or accident) are claimed as the heritage of those adepts whose will has been trained to promote health and longevity and the wonders of modern scientific discovery, furnish illustrations and texts from which even more wonderful powers and blessings are to be conferred on the race in years not far distant.

Outside of its practical negation of the claims of the Christian religion and a tacit admission that but few can ever attain to its holy of holies, the philosophy of Marie Corelli sets forth certain great truths, and above all, the power of the determined and undaunted soul to overcome obstacles and bring content and peace to its possessor.

* * *

AS a true picture of stern, hard service, desperate fighting, weary duty, garrison intrigue, passion, and dissipation incident to our Philippine exploitation, "The Garden of the Sun" must be to some extent a reflection of actual events in our transpacific satrapy.



THERE IS PLENTY OF ACTION IN "THE YOUNG TIMBER CRUISERS"

Captain Powers does not come before the reading public with any previous literary record, to our knowledge, but if this is his first book, he has made a most creditable beginning, if incident, novel characters and dramatic situations make up a good story. It is true that the love story at times hints very strongly at lapses from the spirit of the Decalogue, but the story is delicately told and displays many noble and generous traits of character, among more sordid and selfish purposes and weaknesses. If the mirror it holds up to Nature is of true French plate, its lessons are worthy of all acceptance.

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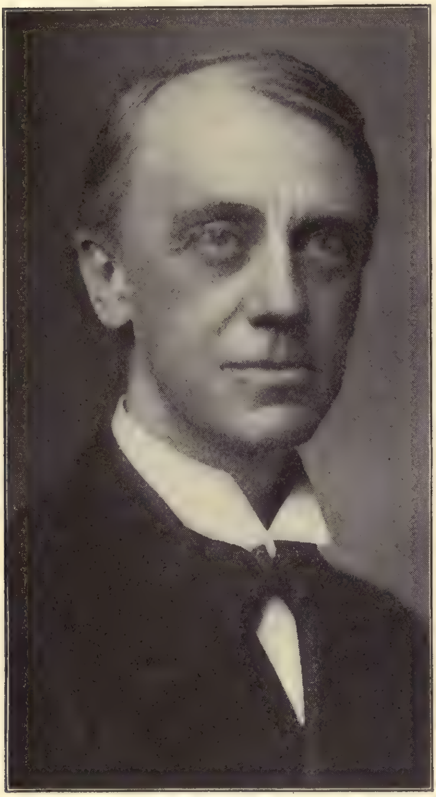
*"The Young Timber Cruisers." By Hugh Pendexter. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price $1.20 net.

**"The Life Everlasting." By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price $1.35 net.

* "The Garden of the Sun." By Captain T. J. Powers. Boston: Small, Maynard Co. Price $1.25 net.

* * *

BESIDES much general information concerning journalism in all its branches and aspects, conveyed in a clear and pleasing conversational style, "The Practice of Journalism"* contains terse but practical rules for proper expression, spelling, punctuation, the use of capitals and of figures, and methods of preparing and writing for the press, including a very timely and important essay on the proper use of certain words much affected by American journalists and not infrequently misplaced. The authors, Dean Walter Williams and Dr. Frank L. Martin, are professor and assistant professor in the school of journalism of the University of Missouri.



DEAN WALTER WILLIAMS
Professor of journalism in the University of Missouri, whose book on "The Practice of Journalism," will be found invaluable for the student and newspaper man

Every writer will find it to his advantage to keep a copy of this useful work on his desk for frequent consultation.

* * *

IN "Kennedy Square"* a delightful story of Virginian life and love a decade or two before the war, when the somewhat faded glories of the old regime threw a waning aura and dying perfume around decaying mansions and over-cropped plantations, the best and sweetest traditions of the ancient Southern gospel of *noblesse oblige* are embalmed by the author.

The purity, beauty and loyalty of the Southern girl, the recklessness, courage and innate manliness of her lover, the selfishness of aristocracy, and the devoted friendship of "Uncle George" Temple, with picture upon picture of hearty, happy hospitality and kindly benevolence, makes even a Yankee's heart regret that he has never experienced these Arcadian days.

* * *

WITH a number of stories in "The Blood Moon and Other Tales of Divorce,"** the author has sought to prove her assertion that in the majority of divorce proceedings woman is in the right. The story of "The Blood Moon" is less pleasing than certain of the others in the volume, especially "The Stories from Algiers," which call to mind the fascinating tales of "Arabian Nights."

* * *

UNIVERSITY towns usually boast an "advancement" not accorded other principalities, but the personnel of "New Town" in Mrs. Keays' "The Marriage Portion"*** seems to us rather too "advanced" for certain old-fashioned conventions to which we believe most college towns adhere. Mingled with many unpleasant characters who center about the heroine are two rare men, her quaint old-fashioned father, and the strong, wholesome man whom she eventually marries. The book is artistically written, and the character drawing is especially well done.

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*"The Practice of Journalism." By Walter Williams and Frank L. Martin, Columbia, Mo.: E. W. Stephens Publishing Company. Price $2.00.

*"Kennedy Square." By F. Hopkinson Smith, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price $1.50.

**"The Blood Moon and Other Tales of Divorce." By Irene Osgood. New York: Broadway Publishing Company. Price $1.50.

***"The Marriage Portion." By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price $1.35 net.

* * *

CAN an individual carefully reared and nurtured reach maturity without an inherent knowledge of the world? In "The Mating of Anthea"* the author discredits this theory. A young city man threatened with the ravages of hydrophobia is taken to a private sanitarium in the environs of London and thrown in with unsophisticated young Anthea. He is fresh from an unfortunate infatuation, and the innocence and guilelessness of Anthea comes like the breath of spring to this wearied man of the world. The story is forceful and convincing in style and presents food for thought.

* * *

YOUNG people will find great pleasure in following the experiences of the Hall family in "Harmony Hall."** Of apparent means and social position, the Halls meet misfortune when the father's mind becomes unbalanced. In order that the home circle may not be broken, the children put their shoulders to the wheel.

While there is an element of sadness in the book, the author has carefully avoided any exploitation of this feature. The story, as a matter of fact, abounds in amusing situations and experiences.

* * *

"A STRANGE book" says Marcel Prevost in his French introduction to "The Dangerous Age."*** This work of the Danish authoress, Karin Michaelis, has been translated, we are told, into seven languages, and has attained wide publicity in France. The book takes the form of letters and fragments from the diary of one Elsie Lindther, an intellectual but neurotic society woman, who, divorcing her husband because of "an indescribable longing for solitude," retires to a secluded island. The developments are reconcilable with the "horrible nerves" of the writer. The translation reveals a remarkably terse, clear style of writing which is well suited to the daring and unconventional theme.

* * *

CADMUS sowed dragons' teeth and reaped a harvest of giants that sought to destroy him. In "The Dragon's Teeth"* the author contends that the trusts are the giants that have sprung up as a result of injudicious legislation, and assails combined interests as the giant that is sapping the very life of the proletariat. Our legislative, judicial, political and monetary systems are commented upon, and a number of possible reforms are suggested.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "HARMONY HALL"

* * *

PREPARED for the praiseworthy purpose of awakening the American people to the condition of their ocean-going merchant marine, "The Western Gate"** calls further attention to the fact that the immense sums expended on harbor improvement on the Panama Canal may chiefly benefit foreign ship-owners, unless something is done by American statesmen.

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*"The Mating of Anthea." By Arabella Kenealy. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.25 net.

**"Harmony Hall." By Marion Hill. Boston: Small, Maynrd & Co. Price $1.10 net.

***"The Dangerous Age." By Karin Michaelis. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.20 net.

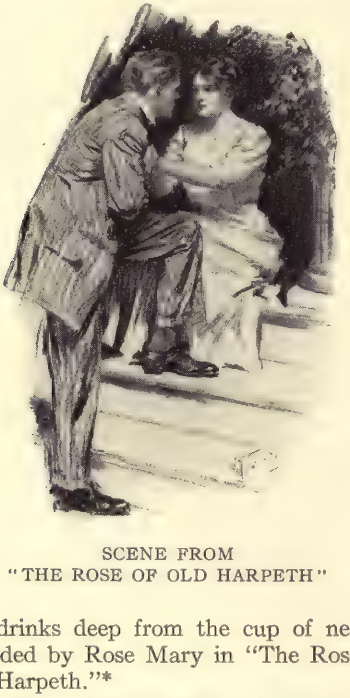
*"The Dragon's Teeth." By T. M. Sample. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

**"The Western Gate." By Patrick W. H. Ross. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price 75 cents.

While the reader may not agree with certain beliefs advanced by the author, yet the statistics he has gathered and the facts he has collected are worthy of consideration and close study.

* * *

FROM the peacefulness of a fertile Tennessee valley one unconsciously inhales the perfume of the "Sweetbriar" garden and drinks deep from the cup of nectar extended by Rose Mary in "The Rose of Old Harpeth."*



SCENE FROM
"THE ROSE OF OLD HARPETH"

A young city prospector, in search of health, comes to Harpeth Valley and meets Rose Mary of Sweetbriar. The old homestead is heavily mortgaged and foreclosure is threatened unless Rose Mary marries the mortgagor. The Northern visitor finds a vein of cobalt on the "Sweetbriar Farm," and without advising the family of their good fortune, hastens to New York and organizes a company, returning in time to prevent Rose Mary's sacrifice.

* * *

WHILE written in a jocular strain, "The Rubaiyat of a College Student"* contains much truth. The subject matter is well chosen, although the stanzas are in places disfigured by broken meter. Terms from the vernacular of the college student give piquancy and flavor to the poem.

* * *

WHEN the late Major John W. Powell, explorer of the Colorado and long the head of the United States Geological Survey, saw the then unfinished book, "The Omaha Tribe,"* and noted its thorough research, its scientific accuracy and its abundant clear descriptions of tribal life, he said, "Miss Fletcher has set the pace for the Smithsonian!"

No study of racial characteristics was ever made with greater care than this. For twenty-nine years, beginning with Miss Fletcher's living for some time with the Omaha tribe on their reservation in Nebraska where the old customs were still preserved; with almost constant intercourse thereafter, and with the collaboration through most of that time of Mr. Francis La Flesche, son of the principal chief of the tribe, and a man of excellent ability and education, the book has been written. It has some two hundred illustrations from photographs from life, of the people, their tents and lodges, their sacred objects and ceremonials, their dress and ornaments and utensils. Among these pictures none are more interesting than those called "The Language of the Robe," showing the blanket (as formerly the buffalo skin) worn in accordance with the mood of the wearer—now muffling the strong, lithe figure, now wrapped lightly about it, now thrown widely back, and all with a certain grace and dignity befitting the Roman toga or the Greek himation. There is a full vocabulary of the Omaha speech, with precise definitions. "Music was an integral part of the life of the Omaha," say the writers; "through song he approached the mysterious Wakonda (the great source of all things), through song he voiced his emotions, through song he embodied feelings and aspirations that eluded expression in words." From their multitude of songs for rituals, festivals and for almost every event of their lives—songs sung in unison and sometimes by hundreds of voices—many have been included here and harmonized by skilled musicians for voice and piano. This feature, alone, would give great value and distinction to the book.

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*"The Rose of Old Harpeth." By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price $1.25 net.

*"The Rubaiyat of a College Student." By Ned Nafe. New York: Broadway Publishing Company, Price $.50.

*"The Omaha Tribe." By Alice C. Fletcher and Francis La Flesche, Washington: Government Printing Office.

It would be interesting to quote many things from these attractive pages, did space permit, but here is something so nobly poetic that we cannot pass it by. It is the chant intoned by the priest, in the open air, before the door of the tent in which the young child lies, upon the eighth day after its birth; a chant to present the infant to the cosmos and implore help that it may climb the four hills of life—childhood, youth, manhood and old age:

Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move
in the heavens,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth that it may reach the
brow of the first hill.

Ho! Ye Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye
that move in the air,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, I implore,
Make its path smooth that it may reach the
brow of the second hill!

Ho! Ye Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees,
Grasses, all ye of the earth,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth that it may reach the
brow of the third hill!

Ho! Ye Birds, great and small, that fly in the
air,
Ho! Ye Animals, great and small, that dwell
in the forest,
Ho! Ye Insects that creep among the grasses
and burrow in the ground—
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth that it may reach the
brow of the fourth hill!

Ho! All ye of the heavens, all you of the air,
all ye of the earth,
I bid you all to hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore!
Make its path smooth—then shall it travel
beyond the four hills!"

This book has the rare merit of having been written wholly from original study and observation. It is a monumental work, of which both the Smithsonian and the Omaha may be proud.

* * *

LOVE, hatred and vengeance are the keynotes in "The Lifted Latch."* Replete with dramatic situations, abounding in plots and counterplots, the book will find instant favor with those who revel in the tragic.

The scenes of the story are laid in the diplomatic circles of Lisbon, London and Rome. A betrayed social favorite, an unrecognized son, a renegade father, a kind-hearted grandmother, and a self-sacrificing heroine are principals in the story's unraveling.

Mr. Vane is a facile writer; his style is simple, direct and vigorous, and his word pictures betoken the artist.

* * *

THE love of three women for the same man brings about much uncertainty in "The Dempsey Diamonds,"** a well-written story, whose scenes are laid in Scotland. There is excellent local color, and the charm of the book lies in the fact that the author does not allow us to anticipate conclusions.

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*"The Lifted Latch." By George Vane. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.25 net.

**"The Dempsey Diamonds." By Allen Arnot. New York: John Lane Company. Price $1.25 net.

Music on the Mountain-tops

A PANTHEON PÆAN, BY FRA ENRICO

"Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad . . . let the field be joyful, and all that is therein."

"Ye shall go out with joy . . . the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing."

LET the spirit glow with joy-gleams,
  And the blossoms bloom from clod
Where the soil is soaked with sunbeams
  And the fields are filled with God.
Smiling skies and laughing waters
  Lapping ripple-graven rocks;
Gambolling lambs, and Pandean daughters
  Tending folds of fleecy flocks.
Flowering wild-woods sing with song-birds
  Madly carolling mating lays;
Browsing kine and Orphean cow-herds
  Dream through calm, Arcadian days.
O'er the breeze-blown, fragrant clover,
  In the soft, sweet-scented sod,
Breathe the breath of joy's Jehovah
  Flaunting plumes of goldenrod;
Oh, to be a Royal rover
  On those happy hills of God!

Wanton winds and gales of gladness,
  Mountain, meadow, glade, and glen—
All break forth in merry madness,
  Singing to the sons of men.
Sylvan dells, and forest choirs
  Chanting litanies of love;
Gothic-groined, primeval spires,
  Bowered in the blue above.
Sunset flame, and night stars shining;
  Brains that burn and breasts that throb.
Love's sweet heaven half divining—
  Self means Soul; and Beauty, God.
Lonely hearts that ache with longing,
  Heavy hearts that toil and plod,
Watch ye for Life's Daybreak, dawning
  Through Death's mist and Vale of fog;
Sing, ye Angels, Mighty Morning!—
  Sunrise gilds those hills of God.

From "Gipsy Bands in Arcady," by *Henry Young Ostrander, M.D.*

WM F CROCKER

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHEN in Chicago, on my last trip through the South and West, I had the pleasure of meeting with one of those rare personalities who represent the best we have in business and public life, one of that class of men who are doing things of direct bearing upon the country's sound progress, and not making enough fuss about it to be even known in connection with the work.

I was looking for an official report of the proceedings of the recent session of the National Business League, held in Chicago in December last, and which attracted so much attention throughout the country because of the able discussion of live, present topics by men who are carrying the real load of our industries and commerce. I found the headquarters of the league, which is of national membership, and its secretary, in charge—Mr. Austin A. Burnham—who gave the information sought.

Mr. Burnham is a very kindly, modest man, of the old school—grown gray in the service of the league and the country. He wanted to refer me to the president of the league, for an interview covering the great public service which this famous and patriotic organization has done, in the past two decades, especially in connection with the Department of Commerce and Labor (the establishment of which is largely due to the league's initiative) and the improvement of the consular service to which the league has devoted its powerful energies in active and able co-operation with the Department of State, during the McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft administrations.

* * *

"The business men of the country," said Mr. Burnham in the course of our discussion of the recent convention of the league, "are studying the problems and functions of government, and are planning to make our government machinery, national and state, more responsive to the public need, more serviceable, more useful, more productive of welfare to the people. The great capitalists have long appreciated the possibilities of government service and aid for them; and they have fully availed of it, too often in the form of special privilege. Now the rank and file of business men, who are close to the whole people and who realize that their sound prosperity can only come from the sound prosperity of the whole people and not from monopoly or privilege which saps the prosperity of the people, are awaking to a realization that they have been delinquent in failing to get and keep in close touch with their representatives in Congress and the Legislatures; and from this time on they intend to see that these representatives are acquainted with the actual conditions and needs of the business of the country in all lines, so that laws may be enacted and laws repealed to place our industrial and commercial progress upon a sound basis, so that its benefits may be properly distributed throughout the entire citizenship.

"These rank and file business men will proceed sanely and effectively. They are not 'holy' reformers; and they will call no names. They know that while we have had and still have some extremely unfit political representatives in our various branches of government, most of our representatives at Washington and elsewhere are better than average good men, who desire to do what is best for the real welfare of their constituents and the country, and that among them are many able leaders who, with honest help, can do much to start things in the right direction. That help will be forthcoming.

"You ask me about the Consular service. It is interesting to note what great improvement in the efficiency of the Consular staff and operations have been made, since the business men of the country, through this league and other organizations, have taken an active interest in them. This interest and activity are what the Department of State wanted and needed to aid it in carrying out its program of increasing consular efficiency; and it has also convinced the members of the national Congress that this branch of the government service could and should be made to give better aid to the commerce of the country by making it an efficient and active agency in extending our foreign trade. Statesmen are rare now who will even suggest that a consular appointment be made to serve their own individual political needs; and such as have had the temerity to do this, in recent years, are rapidly disappearing.

"The country owes a great debt of gratitude to men like Secretary Knox and Secretary Root, who, with the officials of the Department of State under them, have during the past ten years or more worked so effectively for improvement in the Consular service; this, of course, with the strong support of President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt. The change effected has been pronounced; and the improvement is becoming more marked, from year to year. Today the Consular representatives of this country realize that they are commercial outposts of the country, and they are active in discovering markets and means for the extension of our foreign trade.

"Look at this directory of the world's trade, published by the Bureau of Manufactures of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It represents the new era in the Consular service. It is the fruit of the State Department's progressive policy. It came directly from two things: (1) the policy of the Department in encouraging serious and capable men to enter the Consular service, with the assurance of a permanent and distinguished career; (2) the Department's policy of encouraging suggestions from men in the service. This directory was the idea of a Chicago man, Robert J. Thompson, Consul at Hanover, Germany, who about four years ago sent in to the State Department a classified list of the more important concerns doing business in Germany, not confining himself to his district. A list of over two thousand of the leading firms, banks, etc., of Germany located in nearly two hundred different cities. The State Department referred the list to the league for an opinion of its worth and of the value of the Consul's suggestion that a similar list be compiled and sent in from the other consular districts. We thought so much of the idea that we published the Hanover list at once, and asked for others, which we published and distributed as fast as they came, spending thousands of dollars of the league's funds in this work. The great demand for these lists resulted in this directory, which covers the whole world and which is pronounced to be the most concrete and valuable service rendered the country by the Consular Department of the government since its inauguration.

"With the continued application of the merit system, so capably administered by the State Department, in another decade our Consular service will pay for itself tenfold by the service it will render; and energy, ambition and ability will rule where political dead-weights and incompetents formerly prevailed.

"Efficiency is the watchword of the day, and most of our public men are not behind the business men of the country in realizing it. What our political leaders and representatives need and what our business men need is to get together, in effort and understanding, to work out the problems that confront us. That is the program."

FOR more than fifty-six years the oldest traffic organization in the world, the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, has held annual sessions dating back to March, 1855.

At these meetings the men in charge of the passenger traffic of all the various transportation lines have met and become personally acquainted, inaugurating a system that is now quite general in other departments of railroad, commercial and industrial effort.

The railway passenger agents have been in the forerank of the gigantic transportation operations and consequent developments of the country, and the list of men who have given their lives to this work includes many well-known Americans, among them the late George H. Daniels, of the New York Central, whose life and labors have a high place in the record of the progress of this country.

Meetings have been held in nearly every great city in North America, from Havana to Seattle, where the next meeting is to be held. At the last convention held in St. Paul, Mr. Charles A. Cairns, general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, was elected president of the association, a distinction worthily bestowed, as he has not only a record of genial and popular intercourse with other men, but has thorough training, perfected system, and wide experience eminently fitting him for the duties of leadership.

Mr. Cairns makes friends wherever he is at work—and he is always busy. He has taken an important part in solving some of the many delicate and knotty problems which have complicated rates and regulations in recent years. The high ideals of responsible integrity of his Scotch ancestry are reflected in his deliberate manner and sententious speech that even many arduous years of railroad training have modified but not contradicted. He has always been on the firing line, and in dealing with the public and with his railroad associates in all parts of the country he has always earned and inspired one unanimous opinion summed up tersely in the Northwestern expression, "He is just square."

The Association of which he has been made president includes all the important railway and steamship lines in the United States, Canada and Mexico; it has been a vital factor in the development of passenger traffic in these countries, and has never failed to better and increase desirable traffic conditions.

Mr. Cairns will wield the gavel at the next annual meeting, to be held in the autumn of 1912 at Seattle, and his associates look forward to the meeting with a great deal of enthusiasm.

His life has been one of plain, everyday hard work, and in all the various positions he has held, the public as well as the interests of his company have commanded his undivided and effective attention. His thorough and personal kmowledge of the great system which he represents have convinced all who have dealt with him that he decides every question according to common sense and impartial fairness.

W. A. JONES
Secretary of the Louisiana Farm Lands Congress

* * *

THERE is something poetically attractive about the name "Oregon," and every visitor to that state seems to fall under the charm of one of the greatest undeveloped commonwealths on the Pacific Coast. A professor from the Biltmore

School of Forestry was recently the guest of Mr. C. A. Smith of Coos Bay, and could not say enough concerning his delightful visit. The officers of Uncle Sam's warship, the "Boston," were lately given a banquet at Coos Bay, and the speeches made were permeated with the spirit of Oregon. It was none other than Thomas W. Lawson, the noted capitalist and author of "Frenzied Finance," who indulged in a rhapsody after a trip through the state.

"Oregon—Earth's paradise.

"If it were only in the power of mortal to vision to the indolent capital-barnacled hordes of the East and Europe what I have actually seen and bit into during the past two months, inside of five years Oregon's marvelous strides would be the wonder of the world.

"Oregon is the best country I have ever seen.

"I believe there is no place in all the world which holds forth within forty per cent the advantages to man, be he young or old, be he rich or poor, triple refined or in the raw, as Oregon."

Oregonians are therefore not alone in their pride of state.

* * *

ONE of the first states in the Union formally to declare a settled policy relative to the vested interests of capital has been Alabama. A joint resolution passed by the House and Senate stated clearly and concisely the policy of the state toward investments, present and prospective, domestic or foreign. The resolution was signed by Governor Emmet O'Neal, whose stirring remarks at the various conferences of the governors has indicated the aggressive stand taken by Alabama in the development of the South. The resolution has the right ring about it and expresses concisely the policies enunciated for many years by Major W. W. Screws, one of the most influential editors in the country.

Be it resolved by the Senate, the House concurring:

First: That whereas, by reason of legislation heretofore enacted in this state, an impression has been created in many quarters that capital invested in Alabama may not have the conservative safeguard thrown around it that obtains in other sections of the country. And whereas, this fact has been spread abroad by the public press of the country to the injury of the business interests of the State; Now, therefore, be it resolved, That it is hereby formally set forth and declared to be the settled and permanent policy of the State of Alabama, that property rights of every character, whether foreign or domestic, shall be rigidly and scrupulously protected; That investors of capital, whether money, mind or muscle, shall have thrown around them the protection of wise and just laws, to that end that the great resources of mind, field and forest may be developed to their fullest scope and capacity and we invite all people to come and share the good things we have.

Approved February 1, 1911.

By EMMET O'NEAL,
Governor.

* * *

FROM out of the swirl of congressional activity and the vortex of strenuous days in the House of Representatives, it is gratifying to receive this pencilled notation in a firm Congressional hand:

> "Your last issue was certainly a great production in every way. The NATIONAL is gradually climbing into a class by itself, and is setting a pace too warm for the average imitator to follow."

From New York City comes this splendid encouragement on fulfilling the national name:

> "The magazine is a very fine piece of work. It must be gratifying to you to see this publication assuming, as its name implies, such national proportions."
>
> (Signed) T. A. L——.

The month of March, with the overhanging quiet of Lenten days, brings anticipations of a glorious Easter. Music is indissolubly connected with the great feast, and HEART SONGS is peculiarly adapted to an old-fashioned Easter program. We like this sentiment, which comes from a couple in Muscatine, Iowa:

> "We both take solid comfort in the old familiar songs of "Heart Songs," and it brings back to us pleasant memories of the days when we were young, and life was full of pleasures and anticipations."
>
> (Signed) P. M. M——.

Why is the soda cracker today such a universal food?

People ate soda crackers in the old days, it is true—but they bought them from a barrel or box and took them home in a paper bag, their crispness and flavor all gone.

Uneeda Biscuit—soda crackers better than any ever made before—made in the greatest bakeries in the world—baked to perfection—packed to perfection—kept to perfection until you take them, oven-fresh and crisp, from their protecting package.

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THE HOME

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

VINEGAR TO CLEAN ISINGLASS

By Gertrude E. Morehead

The isinglass in the stove may be cleaned by washing with vinegar.

For Glassware

A toothbrush is excellent for cleaning glassware. It is especially nice for cut glass.

To Brighten Brass

Brass may be brightened by rubbing with a piece of flannel saturated in kerosene oil.

In Making Starch

To prevent boiled starch from sticking stir into it a tablespoonful of melted lard.

A CORRECTION

By Mrs. E. G. B.

The recipe for apple sauce cake should read one half cup shortening instead of one and one half cups, as I have tested it.

For a Cold

A small bottle of a teaspoonful oil of mustard and tablespoonful oil tar gives relief in a cold. Inhaled often it will soon cure a cold if breathed in freely at mouth and nose. It is also good for deafness and catarrh.

TO CLEAN FANCY SILVERWARE

By E. L.

To clean silverware of fancy pattern without scratching, boil it in a strong soap suds in which a piece of aluminum has been placed. The action of the alkali of the aluminum seems to exercise a cleansing effect on the silver.

Use Lemons for Bleaching

In washing delicate fabrics, if slices of lemon are placed in the water in which the material is boiled, the article will come out whiter and cleaner, the acid in the lemon having a slight bleaching effect without injuring the fabric.

A HOOK AND EYE HELP

By M. E. G.

On the eye side of your waist (about midway) among the white eyes put a black hook and just opposite among the white hooks put a black eye—and then by seeing, or by feeling, you will be able to hook your waist up *even*, and never have to count hooks to be sure, or to guess, or have to unhook and do all over.

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Heide's Licorice Pastilles
Heide's Mint and Assorted Jujubes
Le Page's Glue (Awarded Sixteen Medals)
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Pompeian Massage Cream
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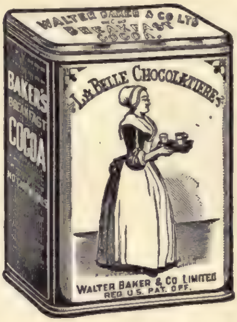

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HELPFUL HINTS

Miss N. A. Denel

I have read in the NATIONAL that alcohol will take out grass stains, and I would state that kerosene oil will take out grass stains and is much cheaper than alcohol.

A mixture made of alcohol and whiting is fine to clean mirrors.

The flaps of unsealed letters one gets through the mail are nice to mark cans of fruit, etc., also small pieces of passepartout are good. I use the white. Some use surgeon plasters.

I suppose many readers of the NATIONAL have nice gardens, and I wonder if any of these have ever tried canning beets. Beets can be put in cellars as well as potatoes, but in winter they become tough and are not as sweet as in summer. If they are canned they have the same taste as in summer, and are simply *delicious*. Here are two ways to can them: Cook the beets the same as for dinner, peel them and fill into a warm can. If the beets are rather small, put them in whole, but if large, slice them (not too thin) for they would be apt to pull in pieces when you remove them from the cans. Make a syrup of one cup vinegar and one cup sugar and fill the cans while it is hot and seal the cans. Another way is to use two cups of vinegar and one of sugar and one of hot water to fill up the cans.

To clean lamp burners, boil them in soda and water fifteen mintues, then dry them and polish them with metal polish.

Alcohol will remove sticky flypaper glue from silk. Use a piece of the same silk and rub lightly with the alcohol until the spot disappears.

To toast small pieces of bread put them in a corn popper and hold it over the fire.

To stop nose bleed, dip some cotton in the juice of a lemon and put it up the nostril.

To stop hiccoughs snuff some black pepper up your nose, or put some on the stove, anything to make you sneeze.

Wet a wound in alcohol if you have not got any dioxogen or any other thing intended to prevent blood poison.

Steep garden sage and wet the scalp with it and it will prevent the hair from falling out.

Many people do not know that if a range is done over with Jap-a-lac it will look nice for nearly a year. You do not want to put it on the *top* of the range, but all over the rest of it, and on a stovepipe it looks beautiful and does not burn off.

When straightening the ends of new tablecloths and napkins, save the threads to mend old ones.

If the part of a kerosene lamp that holds the oil becomes loose in the standard, take it out and fill the standard with a paste made of calcine plaster and water. Have the paste thick, and put the oil receptacle back in the standards and set it away for a week or two, when it will not be moved and will be good as new.

Sometimes when people are in a hurry they take the griddle off the range, and put pans, basins, etc., right over the fire. This makes them very black. I find a paste made of kerosene and coal ashes will quickly clean them.

When you put a glass stopper back into a perfumery bottle or any bottle having a glass stopper, turn it around two or three times and it will not get set.

If you have a stitch drop in a silk stocking, pick up the stitch with a steel crochet hook and work the stitch up, as if doing chain stitch.

If you find a hole in an openwork stocking, crochet around the hole and it will hardly be noticed.

The leaves of a shrub that we call southern wood, dried and rubbed to a powder, will stop nose bleed.

I suppose every one knows that cucumbers can be put down in salt in the autumn. A layer of salt and then one of cucumbers, until the tub or jar is full, but I think few know that instead of soaking them out in the winter in cold water, they should be put in cold water and then be put on stove until the water *boils*. Then the cucumbers will be *crisp* instead of being *soft*.

Plum Compote

Six pounds small blue plums, stoned; six pounds sugar; four large oranges chopped (skins and all); two pounds seeded raisins, chopped; two and one half pounds walnuts, chopped. Mix all together and boil two hours slowly. Seal in jars.

Good Brown Bread

One cup sour milk or water, one teaspoon soda, one cup rye meal, one cup meal (corn), one half cup sugar, one half cup molasses, one teaspoon salt Grease a one pound coffee can, cover and all, put the cover on, put the coffee can in a five-pound lard pail and nearly cover the can with water; put the cover on and cook in oven three hours. It is very nice.

Marmalade Made from Pie Plant

Cut up three oranges, *skin and all*, sprinkle with sugar and let it stand over night. In morning add just enough water to keep them from burning and boil gently until tender; then add two and one half pounds of pie plant and two and one half pounds of sugar and simmer one hour, then add one cup of butternut meats if you can get them; if not, use walnuts and cook another hour, when it should be thick like marmalade.

To Remove Cherry Stains

Soak stained article in sour milk.

INEXPENSIVE SHOE POLISH

By Miss Bertie Norrell

To give your shoes a fine gloss, after applying a liquid wash, use as a substitute for the customary woolen or cotton cloth a newspaper. Allow the wash to dry first. Polish briskly. I find this extremely satisfactory.

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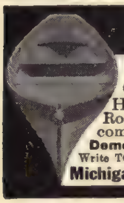

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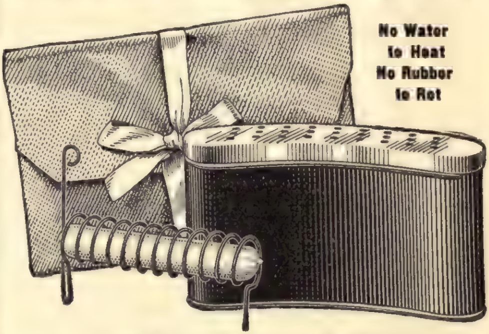

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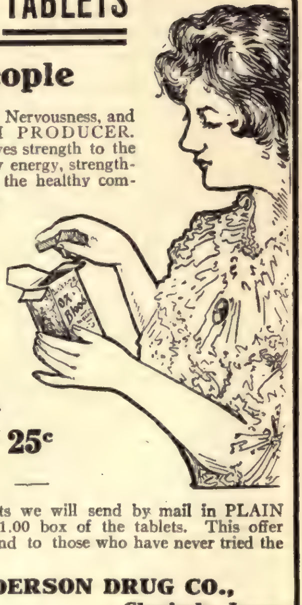

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220 16th Street Clarinda, Iowa

TO BLEACH FADED LINEN

By Nettie Rand Miller

Wet linen in cold water. Make a suds by dissolving half a cake of Colgate's Octagon Soap and one teaspoonful of concentrated lye in two gallons of rain water. Let this come to a boil. Drop linen in and boil twenty minutes. Take out and rinse immediately. Make enough suds to cover goods well.

Coal and Kindling Box

One of the handiest things for kitchen use is a coal and kindling box. It is three feet long and two feet wide, and one and one half feet deep. It is divided into two parts, one for kindling and the other for coal, the latter having a slanting bottom so that the coal can be easily taken up with the fire shovel. There is a little door under the slant, and in this space can be kept the stove polish and brush. The box has a hinged lid and answers for a window seat when the lid is closed. It will hold a week's supply of kindling and coal.

Wall Paper Shield

In cleaning the baseboards of a papered room I use a strip of tin to protect the walls. The tin is about a foot long, and is bent at the upper edge. I hold it by the bent out edge, letting the lower edge rest against the woodwork. It is especially useful in cleaning the woodwork in a room that has been tinted.

To Clean Lamp Burners

After continual use the lamp burners will become dirty and dingy. The following is a good way to clean them: Put the burners in a stew kettle and cover them with boiling water. Add a teaspoonful or so of wood ashes and a lump of lye soap. Set on the stove and boil half an hour. Take off and dry the burners, then brighten them by the use of powdered charcoal or brick dust.

Cold Water Purifies Air

Place a pitcher of cold water on the table and it will absorb the noxious gases. Few realize how important this means of purification is. In the course of a short time the air in the room will become pure, but the water will be unfit for use.

A Few Kitchen Economies

After a broth has been skillfully skimmed, and still little atoms of grease appear over the surface, lay a piece of clean brown paper over the top, and the grease will cling to it.

Often only the whites of eggs are required for immediate use. The yolks may be kept some time if they are put into a cup, covered with cold water, and kept in a cool place.

A loaf of cake that has become stale and dry may be freshened so as to seem newly baked by putting it in a tin, covering the tin with another pan, and leaving the whole in a warm oven about twenty minutes.

Salt added to starch will prevent the clothes from becoming musty.

TO PACK EGGS

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson

Grease eggs all over thoroughly and put away in boxes in the cellar; they do not need to be packed in vats or salt when treated in this way.

Juicy Pie

When making a juicy pie, such as berries or pie-plant, take a strip of clean white muslin about two inches wide; wet the same and lay around the outer edge of the pie before placing in the oven to bake. When baked, the cloth can be easily removed, without sticking to the crust, and all the juice saved.

Round-Corner Pillow Slip

When making pillow cases, round the corners, and you will be surprised at how much longer they will wear; they will not tear at the corners from pulling off and on.

SAWDUST FOR CLEANING

By Mrs. L. M. S.

When you clean house have a few quarts of sawdust on hand. After you lift carpet or matting, damp the sawdust with tepid water and sprinkle around the edges of the floor and sweep toward the center. This takes up all the dust.

A Novel Suit Hanger

If you put several bird cage hooks in a clothespress, you will have room on each for at least six coat and suit hangers.

To Hold the Clothes Dryer

My clothes dryer turns around faster than I like to have it, so I tie it to a tree by a small rope to which is attached a snap such as you find at the harness store for a nickel.

TWO GOOD COOKING HELPS

By Mrs. F. J. C.

Sometimes when frosting a layer cake I have been troubled with the top layer sliding partly off and thus making the cake one-sided, so now I stick several toothpicks through the top layer so that it pierces the bottom layer, and it is held in position. The toothpicks may be removed when frosting is set.

If cookies are stirred up the night before you wish to bake them, and either put on ice or in the cellar, they will roll out much easier and with less flour than if rolled immediately after stirring them.

SQUASH PIE WITHOUT EGGS

By M. L. H.

Two full cups sifted squash, one and one-fourth cups sugar, two Boston crackers, sifted as fine as flour and mixed with the squash, half a teaspoon of milk, lemon extract and nutmeg to taste; mix thoroughly and warm before putting in the crust.

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MAY 1966
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